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RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT
PAINTER.

MRS. ST. AUBYN.—No. III.

If I stood in the fabled palace of Truth, and were there asked the name of the most beautiful woman I ever looked upon, I am sure my reply would be, "Margaret Vernon." It is not that she is associated in my mind with any pleasing incident, or that she ever stood very high in my favour; I knew her but slightly, and all I saw and heard of her tended to produce anything rather than an agreeable impression respecting her. But for mere personal beauty, the beauty of perfect symmetry, with which no single fault could be found, I certainly never saw any one who equalled her. Shall I try to sketch her portrait in words! I never did so on canvas, for she is not my heroine, though deeply involved in the incidents of my story. Let me attempt to pourtray the beautiful Margaret Vernon at the age of twenty-three. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Gilbert Vernon, a man of immense wealth, of which he was far less proud than of his ancient title and unblemished descent. Her mother died when she was seven years of age, leaving Miss Vernon and a sister five years younger, to the care of their father, who died just as Margaret attained her nineteenth year.—Certain traits in her character, early manifested and carefully cherished, induced Sir Gilbert, on finding himself attacked by an incurable disease, to execute a will, by which he emancipated his eldest daughter from all

control on her twenty-first birthday; and gave her the sole guardianship of the young Agnes during the remaining five years of her minority.

In person, Miss Vernon was somewhat taller than the ordinary run of women, though not remarkably so, and the dignity of her carriage would scarcely have become a figure less perfect and graceful than hers. Her head was beautifully placed on a neck and shoulders, so fair and spotless, that no ivory could have surpassed them in polish and purity. Her rich dark hair was simply braided from her magnificent forehead, and twisted up behind, one massive tress being permitted to rest on her neck. Her eyes were of the deepest richest hazel that can be imagined, set off by long lashes of intense blackness. So beautiful a temple should have had a correspondent spirit to inhabit it, and in some points, Margaret Vernon's mind was not unfitted to dwell there. She was warm in her affections, liberal in her charities, honourable in her worldly dealings; but then she was haughty and unbending, proud to an extreme, and somewhat inclined to tyrannise, where she had the power to do so. She loved her sister Agnes, but she loved her in her own way, and did not always take the most pleasing methods of proving her attachment. Her excessive care and watchfulness placed a restraint on Agnes's every action, that amounted to a positive thralldom. Much as Agnes loved Margaret, she could not but feel that her eldest sister's absence was like a peep at freedom. She felt continually

timid and embarrassed in Margaret's presence, yet she never attempted to break through the invisible bonds that were around her. She felt she was not a free agent, yet it was painful to think that her sister was, in fact, her mistress. What Margaret would think, what Margaret would say, what Margaret would have her do, these were the questions that arose in her mind whenever she was left to act for herself in any instance, no matter how trifling it might be. She had no standard, no will, no principles of her own. Margaret was all these to her, and who may estimate the amount of injury done to a young, sensitive, and affectionate spirit, by training such as this. The influence of this quiet unacknowledged tyranny brought in something of that fear which should be cast out by perfect love, and at the same time, nurtured a helplessness and dependence of mind, which caused Agnes to clasp her chain, and refer every circumstance, however unimportant to the decision of her eldest sister. Agnes Vernon was very lovely, but her beauty might only be compared to Margaret's as that of the violet to the stately lily. Some family likeness existed between them, but Agnes had a less brilliant complexion, and a far less striking expression of countenance. There was a gentle, subdued look about her, that might have been mistaken for the effect of secret sorrow, even before her young heart had known its bitter visitings. Was it the foreshadowing of her future destiny that was already casting its darkeste on her brow?

There was one circumstance, however, on which Agnes Vernon did not consult her sister. It was a matter vitally connected with her happiness, yet she durst not have spoken of it for the world. She had already given her heart freely, fully, and alas! unsolicited, to Charles Willersley, the eldest son of a neighbouring clergyman.

In ordinary cases, such a family as the Vernons would have had little intercourse with that of a country pastor, poor and undistinguished as the Rev. George Willersley. Their acquaintance would have been confined to "the parson's" being formally asked to dinner three or four times a year, and the parson's wife exchanging stiff morning visits with the ladies of the family. But Mrs. Wil-

lersley was a Vernon, a distant relative of the Baronet's, and the very pride that would have kept Sir Gilbert aloof from any other family of merely middling rank, prompted him to show that no one of his name and blood however humble in circumstances, could be unworthy of notice. The Willersleys, therefore, were frequent visitors at the hall, and Agnes being of the same age as Rosa Willersley, a girlish friendship sprang up between them, which however, was jealously watched by Margaret, who was very unwilling that Agnes should have any one as counsellor and *confidante* except herself, and was peculiarly averse to her being on terms of close intimacy with one whom she considered their inferior. Permission for Agnes to visit the rectory was therefore always accorded reluctantly. Still Agnes's happy hours there were neither few nor far between; they were the sunbeams of her life—the times from which she dated, and to which she looked forward, and though Rosa Willersley's society was the ostensible pleasure she sought in them, the image of another arose in her heart, though his name passed not her lips, and the thought of one far dearer than Rosa, or any other on earth, sent the eloquent blood burning to her cheek and brow.

As to the young man himself, he loved Agnes with all the abandonment of a passion, which is so bestowed, that it admits of neither hopes nor fears. To wed Agnes Vernon, was a purpose that never presented itself to his mind in any defined shape, even in his wildest dreams. To love her was the continual action of his soul. That her affection for him exceeded that of a sister and friend, was an idea which never entered his thoughts. The daughter of Sir Gilbert Vernon, endowed with all the advantages that wealth, and rank, and beauty can bestow, was a being removed from even the ambition of the poor country curate he was designed to be. He never sought to win her affections, he never told her he loved her, he was not even jealous of her; but he loved on day after day, year after year, ardently and unchangeably, and she, to whom the knowledge of that love would have been dearer than all the treasures of the earth, whose own timi-

attachment was nursed in fear and in secret, *she* knew it not!

But it was not always to be thus. There came a glorious summer evening, succeeding to a long happy day, which Agnes had spent at the rectory. Margaret, as usual, had not deigned to accompany her, but had promised to send a carriage for her early in the evening. The appointed hour, however, was long past, and still no carriage made its appearance. Agnes grew nervous and uneasy.—She was sure that Margaret was ill, or the ponies had been restive by the way, or something terrible had occurred, and at length her anxiety reached such a height that she resolved to set forth on foot. She accepted the offer of Charles Willersley's escort gladly, and surely there must have been some tell-tale expression of satisfaction in her countenance as she did so, or the reserved and humble lover, would never have ventured to press her delicate arm to his heart, as he drew it within his own. Agnes coloured and trembled as she walked, and the words that she forced herself to say on some commonplace subject were constrained and faltering. Charles seemed to partake of her embarrassment, and after a few minutes, having vainly attempted to support conversation, they walked on in silence.

About half a mile on their road was a gate, which led into a pathway, running across meadows and coppices, and forming a short cut to the hall. Here they stopped.—“Shall we go by the footpath, Agnes, or shall we continue on the road, and take the chance of the carriage?” asked Charles. “It is no matter,” murmured Agnes, and her cheek burnt with deeper crimson, though there was nothing in that simple question to create agitation. Charles felt the trembling of the small hand that rested on his arm, he saw the blush, suffusing as much of her fair face and neck as her scarf and bonnet left visible, and a thrill of indescribable delight ran through his veins. As if, by mutual consent, they passed through the gate, and took the field path, which for a short distance, skirted the highway. “You are tired Agnes,” said Charles, as the faltering step of his companion attracted his attention, “you had better rest a few minutes before we proceed.

See, you can sit quite comfortably on the foot of this tree; and as he spoke, he put aside the long grass and weeds, and seated Agnes on the spot he recommended. He stood before her for a moment, and her up-raised eyes met his. There was a wide revelation in that mutual glance. Not a word was spoken, yet they knew, *each knew*, that to the other there existed nothing else on earth so loved, so near in heart and soul.—Then might their love have found a voice, all might have been told, and though trouble and care might have ensued, sorrow, such as they were doomed to feel, could hardly have befallen them. But the sound of an approaching carriage was heard, and Agnes sprang to her feet.

“It must be the phaeton,” she said in a low voice, as she began hurriedly to retrace her steps towards the gate, and it was a positive relief to her that her conjecture was correct, though five minutes before she would have given all the world to hear Charles Willersley say he loved her. So true is it, that woman shrinks, as from something too intensely agitating, from the very love tale she most longs to hear. The carriage drove up; a slight accident, it appears had detained it, but Agnes did not hear one word of the servant's explanation. She was scarcely conscious of the fervent pressure of Charles Willersley's hand upon her own as he bade her farewell, but afterwards that parting moment came back vividly upon her remembrance, and through long years of separation, was treasured up amidst her dearest memories. Oh, that delicious homeward drive on that sweet summer evening—the ecstasy of the gentle tears that flowed as soon as she was alone! She was in a very delirium of happiness. She had not yet had time to think or reflect, the proud image of her sister had not yet arisen amidst her blissful visions. She only felt and knew that she was beloved. She was indeed encircled with the charm of “love's young dream”—the freshness of its dawn lay about her heart.—The present was enough for her; with the past and future she had nothing to do. The carriage rolled on through beautiful scenery, rendered still lovelier by the tender mellowing of the evening light. She took no notice

of the landscape, she did not think about it, yet its soft loveliness had an influence on her feelings. She felt that the world was a paradise, and she the happiest of its inhabitants.

And how felt Charles Willersley as he slowly wandered home on that eventful evening! As a child who has unwittingly put in motion some stupendous piece of machinery, while he lacks the power again to stay its action. There was fear amidst the exultation that *would* arise in his heart at the assurance he felt that Agnes loved him; and this he could not for an instant doubt, for that one glance of mind on mind had written the truth in fiery characters on his soul. The angel of his worship had descended from her own sphere to his, and he was awed, and almost terrified at the responsibility that seemed to have fallen on him. How could he honorably pursue his advantage? How could he venture openly to woo the high born maiden who his heart told him was already won? Should he seek to engage her in a clandestine attachment? That was even worse. Who would believe that his love was disinterested, that no thought of worldly aggrandisement had mingled with his aspirations? Yet, above all, so much having been revealed, how could he again meet her as a mere common acquaintance? Surely it would be an act of injustice to her, who had fondly given him her first affections to keep her in a state of doubt and suspense, if such she still entertained, as to his real feelings towards her. In spite of the sincere devotion of his heart to Agnes, and the glow of satisfaction which any man would naturally feel in such circumstances as his, Charles Willersley was honestly puzzled what to do with his good fortune. To worship at a distance, to love silently and hopelessly, seemed a few hours ago the only fact he could expect, and now that an unguarded moment had diminished the distance between their hearts, it appeared as if the difficulties of their position were increased tenfold. Very different were the uneasy dreams that disturbed the repose of the rector's son, to the sweet visions that flitted round the pillow of Agnes Vernon.

For two days my heroine was as happy as hope that has known no shadow, and con-

fidence that never has been shaken, can make a young imaginative girl. The fact that *she was loved*, was the predominant idea of her mind, and she looked forward with delight to her next interview with Charles, for she doubted not that his lips would assure her in words of what she already knew so well. The Willersleys were to dine at the Hall on the third day from that of Agnes' visit to them, and she counted the hours and minutes until she should again be with him who was henceforth to be all her world. The longed-for day came, and brought bitter disappointment. Charles did not accompany his party, he pleaded indisposition and sent an excuse. Agnes wept sadly in her own chamber, and sent him as kind a message as she dared by Rosa, for she doubted not his grief at missing an interview with her would be equal to her own. She little thought that his absence on that day was only the beginning of a system of self-banishment from her society, which, on deliberation, he had resolved upon as the wisest and most honorable course that was left for him.—At the very time that she was secretly lamenting his absence, Charles was galloping across the country towards the residence of his godfather, Colonel St. Aubyn.

The Colonel was a fine soldierly looking man, of seven or eight-and-forty. He had lately returned from abroad on account of the death of his brother, who had left him a estate, called Woodfield Park, in addition to his already immense possessions. He was residing there for a short time, previously to again quitting England for a foreign land. He was exceedingly fond of Charles Willersley, and often expressed a wish that he should embrace the military profession instead of the more peaceful one for which his father intended him.

When Charles reached Woodfield Park he met with a warm and hearty reception, and Colonel St. Aubyn's delight at seeing him was much enhanced, when he found that his young friend had changed his intentions respecting his future life, and now came to inquire if the Colonel would still use his influence to procure him a commission.

"Bravo, bravo, my dear boy," cried the

Colonel, "I always thought it would come to this—knew you far better than you did yourself; I always saw you were made to be a soldier. It would have been as unnatural to make a parson of you, as have apprenticed Napoleon to a tailor. The fire was in you, my boy, and I knew it must come out; but I am sorry to see you look so grave."

Charles muttered, that circumstances of late occurrence had induced him to take this step.

Plans for the future were discussed, arrangements, most advantageous to our hero, made, and the patron and his *protege* parted.

Margaret Vernon sat alone in her boudoir in an attitude of deep and perplexed thought. She was seated in a recess, lighted by an old-fashioned window through whose small panes a dim, softened light fell upon her;—her feet rested on a silken cushion, her fair fingers were interlaced and rested on her knees. On the window seat, beside her, lay an open letter. Her thoughts were too confused to find vent in words; but their general outline may be given as follows:

"So, my fair sister can be confirmed at once in a station worthy of her—worthy of a daughter of our house, and the same act that sets the seal on her rank in life, will remove her from the reach of him—him whom, alas, I love! That I should live to feel it, and own it, even to myself! That I—a Vernon—the head of my house, the upholder of its honour, should thus love, thus be jealous of my young sister for the sake of one so utterly beneath either of us! I know *he* loves her. I have read the silent language of his countenance as none but one who loves can read it. I have seen how common-place and heartless have been his greetings to myself, while he turned with all his soul in his eyes to gaze on her! What if she should ever know it. If her girlish fancy should be deepened into an enduring passion, under the influence of his acknowledged love! Surely, he would hardly dare to approach her with the language of affection, and yet, if it *should* be so? she might renounce my authority, might sacrifice all her splendid prospects to her silly romance—for Agnes

can never know a passion like the fever that consumes a mind like mine; and then they would marry. I could not bear it; I could not survive it. I would not wed him myself, the honour of my house demands that I should not, even had he presumed to love me; but I cannot bear a rival in his heart, and that rival, Agnes. She has been as mine own dear child; I have watched her and cherished with a mother's care, and not for worlds would I see her in a position where I feel any one must be hateful to me. It is mercy to herself to prevent the indulgence of her childish whim. Years hence, how bitterly she would regret it, when she found herself the inmate of a country parsonage, surrounded by a tribe of his needy relations. Mrs. St. Aubyn, the wife of Colonel St. Aubyn, with twelve thousand a-year, and the chance of a peerage! It is my bounden duty not to let this opportunity pass. Agnes is a child, she wants strength and decision of character, and my father knew this when he left her to my care. Can I do a wiser or kinder thing than to give her to the protection of such a man as Col. St. Aubyn?"

Thus meditated Margaret Vernon, and again she took up the Colonel's letter containing a proposal of marriage for her sister Agnes.

When Agnes had first read it she had been overwhelmed with sorrow and shame. She had vainly endeavoured to conceal her real reason for the refusal which she entreated Margaret to return to the Colonel. At length her agony became so extreme that flinging herself on Margaret's neck she confessed her previous attachment, and prayed her sister's kindness and forgiveness.—Her tale was coldly received, and Margaret affected an utter disbelief of Willersleys's love for her sister. She exhorted her to conquer her own predilection, as something that amounted to a crime. She accused her of meanness in loving unsought, and of dissimulation in concealing from her the very first emotion of preference she felt; and she positively refused to write such a letter to the Colonel as should at once extinguish hope. Who may tell the progress of the influence she exercised over her sister's mind? The

alternations of exceeding kindness and cruel harshness, so skillfully employed as to make Agnes believe that Margaret could have no motive but regard for her happiness, might have overcome the resolution of a firmer nature than hers. Accustomed to yield implicit unquestioning obedience to every wish of Margaret's, whom she looked on as a superior being, a reluctant compliance was slowly extorted from her. Had Charles Willersley again crossed her path even her promise, given so unwillingly, would have, perhaps, been little regarded; but he left England to join his regiment abroad, without even venturing on a farewell call, and from that hour Agnes felt as if the chill of death were already in her heart. Strange that Margaret should have experienced actual delight at the departure of one whom her proud heart had stooped to love. But she had her own visions for the future now. Charles Willersley had embarked in a career where he might possibly obtain honours and distinction that might render him worthy even of herself. Before Willersley left home, Agnes, clung to a wild scheme which floated through her mind, of seeking him out, or writing to him and telling him all. It was but her heart's momentary refuge from despair; she had not the energy to execute so bold a purpose. Day by day she arose, half resolved to make use of this, her last resource, and night after night saw her seeking her sleepless couch, weeping bitterly over her own irresolution. But the blow fell—the beloved of her heart was gone, and hope seemed dead forever. Then did Margaret apply herself to reconcile her victim to the fate that awaited her. Her kindness of manner became greater and less mixed with haughtiness than it had ever been before. She drew vivid pictures of the splendid lot that must attend the wife of Colonel St. Aubyn. She represented her influence, her consideration, her elevated position in society, and Agnes, heart-sore and miserable as she felt, at length began to lend a languid ear to the often recited catalogue of her future advantages. Margaret's purpose was accomplished even earlier than she had hoped, and a few months saw her fair and timid sister the wife of Colonel St. Aubyn.

I have after events to relate which I have felt some hesitation in making public. I have well considered ere I venture to write them down; but there is only one now left who can be hurt by their recital, and should this record ever meet her eye, she has earned for herself the pang that will be her's in perusing it. Already has her proud heart been wrung over the sorrow she herself prepared for those whom she best loved, and she deserves not to be spared even yet. She is the only one who will recognize through the veil of other names, the realities from which I frame this story, for all that the world knew of them is long ago forgotten. To my mind the history I relate appears to bear a deep and impressive lesson. It may be useful to others, and it can injure no one now.

The bridal party arrived in the metropolis a few days after the celebration of the nuptials of Colonel St. Aubyn and Agnes; and it was then, for the first time, that I saw Margaret Vernon and her sister. The St. Aubyns were on the point of quitting England for some time, and it was the Colonel's wish that the protrait of his young bride should, ere their departure, be sent to grace a gallery of paintings which his brother had formed, with much trouble and expense, at Woodfield Park.

I have said that Margaret Vernon was one of the most perfectly beautiful women I ever beheld; but surely her sister might claim be one of the most interesting. Oh, the sweet, plaintive, expression of those soft grey eyes, with their long dark lashes—the loveliness of the fair cheek, where the colour went, and came, with the scarce perceptible flushings and fadings that are sometimes to be observed in a soft sunset sky! Here was a face that at once inspired interest and affection, from the extreme girlishness and innocence of its expression. The style of her dress which, though rich, was extremely simple, and the manner in which she wore her hair, in ringlets all over her head, added to the youthfulness of her appearance. More than all, there was the *charm of mystery* about her—for even in the midst of her honeymoon, overwhelmed as she was with attentions and kindness by a man whom any woman might have “learn-

ed to love," I saw at once that Mrs. St. Aubyn was secretly and seriously unhappy. There was a listlessness and air of weariness about her, which in one so young could scarcely be the result of mere *ennui*; surrounded too, as she was, by senses to which she was unaccustomed, and where she met with every thing that is generally attractive to the youthful mind. I could only refer her unhappiness to one cause, and that as it proved the true one. She had given her hand without her heart, for that heart was not hers to give.

I know not what induced Colonel St. Aubyn to have his lady portrayed as Sappho, for she was guiltless of the slightest tendency to *blueism*, and was, moreover, remarkably deficient in musical taste. She laboured under the misfortune of "having no ear," as it is generally called; and melodious as her own voice was in speaking, she had never been able to frame it into the simplest air. And yet when she was so pictured, with the lyre in her hand, her loose tresses bound with bays, and the absent but impassioned expression of eye, which had become almost habitual to her, every one owned that a more perfect impersonation of the unhappy Lesbian could not be imagined. She was interested and pleased with the picture herself. To me it was mournfully like a shadowing forth of what I suspected to be her history. Soon after the completion of this memorable portrait, the Colonel and his bride left England, and ten years elapsed before I saw them again. They had taken up their residence at Woodfield Park, and being unblest with children, adopted as their own a little boy, the orphan child of a brother officer of the Colonel's. They paid me the compliment not only of remembering me, but inviting me to stay with them whilst I executed a likeness of this child, on whom they both doted. I was most kindly received by them, especially by the Colonel, who, having grown stout and bald, while his fine features had lost nothing of their dignity, appeared, on the whole, as good a specimen of an elderly British officer as one could desire to see. But the contrast between his wife and himself appeared far greater than it had done

when I first knew them. Her complexion was perhaps less brilliant than it had been ten years before, her figure was even slighter, and a close observer might have noticed a few lines in her snowy forehead. But her hair still fell in careless ringlets on her neck—her eye had the same subdued, yet earnest expression—her voice the same plaintive cadence; I could not bring myself to believe that she was a day older than she was when I had last seen her.

When I had arrived at Woodfield Park, I found that another visitor was expected, and on this coming guests' perfections the Colonel did nothing but expatiate from morning to night. He was "a dear fellow," "a brave boy," "the noblest of God's creatures," in short, his dear godson, Major Charles Willersley. "You knew him in his boyhood, I think, Agnes," the Colonel would say, addressing his lady, "but you could not know then—I did not know then—what a glorious creature Charles Willersley would prove—so brave and fearless, yet so steady and self possessed—so unflinching from danger, yet so tenderly alive to the sufferings of others, I never can tell you half his worth. I was grieved that when we met him for those few days in Malta, he could not manage to return with us. Of course, love, I don't expect you to remember much about him, for you know he left England before we were married, but if you could know him as well as I do, I am sure you would esteem him as much. I was absent from this dear girl for some months while we were in India," continued the Colonel turning to me, "and during a long and severe illness, Charles Willersley was my nurse, doctor, comforter—every thing. He gave up all his leisure time to me, foregoing gaities of every sort to sit with a peevish sick man. I wonder he never has married, he might pick the country now if he chose, and how pleasant it would be if he would settle near us! But I always suspect poor Charles had some sort of disappointment in his early youth, though I never could get at the truth of the matter. I found it was a sore subject, so I soon ceased teasing him. There's your sister Agnes, (though to be sure she is rather to old for him now,) but

I think even *her* proud heart could not resist him." Thus the Colonel ran on, neither Mrs. St. Aubyn or myself attempting to interrupt him. I guessed at once by her heightened colour, and the compressed expression of her face, that *this* subject was to her one of intense and painful interest. A dark suspicion darted into my mind. Could this fair and guileless looking being be really less innocent than she appeared? Was it possible that the man so applauded and admired by her husband, could have secret tie to her, some means of correspondence with her, of which that husband had no knowledge! I confess I trembled at such a supposition, I was ashamed of it, yet I could not shake it off. I longed to see this paragon of excellence, and yet I felt that his arrival was more to be dreaded than wished for.

He came, and I could not for a moment doubt that at least a portion of my surmise was correct. I was sure that in spite of every other consideration, in spite of *her* self, Mrs. St. Aubyn loved him. It was in vain that she strove for self-command, the very effort for composure increased her confusion in his presence. In one sense, however, my mind was relieved by these symptoms. There could not be actual abandonment to guilt, within. The boldness, or the reckless despair that follows the commission of actual crime, would have produced a very different demeanour from that of poor Mrs. St. Aubyn. My apprehensions for the future grew stronger as my fears for the past diminished. I felt that she was yet, at least, comparatively innocent. The behaviour of Willersley was altogether different. That he was not unseated by the unhappy passion that seemed growing at the very core of Mrs. St. Aubyn's heart, I was well convinced. But he was gifted with greater skill in the concealment of his emotions, than poor Agnes, and his conduct towards her, while it was full of deference and respect, never was exchanged for more than distant politeness for a moment. He evidently shrunk from seeking her alone, attaching himself as much as possible to the Colonel, whose taste for farming and gardening kept him a good deal out of doors.

It was pitiable to see Mrs. St. Aubyn's dejection during his absence. The colour faded from her cheek, and the light from her eye as the door closed on him. She would drop her work, and unheeding my presence, would sit with her pretty hands resting idly on her knees, in an attitude of the deepest melancholy. If any one entered the room, she would frequently quit it, to weep alone, as the pallid, cheek and swollen eyes, sadly testified on her return. I wondered that under the circumstances, Major Willersley should have chosen to pay a visit to Woodfield; but I found afterwards, that he had not done so with any good will of his own, but because he could not well avoid it. He had so frequently evaded the Colonel's pressing invitations, that there was no longer any escape for him, and he witnessed poor Agnes's ill-concealed unhappiness, until his own heart was almost tortured to madness. The enduring truth of her love for him had never forced itself on his conviction until now. He had imagined that his self-love had deceived him, when he deemed himself the object of her affections in long past years, or that at most her liking for him had been a childish fancy, easily dissipated by the dazzling prospects which a union with Colonel St. Aubyn afforded. His own constancy had never for a moment been shaken; he had learned to think of her as another's wife with little pain, but he felt that the heart he had early consecrated to her could never be offered to another. They had met but once since her marriage, and then in the bustle of a few days spent at Malta; but now that he met her in the quiet atmosphere of her English home, the truth, that she loved him still, entered his mind, and raised there a host of feelings even bitterer and harder to contend with, than those that had beset him in by-gone days, when he became self-exiled for her sake.

The second week of Major Willersley's visit saw the termination of mine, and I quitted Woodfield Park with a mind full of misgiving and *presentiments* of evil, doomed, alas! to be realized, though not in the way I apprehended.

"You cannot leave us this week, Willers-

sley. I am sure your business cannot be so pressing as to take you to town before Monday at soonest. You know I must be at N— both on Friday and Saturday, about this confounded poaching affair, and who is to take care of my little Agnes whilst I am away." So spake General St. Aubyn, in reply to an allegation of Willersley's "that he must be in London on Friday." But the General's persuasion would have had little weight against his friend's resolution, had not a mightier spell just then been permitted to have power on him. For as he raised his eyes to repeat his refusal, he encountered those of Mrs. St. Aubyn's full of an expression of such mournful entreaty, that the words died on his lips, and he consented to remain. It ought to have been otherwise, but woe for the frailty of human resolutions!

It was Saturday evening. Agnes with the strange perversity of an unhappy mind, though she had longed for nothing so much as the opportunity of once seeing Willersley alone, had remained in her chamber the whole of the preceding day, under the plea of a severe headache!

Willersley tried to think he was glad, but his heart rebelled at the thought. He was vexed and disappointed, though he would scarcely allow it, even to himself. One moment he admired the self-denying virtue of Agnes,—the next he was inclined to accuse her of heartless coquetry. Was it not she who had induced him to stay,—whose influence had prevailed over his better judgment,—whose glance had melted his stern resolves, as the lightning fuses the hardest steel in a moment? Then, again, he reproached himself with injustice. Surely, if Agnes loved him, she was acting most wisely both by him and herself. If she were merely conscious of his passion, (but this *could* not be *all*,) she was equally right in removing herself from his presence. So he argued with himself, if argument be a fitting name by which to designate the contending thoughts and feelings that agitated him; but when Mrs. St. Aubyn's absence extended to the second afternoon, he felt annoyed and miserably impatient for her appearance, if it were only for a moment.

There was a small apartment on the ground floor, opening into a conservatory, which was especially dedicated to Mrs. St. Aubyn's use. It was fitted up with extraordinary taste and elegance; and here its fair mistress often retired to muse and mourn, indulging in solitary reveries, even more dangerous to her peace than the actual presence of Willersley. Into the enchanted precincts Charles had seldom sought admission. He felt as if that apartment, so peculiarly Agnes's own, was a charmed circle, where her influence over him was too entirely paramount. His heart had never been so soft, and his resolutions so faint as in that bower of beauty. He had conscientiously shunned it,—particularly for the last few days; but weary of his loneliness; restless and unhappy, he went forth, intending only, as he persuaded himself, to wander out into the gardens. The path to his intended promenade, however, lay past the conservatory,—the door was slightly open, and he paused before it. Betwixt the orange-trees and myrtles, which bordered the approach to the boudoir, he could just perceive the figure of Agnes, seated near a table. Her back was towards him; her cheek rested on her hand, and her attitude was one expressive of deep dejection. He hesitated a moment, then entered the conservatory, and, advancing softly murmured:

"Mrs. St. Aubyn!"

She started and turned round,—he caught her hand in his, clasping it fervently, exclaimed—

"Agnes!"

Another moment, and, in all probability, he would have fallen at her feet, and confessed the burning passion that was fevering his soul, and, even in bidding her an eternal farewell, there would have been rapture, whose memory no after sorrow could have obliterated, in that agonised pouring forth of the hoarded feelings of years. But he was preserved in the hour of temptation, and the impulse was checked ere it could be acted upon; for a light, quick step was heard in the conservatory, and the orphan boy, before mentioned, came bounding into the room.

"Come, dear mamma," he cried, "nurse says you are ill, but I am sure this soft sunshine would do you good. See, I have brought

your bonnet: come and walk with us on the terrace."

The child's sweet voice and winning smile were irresistible; and the unhappy pair arose, and each taking a hand of the fair boy, they went forth. They spoke not to each other, but each talked to the child? and, when Agnes kissed his brow, Willersley stooped and pressed his lips where hers had been; and Mrs. St. Aubyn trembled at the consciousness of the delight that thrilled her heart as he did so.

It was a glorious sunset. They passed on the raised terrace-walk, which they were pacing, and gazed long upon the scene before them, immediately beneath them lay an extensive garden laid out in the Italian style, and ornamented with statues and temples. Its centre was marked by a magnificent fountain, whose waters rose and fell in large arched columns, their summits radiating in the sunlight. Beyond the garden spread a shrubbery, principally of evergreens, which formed a gloomy belt around that gay garden. Farther yet was the park,—a broad space of velvet turf, richly studded with groups of fine old trees, and the far, blue hills, their outlines melting into the soft hues of the evening sky, formed the boundary of the scene. Here they stood in silence, the child still placed between them, and even his merry prattle was hushed, he found himself unanswered; and he stole looks of curious wonder alternately at each of their faces. The tears were quietly stealing down Agnes' cheeks, and there was a relief in their indulgence; a calm seemed to have fallen on her grief, and for a few minutes she felt comparatively happy. But there was a sound to disturb their momentary dreaming. A horseman galloped rapidly towards the house, and in a few minutes, had dismounted, and joined them. He brought them a hasty summons to proceed to N—, where Colonel St. Aubyn had been seized with sudden and dangerous illness.

On leaving home the preceding day the Colonel had complained of lassitude and headache, but he had tried to persuade himself that a gallop in the fresh air would certainly relieve him. Towards night he be-

came much worse, and his symptoms had assumed such an alarming appearance on the following day, that the medical attendant had pronounced his removal, in his present state, impossible; and had deemed it advisable to send for his friends.

Half an hour more, and the pair so lately wrapt in romantic dreaming, were whirling along a dusty road as fast as four post-horses could speed. In Mrs. St. Aubyn the sudden news had produced a strange revulsion of feeling. She seemed like one awakened from a dream. The reverence and gratitude, which in spite of the absence of warmer feelings, she had always entertained for her husband, seemed to rush on her heart with overwhelming power, and she cried and sobbed hysterically, as, shrinking from Willersley's touch, she leaned in the corner of the carriage.

It was long before his words of consolation were heard or heeded; and it was as much as he could do, to induce her to be tolerably composed by the time they reached N—.

Who may paint this wretched combination of feeling with which she entered the apartment of the invalid? There was bitter shame and self-reproach at her heart when she remembered the state of her feelings a few hours before. For a while they seemed to be utterly swept away in the torrent of her anguish and remorse; it was as if a world had been shattered at her feet, or a fearful chasm yawned in her path. The sinfulness of the love she had been indulging had never seemed so vividly placed before her eyes as now.

For a week the Colonel seemed to totter on the very confines of the grave, during which time he was sedulously attended by his wife and Major Willersley. The character of their attachment seemed utterly changed. They seldom spoke together, and when they did, it was merely on some subject connected with the patient's accommodation or comfort, for they durst not trust themselves to think of the event that seemed fast approaching. They shrunk from alluding to its possibility; for each had a secret consciousness that their sorrow for such a termination of the colonel's illness would

not be so unmingled as it ought to have been.

At length the physician communicated to Willersley his fears that the crisis, which was approaching, would be an unfavourable one; and, shortly after, the Colonel requested that Willersley and his wife might be left alone with him. He addressed them in detached sentences,—his exhausted state scarcely permitting him to speak audibly.

"Agnes,—dear Agnes, you have been a gentle, attentive, obedient wife. The world might think I was too old for you, but you have never given me cause to regret our union. Charles, you have been dearer to me than any one on earth, except Agnes. I know you are brave, and wise, and generous. It grieves me to think of my gentle wife's situation when I am gone. Will you be her guardian? You are both young; sometime hence, when you know each other better, perhaps you may be inclined to marry. The thought is not unpleasing to me, but you must, hereafter, judge whether such a course will be for your happiness. At any rate, *be friends*. God bless you both."

He murmured a few more incoherent words, then turned on his pillow, and fell asleep.

This was an awful night for Major Willersley and Mrs. St. Aubyn. They spoke not,—they did not even *look* their feelings; but they sat down one on each side of the sick man's bed, and listened to the breathings of that slumber which they believed was fast verging into the deeper sleep of death.

A load of agony seemed removed from the mind of Agnes. There could scarcely be guilt, she thought in an attachment thus sanctioned. Visions of happiness, vague and shapeless as the cloud of sunset, floated through her imagination; but all yet seemed unsettled and tottering. The Colonel still lived, but the time that should emancipate his spirit would unfetter their's also, and leave them free to love and be loved. Hour after hour did they keep their silent vigil, every nerve wound up to a pitch of excitement that amounted to torture, while the delicate frame of Agnes seemed almost turned to stone. Morning dawned on these pale watchers, yet still no convulsive sob, no

rattle in the throat announced the rapid approach of death. On the contrary, the sufferer's breathing seemed softer and calmer, and, as the daylight gradually filled the chamber, it was evident that, though his lip and cheek were still pallid, they were less livid, and more natural in their appearance than on the preceding night. The cup of hope was dashed from the lips of Charles and Agnes, and though it might have seemed miraculous under the circumstances, the Colonel recovered.

Suspense, hidden suffering, and bodily fatigue had made deep inroads on the tender constitution of Agnes, and it was now her turn to be confined to a sick bed. She was very ill, and her restoration to health was lingering, and never entire. But alas! her mind had received a deeper injury than her bodily frame. In spite of her efforts to subdue it, a feeling akin to despair took possession of her mind. Her temper, naturally sweet and gentle, became irritable and impatient, and her interest in the persons and things about her seemed entirely destroyed. She would shut herself up for days, on the plea of indisposition, while in fact, her seclusion was courted as affording a morbid indulgence of regrets and memories.

The Colonel—(but I forgot,—he was now the General.)—was deeply grieved at the change in her demeanour, especially as it included less kindness of manner towards himself. He laid it all to the account of nerves, and the weakness resulting from illness, and, finally resolved on a journey to London; trusting that change of scene and society might be beneficial to Mrs. St. Aubyn.

Major Willersley was not in town when the General and his lady first took up their abode there, but he arrived shortly after; and, though seldom a visitor at their house, Mrs. St. Aubyn and he frequently met in general society. Before he came, Agnes had declined almost every invitation, but now she eagerly caught at every one that afforded the smallest hope of a meeting with Willersley. It was this sudden change in Agnes's mode of life which first awakened in General St. Aubyn's mind a suspicion of the truth, and far more than the truth. It was a

case in which to suspect was to be convicted,—there were so many circumstances, trifling in themselves, which, taken all together, formed an overwhelming mass of evidence.

The remembrance of the wish he had expressed respecting the future union of his widow with Willersley, when he believed himself dying, now caused him bitter self-upbraiding. He felt as if scales had suddenly fallen from his eyes, and the whole dreadful truth glared upon him at once.

Agnes was certainly *innocent*, in the common acceptation of the term; but can any woman be reckoned *entirely* innocent, who, knowing the weakness of her own heart, does not use every means in her power to avoid the presence of the object whose influence is most to be dreaded? Mrs. St. Aubyn took an entirely false view of her position. She considered herself as the victim of her elder sister's tyranny and artifice, and conceived that there was a sort of virtue in adhering firmly to her early attachment, through all the suffering it might bring upon her. She did not see that it was her duty to strive for resignation and cheerfulness in the path which Providence had assigned her. She was much, very much to be pitied, but she was not utterly free from blame. The wrongs she had received from her sister were irreparable; and, perhaps, the greatest was in that early training to entire subjection which had left her so little independence of character, or strength of purpose,—most dangerous circumstances for one placed as she was.

Cloud after cloud gathered over the General's mind; surmises assumed the air of facts; Mrs. St. Aubyn's motions were strictly watched; servants were examined;—and what so likely to inflame the mind of a jealous man as the evidence of servants? When did they ever tell *less* than the truth?

Finally, General St. Aubyn commenced proceedings against his once-loved friend, and sued for a divorce from his "beloved" Agnes. He was unsuccessful in both instances. Even the testimony of malicious domestics was unable to establish any charge against poor Mrs. St. Aubyn, but *there were suspicious circumstances* in her

conduct, and the world looked on her as a guilty woman. A separation from her husband was, of course, inevitable; and she retired to hide her broken heart in some remote corner, of her native land.

Where, during these agonizing events, was Margret Vernon? Was she playing the part of an affectionate sister,—soothing the grief of Agnes, shielding her from the malice of her enemies, vindicating her at every opportunity? No such thing! She was goaded almost to madness by the stain thus cast upon the family honour, and secretly by her still unextinguished love for Willersley. He was now in a station where no disgrace or degradation could have resulted from a union with him. She had refused offers that would have placed her amidst the noblest of the land, for the sake of him, between whom and herself an impassible gulf was now placed. She had plotted and schemed to remove Agnes from his reach, to win him for herself, and the end of all this was disappointment and dishonor.

In a lonely village on the southern coast, the unhappy Mrs. St. Aubyn took up her abode. She refused to assume any name but her own, or to maintain any incognito. This was the first manifestation of strength of resolution she had, perhaps, ever displayed in her life. Left to herself, and obliged to exert herself, the hidden energies of her mind, so long subdued, and unsuspected, even by herself began to bud forth. She felt that she had been more sinned against than sinning; but she allowed that she had acted, at least unwisely.

She had not long entered on her new residence, when she received a letter which almost overthrew her newly acquired strength. It was from Willersley,—the pouring forth of a mind full of love and agony. He declared that General St. Aubyn had most unjustly divorced and disowned her; that he had no longer any claim upon her, either by the laws of God or man; and he entreated her, in the most passionate terms, to place herself under his care, and fly with him to some far land, where happiness might yet be their portion.

Shall it be owned that there was a struggle, a deep, agonizing struggle, in the bosom

of Mrs. St. Aubyn, ere she could bring herself to answer that letter, as she felt it must be answered?

"Peculiarly placed as we are," it said, "I cannot bear to blame you for making the proposal you do. I know there is much kindness intended to me in the step you have taken, but, in your calmer moments you will see the impossibility of my acceding to it, and the sophistry of your own arguments. Since the fatal day on which we unfortunately, owned our mutual attachment, we have never met, and in this world we must never meet more. If I cannot entirely remove the cloud that has darkened my fair fame, I will never allow an act of mine to add to its blackness."

Years passed by, and Mrs. St. Aubyn was a widow. The news of the General's death caused no throb of gladness, no feeling of release at her heart; for she had grown calm, and even cheerful; and perhaps her lonely cottage, in the village where she was dearly beloved by all ranks, who knew her sad story, but were firmly convinced of her innocence, was the scene of the most unbroken peace she had ever known.

She was somewhat startled from her usual placid frame of mind, by the sudden appearance of Major, now Major Sir Charles Willersley, in her humble home, but she bade her heart be still, and it obeyed. Her affliction had, indeed, "been good for her;" she had gained self-command, courage, and firmness since her seclusion; and best of all, they were the fruits of true Christian principle.

Her employment of late years had been less self-reproach than self-conquest, and it was this that enabled her, after a few moments, to sit down and converse so calmly with the lover of her youth.

Can any one doubt why Sir Charles Willersley sought the cottage of the recluse? He came to offer her his hand, as a companion to the heart that was her's already.

"It cannot be," said Mrs. St. Aubyn; while the faint flush deepened on her delicate cheek. "I will not say that I have ever thought it would come to this,—I have often imagined that it might, and, therefore, I am prepared for it. Charles Willersley, I shall

never deny,—for denial would now be useless,—that you were the object of the first, the only love my heart ever knew. But it is not ordained that we should marry. Evil tongues, would again be stirred up against us; and even, now, I doubt not that many are expecting our union, as the confirmation of all that we have been already accused of. This may not be. A Vernon and the widow of a St. Aubyn must leave no means untried to cleanse her name from the stain that has been so unfortunately attached to it. My decision is made; nothing can ever induce me to alter it."

They parted, never, as it was proved, to meet again. Sir Charles went abroad, and in a few years, fell in a foreign land. Mrs. St. Aubyn survived him about a year, and then died, as it seemed, from a gentle and gradual decline.—Margaret Vernon still lives, prouder and sterner than ever; but her life is one of utter loneliness. It is to be hoped that repentance is at work in her heart, and that she mourns over the woful abuse of the power committed to her charge.

Over Mrs. St. Aubyn's grave is placed a tablet, bearing simply her name, and the dates of her birth and death, together, with two quotations from Scripture, which may have puzzled many of those, unacquainted with the details of her history. The first is merely a portion of a text,—a few words: "OUT OF MUCH TRIBULATION." The second the apostle's precept. "ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL."

SNOW.

Snow! snow! snow!
 How heavily it falls!
 And how many fading memories
 Yon wintry cloud recalls!
 Of the days when our childish wonder grew,
 That from out a cloud of so dark a hue
 Should fall a robe so pure;
 For the priceless worth we little knew
 Of the sorrows we endure.

Snow! snow! snow!
 It falls through the livelong night,
 Decking the graves of those we love
 With a robe of stainless white:
 And to me it is whispered clear and low
 That brief as those tiny stars of snow
 My pilgrimage shall be
 Till I join the waters dark, that flow
 Away to the unknown sea.

Snow! snow! snow!

How heavily it falls?

Alike on the dwellings of the poor,

And the rich man's lordly halls.

Rushing down from its arial car

Where the fields and the trackless forests are

Its myriad folds are spread:

And it rests on the mountain tops afar

Like the pall of a world dead.

Snow! snow! snow!

Though it shrouds the earth to-day,

Shall shrink from the glorious summer sun,

To its caverns dark, away!

The flowers that wither'd beneath the blast,

Shall smile when the Frost King's breath has

passed

In the gorgeousness of bloom;

And thus shall a Spring-time come at last,

O'er the winter of the tomb.

HENRY S. GREENE.

February 14, 1855.

THE FATAL MATE.

"*Quelle que découverte que l'on ait faite dans le pays de l'Amour n'opère, il y reste bien des terres incultes.*"—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Much as may be said in favour of the game of chess, of its noble and scientific character as an intellectual enjoyment of the highest order, and the almost irresistible attraction it acquires for its votaries, still many are deterred from its practice by an ill-judged sensitiveness and morbid fear of defeat. Let those who have commenced the study of chess, and who really wish to improve, bear in mind that the player who learns not how to lose, will never learn how to win, and dismiss at once all impatience and rising irritability.

It must be confessed, however, that no game affects so directly the vanity of the individual as chess. That the winning of the game is due solely to the skill of the player, and that not a leaven of chance has mingled with and assisted his good play, becomes, in weak minds, a fixed idea, productive sometimes of the strangest aberrations.

Illustrative of this weakness, I recollect an anecdote of a somewhat singular nature.

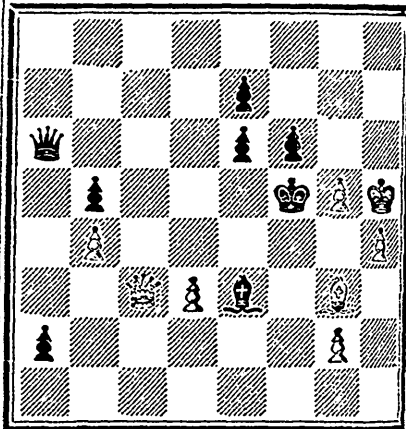
In the autumn of 18—, while spending a week at the seat of General D——, a few leagues from Paris, I was introduced to an English gentleman, with whom I usually played a rubber at chess in the evening, after a long ride or a day's sport with dog and gun.

At the time I speak of, I was far from being an adept in the game, and my adversary, though not a very strong player, was still my superior, and an opponent against whom I could not allow my attention to flag a single moment without paying that direful penalty, "checkmate."

Among the persons who usually seemed to take most interest in our games was the charming Countess V——. On the evening of our last match, the next day being fixed upon for a return to Paris, seated near the chess-table, it appeared to me that she had followed, with unusual attention, a preceding game won by my adversary. I had never, however, heard the Countess express the least wish to play, nor intimate in conversation that she possessed any knowledge of the science.

Our game had verged into the following position. I was the player of the White pieces, and it was my turn to move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Over this situation I had already paused some time, and was not a little embarrassed. To my inexperienced eye, the proximity of one of my adversary's Pawns to the royal line foreboded danger, and filled me with secret terror. I also feared his playing his Queen to her Rook's square, threatening Knight's Pawn, and worse, a mate. On the other hand, although the position of his King seemed to be one of some constraint, yet it struck me that on any move of mine, the advance of his King's Pawn would free him from embarrassment.

Thus perplexed and irresolute, I was hesitating between removing Bishop or playing Queen to her Rook's square, when instinctively I looked around in the direction of the Countess, as towards the person who had taken most interest in the contest. There probably was much of appeal in my expression, and her compassion must have been great indeed, for as my hand was nearing the Bishop, I heard her make a remark on the position to Madame D——, in a tone that seemed to hunter my inexperience. The words indeed had been pronounced in a subdued voice; nevertheless they had been overheard by some of the bystanders, who looked towards the Countess with some surprise. They had also fallen on the quick ear of my antagonist, who suppressed a rising frown. Whether I blushed outwardly I know not, inwardly I certainly did. The Countess's hint, however, had been a ray of light for me, and the truth gradually unfolding itself, I announced checkmate in four moves.

Proud of having carried out so well the conception of my fair ally, I approached to thank her for her timely assistance.

"I confess my inferiority," said I, "but I have yet full time to improve, and, under the direction of a mistress so well skilled in the game, I feel I should make rapid progress." The Countess smiled, saying I flattered her, and that assuredly she would not undertake to teach an art she never practised. "It is even so," added she; "we often show most enthusiasm for those things with which we have an imperfect acquaintance, and happy those who are not tormented by a thirst after profound knowledge. Since you consult me, sir, my advice is, that you take no master to perfect your chess education."

"I understand, madam; my capacity for the game does not strike you as" . . .

"It strikes me as excellent—quite excellent enough to insure success, and enable you to play in a short time a very scientific game. But are you aware of the probable result of all the science you may acquire? Believe me, sir, it will only serve to aggravate the disappointment at losing, in a proportion a thousand times greater than the

pleasure of winning. Reflect on this, I pray."

The Countess pronounced these words with so grave and solemn an air, that I could not dissemble my astonishment. "You may not believe me, sir," continued she, "nevertheless, if you will grant me your attention, I hope to convince you there is some truth in my remarks." I seated myself near her, and she commenced the following recital:—

"The Count de St. Genest, who died a few years before the restoration, had long been known in the world, as one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time. His equanimity of temper and perfect disinterestedness were proverbial. Ever ready to admit the superiority of others, even in those things in which he excelled himself, he was prompt to proclaim the success of a rival, and quarrelled with none for not honoring sufficiently his own well-founded claims.

"It had been the lot of the Count de St. Genest to have spent two-thirds of his life in a state of well-deserved happiness, when he was compelled to share the uncertain fortunes of the emigration. During this period of trial he led a secluded and unostentatious life: one of devotedness to his family and friends.

"While residing at Frankfort he learnt the game of chess, at first looking upon it merely as an amusement well adapted to soothe and divert the weary hours of exile. The Count, however, soon became a devotee to the game and a first-rate player. At his advanced period of life, he acquired at chess the same superiority he had attained in his youth in every manly exercise. Age had merely changed his tastes and matured his faculties rather than impaired them.

"The Count had frequent opportunities of measuring his strength with some of the best players of Europe, and on more than one occasion were they compelled to acknowledge his superiority. In one respect, however, he was most unfortunate. No triumph compensated, in his eyes, for the bitter feelings of disappointment he experienced whenever a star more propitious than his own favored a competitor in the checkered strife.

"In the usual walks of life, the distinctive

traits of the Count's character were modesty of demeanor, and an unpretending but noble manner, save at the Game of Chess, when a sudden transformation seemed to come over him, and he was no longer the same man. He could here brook no inferiority, and an attempt to obtain a concession on this point, was instantly construed by him into an outrage or a personal insult. A game lost would prey upon his mind for several days, rendering him gloomy and morose, even depriving him of appetite, and, as it were, of consciousness.

"In 18—the Count returned to France, retaining in all its fervor a fondness for his favorite game. But soon there came a change over the aged nobleman. His faculties became suddenly impaired, and increasing infirmity finally debarred him from all society. In this painful state, chess was his sole alleviation. He had taught the game to his daughter, who had been married eight years to a colonel in the Royal Guards. Occupying the same "Hotel," his daughter devoted her evenings to her aged father's amusement, humoring the old gentleman's fondness for the game, and seldom having any spectators except the Count's granddaughter, a child little more than seven years of age, somewhat precocious for her years, but withal a mischievous and giddy little thing. You would never, however, have taken her for such, when a game of chess was in progress, for then, seated near her grandfather, who was dotingly fond of her, she would seldom utter a word, paying all the time the greatest attention to the complicated moves of what she called her little black and white soldiers.

"The Count de St. Genest, in whose chess faculties there had been, alas! an immense falling off, had preserved, nevertheless, the same sensitiveness with respect to defeat, and strict play was still what he most prided himself upon. His daughter, now much his superior, through motives you will readily imagine, while prolonging and keeping alive the interest of the game by the most generous of impostures, invariably allowed herself to be beaten, to the great satisfaction of the old Count, who never slept better than after these illusory triumphs.

"One evening, however, towards the end of a game, which the Count had conducted with more skill than it had been his wont to display, his patient opponent, either through forgetfulness of her usual part, or led on perhaps by an inviting position, gave several successive checks, the replies to which were all forced; then without examining farther into the situation, and while looking up at the clock to ascertain the lateness of the hour, she unconsciously touched a piece and was of course compelled to move it; the old nobleman, as I have already said, never allowing the slightest deviation from strict play in the most rigorous sense of the word.

"Scarcely had his daughter committed the move, when she became conscious of the existence of a forced mate, and was devising the square to avoid giving it, inwardly congratulating herself that it was in her power to do so: she still held the piece, when, to her utter dismay, the Count's youthful granddaughter, clapping her little hands, suddenly exclaimed—'Oh! grandpapa, you have lost . . . checkmate! checkmate!' The child, by following out the play, evening after evening, had not only become familiar with the moves, but had also acquired an acquaintance with the game, suspected by none and far above her years.

"Roused by this fatal revelation the Count soon became fully alive to its truth. 'The child is right,' said he; then drooping his head, he remained gloomily silent.

A few moments after his little granddaughter approached. 'Good night, dear grandpapa,' said she, in a timid tone, as if conscious of having been the cause of her grandfather's dejection. 'Good night, Miss,' was the dry and somewhat rancorous answer the child received, and she was allowed to leave the room without obtaining the accustomed kiss which the Count, while patting her auburn ringlets, never failed to bestow.

"The next morning the poor child, half afraid, hesitated long before entering her grandfather's bed-room, with the newspaper she was in the habit of carrying to him. At length, overcoming her irresolution, she was about to knock, when her mother opened the door. 'My child,' said she, amid sobs and

tears, 'my poor child, what have you done! your grandfather is no more!'

"The count had expired during the night. His impaired faculties had not been proof against the violent perturbation, caused most probably by the feverish and lethiferous visions conjured up by this fatal checkmate, foreseen and announced by a child of seven."

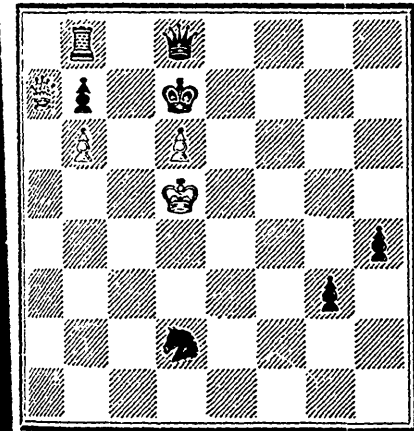
'Undoubtedly," said I, after a pause, during which I perceived the Countess was much moved, "most undoubtedly a talent for the game has been perpetuated in his family, and the Count's granddaughter, notwithstanding the melancholy circumstance attached to her precocious abilities" . . .

"I have perhaps been wrong," suddenly interrupted the Countess, "in having placed under your eyes so fatal an example. . . . Excuse some minuteness. . . . My emotion you will readily forgive when you learn that in the narrator you behold the granddaughter of the Count de St Genest." . . .

After some moments' silence, prompted by curiosity, I ventured to ask the Countess, whether she recollected the position that had led to this melancholy circumstance.

"I can never forget it," she replied, while arranging the pieces as follows:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and force the game.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

If you your lips would keep from slips
Five things observe with care ;
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

VOL. VI.—21.

THE DEED OF SEPARATION.

A TALE—BY MRS. ABDY.

Emma Wilmot, a blooming sprightly girl of eighteen, was reading the newspaper to her mother and uncle in the boudoir of the former, and had just finished the account of an alarming fire in London. "Uncle," she said, "I think there are very few sights that you have not seen; pray were you ever present at a tremendous fire?"

"Yes, Emma," replied Major Hervey; "I was once present at a fire tremendous enough even to gratify a young lady's taste for horrors; it was the most awful description of fire, because it was the work of an incendiary, and combustibles had been laid, to give its progress artificial rapidity; it was not a London fire either, where the spring of a watchman's rattle acts as the wave of an enchanter's wand in procuring engines and assistance from every quarter. It took place in a retired country situation, ten miles from any town, and to sum up the horrors, it was at the house of my most dear and valued friends."

"Will you tell me the particulars, uncle?" said Emma; "that is, if it will not make you sad to do so."

"It will not make me sad, Emma, for that fire is connected with the most pleasurable event in my life, and most happy am I, for the sake of my friends that it took place."

"Perhaps your friends were poor," said Emma; "had insured their house much beyond its value, and were glad of the additional money?"

"No Emma, you are wrong; the house of my friend was certainly insured, but the insurance was beneath its value, and they lost many little articles of use and ornament endeared to them by circumstances, and which no money could replace; however, they found an article more precious than any they had lost."

"Oh! now I guess the mystery—they discovered a concealed treasure in the ruins."

"You are at once right and wrong: they certainly gained a treasure, or rather they regained it, for they had possessed it once, and wantonly cast it away."

"Now, Uncle, you speak in riddles; do pray tell me the story."

Major Hervey looked at Lady Wilmot, who gave a nod and smile of assent, and he began his narrative.

"About twenty years ago, Emma, I went to pay a visit to a young married couple, for whom I had a sincere regard; they lived in a beautiful country-house, surrounded by spacious grounds. It was spring; the whole neighbourhood seemed one sheet of blossoms, and the clustering branches of the lilac and laburnum gave beauty and fragrance to my walk through the avenue leading to the residence of Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland.—They were young, handsome, wealthy, intellectual, and yet my visit to them was of a melancholy nature. They did not live happily together. They had decided on a separation, and the purpose of my journey was to inspect and witness a deed of separate maintenance."

"How very shocking!" said Emma; "nothing can justify the separation of a married couple."

"I do not agree with you there, my dear," said her uncle; "there may be circumstances which justify this painful measure; such, however, were not the circumstances of my friends; the moral conduct of each was unimpeachable, and they were free from extravagance and dissipation; but they were unfortunately too much alike in respects where it would have been most desirable they should have differed; they were both haughty, exacting, irritable, impatient of slights, and nervously perceptible of slights where no one else would have desisted them. I think the faults were as nearly as possible equal on each side. The lady complained of the want of the attentions of a lover in her husband, and the gentleman complained that his wife would not condescend to dress, sing, or smile, for his gratification alone, as she was wont to do in the days of courtship. They became contradictory, peevish and sullen, and a fatal want of confidence ensued on every affair of life, whether trifling or important."

"How different from my dear father and mother," said Emma, "who can never keep anything a moment from each other?"

"The confidence which they withheld from

each other," pursued Major Hervey, "they reposed in various quarters, and several of the friends thus injudiciously distinguished made use of the idle and common-place phrase, 'When married people cannot live happily together, it is best for them to separate.' This advice had an effect which sounder advice often fails in having. It was accepted by each of the parties, and carried into execution. An eminent lawyer was directed to prepare a deed of separation, and, when once signed and witnessed, Lady Falkland was to quit the residence of her husband, and to return to that of her parents. My friends as you may imagine, were not sitting together. I was shown into the study of Sir Edgar, and I spared no pains or arguments to prevail on him to reconsider his determination, and to endeavour to bear with the little imperfections of his wife, and to persuade her to bear with his own. He would not, however, admit that he had given her any provocation; he seemed thoroughly convinced of her coldness and want of attachment to him. After some cross-questioning, I succeeded in getting him to allow that he was occasionally a little irritable; but such irritability, he said, would soon disappear, were it not kept alive by the provoking and taunting remarks of his wife."

"He should have been married to such a woman as my dear mamma," said Emma; "she is so mild and patient, that she would soften the most irritable temper in the world."

"Do not praise your mother quite so enthusiastically, my love," said Lady Wilmot, smiling; "it is almost as bad as praising yourself."

"When I found," continued Major Hervey, "that all persuasions were in vain, I was obliged tacitly to consent to the introduction of Mr. Chambers, the lawyer, with the deed of separation; he produced this document out of a tin box, which appeared to be more fatal than the box of Pandora, since Hope could not be supposed to repose at the bottom of it. When the deed, however, was read to me, I could not but do justice to the liberality of Sir Edgar; the fortune brought to him by his wife was small, and had been settled on herself for pin-money, but the allowance he proposed making to her was large, even in proportion to his extensive income. He ex-

pressed every wish for her comfort and happiness. Her father and mother were to come to the Hall on the ensuing day to witness the deed of separation, and to take their daughter to their home. He asked me whether I thought they would be satisfied with the liberality of his provision for her, and I unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative; although knowing their kind, tender, and feeling natures, my very heart was wrung at the anticipation of their visit. I proceeded from Sir Edgar's apartment to that of Lady Falkland, and vainly hoped that I might be more successful with her than I had been with her husband. I had known and loved her from her earliest youth; I had stood by the altar when her hand was joined with that of Sir Edgar, and deep was my sorrow to think that ought but death should dissolve that holy union. I could not, however, bend or soften her haughty spirit. 'She was undervalued,' she said—'she was despised by her husband; she had always met with fondness and affection under the roof of her parents, and thither she would return.' I wished her to request a private interview with Sir Edgar: this she declined. She had not, she said, for many weeks seen him, except in the presence of a third person; but she promised me that in honour of my arrival, she would dine at the table that day. It was a formal and melancholy dinner, and Mr. Chambers, who made the fourth of our little party, was the only unembarrassed person among us."

"O, that terrible lawyer!" said Emma, "how I should have detested the sight of him!"

"Then you would have felt very unjustly, my dear, girl," said Major Hervey: "he was a worthy and upright man; he could not refuse to draw up the deed in question when required to do so, and as he was only professionally acquainted with Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland, and not a private friend of either party, it would have been unreasonable to expect that he should look very unhappy about the matter. We are apt to exact too much from the lawyers and medical men; we should reflect that long familiarity with scenes of distress, if it fail to harden the feelings, will at all events sub-

due the outward expression of them. They grieve like other men for the misfortunes of their friends and relatives; but if they gave a tribute of ardent sympathy to the sufferings of every client or patient, they would be living in a state of perpetual excitement, highly unfavourable to the cool deliberate self-possession so requisite in each of their professions. Lady Falkland quitted us soon after dinner. Mr. Chambers and I joined her in the drawing-room, but Sir Edgar had retired to his study. Lady Falkland was sad and silent; in fact, the whole room presented a dreary appearance, her harp and pino-forte were in packing cases ready for removal; a table near the window, which used to be covered with engravings, books in gay bindings, and a splendaid album, was now despoiled of all its ornaments; her writing-desk and work-box were not in their accustomed places, and a beautiful portrait of herself, taken before her marriage, was removed.

"Mr. Chambers, retired early. I made one more attempt to work on the feelings of Lady Falkland. I even appealed to the weakness of her character, by endeavouring to represent to her the consequence and responsibility of the situation she was deserting, and the insignificant station in society held by a separated wife; but Lady Falkland was not worldly or ambitious, she was only vain and exacting; she persevered in her resolution, and I sorrowfully bade her good night. All that now remained in my power, was fervently to entreat the heavenly disposer of events, in my prayers, to have pity on these poor deluded young people, to change their proud hearts, to bow their headstrong spirits, and to lead them at some future time again to find comfort and happiness in each other. I remained wrapt in thought for about an hour, looking with dread to the events of the morrow, and at length fell asleep.

"I awoke again; it was still dark, and I was immediately sensible of a decided smell of fire. I was thoroughly alarmed; several fires had lately taken place in that neighborhood, which were supposed to be the work of a man of low character and habits, who had rendered himself offensive to many

of the surrounding families; and this man, the garrulous old steward had informed me on the preceding day, had been threatened by Sir Edgar with a prosecution for poaching, and he had been heard to avow that he would be revenged on him. I instantly aroused Sir Edgar; we gave the alarm to the servants, and finding that the fire had only reached a part of the building, and that we had plenty of time for our operations, I dismissed some of them to the neighboring farm-houses for assistance, and employed others to rescue whatever was most valuable and important from the flames.

First of all, however, I spoke to Lady Falkland's own maid, telling her to awaken her gently and quietly, to explain to her that the flames were yet far from the part of the house where she slept; and having assisted her to dress, to conduct her to a large covered summer-house at the bottom of the garden, where I desired all the females of the family to assemble for the present. Sir Edgar and I were actively employed for some time in directing the labours of the servants, who removed many articles from the house; at length the flames spread with such rapidity, that we were compelled to desist, and I walked down to the summer-house to console and reassure Lady Falkland. Imagine my surprise at discovering that she was not there; her maid informed me that on entering her room she found it vacant, her bed had not been slept on, nor were any of her clothes to be discovered; it was evident that she had been awake and was sitting up at the time of the alarm, and had provided for her own safety by flight.

"I must say that I felt more angry with Lady Falkland than terrified about her, for I supposed that, unwilling to identify herself with the interests of her household, or to run the risk of any communication with the husband she was about to leave, she had sought refuge in one of the farm-houses in the vicinity. I thought it right, however, to inform Sir Edgar of her absence, and was returning to the front of the house with that purpose, when I was startled by a piercing shriek from Lady Falkland's maid, who followed me. I looked up in the direction to

which she pointed, and at the window of a little apartment above the drawing room, what was my horror to behold Lady Falkland making despairing signs for assistance? This little room had been a great favourite with Sir Edgar and herself during the early months of their marriage, on account of the extensive prospect it commanded: she had fitted it up with book-shelves, a guitar, and painting materials, and they passed much of their time there. It afterwards appeared that, unable to sleep, the idea had struck Lady Falkland that she would take a last farewell of this room, endeared by so many early and tender remembrances: she sat down on a low ottoman there, her own peculiar seat, rested her head on the chair usually occupied by Sir Edgar, and gave vent to her grief in repeated and passionate sobs, till at length she fell into that dull and heavy sleep so often the result of continued weeping.

"She awoke to a scene of awful danger: she attempted to open the door, but the flames and smoke that assailed her immediately drove her to the window; it was two stories from the ground: death would be the result of an endeavour to leap from it. One of the servants immediately ran to a neighbouring farm, where he said was a ladder of sufficient length to reach the window; but how poor appeared this prospect of relief, when the danger was so immediate and imminent! The staircase was in flames; who could venture to ascend it? I offered large pecuniary rewards to the person who should save her life. One of the under-gardeners, tempted by my munificence, advanced a few steps into the house, and then returned.

"I shall be suffocated in the attempt," he said, "and what will become of my widow and fatherless children?"

"At that moment, Sir Edgar, who had been giving directions in a different part of the premises, made his appearance, and, more by gestures than by words, we pointed out to him the situation of his wife. I shall never forget his agonized cry of distress; but he did not waste a moment in deliberation; he snatched from me my military cloak, and rushed into the house. The old steward

who had been in the family at the time of his birth, endeavoured to hold him back.

“ ‘You are rushing to certain death, dear Sir Edgar,’ he cried, ‘pray return.’

But Sir Edgar shook him off.

“ ‘I will save her life,’ he exclaimed, ‘or lose my own in the attempt; and in another moment he disappeared up the blazing staircase. I had scarcely time to hope, before Lady Falkland gave me fresh cause for alarm. The flames were approaching rapidly to the place where she stood; she evidently contemplated the desperate measure of a leap from the window; and I was shuddering at the idea of speedily beholding her mangled form, when I saw her drawn back by a strong hand. Sir Edgar wrapped the cloak around her, and carried her from the window. Once more I ventured to breathe; as Sir Edgar had ascended the staircase without material injury, I trusted that he might descend it in the same manner; but at that moment the event so long anticipated took place, the staircase fell in with a tremendous crash, and all hopes of retreat were cut off. A dreadful and inevitable death seemed now the portion of these young people; but there was a melancholy consolation in the idea that they would die clasped in each other’s arms, and exchanging mutual assurance of forgiveness. My head began to swim, and my eyes to feel dim, and I was on the point of sinking to the ground, when loud shouting voices near me aroused me to perception: a party of men were approaching, bearing the expected ladder, and headed by Dennis O’Flaherty, an Irish labourer at the farm. Even at this moment the thought passed through my mind of the strange manner in which we estimate the value of a person according to the existence of local circumstances. I had frequently, during my visits at the hall, conversed with Dennis O’Flaherty, and amused myself much with his brogue, his blunders, and his uncouth manners. I knew him to be an honest and good-natured fellow, but it had never entered into my head that he could possibly be of use to me in any other point of view than as a person to be laughed at; but now, when I contemplated his athletic frame, his muscular limbs, and his bold bearing, I felt that the most gifted genius,

or the most polished courtier of the age, would be an object of inferior consequence in my eyes, to Dennis O’Flaherty, and the sweetest music would have been less delightful to my ears, than the powerful brogue which made itself heard above all the uproar, in vehement commands to his companions to ‘waste no time, but set up the ladder quick and steady.’ It was speedily put up under Dennis’s directions; he was at the top in a moment. Sir Edgar deposited the fainting Lady Falkland in his arms; he speedily bore her down, and Sir Edgar followed in safety. Three loud cheers broke from the assembled spectators as he reached the ground. I could not join in their acclamations, but I silently and fervently offered up a thanksgiving to Heaven for the preservation of my dear young friends, and a prayer that the circumstances attending it might have a beneficial effect on their future lives. Lady Falkland was not hurt by the flames, although weeping and hysterical through alarm; she was immediately borne to the farm, and medical assistance was procured for her. Sir Edgar had not escaped so well; he was severely scorched, and in great pain, but in the midst of his sufferings he could not refrain from telling me of his happiness; the few minutes that elapsed between his entrance into Lady Falkland’s room and the arrival of the latter, had passed in mutual entreaties for pardon, in the most tender interchange of protestations of affection, and in lamentations over their too probable separation from each other by death, although they had both so recently desired to effect a separation in life. At length the medical man having left Lady Falkland, took Sir Edgar under his care, and immediately silenced his transports by a composing draught; fire-engines arrived from the country-town, and in a few hours the house had ceased to blaze; presenting, however, a lamentable spectacle of blackened and smoking ruins.

“ ‘Morning came, the father and mother of Lady Falkland were expected, and I rode to meet them, anxious to acquaint them with the happy change in the prospects of their daughter; they were astonished that I should greet them with a smile, still more

so when I described the tremendous scene of the preceding night, which seemed little calculated to excite such a token of pleasure; but most grateful were they when I had finished my story, and frequently did they return thanks to the gracious Lord, who had thus wonderfully and mysteriously wrought good out of evil.

"I led them to the farm, where they fondly embraced their beloved daughter; she was sitting by the bedside of her husband, who, when no longer supported by temporary excitement, was suffering severely from the effects of his hurts, and a tender and affecting scene ensued. When I left the room, I encountered Mr. Chambers, the lawyer.

"'I am exceedingly sorry,' he said to me, with a look of doleful apology, 'but I have reason to fear that the deed of separation has been destroyed in the flames.'

"'So much the better,' I replied cheerfully; 'Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland are now happily reconciled, and the deed of separation, even if recovered, would be no better than waste paper.'

"'Pardon me, Major,' said he, with a provoking curve of the lip; you can only conjecture that point—we lawyers are not to be satisfied except with proofs, and time alone can prove that the deed will not be again required."

"I was glad to escape from this doubting gentleman to the clamorous rejoicings and congratulations of Dennis O'Flaherty. I gave him a sum of money, which Sir Edgar afterwards trebled, and I resolved in my own mind never to laugh at his blunders again, since he had so happily refrained from blundering in a case of life and death. Lady Falkland attended her husband with the most unremitting tenderness and assiduity during an illness of several weeks; on his recovery they passed some months in travelling, and neither of them made any complaints of want of attention on the part of the other. The house was rebuilt exactly in the same form, but it was more attractive to my eyes than it had ever been, for it had now become a 'Mansion of Peace.'"

"And do you really think it possible, uncle," said Emma, "that a couple who were once on the verge of separation, could be thoroughly happy afterwards?"

"It is not only possible, but it is true," said Major Hervey; they are as happy, Emma, as your own dear father and mother."

"Now, uncle, I cannot believe you: I shall be like your sceptical friend Mr. Chambers, only satisfied with proofs."

"Then I will give you a proof, Emma, which will be quite satisfactory even to the sceptical Mr. Chambers; it is of your own dear father and mother I have been speaking."

Emma cast a wondering, incredulous glance towards her mother.

"Surely my uncle is jesting?" said she.

"No, my love," answered Lady Wilmot; "he has given you, under imaginary names, a narrative of facts. The awful scene took place twenty years ago on this very site, and the room where we are now sitting answers to the one in which I stood, momentarily expecting a painful and violent death, and shrinking from the idea of appearing before my Creator with a spirit irritated by angry pride, and a conscience burdened with neglect and defiance of my duties as a wife and as a christian. I trust that by the assistance of Providence I have been enabled to correct the faults of my temper, and most happy, my dear Emma, am I to say, that I have never observed any indications of the same imperious and exacting disposition in you; but in case any future alteration in your situation should bring defects in your temper hitherto unknown, I am glad that your uncle has told you these particulars of the early wedded life of myself and your father. Your choice, I trust, will be cautious and prudent; but that choice once made, consider that it is equally your duty and interest to bear patiently with the foibles of the object of it, and ever remember that the bonds you assume are not merely light and temporary ties, but are to be worn by yourself, and by the husband of your selection, in fidelity and constancy, 'so long as ye both shall live.'"

WE MUST—WE SHALL BE FRIENDS.

I care not for your country, man!
 What's East or West to us?
 Perish the narrow mind that dares
 To shackle friendship thus.
 Whate'er your nation, if your soul
 With mine harmonious blends,
 Alas! we've been too long estranged;
 We must—we shall be friends.

Who turns in coldness from the man
 Of real intrinsic worth,
 Because by accident he claims
 A different place of birth!
 On no such trifling circumstance
 The diamond's worth depends:
 Then wherefore should it weigh with us:
 We must—we shall be friends.

Shall I despise the maid I love,
 And tear her from my heart,
 Because some narrow streamlet keeps
 Our native lands apart!
 That taste must be a morbid one
 A foreign flower offends:
 What's fair, were fair in any land;
 We must—we shall be friends.

Your hand! if to your fellow men
 You struggle to be just,
 And fairly use the woman's heart
 Confided to your trust.
 If in your public acts you can
 Forget your private ends;
 Who cares what land your virtue nursed!
 We must—we shall be friends.

This world is not so large a world;
 One heart might grasp it all:
 The man who seeks the general good,
 A patriot I call;
 One like the good Samaritan,
 Whose love to all extends;
 If such your creed and politics,
 We must—we shall be friends.

Boast not of country till it can
 Its fame to you transmit.
 Your country can't ennoble you;
 You may ennoble it.
 A ladder to the hill of fame
 From every land ascends,
 Great men have mounted each of them:
 We must—we shall be friends.

Toronto, March, 1855.

W. P.

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

CHAPTER VI.

When we got fairly out of the castle, and clear of the boorthrees betune us and the horses, Harry gives three leps into the air, and the devil a word of lie in it, if he didn't

at the last spang he gave, lave his small clothes next doore to bein' in flithers—at laste they never were worth a single thrawn-nien afterwards.

"Jack!" says he, as he landed beside me like a lump of wet spoddough, "that's you ma bouchal!—give us your fist, your sowl you, give me your mitthogue," says he, caperin' about me and givin' my right-hand a squeeze that left it as dead as mutton for upwards of an hour, "and I'm the boy that, at aither fair or Patherm, will stick to your back, like broth to a soger, without inquiren' into the rights of it."

Come along, allanah, "says I, fairly delighted with the turn that things took, "for I'm afraid that the gintleman, down at the edge of the bog, may be gettin' unaisy, or take cowl'd by this time; and, as I have the countnersign, and intend makin' use of it for their benefit, it will be bether for us to move on briskly, so as that we have everythin' comfortably arranged afore day light is in upon us,—although the night's long yet."

Upon this, my honey, we mounts our horses again, and ladin' Kelly's charger betune us, off we started for the lime kiln, Bob and Slasher knowin' every inch of the way, as well as if the sun was in the middle of the sky—for many's the time they had to go over the ground by night when you could scarcely see your hand afore you.

When we turned the corner of the field, within a few yards of our destination, we found, as we expected, that there wasn't a spark of light to be seen in any direction. All was as dark and as dhrerey as a deserted coal mine; but I was astonished when I saw there was no one at hand to give an answer to Harry's well known long, low whistle which he repated aither two or three times runnin'.

"There's no body here," says I, "and there can't be, for they are all gone to make away with the things and haven't had time to get back yet."

"I hope they're not gone down to the ould marin'," says Harry, "for if they are, they'll pass right undher the nose of the party, and all our generalship is gone for nothin'; and, besides," says he, jumpin' out of the saddle, "you know that wather has got into the

dhrain near your uncles there, and it's not very likely that they'd fly off in that direction."

"Take your time, avournieen," says I, "for you know Terry is with them, and it's not altogether like him, if he lets them run into the middle of the ginthry over there, when he knows that it was possible for them to have got ordhers to approach the kiln by the lane. Howsomer ever thry another rowl, as you may rely on it, you will soon have some indication of where they are, and be satisfied of the thruth of what I say."

Another long low note, such as he gave afore, instantly followed these observations; and it was barely out of his lips or harde by myself, till it was answered, in the same manner, by some person who appeared to me to be at laste a couple of fields away from where we dhrew up.

"There it is," says I, "and by the laws it's not on the bog side aither; although, who ever give it must be the best part of a mile away from us."

"That's Terry!" says he, "I know his whistle well; and he's not more than a hundhred yards from us; notwithstanding his makin' you almost suppose that it's in the next townland he is."

He had scarcely finished the last word, when up glides Terry with a step like a cat; and, as he was always fond of divilment, before you could bless yourself, he was on the back of the Gauger's horse that he saw standin' quietly betune us without a rider—Harry havin' remounted when I assured him that the boys wouldn't take the bog side with the things.

"Is that you Terry?" says Harry, dashin' out his hand and catchin' houl't of him by the collar, afore he was well in the saddle, where, by some manes or other, he saited himself like lightenin', although there was scarcely room for him to get betwixt Kelly's charger and Slasher.

"I take the most shupreme credit to myself for bein' no other gintleman on the face of the globe," says Terry, with a low merry chuckle of a laugh that tould us, at onst, that all was safe enough, or, at any rate, goin' on to his satisfaction.

"Were the things sent down attods the

bog?" says Harry with great threpidation, fearin' that the boys might still have gone in that direction, and that Terry, remainin' behind, might be unaware of where the party were waitin', although at the same time cock sure that everythin' was goin' on well.

"Not exactly," says Terry, with the same little chuckle as afore, "secin' that a party of scgers are below at the corner of the lane, where I have been behind the ditch, listenin' to them cursin' the Gauger, or some other spyin' thief, that they have been waitin' for, and expectin' every minute for the last half hour."

"Hups your sowl you, Jack!" says Harry leppin' out of the saddle once more, "it's all right! Everythin' is safe, mavournieen; and won't we play cottha keoch with them down there at the bog; but, my jewel, my O'Daly, I'll lave all that to you; for ever since the night you played the thrick upon Mr. Argue and his men, near Bellaputh, I have been convinced of your surprisin' abilities, and that, afore you die, you'll be aqel to the Duke yet."

"Well a mock," says I. "I haven't the laste objection to take the gintlemen below in hand, and endeavour to do the best I can for them; but, as I apprehend that there is a little sport in store for us to-night, which must be got through in rale style afore mornin', you and Terry go over to Cassidey's, and tell Phil that there's something up, and to gather all the boys he can, beside those that are off with the Still, as we have to spend a few hours in the ould castle afore daybrake, where he'll meet some very intherestin' company.

"What the devil is bringin' you to the ould castle?" says Terry, "and who is the owner of this fine baste that I'm on, for sorra head or tail I can make out of it, unless you have kilt or thrapped the new Gauger, which is not over likely, as they say he is one of the knownest b'ys that ever set his foot in the townland.

"It will spoil half your sport, if we tell you now," says Harry, "so ask no more questions at present, but do as Jack says."

"He's sayin' what's thtrue, Terry," says I, "but, laste anything should go wrong afore

all is over, you take care that they come dressed up for the occasion, so as that there will be no swarin' to coats and faces; and that, barrin' the voice, we'd know nothin' of aich other ourselves."

"Thrust to me," says Terry, "but whatever's a-foot let it be settled accordin' to ould times, when one nights' work would set the whole parish in an uproar for a month; and if you do, throth, I'll give you, on the first opportunity, a song that I made on the boys of Connaught afther the affair of June last, when the sogers were bate out of Lissadadden, and the two stills and all the potticen carried off fornist their eyes. 'The one I made on Mary Hogan, tho' feelin', can't compare with it; and, what's more, maybe' I'd appale to the muses, on both your behalfs, at some other period, and hand you down from generation to generation as equal to the O'Conner's themselves, if not a thrifle better in the way of purtectin' home manufactures."

"More power to your elbow Terry," says I, a little flattered I'm free to say; for he was no joke of a poet, "but recollect that Paddy must bring the fiddle, and you can get a couple of ass loads of turf out of long Jimmy Grady's reek."

"That I can," says he, "but if Paddy comes you'll have to take a five gallon keg out of the ould stuff that's hid beyond in the whins, and replace it again before they send out from town for it; for you know, as well as I do, that, at any gatherin', he uses no other sate in the world, whenever he plays; and that you cant, if you were to kiss him all round, get him to sit on a naggin' less."

"Bring gallore of it," says Harry, "and although I sould it. atself, I am the boy that will make it good to the owner, for it would ill become me to stint you to-night in regard to a few gallons or so; for its yourself and Jack there that lent a strong hand in savin' almost everythin' I had in the world, and keepin' my head above wather when I most needed your assistance."

"The five gallons are lashins and lavins," says Terry, "for you are aware that there can't be more than about a couple of dozen of us, together with the boys beyond who

have, by this time, put everythin' out of the way, and are, now, I'll wager you, down at Phils where we are just goin' and where I said we'd meet them."

"Say nothin' more about it," says Harry, "but, have your own way of it, a mock; but I know one thing, and that is, if I was makin' stirrabout this blessed night I'd make the potstick stand in it, I'm in such heart, and am so elated by the turn that things took."

"Well said," says Terry, "but as Jack seems about to be off to thry his luck down there with the party can't you throw your shoe after him in the way of a small taste afore he goes?"

"Twice, within this very hour," says Harry, "I have left the bottle behind me; once over at the lonesome corner, and once at the ould castle—bad cess to it, so as that purstuin' to the taste have I to offer either of you."

Out came the little chuckle again from Terry, as he drew from his pcket a nate little affair, that he got from a gentleman that used to call at Micks, on his way home from shootin', and handin' it over to me, bid me God speed, while both Harry and himself, after tellin' me that they'd wait beyond at Phils for me, turned their horses heads, and started off, lavin' myself with the vessel to my lips, thinkin' I suppose that, afore I returned, I might find use for it all, or perhaps a little more—although it held upwards of a pint.

CHAPTER VII.

When I harde the sound of their horses feet, as they canther'd away from me, I thought I wouldn't give much consideration to the matter afore me, but thrust to chance for everythin'; so off I starts along the path down across the field, until I got into the lane where I throtted along cautiously for fear of comin' in too bowldly or suddenly on my lads; and by way of showin' them that everythin' was doin' quite safe and leisurely. It wasn't long, of coorse, till I turned the corner and came square up to the party as they stood, where I just thought precisely they would, beside the mooule ditch, undher the big elm that grew where one road led to

Toomen and the other one to Clooncahar, as I said afore. Here I came down off Slasher, and tying him to a bush, I walked forred for a few paces in the direction of the little bustle that was created by the manes of the slight noise that I made purposely for them to hear me.

"Who goes there?" says a joker within ten yards of me, as he discovered me makin' the best of my way to where he was standin'.

"A friend," says I, in an undher tone, but firm enough, as I well knew it would never do to aither stutther or stammer when I came to such close quarters.

"If you're a friend, advance, and give the countersign," says the Sargent,—for he it was that spoke, "but if you are not, look well to yourself, for there are a dozen pieces about to be levelled at you this moment."

"You may save yourself the throuble, if you please," says I, stepping up to him with as much assurance as if I was his shuparior, "for its Mr. Kelly," says I, in a low voice, for he was a little distance in front of the men, "that sent me round here, to give you a little directions."

"What directions, undher heaven, can they be," says he, quite crabbed, I can tell you, at bein' kept so long standin' in the dark in such a lonesome place.

"Just these;" says I. "Some how or other, they got a hint, over at the kiln, this evenin', that you were all coming out upon them; and they, consequintly, removed the still and all the potticen over to a hidin' place at the edge of the wood beyant. His honour and the boy that gave the information are gone acrass, up to our right about a quarter of a mile, as it's by far the best way for a horse; and I am to lade you all over this narra sthrop of bog; and wait for him at a spot that we have agreed upon, near the river."

"How the divil," says he, "am I, or any of us, that are all sstrangers here, to crass a bog at this hour of the night, when you can barely see your hand afore you, and when we have been almost soaked through with the nasty dhrizzle that has been fallin' on us since ever we left town, till within the last few minutes."

"As to the crassin', and the like of that,

you may make yourself aisy," says I, "for I know every inch of the way, and it's just as plain sailin' as it would be on the high road; and I can lade you as safe and sound through it, in a few minutes, as if you were carried over in the middle of the moon day."

"Curse on the whole affair," says he, "but he picked a nice night for his wild goose chase; for who, in undher the sun, could see a Still or a man or anythin' else, if it was even within five yards of him this blessed minute?"

"Take a small taste of this," says I, in an open frank manner, but so as that none of the party harde me, "and maybe it would restore your droopin' sperits, and knock the cowl'd out of you; for it has been very dhrereary this evenin' indeed."

"It's good; rale good," says he takin' a pull of it, and returnin' it to me somethin' lighter then when I handed it to him, "but as for goin' with you now that I remember it, I cannot move one single step without some token, from the Gauger, to satisfy me that he sent you here; for you see tho' you're civil, indeed, I admit, that there is an immensity of threachery always connected with this business, and it stands upon us to be on our guard with every person who is a sstranger to us."

"Thru for you," says I, "for you can't be too cautious; and more particularly in this part of the county; but as to a token," says I, with a short little chuckle, to show what terms I was on with Kelly, and how nately we understood aich other, "maybe the countersign would do you; and, if it does, say the word, and its ready for you at any moment."

"Give it to me," says he, "and we'll be off with you, like winkin'; for I want to get through with this business as soon as possible, return to my quarters in somethin' like saison."

"Lawful," says I over into his car, in a whisper, givin' him a slight nudge in the ribs, at the same time, by way of puttin' myself on the best of terms with him.

The moment the word escaped my lips, he called the men to attenshin'; and tellin' them to shouldher arms, right face, quick march, we were off at a steady pace; myself and

the Sargent steppin' out jig by jowl if you please.

"Now," says he, as we thramped along, "it's for you to lade the way, as none of us has never been here afore; and the devil a know do I know where I am or where I'm goin' to, no more then the man of the moon; so I'm detarmined to stick to you, till we get safely over"—his thoughts runnin' on the flask, as I well knew they were, the thief.

"Never fear," says I, "but we'll soon be over, and get through with it; and glad I am, indeed, of your company, as we may be able to make ourselves a little more comfortable and social than if we were thrudgin, along alone, as you'll persave," says I, handin' him over the jorum to give it another black eye.

"I never dhrank betther," says he slippin' it into my fist again, with scarcely a naggin' in it, "nor so good," says he, "except a dhrap that I got from the constable there, that the Gauger brought over from Dhrumnsna, and who took the musket from one of the men that got sick, just as we were comin' out of town, and was obliged to return to barracks."

"And is the constable marchin' in the ranks, now," says I, by way of keepin' up the conversation, and rememberin' that I could only count thirteen men when they passed the gap—the Sargent, and twelve lads two deep.

"He is," says he, and you would scarcely know him from any of the men; for he is an ould soger. and exchanged great coats with the man that had to go back. "But, is not it gettin' soft undher foot," says he, for I'm beginnin' to think, from the brushin' my boots are gettin', that we are now in the bog and a good way on."

"We are so," says I, and will soon be at the end of our journey; for, by this time, I know that Mr. Kelly and the boy I spoke to you about, must be waitin' for us be-yant."

Afther passin' a good quarther of a mile through the heath, every step of which I knew by the clamps of turf along the way, as luck would have it, I sthruck the spread bank betune Rooney's and Fogarty's bog

holes, as fair is if I was a pishtel in the hand of one of the Mucknamarras. "Now, Sargent," says I, handin' him over the flask once more, we are, just about landed; but at the end of this bank, there is rather a narra passage where we'll have to go along in single file; and, besides, there are a few ugly steps in the side of the bank, which we must manage to get down one by one, before we're all right—although there's not the slightest danger, for I'll go down first myself, and you can follow me a step or so behind, while the rest of the men can descend in our thracks;—but, "says I, as if a new thought sthruck me, it will be safer and handier for them to pile their arms here, and let them be handed down, for it's only a few feet, by the last man who is to follow, then attempt to carry them down in their hands; for as, I said afore, the steps are rather awkward, and may require them to lay houl't of the heath as they go down."

"Just as you say," says he, "but I thought you said there would be no throuble at all in gettin' over; howsomever, I suppose we'll be able to get through with it—at laste with your assistance; so, I'll ordher them to pile arms as I believe, myself, that the plan is a good one."

In the twinklin' of an eye, the guns and bayonets were clatherin' like sport; for the Sargent, who began to feel the dhrap, or with the intention of makin' the guns stand betther together, made every man of them fix bayonets, before givin' the rest of the ordhers.—The spot where we stood was far from being very spacious; and I thought, to myself, that the slightest glimpse of a moon would not be much in my favour at the moment. Howsomever, the arms to my great joy and satisfaction, were piled, anyway; and at the word of their leader, the men prepared to follow on, "a few yards farther," as I said, in Injun file as they call it in Amerikey.

"Be a little cautious here," says I to my companion, "as there are a few feet of a narra kish to pass over afore we come to the end of the bank; and, as, afther the late rains, its likely to be soft on aich side of us."

"I'm thankful to you for the hint," says

he, handin' me over the empty flask, but, at the next moment, missin' his foot, and fallin' down as good a twenty feet as ever was measured with a rule, on Fogarty's side of the ribbon of a path.

"There's somebody down!" shouted two or three behind me, as the sug with which their shuparior went into a blind bog hole, was caught plain enough, by every soul of us as we crept slowly forred.

"Blur an agers, gintlemen," says I, "take care what you're about, and move on cautiously, for the place is not wide, as I've said, and as the Sargent knows, by raison of his not listenin' to me; although, I hear him titherin', for he can't be the laste hurt; as the place is not more than five feet below us, and its far from bein' hard, as I well know."

"There goes Quin, and I hear wather," says another fellow, rushin' attords me, as his comrade slipped off on Rooney's side, into what used to be called the bathin' hole; where there was about four feet of as clear stuff as ever was dhrawn out of a well—for the finest stone turf that you ever burned was found in that same place.

"There's no harm done," says I, "for they'll be all right below; although its not so pleasant I'll admit; but here we are, now, at the face of the bank, and within a few yards of the end of our journey; so let us stale down, silently laste we should be detected beyant by the persons who made away with the still.

Knowin' that rethrate was now impossible for even the cutest of the whole party, I bate about, leisurely, until I found the little foot pad that led down a place, almost as steep as the side of a house, to the great shakin' scraw where Sir Hugh's bull was lost last year. In the coorse of a few succonds, my feet were in the thrack, and, taking one of the men with me, as a sort of decoy for the rest, I commenced descendin', keeping him in my rare, until both of us got safely down—the rest scramblin' ather us, or clingin' occasionally to the heath above them, in doubt as to whether they'd return or not.

Thinkin' that they were hesitatin' rather long for my own comfort, I gave the feller beside me a nudge, tellin' him to shout out, that all was right, and that there was not the

slightest danger on earth; but, to make haste down, as we were within a stone's throw of the river, while the way to the brink of it was as level as a book lafe.

The moment they harde their comrades voice above, they all seemed to take fresh courage, and down they came, sure enough, and in haste too. In all my life I never saw such whoppin' rowlin' and summersettin'; and I thought my heart would fairly brake, as, in less than a minute, I saw them all pickin' themselves up about me. Such cursin' and swearin' was never harde in the world; and I could not help roarin' outright, when I saw a fellow about six-foot, at my elbow, with a head as big as a stone pot, thryin' to squeeze on, a cap that must have belonged to one of the smallest men of the whole lot. While, a little fellow, barely disarnible on the other side of me, was standin' in downright despair, with a cap so large on him, that he had to hould it up off his eyes with one hand, while the back part of it rested down betune his shoulders.

"Bad luck attend the Gauger and every body else," says a bucky that, from the way he was swayin' about, appear'd to have got no joke of a fall, "but this is nice doin's, and we're all in a purty state, with mud and dirt and stuff, wherever the divil we've got into."

"I left a boot of mine and my cap in that bloody lough that I fell into, and was near fixed in," says the fellow called Quin, staggerin' round to us, wipin' his face with his hankerchief, and beggin' some one to tie it round his head as his arm was out of joint.

"I'll tie it for you," says I, shutin' the action to the word," and then, as there appears to be no one above to hand down the fire arms, I'll take a race up myself, while you can remain here till I get them all handed down to you."

"Be me sowl, as to remainin', I'm likely to do that same," says he, "for, whatever place I have got into, I feel myself sinkin', and am above my ankles, at this very moment."

This, I knew to be a fact; for we are all aware, that if you stay for any time at all, in one position on a shakin' scraw, and don't keep movin' about, you are sure to be up to

your knees afore you know it, and stuck as tight as a sparra' to bird lime.

"We are all sinkin' and done for," roar'd out two or three of the heavy ginthry who began to feel themselves goin' at no very pleasant rate; "and, by heavens," says one of them, "I'll wager my life, that there is some thraison at the bottom of this infarnel business, or else we would have never been led into such a place as this."

Feelin' that they were all fast enough, for the night; and hearin' the Sargents' voice, as he was makin' the best of his way attords the plaisin' locality in which his men were situated, I got into the thrack up along the face of the bank, once more, without even the loss of a brogue, as I kept shuffling about all the time I was on the scraw; and, when I was about half way up, I turns round to my jokers, to have another little bit of sport afore leavin'.

"Good night genteels," says I, as I discovered their dark misty forms a little distance from me below, endeavourin' to extricate nich other, and says I, with a laugh that you might have harde out at Drummond, "I'm thinkin, that this will be about the last time in your lives, that you'll ever venture out afther a still and runnin' belongin' to any sowl on earth, not to minshin Harry Thracy in particular; for, fortunately, I have just twelve loaded muskets, above on the bank, and, when I get up, I'll be able to take a sittin' shot at every man Jack of you, and settle the evenin's account with you, as that white wing on your shouldders will be a most elegant mark."

Och! millia murther, if you only harde the fearful brathing, and witnessed the dhreadful struggles of the lads to free themselves from the scraw, when I gave them to understand what they had to expect from me, —although I hadn't the slightest notion to hurt a hair of their head, much less raise a whole country side, with the report of twelve muskets, at that hour of the night. Such plowin', such twistin', such slashin' as, in the strength that the fear of immediate death lent them, they actually dhragged themselves out of the scraw, and dashed off in the direction of the wood, where it was even worse for them, for there the great

shakin' mass was softer and wetter by far. I fairly lay down on the bank, and roared again, as I saw them flyin' and tumblin' about so as to get out of my range; and never, 'till the day of my death, will I forget that sight; for, sartin' I am, that so complete a one, had seldom occurred in ould Ireland afore, with all its odd frolics and doin's.

When they were all fled, completely out of my sight, I made my way to where the muskets were piled; and sarchin' about, I got a few sods of turf, and throwin' them down, one by one, I soon hit on the bog hole where Quin was near dhrowned. Into this spot, I landed the whole twelve; dhroppin' them down bayonet first, so as they'd not only pass through the wather, but sink several feet down into the soft bottom. Not content with this, and wishin' to lave my blessin' with any fellow that happened not to be able to extricate himself from the scraw and was croochin' down, for fear of a bullet, without sayin' a word, I went, at some little risk, to the edge of the bank, once more; and, in a voice that would have sent terror to the heart of any person who happened to be below, I roar'd out, "now for it!" The next moment I turned on my heel, and, in less than fifteen minutes, I was clear and clane out of the bog, and cantherin' down to Cassidy's on the back of Slasher.

CHAPTER VIII.

When I got back to Phil's, and related my adventures with the party, the boys riz a huzza which, I afterwards larned, was harde beyant at Brooklawn, and nearly frighten'd the senses out of Mrs. O'Brien and all the sarvants. Terry was so delighted that he couldn't help rowlin' on the ground, and imitatin' a showman, as I went on with my story, and playin' lep frog over me two or three times afore I had finished. But, seein' them all painted and dhressed up, so as that I couldn't recognise Harry himself, I thought a slight touch of a cork, mightn't do myself any harm, and soon made myself as outlandish as the best of them. So, afther some more exchangin' of coats, and the fastenin' on of a few ould shawls and petticoats, by way of makin' two or three faymale partners

for the dance, we were all both willin' and ready to start for the ould castle.

The devil a such a throop ever was seen since Adam was a boy. There, was long Jimmy Grady, with a pitchfork in his hand, a shtride of Doolan's ould Bess that was down at pasture, meandherin' about us like a Field Marshall, and ordherin' the boys to fall into line, in as soger-like a manner as ever was, and dhressin' up the ranks with an inch or so of the fork, wherever he found that they weren't to his likin'. Harry and myself bein' as it were, two great hayros, muryah—altho' not a sowl of them knew the full extent of our doin's—rode a little distance in advance; lavin' Terry and Paddy, with the fiddle to bring up our own immediate rare on Kelly's horse, together with the two Finnegan's that took a couple of asses out of McLoughlin's afther grass, as they never were over fond of walkin' when they could make a neighbour's baste do it for them. All that were on Shank's mare, and there were upwards of a score of them carried a light of bog-dale in their hands—the red flashes of which fallin' on our blackened faces and out-of-the-way accoutrements, laid poor Micky Flin—who happened to come on us at a short turn at the eel wire—a helpless idiot to the present mcmnt.

“What noise is that ahead,” says I, to Harry as we moved off at the word of Jimmy.

“Grady's asses,” says he, “bringin' up the turf and the potticeen as you recommended—three creels of turf, and one with the keg and a few sods and things—young Paudieen is drivin' them.”

“Well done,” says I, “for the castle is almost always chilly; but we must get through with the job afore daylight for I want to start over the first thing in the mornin' to tell poor Mary Thrainer how that Harry Thracy's last dyin' words when murther'd by the sogers last night were about her, and that he requested me to take them to her as well as to tell them all apposit the chapel out afther prayers that though dead and all as he is, when it came to the pinch he didn't show the back same of his stockin'.

“Oh, for God sake, Jack, don't let that out on me,” says he, “for if you do, the divil of

the end of it will I ever hear, or have a moments pace with Terry or the Cassidy's; for you know, well, what sort of lads they are, when they get a houl of a thing of the sort.”

“Well,” says I laughin' over at the sarious expression of his black mug, “I'll spare you for a little while any way although I don't intend keepin' it over long or carryin' it to me grave with me.”

“That atself,” says he, “but, as you led this business on so far now, you must take the management of the rest of it: for, so far as managin' a Gauger and his men goes, pon my conscience, I think you are the grates' ginerall of the present century—although I never knew you to brake a bone yet whatever you may do to-night with one of the thieves beyond there.”

“As to brakin' any bones on the present occasion, there is not the laste fear of that,” says I, “for what has happened has happened well; and we'll tache the joker you mane, a lesson that he'll remember, without thrampin' the worthless breath out of him; for I thrust that it may never be said, that Jack Thrainer and Harry Thracy were the first men who ever caused a dhrop of blood to be spilt in the townland.”

“You're right Jack,” says he, “but what makes me feel so hard about it, is not the loss that I might have met with regarding the contents of the kiln, but I feel that that loss would have so far convinced your uncle, that my circumstances were gone to the dogs, that he would never consent to hear a word from any person brathin' in my behalf, regardin' Mary.”

“I know what you feel, well,” says I, “but, perhaps, afther all, it's the best thing that ever happened you; for, sartin' I am that the Informer is some way connected with Doyle; and, my life on it, that he's naither more or less than that man of his that he brought with him when he first came here—a hang-gallows-lookin thief, they say, that's workin' on the farm for him, when he is not prowlin' about my uncles; and you know well, that, if Corney is once convinced that Doyle has anythin' to do with ladin' a Gauger into Toomin, he would rather see poor Mary carried to her grave feet fore-

most, than give her to such a disgrace of the world."

"Jack, you may not be so far astray, afther all," says Harry, "so we'll make the villain tell who he is, any way, or whether Doyle has anythin' to do with him or not; altho' I'm fearful that the man with the fine riches, is, from all I have larned about him, to cautious to be caught by us in this way; but, it's strange, I admit, that Barney Higgin's name should be used in the way it was, and Kelly tould in the paper, as no doubt he was to minshin it three times, as a signal at the gap where you met him."

"The mystery will be unravelled in time," says I, "but there's one thing that I'll lay my life on, and that is, that Barney has nothin' to do with such threachery; for don't you remember, although he fell out with you, and you were wrong, that it was thraced up at Feley McGonnigles wake, last year, that every drop of blood in his body was native Irish, and went back into the oulden times?"

"Begorra, I forgot that," says he, "and now that I come to think of it, there is, I own, a grate dale in it; and, besides, it strikes me that he it was that went over to Boyle, all the way, to bate a soger that made faces at him, as he was passin' to his quarters, through Carrick, on the Mail Coach."

"It was so," says I, "and from that, you may judge that there is some foul play in the matter; but, as I said afore, it will all come out in good time, and the rale thraitors be dhraggd out of their holes and corners."

In about a quarter of an hour from the time we started, we ail came up, quietly and silently enough, to the short turn at the eel wire, where, as I have minshun'd already, we had the bad fortune to meet poor Micky Flin who was comin' from a caley at his cousin Toms. He was runnin', God help him, as fast as he could, to get clear of the grounds near the ould castle; and never got a peep at us, till he just turned the angle and was almost in among the whole of us. Such a screech I never harde from the lips of mortal—a yell that went up to the very sky, and nearly took the senses from every man Jack of us. Even Terry, himself, was near faintin', as he saw the figure of the un-

fortunate boy glance off like lightenin' down the path. In our confusion, not a sowl of us could tell who or what it was; except one of the Finnigan's, who said, that he got a glimpse of the face, and that it was nothin' but one large eye standin' on the top of a mouth, that was perpendicular, instead of crassways, with dhraggon like teeth that showed themselves with a horrible grin, as the craytshure gave the unearthly roar, and vanished away. This explanation wasn't the most refreshin' in the world; but, as there were upwards of a couple of dozen of us together, we soon recovered ourselves, and we all put it down as the sperrit of mad Jacky Threvers that kilt his uncle—although, indeed, in the mornin' we were made aware of the fearful thruth, that poor Mickey was a helpless and a hopeless idiot for life.

When we came to ourselves again, we all moved off, and soon forgettin' what occurred, in a very few moments stood in front of the dark old prison where Kelly and his companion were lodged safe enough. Grand, indeed, did the murky ould fabric look in the fitful, smokey glare of the flamin', blood red torches. You'd think, if you saw it then, that it was some mighty speether in stone, shakin' his matted ivy locks, and frowning darkly on those who dared to intrude upon his solitude at that still and lonely hour. To myself, it appeared so, at laste, and I thought that the rough blached groutin', that ran, in wrinkles across his gloomy forehead, twisted itself into a thousand fearful contortions, while the low night win', issuin' from his caverned chest, seemed to say, as it brathed, solemnly, through the massive portal of his lips,—“forever!—forever!—gone forever!”

When we were all assembled in what wa formerly called the grand banquittin' hall, many of the torches were nearly extinguished by the wings of hats and owls which flew amongst us in dozens; nor was it, till we got an immense fire built in the centhree,—the smoke of which was carried off by the breeze, through the different openings along the wall—that we began to feel anyway comfortable. Over head, the stone work appeared as if it had been built but yestherday; and, only for a curious

feelin' that stole on me whinever I looked up at the huge blocks that formed the lofty arch that hung over me, as if anxious to descend upon me with one fatal crash, I felt myself snug enough in my night's quarters.

"Many hands make light work," I believe, was an observation first made by Ollamh Fodhla, a philosopher and monarch of Ireland, somethin' about eighteen hundred years afore they had a stool to sit on, or a word to throw to a dog, beyant the herrin' brook, there. It's a good sayin', as is shown by the fact, that St. Patrick used it when he called a few speerits that were passin' by to lend a hand in shippin' off the last cargo of snakes and toads that he sent over to our neighbours; and, to tell you the thruth, we found the force that was in it, too, for in a twinklin', we had space all round, about cleared up for a dance; and the ould time worn flags as clane as a new pin; while we laid our fingers upon everythin' that came in our way, to make saits, till, at last, betune turf, ould boords and stones, we found ourselves far from bein' very badly off; and had the satisfaction of seein' Paddy, with the fiddle in his fist, saited in undisputed possession of the five gallon keg flanked by a couple of black bottles that Jimmy turned out in case of an emergency.

"Now boys," says I, seein' that everythin' was in readiness, and knowin' that I was looked up to by every sowl of them, "there are a couple of worthy gentlemen within those walls, who are, I am sartin, anxious to be introduced to you, and join in the festivities of the evenin'. Consequently, if your furnish me with a guard of honour of six bog dales, I will feel the greatest pleasure in ussherin' them into your presence, with as little delay as possible; for, sure I am, that they may be a thrifle cowl'd by this time, as they have thravelled some distance to make your acquaintance this same night." When Terry got houl't of what I said, he closed his left eye, as much as to say, "I have you now;" and lookin' over at me, tould me, with his chuckle, that he believed that he guessed right down at the kiln; although Harry gave them all to understand that the baste, which they were axin' about, was picked up by him and me

on the road; and that we were to send it in to town in the mornin'; as we were sure that it got loose some way or other, and rambled out to where we met it, or rather overtook it, which was about a mile from Mick's. This seemed to satisfy them all but Terry; and, as to goin' over to the ould castle, they considered it was nothin' more nor less then was often done afore; namely, to take an evenin' over some good luck or other that fell in the way, as it did in the case of Harry at that moment.

As soon as some of the dale was lit up again, for it was put out when the fire was kindled, six of the boys stept out with me, and recommendin' the rest to light the remainin' torches that were lyin' about, so as to be ready to resave company, we marched off to the cell, were the strangers were left to their reflections some time afore. The greatest curiosity and speculations possible, as to what we were up to, were flyin' about those that we left standin' waitin' for us in the hall; although, not one of them offered to follow us or interfere; nor did the guard ax any questions; for, when one took leave in anythin' of the sort, he was shupreme; and not a soul jostled again' him, no matter what he ordhered or did.—Well, we were soon beside the two buckies; and in the suappin' of your finger, we had them, on their feet, altho' the Gauger was insensible, with drhink, so as that he was as helpless as a child. We unloosed him, however, in a succend or two, and, without an inch of rope round him, the two Finnegans laid houl't of him, and were ready to carry him out at the word.—Myself and Terry, with the others, took charge of the Informer who to my utther surprise had his face blackened up just like our own, by way of disguisin' himself of coorse: while his clothes appeared to be good cloth and well made—Och! but he was the wiry fellow; and his eye turned actually green when he first caught a glimpse of us as we pulled the ivy aside and enther'd the apartment: he writhed on the ground like an eel; and betune the surprise of the boys at seein' two men in such a state, there, and the looks of the thief as he twisted himself about, not one sentence was spoken, until I led the way out of the cell.

When we got into the hall, and up to the fire, we wore, as you may aisily suppose, surrounded by the lads; but, when I introduced my two worthies, as nothin' short of Mr. Kelly, the new Gauger and his obligin' friend, the Informer, in troth ye never witnessed such a hubbub—such rearin' spittin' groanin' laughin' and huzzain' never was, since the creation of the world. Kelly as I said, was as good as dead for the time bein'; but, there stood the Informer with his back lanin' against the wall, tied as tight as if he was in a vice, his eyes glarin' out of their deep sockets, and his lips dhrrawn, like fine twine, across his sharp white teeth, they were so thin and blue; for he hadn't touched them with the cork that he appeared to have used as well as the rest of us. For the purpose of ascertainin' who he was, we all pressed about him with the lights, but not a man of us, so althered did his face seem to be, could make aither head or tail of him; and, as to question, I feel satisfied from his havin' stood two prods of a corker pin from Phil, with only a slight growl like a hyana, and a vain attempt to kick—that he would die first.

"Bring the Gauger near the fire," says I, when I found we could make nothin', at the moment, out of the Informer, "for there is many a worse fellow in the thrade, bad and all as he is; but let the other cut-throat remain standin' where he is, until he witnesses a little of the festivities of the evenin', afore the coals are clear enough for him."

Upon that, the ould chap was laid, as snug as you please, beside what you might call a blazin' clamp of turf, while the fiddler, who was just recovering from a fit of coughin', ather havin' nearly torn the throat out of himself with roarin' and screechin', took his seat again, on the five gallon keg, and struck up, in what you might sware was rale, ould Irish style, "Paddy was up to the Gauger;" givin', at the same time, a flourish of his elbow and a dip of his head, which set the whole of the boys dashin' off to it, in a manner that would have raised the cockles of your heart.

Never, to the hour of my death, will I forget the look of the two Callaghan's, as

they footed it off, with a good part of their sisthers' clothes on them. They were, of coorse, as black as a coal, like the rest of us; but, for the credit of the sex, appeared to be full of more divilment. Be me sowl, you'd think that they were two shuparior evil sperrits that had charge of the whole of us, and of the Informer especially; for, whenever they happened to come within range of him, he was sure to get a touch of a needle, which they had the good luck to find in one of the shawls, at every prod of which he'd thrated them to a grin that would make them roar again.

The dance hadn't been going on for more than nine or ten minutes, when I noticed Kelly movin' one of his legs and comin' to, as it were, undher the influence of the fire; and, for the purpose of watchin' what sort of an effect a scene so infarnel would have on him when he caught the first glimse of it, I put my back against the wall, and let the boys dance on, houldin' the lighted bog-dale, as they did, in their hands. In the coorse of a few succonds, he gave a couple of slight, unaisy moans, and, ather vainly attemptin' to stretch his head, he managed with great difficulty, to raise himself up on his elbow: and openin' both his eyes, 'till they became as large as saucers, he fastened them, for a moment, on one of the Grady's who had an ould tin kettle, with the bottom out, pulled down over his caubeen spout foremost. That screech will hant me to my dyin' day. Of all the yells that ever were given on this earth, it banged them out clear and clane. Poor Mickey Flinn's was no more than the note of a wran to it. Paddy jumped off the keg, like lightenin'. The dance was stopp'd like a shot; and, as for myself, I fairly lost my breath, with the fright—although prepared for some wonderherful thing on the part of the unfortunate man. The Informer, not knowin' what to make of such a sound, lept up into the air, and was on the broad of his back, in an instant, strugglin', in his terror, to free himself from the ropes, and writhin', to and fro, on the flags, like some venomous reptile beneath the heel of its desthroyer. I bein' the only person present who could give any explanation regardin' the whole affair,

endeavoured to do so, while Harry and myself were bendin' over poor Kelly, in the hope of bringin' him round again; although, from the paleness of his face, and the stillness of his whole body, we thought that he was a little farther gone than a faint.

"Harry," says I, afther chaffin' the Gauger's forehead, and burnin' a rag undher his nose, "I'm afraid we have done it; for I'm sartin' he is as dead as a doore nail."

"God forbid, Jack," says he, while the cowl'd pasperation ran down off him, "for I'd rather lose every penneith I have in the world, then, that things should take a turn like this; for a joke's a joke although it may be a seavare one, but the death of a poor fellow crathure is quite another affair—the blessed Vargin inthercede for us."

There were so many of us together, now, and we all looked as much alike, that we didn't—that's Harry and myself—mind givin' aich other's sirnames forninst the Informer, the thief, as long as we kept the other one back; so, says I over to him, again, "perhaps it's not as bad as we think; although it looks dark enough now, I own."

"Stop," says Terry, who was eyin' us both, as we looked one at the other with faces long enough I can tell you—"thry a thimble full of this; and maybe' it might revive him, or catch his breath for him"—handin' me over, at the same time, the barest dhrop in life in a small mug."

"He's comin' too," shouted the whole of them, that were crowdin' round about us, as Kelly splutter'd the potticeen out again, that I had just got inside his lips, it took a houl't of his breath so quick.

"That he is, thank God," says I, as he began to make faces and kick a little, "and it will be all right in a few minutes, notwithstanding' his havin' got such a fearful shock."

"Here he comes," says Terry, as he gave a good stout groan, "and its myself that can do it, and ought to know how besides, for I have been practic'in' at Mick's with this same kind of medicine as long as I can remember."

This brought a laugh from the whole of us, and wint a good way to restore our dhrooping' sperrits; but we were completely set on our legs again, when the ould chap

slowly opened his eyes, and turnin' round to me, whispered in a low fearful thremble that I never hard the like of since—"holy Savor!—how long since I departed?"

You may be sure, that this brought another roar from us; for we all knew what he meant, and were detarmined to keep it up; so, says I, when we recovered ourselves, and he opened his eyes once more, for he shut them when he was done spakin',—"although the sperrit of an unfortunate mortal man—and what's worse, of a gauger, yet, you have not been sent to where you desavare in consequence of your blackguard doin's upon earth, but are simply in purgatory for a few weeks; from which, if you behave yourself, you will be relieved and sent to a better place—altho' ill you merit it, as I have just hinted."

"Thank you kindly for your pleasant information," says he, "but I think I'm in the body still, for I feel my legs on me and a great dhruth."

"We all have bodies, here," says I, the same as on earth, and the very kind of clothes that we used to wear, until twenty four hours pass over.

"And thin will I look like you?" says he, closin' his eyes again, as he got another glimpse of Grady, with the spout of the kettle sticken out from his head, like a horn.

"Sartinly," says I, but we only take this appearance on the arrival of a new comer, as we all look well enough, I can tell you, when we have thried him, as we are doin' at present with you."

"God grant it," says he, "for without givin' any offence or manin' any, there's one of you over there that needs a little prunin' about the head."

I was fairly shakin', inside of me, when I harde this reference to the kettle, as was every mother son of us; but hearin' him complain of the dhruth, I gave Terry the wink; and wake and all as he was we soon had him at his ould thrade of basket makin'.

He was stupid, he had dhrank so much afore; but the fright seemed to sober him a little; although his sinses were far from bein' at his command. From the way he looked at me, and the manner in which he thried to shake his head, as I wint on d:

savin' him about purgatory, I was sure he was strongly inclined to believe every word I said; notwithstanding, that I caught him once or twice runnin' his hand down his leg and feelin' it all over very cautiously. However, he had the little mug in his hand, of coorse; and emptyin' the half of it, more mechanically than otherwise, he seemed worse bewildered than ever, and began, as he gathered strength, to stare about him.

"As fair as a die under Connaught, I would say," says he, raisin' the vessel to his lips once more, and takin' a small taste by way of thrin' it; "for," says he, as he took it down again, "I think that I know the flavour."

"You just hit it," says I, "for, a line from us, if drawn up as straight as a gun, would pass exactly through the town of Mohill, if you ever harde of it."

"Harde of it," says he, wasn't it there I was kilt, or destroyed by two men lately—or at laste within' four or five miles of it, near a place called Poomen."

"What were their names?" says I, "for may be there might be one of them here with you."

"I don't know," says he, finishin' the last drop in the mug, "but, I suppose, as I am here, I may as well make the best of it; for I left naither chick nor child behind me, where I came from."

"That's plasin' to all about you," says I, "and to show you that I mane what I say, hand me that mug again, and look about and listen for yourself."

At this point, Paddy, who knew what I was up to, suited himself, once more, and struck up a lilt, when, as afore all the boys, birrin' myself who was detarmined to keep an eye on the ould janius, joined in, and wint off at the rate of a hunt.

The Gauger, who, as I may say, I never met the like of—for by this time he must have had the best part of a quart under his ribs—on takin' a smell of what I handed to him, seemed to forget purgatory and everythin' else; and liftin' up his eyes, fastened them on Jerry Callaghan, exclaimin' at the same time, over to me—"that young woman dances very well indeed,—Howsomever she's rather dark for me, although, of coorse, she's in

good keepin' with the rest of the geenteels, considerin' the place."

"Give me a swig of that," says I, takin' the mug from him, as he was about to thry it again; and fearin' that he might spile the sport by raison' of takin' more than he could bear, "and, be gorra, we'll become friends in ainess, for I see that I have often met Sperrits, without half your dacency; altho' your profession, when above, was no favourite one of mine."

"Dale light with it," says he, "for I'm not myself yet; and there's not much in it."

"What are you talkin' of?" says I, "sure, you know very well that we never run short here, and that there are oceans of it about us, whenever we want to fill a keg."

"Be the hill of howth," says he, "but this is not such a dreadingful place afther all; only, that I don't like to see the horns."

"They are all gone," says I, givin' the tin kettle who was standin' beside me, the wink, and showin' Grady, with it off the caubeen, afore his eyes.

"That's well done," says he, "and I'm betther now; seein' that I'm not ill thrated; and I think I'll sit up a bit."

When we put him upright, on a boorde beside the fire, he began to feel far more at himself; and, as the dance and the music went on, he seemed to loose himself, by degrees, until, at last, his head began to keep time to the tune' and his feet soon followed in the same thrack.

Jerry Callaghan measured him, at a glance; and, steppin' up in the natist way in life, made a low curtshey, afther tippin' him on the shouldher, and asked him would he be so good as to favour her with a step, afore all was over for the night.

"Upon my word, young woman," says he, lookin' up and recoverin' himself, I haven't danced for many a day; but, if it's the rules of—purgatory, I mane, and seein' that I have been well thrated, I'll do the best I can, although I must say that I'm not much acquainted with your steps."

Upon these observations, he resaved three hearty cheers, which he appeared to enjoy to his heart's contint; and, for the purpose of makin' himself agreeable and savin' his ould bones, up he got, on his legs, in a very un-

steady manner I'll admit, and takin' Jerry by the hand, he was led out bowin' and scrapin' in great style among the rest of them, although he was caught twice as he was goin' down, by Terry.

Well, I'm sure, since the day I was born, I never laughed so much. There was Jerry footin' it to "the fox hunthers," for the bare life, and poor Kelly duckin' and divin' and staggerin' like all the great people whose dances are nothin', now, but fashionable wrastlin' matches. He didn't know what in undher the sun, he was at; until, at last, meetin' with an uneven spot in the flags, down he came at full length into my own lap; hein' fairly done up, worse than ever, with the hate of the place, the exercise and the lickier.

It was at this point, that the boys all saited themselves, hein' a little the worse of the wear, in the way of dancin' and otherwise; and Terry, who always managed to get as near Paddy as possible, and keep him in humour, axed for the kay note of "Thady you Gandher," and struck up, in the same ould, cracked voice, that you have all harde a thousand times. over the followin' song that I'm now goin' to repate:—

THE BROTH OF A BOY.

(Air, Thady you Gandher.)

Whin the broth of a boy
Has a heart full of joy,
And a pair of new brogues,
And a pair of new brogues,
Turn him out on the flure,
And its you may be sure
That he bates all the rogues,
That he bates all the rogues.

Whin the girl by his side,
That'll soon be his bride,
Gives the piper a sup,
Gives the piper a sup,
Arrah, wont he, I say,
Whin his leg's in full play,
Do the Jommethry up,
Do the Jommethry up?

Or by one of those sthrames
That's but wathered moon bames,
Should he loither alone,
Should he loither alone,
Until to him she stole
With her cheek like a coal,
Then you'd see him mavrone,
Then you'd see him mavrone.

Or whin at a Fair,
In a Tint or elsewhere,
There's a thrife to do,
There's a thrife to do,

With a naggin or so,
And a twig from the sloo,
Oh! thin, whack! whillaluh!
Oh! thin, whack! whillaluh!

But, where thunders the gun—
Now, begorra I'm done,—
Where's the use of my chat?
Where's the use of my chat?
Every place you can spell,
Out of heaven or hell,
Gives the palm to poor Pat!
Gives the palm to poor Pat!

And, thin for a joke,
Or a wondherful stroke,
Whin a Gauger's in thrim,
Whin a Gauger's in thrim,
Billy Pitt, kith and kin,
And the parliament min,
Are but babbies to him,
Are but babbies to him.

Thin, fill up asthore,
And dhrink to him gallore,
For I tell yees all round,
For I tell yees all round,
By the holy St. Pat—
And I shouldn't say that—
He's the boy houlds his ground,
He's the boy houlds his ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MARCH WINDS.

The March winds! the March winds!
How merrily they blow,

Exulting on the hill side,
Where melts the drifted snow;
How joyfully they trumpet,
As through the woods they go
Aloft the sere leaves tossing,
The tree-tops bending low.

The March winds! the March winds!
I love the boisterous sound;
But their riot pains old Winter,
And he slowly giveth ground.
For he knows his sway is ended,
When scoffing winds resound;
And he feels that his successor,
Will soon come with verdure crown'd.

The March winds! the March winds!
They herald in the reign,
Of welcome spring, recalling
Bright sunny days again:
They sing of laughing runlets
Freed from their icy chain,
Down leaping to the valley,
Swell'd by the April rain.

The March winds! the March winds!
They whisper notes of glee,
From robin, thrush, and blue-bird,
Will soon pour from bush and tree;
They babble that bright flowrets,
Will soon bedeck the lea.
Oh! the March winds, the March winds,
Are never bleak to me. R. N.

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN VIII.

CONTAINING PADULOU FOR A VARIETY OF TASTES.

I do not purpose recapitulating my adventures in the mother country, as they exhibited no features of marked interest except to the party more especially concerned therein.

Enough to say that the document which had, after such a strange and unlooked for fashion, come into my hands, completely established my claim as heir of the deceased Doctor Lynch. This was even conceded by the "writer;" or solicitor, who attended to the interests of my uncle in Glasgow, he frankly admitting that it would be but throwing good money after bad, to contest the matter for one moment.

Sometime, of course, would necessarily elapse before I could be finally put in possession of my long withheld inheritance, but in the interim I experienced no difficulty in obtaining a plethoric pecuniary advance upon prospects which had all the Catholic characteristics of certainties. And here I may mention once for all that the zeal and personal effects which were at my devotion, amounted to a sum which assured me of an annual income little if anything short, of £1000 sterling. I am the more particular in stating the value of my exchequer, because I shortly purpose trying my luck in the Toronto matrimonial market. Let the fair spinisters of the Province keep a diligent look out upon the advertising columns of the *Daily Globe*, the organ of Hymenæus for this pine-teeming pendicle of Great Britain, and they may shortly find interesting traces of the Purser's movements!

Thus it eventuated that with a light heart, and a *spleuchan*, or purse, heavier than ever before had ballasted my pocket, I set out on my return to this Canada.

It was on the evening of the day which witnessed my arrival in Muddy Little York—(there is something, kindly in that old *clally* designation :) that I steered my course to Russell's Hotel, the head quarters, as I had learned, of my worthy uncle and cousin. I had pushed on from New York

in advance of Her Majesty's mail—no very Herculean undertaking—being desirous, for divers reasons, to have an interview with my relatives before they could glean an inkling of how the land lay.

In pursuance of a resolution I had formed; and the moving cause of which shall be developed in ripe time—I had selected for my wear the most superannuated and threadbare articles of dress, my wardrobe could furnish forth. So successful was I in my expiscations, that a dealer in costume would not in his most liberal mood have given more than a few shillings for my rig out, cap and boots included. Indeed I do not use the language of exaggeration when I assert, that if I had been translated to a *lucate* field, there to discharge the mission of a *bogle* or scarecrow, the meanest mendicant would hardly have deemed it a profitable speculation to exchange habiliments with me!

Presenting such supremely needy externalities I might have experienced no microscopic difficulty, in effecting an entrance into Russell's hospitable, but aristocratic caravansary. As Jove had decreed, however, I possessed a friend at court, in the person of the urbane official who presides over the destinies of the law of that gastronomic establishment. Admitting this thirst-quenching personage into the scent of my masquerade, I obtained license to occupy a seat in the shrine of the convivial deity, until such time as the parties I wished to meet should make their appearance.

My sederunt promised to be somewhat protracted, as I learned on inquiry that my kinsman had gone to the theatre, and could not be looked for much anterior to the hour which ghosts generally select as the season of promenade. Why these erratic and marrowless gentry display such a predilection, must be determined by a wiser head than "this child" can boast of. Had the Maine Law been in existence during the early and tenebrous ages, the question might have been solved without much difficulty. Under such a state of things *spirits* would, most naturally, confine these manifestations to the hours of darkness!

As there was nothing to lure me out of doors, the weather being cold and blustering,

I procured a temperate potation of "distilled waters," and having ignited a cigar, set myself to listen to the inter-communings of my fellow guests. Taking it for granted that the reader of these truthful pages is in no special hurry, I shall, during the absence of our mutual friends the Lynch's, recapitulate a few of the passages which were narrated that evening. Should he be anxious, however, to meet a mature note, chastise his mutinous *sposa*, or perform any other act of necessity or merely, he has only to skip over the episodical matter, and no harm will be done, nor offence taken.

The conversation having turned upon objects and incidents suggestive of home, which pilgrims sometimes meet with in foreign regions, an elderly gentleman narrated an occurrence, which I shall "caption"—(as the good people of Hamilton say),—

THE ARMENIAN'S ORGAN.

"When a young man (said the senex) circumstances led me to the East Indies, where I obtained a situation as super cargo in a merchant ship trading between Bombay and the Gulf of Persia. We took up a cargo of rice, printed cottons, and hardware, which were either disposed of for cash, or exchanged for horses at the various towns which we touched at in our route. To me the occupation was a very agreeable one, as it offered me abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Gr., both Persian and Arabian.

"The first Christmas day I had ever spent out of England, was passed by me in the town of Bushire, and when you consider that I had not entered upon my twentieth year, it will not seem strange that a severe attack of home sickness came upon me. Wandering through the filthy narrow streets, I muse upon the sacred and social festivities, which were then taking place in my beloved fatherland. I called to mind the ancient parish church, clothed by pious hands, with draperies of evergreens; and I realized the family dinner table surrounded with happy faces, overclouded only by the thought that one of the circle was that day a wanderer from the loving fold!

"Thus excogitating, and "chewing the cud of

sweet and bitter fancy," I came to the house of an Armenian named Esau, who acted as agent or broker to our ships. To this dwelling I had access at all seasons, and on the present occasion I entered the principal reception room without either announcement or notice.

"At one extremity of the chamber which was long, low, and dark, I noticed for the first time, a hand barrel organ. I had seen the "*kist fu' o'whistles,*" indeed before, but had taken it to be some uncouth cadet of the side board clan.

"Coming up to this musical ark, I half-unconsciously, grasped the handle thereof, and began to turn it round. Though forty years, and, more, have elapsed since then, I can recall as vividly as if it had been only yesterday, the electric thrill that pervaded each nerve, at the notes which gushed forth at my manipulation. That old, neglected dust covered organ, poured into my thirsty ear the air of our noble old Anglo-Saxon hunting stave, my father's favourite, and oft intoned song.

*"Blithe chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangle decks the sea!"*

"Bearded and grey haired man, as I am, I am not ashamed to confess, that the big tears rolled resistlessly over my cheeks, at this most unlooked for salutation, I can use no more appropriate expression.—It was as if a strain of melody had been wafted fresh from fair Somersetshire, over the weary main, for the solacement of the home-sick exile, pining on the strand of the Persian Gulf!"

The old gentleman's narration was well received by the tenants of the bar-room, who dedicated to him libations of grog or *agua pura*, according as they swore by Bacchus or Father Matthew.

After a brief interval the ear of the company was monopolized by a merry looking, squat little personage, whose tongue, slightly flavoured with the brogue, proclaimed him an off-shoot from the island of saints, buttermilk, and potatoes. Incidentally he informed this convocation that he was a Montreal barrister, who had visited the Upper Province on professional business, and was now directing his face homewards after having transacted the same. As might have been

anticipated, Mister O'Devlin—for so was the jurisconsult named—discoursed mainly on matters connected with his calling, and favoured his auditors with sundry anecdotes, illustrative of the glorious uncertainty of the law, which he appeared to regard as one of its most appetizing characteristics.

Out of the various legends which brother O'Devlin retailed for our delectation, I select one as a specimen of the balance:—

HOW ANDY DRISCOLL TINKED THE GIBBET.

“Andy Driscoll (commenced Mr. O'Devlin) was at one time as thriving a tenant farmer as you would find within the confines of the County Tipperary. No one cut a greater dash on fair days at Clonmel, Cashel, or Thurles, and to the extent of five hundred pounds, or may be a trifle more, his name would have passed quite as current as a note of the Bank of Ireland.

“In process of time, however, that slippery slut Fortune, who had long pretended to be the bosom friend of poor Andy, began to tip him the cold shoulder. Crops failed, rents rose, and prices fell. You all know, I dare say, the manner of a luckless dog's course, when once he commences to slide down the hill of life, and consequently I need not bother you by detailing the particulars of Driscoll's retrogression. Enough to say that after swimming for three year's against the tide, he found himself a fraction worse than nothing, and without the faintest prospect of bettering his lot.

“It is true that the landlord from whom Andy held his farm, was willing to the utmost of his power to accommodate one, who for a long period of time had been one of his most favourite and punctual tenants. But then, unfortunately, Squire Dartnell had his own difficulties to encounter, in the shape of a large family and a black bead roll of heavy mortgages, and, however desirous so to do, could not afford to be more than just in the premises. Accordingly after Driscoll had failed to make payment of his rent for four consecutive half-years, the Squire was constrained to intimate to the defaulter that if at the next term the arrears were not liquified, the law would be unwillingly permitted to take its course.

“Thus pushed, so to speak, into a corner,

the unhappy farmer became almost reckless. Formerly of temperate habits (considering the usages of his class and era), he now greedily sought after the most powerful stimulants, which, regardless of consequences, he consumed without stint. Old men, who had known him in happier and more virtuous days, shook their heads sadly, as they beheld him pass the door of the chapel, in order to seek the more congenial Inn. And young mothers pointed out the staggering inebriate to their little ones, with an injunction to take warning from the example of drunken Driscoll!

“Weeks and months rolled on a-pace, and the dreaded day of accounts was close at hand. Andy, whose pride restrained him from proclaiming the utter desperation of his circumstances, contrived to maintain a good face on the matter. He affected to laugh at the near advent of term time, asserting at mass and market that a snug friend in Dublin (Paddy's El Dorado) would make all things square for him, and that Squire Dartnell would never have occasion to ask twice “for his own!”

“One evening, precisely forty-eight hours prior to rent-day, Driscoll, who had been from home about a fortnight, rode up to the principal Inn of Carriek-on-Suir. He looked flushed and excited, and had evidently been putting “an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains,” as the man in the play hath it. So soon as he entered the public room of the hostel he called for a naggin of whiskey and the “materials,” being determined, as he said, to wind up a hard day's riding with a rousing night.

“‘Faix,’ cried he, ‘be the piper that played afore Moses, its me that would scorn to call the king consin any how! I've been at Dublin where all the strates are paved wid gold, and money can be got for the liften! Come along wid the crater will you,ould Sparling, and be hanged to yeez, and not kape a jintlemin waiting, who has more rhino in his pocket than you could count in a month o' Sundays!’

“Thus blustered the broken down farmer; but it would have been apparent to a close-observer, that all his bravado was forced work, and got up for the occasion. During

the lulls of his mad mirth, a cloud of dark despair would steal over his countenance, which was only chased away by repeated applications to the intoxicating cup.

"Near Andy was seated a spruce, talkative commercial-traveller or bag-man, who had been making a collecting tour through that quarter of the country. If his own account might be credited he had met with considerable success in his requisitions, and was the custodian of at least seven hundred pounds. Mr. Benjamin Biggs, which was the name he responded to, made frequent allusion to this monetary fact, and also indoctrinated the company that being pressed for time he purposed pushing on another stage that night.

"To these revelations Andy Driscoll gave an attentive ear, putting in a quiet interrogatory now and then, touching the road which the bag-man meant to pursue. The latter having concluded his reflection, called for his horse and departed, and Andy after a brief interval followed his example.

"Ere two days had elapsed the gossips in the vicinity of Clonmel were furnished with two pregnant themes for discourse. In the first place, contrary to all human calculation, Driscoll had paid up his arrears of rent, scot and lot; and secondly, Mr. Benjamin Biggs, who represented the famous Dublin house of Gimp and Flummery, had been way-laid by a highwayman, and denuded of every rap which he had about him.

"Juicy as were these wind-falls of news to the quid nunc tribe, a speedy addition was made to their piquancy during the currency of that eventful week. The bereaved Biggs, who had been wandering about in a state closely neighbouring upon demutation, fell in one forenoon with Driscoll, and springing upon him with a yell, declared that he had found his plunderer! In vain did the farmer deny the accusation. Without hesitation the bag-man swore to his identity, and after the usual formalities were complied with, Andy was fully committed to Clonmel Jail, to answer the charge brought against him.

"Being not destitute of funds—wherever he had procured them—the accused party determined to make timeous preparations for his defence. Accordingly, more than a month

before the commencement of the assizes at which his case was to be adjudicated, he secured the professional services of Counsellor Septimus Zelverton, a well known member in his day and generation, of the Hibernian bar.

"A strict adherence to veracity constrains me to state, that my learned brother Zelverton did not bear the most immaculate character amongst his forensic conferees. Of his talent and ingenuity there could be no question, but it was more than insinuated that in order to advance the interests of a solvent and liberally disposed client he would stick at nothing short of felony itself. In fact it was generally believed that even this Rubicon he would pass, provided always that he ran no risk of detection!

"To make a long story short, the Counsellor was as complete a specimen of the sharp-practising, petti-fogging barrister, that you could possibly meet with between Jericho and the Cove of Cork, and that surely is taking a wide enough margin!

"By the more reputable members of the legal fraternity, Septimus was held in contemptuous disfavour, and sometimes he received *striking* proofs of the esteem which he occupied in their regards. On one occasion having given some cause of offence to a barrister named Doyle, the latter knocked him down, and proceeded to administer a dose of the *oil of birch*. 'You scoundrel!' exclaimed Doyle, as he belaboured the prostrate delinquent, 'You shameless scoundrel, I'll make you conduct yourself like a gentleman!' Zelverton, with cognate vehemence, rejoined, 'Never, by Jove! I defy you! It is not in your power to do it!'

"Returning, however, to the case in hand, Driscoll and his adviser had many long consultations touching the proper course to be pursued. It was evident from the anxious gravity of Mr. Zelverton's visage at these communings that he regarded the job as being a peculiarly ticklish one. Indeed, he scrupled not to tell his client that he had never been concerned for a neck which apparently had more patent prospects of becoming familiar with a necklace of spun hemp!

"Well, the assizes came on, and Andy

Driscoll was placed in the docks, and his trial proceeded with in due form of law.

"I need not recapitulate the evidence which was led on behalf of the Crown. Enough to say that it bore very strongly against the prisoner, whose relaxed and dejected appearance plainly indicated that he dreaded the worst.

"At the special request of the counsel for the defence, the examination of Mr. Biggs was deferred till the majority of the other witnesses had given their testimonies. That *gent* was at length ushered into the box, and being solemnly sworn, and so forth, he detailed with crushing distinctness the ravishment of his metallic treasure. In the most emphatic and unhesitating manner he identified Driscoll as the person who had robbed him, declaring that he could single him out, any day, from amongst ten thousand.

"So thoroughly did this seem to complete and climax the case, that when Septimus arose to exercise his privilege of cross-examination, the prosecuting barrister put it to him whether it was right to waste the precious time of the Court in a matter which was as plain as day-light. Even the Judge, who had been fasting for some ten hours, suggested that perhaps brother Zelverton had as well permit the case to go to the Jury as it stood.

"These hints, broad as they were, had about the same effect upon brother Zelverton that a summer shower has upon the back of a goose. He heard as if he heard them not, and confronted the bag-man with a grim and ogreish expression, as if he had made up his mind to skin him alive, and masticate him without the condiment of salt!

For a weary half hour was the hapless Biggs subjected to the inquisitorial tortures, which a smart and unscrupulous barrister knows so well to inflict upon an obnoxious witness. He badgered the poor wretch up hill and down dale, till his fevered tongue almost lost the power of responding, and the perspiration ran in gallons from his forehead.

"The whole case hinged upon the ability of the bag-man to identify Driscoll. If the witness could be made to trip here, no conviction could by any possibility take place.

"Mr. Benjamin Biggs,' said Septimus at length, 'you swore that you recognised my client when he was engaged in rifling your pockets. Now, Sir, by virtue of your oath, how could you distinguish him from Adam, seeing the alleged transaction took place after night-fall?'

"Though it was night," returned Benjamin, 'it was nearly as light as day. The moon was fully risen, and not a cloud obscured her beauties.' Here it may be noted in passing, that Mr. Biggs was of a poetical turn, and sometimes illuminates the pages of a maiden's album with the coruscations of his *moose*, as he pronounced the word.

"Be so good as to leave the moon's beauties alone, if you please,' continued Zelverton, 'and tell me what was the hour at which your *robbery* happened?'

"Quoth the badgered Biggs, 'If I have said it once, I have said it a dozen times, since I entered this confounded box, that it was precisely at seven o'clock. I heard the hour striking in Carrick-on-Suir just as that there scoundrel was throttling me with one hand and picking my pockets with the other!'

"And you persist in swearing,' cried Septimus,' that the moon was displaying her *beauties* all this time?'

"I do persist!' was the irate rejoinder, 'Do you think I would take a false oath?'

"Pray, my Lord,' said Zelverton, addressing the Bench, 'will you have the goodness to look at the almanac which lies beside you, and see when the moon rose upon the night in question?'

"Thus appealed to, the worthy Judge took up the chronological manual which formed part of his locomotive library, and made the desired investigation. As he read, he gave a sudden start, as if the cushion of his chair had been charged with electricity, and a flush, apparently of mingled surprise and indignation, mantled his cheek and brow.

"Gentleman of the Jury' he at length said, 'it becomes my bounden duty to instruct you, that the prisoner at the bar is entitled to a verdict of acquittal! I hold in my hand a copy of the most reliable almanac extant, whose dicta are entitled to all the weight of evidence. According to this authority the moon did not rise on the night,

when the prosecutor says he was robbed, till *twenty minutes past nine o'clock!* What are we to think then of this man Biggs, who has sworn: to use his own words at least "a dozen times," that at *seven o'clock* he recognised Driscoll by the light of the "full risen" and unclouded moon! In all my experience, gentlemen of the Jury, I never met with a more glaring case of wilful and premeditated prevarication!

"Hardly were these words out of his Lordship's mouth when the Jury almost with a shout—for Andy was known to, and rather a favourite with them all—rendered a verdict of *Not Guilty!*

"The liberated farmer walked in a sort of dreamy triumph out of Court, with difficulty crediting the reality of his most unexpected good fortune. He was accompanied to the nearest hostel, by the "twelve good men and true" who had so recently held the thread of his mortal existence in their hands. Being joined by the learned Counsellor Zelverton, the conclave discussed an amount of stimulating fluids which would sound altogether romantic and fabulous in these watery days, in celebration of the upshot of the trial.

"Widely different was the manner in which the luckless Benjamin Biggs spent that eventful evening. The Judge having made out an *ex tempore* warrant for his committal on a charge of perjury, he was consigned to the hospitalities of the Sheriff, who installed him in the very chamber which had so recently been occupied by Andy Driscoll.

"If Andy was half crazy with joy, the bagman, for a season, was whole ditto from the opposite cause. He tore his elaborately fashioned wig into fragments—comminated the hour of his nativity—and otherwise demeaned himself after such an outrageous fashion that his natty surtout had to be exchanged for a straight jacket.

"His trial came off at the current assizes, every one being convinced that conviction would be the result as a matter of course. The fates, however, had decreed him a more genial destiny. Evidence of the most conclusive description was led on his behalf, to demonstrate that if perjury had been committed at all, it had been by the forensic almanac. Scores of witnesses attended to swear

that at the time when, as Biggs declared he was denuded of his mammon, Lady Luna was abroad in all her glory, and had been irradiating the earth for nearly an hour previously! Of course Benjamin received from Justice a discharge in full of all demands, and the sorely bewildered Judge declared in a thundering pet that he would never again believe in human almanac!

"Some years after the occurrence of the above recited events, I obtained from my brother Zelverton, when his communicativeness was stimulated by sundry applications of toddy, a key to the whole mystery.

"Being promised a reward of one hundred guineas by Driscoll in the event of an acquittal, he had 'set his brains to steep' (such was his phrase) to bring about by hook or crook, a 'consummation so devoutly to be wished.' Familiar with the almanac which the Judge who was to preside at the Clonmel assizes, always consulted our circuit, when fixing the dates of executions and other matters of legal chronology, he had got a needy but ingenious typograph to produce a fac simile of the page, having reference to the epoch of the bagman's mishap. An alteration was made, as to the time of the moon's rising, but in every other aspect the most perfect identity was preserved between the original and the reprint. Having obtained possession of the apocryphal leaf, honest Septimus found small difficulty in substituting it for the genuine article, as the Judge, unsuspecting of any such tampering work, used to leave his almanac exposed to the inspection of Tom, Dick, and Harry when it was not in actual requisition. In point of fact the change was made at least a week anterior to Andy's trial, and so dexterously that the most lynx-eyed observer could not have detected the fraud.

"By way of wind up I may mention that Andy Driscoll, after his neck and neck escape from the clutches of Jack Ketch, abandoned his irregular courses, and became a steady and a prosperous man. Ere two years had elapsed, he became heir to a handsome fortune on the decease of a distant, and almost unknown relative; and pur-

chased the farm of which he had so long been tenant.

"About' the same period Mr. Benjamin Biggs—who had become partner of the firm of Gimp and Flummery—received per mail the sum of £436,15,3½, being the extract amount, including interest, of which he had been disburdened one fine moonlight night, in the County of Tipperary. Never was he able to episcate the source from whence this opportune remittance came, but as the letter which inclosed it, bore the Clonmell post-mark, he always cherished a lurking suspicion that Andy Driscoll, if inclined, could say something about the matter!"

SPIRITUALISM IN OHIO.

[The Editors of the A. A. M. do not hold themselves responsible for any of the matter contained in this communication. They have already stated, in Art. on Spiritual Literature, February, 1855, that they have never as yet seen any thing to warrant them in giving credence to such a doctrine, if it may be so entitled, as Spiritualism.]

DEAR ANGLO-AMERICAN:—The permission so kindly accorded to me in your "Notices to Correspondents," in last *Anglo*, I hasten to take advantage of, and will now relate the particulars of my interview with the spirits at Mr. J. Koons', Dover Co., Ohio.

Mrs. Wilson and I left our good city on the 13th of last January, and after a pleasant journey, considering the season of the year, arrived in Cincinnati, from whence we reached Pomeroy, 250 miles up the Ohio, by steamer, then cutting across the country about twenty miles, we came to a little place called Athens, situated on the Hocking river; six miles from which, in the Township of Dover, lives Mr. Koons, at whose residence we arrived on the 26th January, at ten minutes past seven, P.M. Before leaving our buggy we were met by Mr. K., who informed us much to our surprise who we were and from whence we had come. I am positive that he could not have gained any intelligence of my intended visit.

Mr. Koons' dwelling is a double log shanty, built in the most primitive style; the two shanties, each about 18 by 22 feet, are connected together by a rough shed. The building proper is covered with shakes, held or fastened down by heavy poles. Mr. K. himself is about forty-eight years of age, and wears a long beard, which gives him a most patriarchal appearance, his exterior is rough,

and though intelligent, is possessed of but a very limited education. His religious views are at present of the Harmonial or Davis school, formerly he was an infidel. His family consists of ten children; the eldest, Nahum, the chief medium, is only sixteen. In personal appearance, Nahum is a tall, spare, and pale youth, with an unhealthy complexion, light hair, eyes hazel, or nearly so. In character and disposition he is a simple child of nature, honest, confiding, and trusting, yet in possession of a power through spirit assistance that few have been favoured with since the days of the prophets. The other children are ordinary in appearance, and do not seem to have any remarkable spiritual powers, though the whole family claim to be mediums. The mother, Mrs. Koon, is both *clairaudial* and *clairvoyant*.

The Koons have suffered much persecution at the hands of their neighbours. The barn, together with the products of the farm, was some time since destroyed by a malicious incendiary; the spirits gave him information as to the party who did it, permitting him to disclose his name to the public, but forbidding any prosecution, instructing him that it was an attribute of Spiritualism to bear persecution, to forgive all trespassers their trespasses, and not to seek satisfaction or vengeance at the hands of the law.

The whole family seemed friendly and willing to do all in their power to demonstrate and enlighten us on the subject of Spiritualism. The house and every thing about it denote the unthrifty farmer, and is both untidy and uncomfortable, yet the hospitality of the family is unbounded, all being anxious on our arrival to render us as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and all without the slightest idea or expectation of reward, in fact they will not receive money for any of their attentions to the visitors with which their house is constantly thronged.

The old man whose correspondence is extensive had been writing letters on our arrival, his answers are all given through spiritual impression and those only are answered that he is directed to reply to by the spirits. His knowledge of Spiritualism is extensive, yet I cannot say that I agree with all his views respecting this subject.

The *spirit-room*, which is detached from the house is ten feet by fifteen square and seven feet between the floor and ceiling, it is covered with shales and so constructed that every particle of light can be excluded if required. The furniture consists of two or three chairs, an old coal stove, a plain deal table, and a couple of benches running across the room behind the stove. In front of the stove stands the table which is about six feet long and thirty inches wide, supported by six legs, in it are four drawers which contain nothing save a few dishes of paint, brushes, pencils, charts, &c., for the use of the spirits who at times produce with wonderful celerity and artistic elegance, pictures, charts, &c. without any material aid. This table forms a part of a species of electrical machine composed as follows:—An upright bar or post of wood rises from the centre of the table to about four feet in height and is supported on either side by curved pieces of wood somewhat in the shape of the letter *f*. Through the upright bar two or three rods of iron pass parallel with the table, and then a wire woven into a kind of net work with copper and tin plates, and small bells, depend from these bars. On each of the supports rests a drum, a bass and tenor which are played at times by the spirits in a masterly manner.

I shall now proceed to relate what I saw, heard, said, and received in writing, during the three evenings I spent at Mr. Koons' spirit-room.

FIRST NIGHT.

We took our places in the spirit room about twenty minutes to eight. Mr. J. Koon sat opposite the door and near the tenor drum; Nahum against the door and within three feet of the bass drum. I was near Mr. J. K., and where I could place my hand on him at any moment. Near me was my wife and next to her Mr. Seth Fuller of Ohio. Across the end of the room on the benches were seated several of the neighbours.

After we were seated and quiet obtained the elder K — put out the light. In a few minutes the presiding spirit announced his presence and that of his band—by a tremendous blow on the bass drum, and

then threw the drum stick across the room where it was instantly taken up by a spirit. Then the bass drum was played in a perfect manner, accompanying Mr. Koon on the violin, we not being able to detect the slightest discord or jar in the music. After this Mr. Koon commenced another tune in which the spirits joined playing on both the bass and tenor drums; there were two pieces played in this manner. Mr. Koon then played a third time accompanied by bass, and tenor drums, triangle, tambourine, and a female voice. The singing and playing was as good as I ever heard, in fact the harmony was perfect. During this last performance the tambourine was moving through the air in every direction. It touched myself as well as others in the room. Mr. Fuller's cap was taken off his head as well as hats and caps of others, and carried across the room, hung up on pegs and nails at the opposite end, and no human being I positive could have done this without being detected in the act. Aside from this we saw the hands as distinctly as if they were mortal hands and not the hands of spirits. It was then announced that my father, mother, and wife were present, their names were given, their hands touched me, a hand took off my hat and set it out of the way; I felt the hand and fingers, they were cold and clammy, yet apparently of a solid substance, the fingers were flexible and possessed joints and nails, the skin of their hands felt to me like the skin of a ripe peach. I ran my hand along the back of this spirits hand until I came to the end at the wrist *when my hand slipped off into the air!* the hand then turned round and presented the end of the wrist towards me, I took hold of it and am satisfied that it was not attached to any human body! We were all touched more or less by the spirit hand, the spirits complying with the request of any one, by touching and shaking hands with him when requested to do so. Lights were continually flashing and playing about the room.—My spirit friends now left and the presiding spirit bidding us farewell for the night,—we left the room at half-past eight.

That I was surprised, I need not say. I was astounded. But what I saw and heard

on the first night is nothing to the demonstrations of the second and third nights. I retired to my bed not to sleep, but to think on what I had heard, and to ponder in my heart upon the majesty of God and his power, over mind and matter. There is not the slightest doubt that the demonstrations were the work of spirits, and I believe that they are good spirits from the nature of the lessons I have received from them.

SECOND NIGHT.*

We entered the spirit room at twenty minutes to seven, and after we were seated, and in such a manner that it was impossible for either of the mediums to move or stir without detection, the presiding spirit announced himself by raps on the drum. I now give the conversation† as it occurred, and as it was taken down that evening. The presiding spirit's name was given "King," and we accosted him as such. I then asked, "King, will you talk with us?" "Yes, Sir, I will try. Friend Wilson, you are a good impressive speaking medium. We wish you to be more circumspect, and give your attention more to the subject. Some of your spirit friends are present with you to-night, and will try to give you a written message. We will tell you more to-morrow evening." At this moment King, the spirit, spake to Brice as follows: "Brice! Brice!! what are you doing? Say, Brice, how did you like my blowing through you last Friday night.‡ (To me) You see my second standing by the base drum, those other spirits you see are members of my band, the one near the tenor drum is Mrs. —, a sister of Koon's. You see correctly, and are right in your conclusions in reference to us. Mrs. W. is a good writing, speaking, personifying medium, as well as clairvoyant. You must prepare for the work. We wish you to tell the friends in Toronto what you have seen and heard at Koons' spirit room."

King then turned and addressed Mr. Brice as follows: "Brice, I like you, and we would

* January 27, 1855. Present—the writer and wife, Mr. J. G. Brice, New Orleans; Mr. S. Fuller, Ohio; Mr. Koons, and son Nathum.

† The voice sounded like one speaking through a trumpet.

‡ Brice is a public lecturer on Spiritualism, and was just then tying the coat of one of those present to his chair.

like to have you up in heaven. Koons, I wish that I had a rope, I would put it around Brice, and take him up to heaven with me to-night." Mr. Brice replied, "I am ready and will go." "Well," says King, "Koons, get a rope and I will take him up." At this I demurred, and said, "King, had you not better let him remain a little longer to blow the spiritual trumpet?" "Well," says King, "I do not know but I had better do so. Yes, I had, I will not take him to-night." King then turned to me and said, "Friend Wilson and lady, we wish you to come to-morrow night, and we will try to have your spirit friends present, and they will try to write you letters of instruction in reference to your future course. Your father, mother, wife, and lady's father, sister, brother, and niece are here to-night. They will communicate with you to-morrow evening. The spirit that you saw near you, that little one, is your child, your spirit boy little George.

And now, friends, I must leave, as I have another circle to attend to-night. Friend King will take my place during my absence, come in in half and half, and we will see what we can do." Here the trumpet fell on the table, and all was still. In half an hour we were again seated in the spirit room, and in such a manner that it was impossible for either of the Koons to move without being detected by some one present. After taking our places the light was put out, and in a few moments I heard a slight noise on the floor over head, on looking up I saw a light about the size of my hand. Then a form of African blackness, clothed with what seemed to be a Roman Toga, covering the form to the feet. The dress was as white as the snow of heaven; the hands and feet were bare; the eyes small and bright, in fact they shone like fire balls in a dark night. His hands were small, delicate, and well-proportioned. This spirit seemed to be about three feet tall, well-proportioned, and features regular. He held in his hand a wand or bâton of office. Whilst this spirit was standing in the air I called the attention of those present to what I saw, and observed that the spirit was about to take his place or stand on the table; at this moment all in

the room heard a heavy step, as of a man stepping from an elevated station down to a platform. I then saw him take up one of the drum sticks, and called the attention of the audience to what was being done, observing that the spirit was going to strike the drum, and he struck the drum a blow that brought us all to our feet. Koons then asked if the spirit wished for music. "Yes, you will play;" at which Koons played a lively air on the violin, and was accompanied by the spirit who played the base drum. This piece was well played, and in perfect time. When this was finished another spirit, less in size, took his place at the tenor drum. Koons then commenced another air, accompanied by the base and tenor drums, this likewise was exquisitely played. After this, the spirits commenced a tune on the bass drum, accompanied with the tambourine, triangle, and spirit voices that excelled any thing that I had ever heard in my life, and I have heard some of the most celebrated singers of the day. Koons was then directed to play the quickest piece of music that he knew. After several efforts he commenced one that was approved of. At this one of King's band stepped forward, took the tambourine, and commenced one of the most wonderful performances that it was ever my lot to witness or listen to, and all agreed that it was a master-piece, and past all human efforts. When this was through the following conversation occurred between myself and the presiding spirit, who had assumed his command again: "How long have you been in the spirit world, and where did you live when on earth?"

"As near as I can calculate for I do not know to a certainty, I have been in the Spirit Spheres ten thousand years, I have been here so long and am so happy that I have lost the exact date or time of my departure from earth. I know that I visited the earth in Adam's time, and that Job lived anterior to Adam, I and my race inhabited the South of Africa."

"What was your food?"

"Roots similar to your potatoes, grass-hoppers, and a species of rice but not such rice as yours. We were wandering tribes inferior to your race. I was a king or chief

in my time, I still retain my title and exercise my government in a spirit of love subject to a higher power."

"What proof have we that Job lived anterior to Adam?"

"Geology is the best proof supported by nature, for we find in that formation which took place anterior to Adam fossil remains of animals that are mentioned only in the book of Job."

"But the best commentators place Job at from 1520 years before the Christian era to 120 years before Abraham's time." "Truly they do, yet they are wrong and know no more about his time, than Moses did about Adam. Moses wrote from traditions, and so do your commentators."

"I will admit that they take the Bible for authority and I consider it reliable."

"I will admit that they do; yet they differ as to who was the author of the Book of Job: some attributing it to this one, and some to another. Some of your commentators are of the opinion that Moses was the author. Now, if Moses was the author, is it not strange that he does not refer the Jews to Job as a pattern of patience?" Here I gave up the contest, feeling that I was not competent to argue with one whose age entitled him to a familiar acquaintance with Moses, as well as Job and Adam.

"Well King, I will waive this point, and ask what you intend to do with the Koons."

"My band preside over these mediums, and they are our instruments to work good. Yet we are willing to give way for other spirit friends to greet their earth friends."

Then questions were asked by persons present, and answered by the spirits, all of a personal nature.

King then turned to me and said: "Friend Wilson, your spirit friends are present, and wish to talk with you, I now give place to them."

My father then stood before me, I saw him, and recognized him. When on earth, my father weighed 180lbs., and was five feet eleven and a-half inches tall. He died at the age of 73, in September, 1844.

He appeared to me, in his spirit form, about four feet six inches tall, and much younger than when I last saw him. His

spiritual dress was the toga, and the material appeared to be fine linen, and white as snow. His countenance shone with a light that all could see, and a smile sweetly played around his mouth, that declared his love for us. He then approached me, extended his hand to me—I took it. It gently pressed mine, and then he extended the other to my wife. She declined to take it, through fear. He held my hand for a moment, pressed it gently, and then let go. Then came my mother, wife, and children, each in turn taking me by the hand, and shaking me gently by the same, and then retired, giving place to Mrs. Wilson's spirit relatives. There stood father, brother, sister, and niece, most glorious in form, all dressed in the white toga, girt about the waist with a girdle of the same material. They manifested much pleasure in meeting with us.

They then wished the presiding spirit to address us in their behalf, which he complied with as follows:—

“Friend Wilson and lady, your spirit friends are many of them present, and all wish to communicate with you personally.— They have much to say—much advice to give. They are anxious to teach you all the ways of wisdom. They wish you so to live, that when you put off the clay form, and become spiritually born, your spirits may assume the highest state of happiness in the spirit world. It is their wish that you should be present to-morrow night, and prepared to receive communications of a high order.

They will direct you orally what to do, as well as give written instructions. You will now receive a written letter by the hands of your spirit friends.

Here conversation ceased, and there was some little stir amongst the spirits, and I then saw two or three hands moving around the table—one brought the paper, another the pencil, etc., after which the following was written by the hands of six different spirits, as follows:—

TO MR. WILSON AND LADY.

Your spirit friends are here, and rejoice in our privilege and ability to manifest our presence to you. *Be of good cheer, we are often with. We will endeavor to guard you on your*

journey home, and preside over you with a paternal care, during your pilgrimages on your journeys of life.

Yes dear and much beloved friends of earth. be steadfast in the cause, and profit by the lesson you received at this spirit room.

Let your lights shine before the world, proclaim it on the corners of the street.

We will endeavor to impress you with our Duties. *The lesson we desire to teach, is not so much by words, as that of demonstrable facts, pertaining to the existence of spirits and their powers.*

This letter was signed “S. W.,” and then by five flourishes, representing the signatures of five other spirits, after the letter was finished. The trumpet was taken off the table, and I was addressed as follows:—
“Friend we will give you much more to-morrow night; come prepared for a great lesson. And now, friends, good night.”

NOTE.—The foregoing letter was set up from the original spiritual manuscript, and is a true copy. The Roman and Italic type alternately represent the matter written by each spirit.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE ROSICRUCIAN.*

A TALE OF COLOGNE.

I.—THE FIRE.

I know not if men would say that the face of Basil Wolgemuth was beautiful. There were no darkly gleaming eyes, no sculptured features, no clustering raven locks; all was fair, clear, and sunny, as his own soul. And what a soul was that! It lighted up his whole countenance, as the sun lights up a landscape—making that which would else have been ordinary, most glorious. It was mirrored in his eyes; it shone in his every gesture; it made music in his voice; it accompanied him like a fair presence, giving life, love, and beauty wherever he moved.

He sat in a low-roofed, half darkened chamber, whose gloomy recesses looked a most fearful. Now and then passing sounds of human voices rose up from the street below, and ever and anon the great bell of

* From “Avillion and other Tales,” published by Harper and Brothers, New York, and for sale by Maclear & Co., Toronto.

Cologne Cathedral boomed out the hours, making the after silence deeper still. The student—for such he evidently was—leaned his slight and rather diminutive form in the attitude of one wearied; but there was no lassitude visible in his expressive face, and his eyes were fixed with a dreamy and thoughtful gaze on the blazing fagots that roared and sparkled on the hearth before him.

The Fire was his sole companion, and it was good company, in sooth. Not mute either—for it seemed to talk like a human voice. How the live juices hissed out, when the damp pine-wood caught the blaze, and chattered and muttered like a vexed child! How furiously it struggled and roared, as the flames grew stronger! How it sunk into a low complaining sound, and then into a dead stillness, being conquered at last, and breathing its life out in a ruddy but silent glow. Such was the voice of the Fire; but the student beheld its form too. Quaint and mysterious were the long fiery alleys and red caverns which it made; mingled with black hollows, out of which mocking faces seemed to peep; while the light flames waving to and fro were like aerial shapes moving in a fantastic dance. Beautiful and mystic appeared the Fire.

Basil Wolgemuth was a student and a dreamer. He had pierced into the secrets of nature and of philosophy, not as an idle seeker, mechanically following the bent of a vain curiosity, but as an enthusiastic lover, who would fathom the depths of his beloved's soul. He knew that in this world all things bear two meanings; one for the common observer, one for the higher mind of him who with an earnest purpose and a steadfast but loving heart, penetrates into those mines of hidden riches—the treasures of science and imagination. Basil was still young; and yet men of learning and power listened with deference to his words; wisdom, rank, and beauty had trodden that poor chamber, and felt honored—for it was the habitation of genius.

And was all this sunshine of fame lavished upon a barren tree, which brought forth at best only the dazzling fruits of mere intellect, beautiful to the eye but deceptive to the

heart as the jeweled apples of Aladdin, or was it rich in all good fruits of human kindness? Ask the mother, to whom the very footsteps of her dutiful son brought light and gladness; ask the sister, whose pride in her noble kinsman was even less than her love for the gentle and forbearing brother who made the sunshine of their home. These would speak for Basil. There was one—one more; but he knew it not then.

The fire sank down to a few embers, and through the small window at the further end of the apartment, the young moon looked with her quiet smile. At last the door was half opened, and a girlish face peeped in.

“Are you sleeping, Basil, or only musing?”

“Is that you, Margareta?” said the student, without changing his attitude.

“Yes—it is growing late, brother; will you not come to supper?”

“I do not need it, dear Margareta, thank you.”

“But we want you, Basil; my mother is asking for you; and Isilda, too is here.”

A bright smile passed over the young man's face; but his sister did not see it, and continued—

“Come, brother—do come; you have studied enough for to-day.”

He rose up cheerfully—“Well, then, tell my mother I will come directly.”

Margareta closed the door, and Basil stood thoughtfully by the fire. At that moment a bright flame, springing up from some stray brand yet unkindled, illumined his face—it was radiant with the light of love. His finely curved lips, the sole beautiful feature there, were trembling with a happy smile, as they murmured in low tones one beloved name—“Isilda, Isilda!”

II.—THE STUDENT'S HOME.

Let us glance at the home of Basil Wolgemuth. It was a German habitation of the middle ages; a comfortable but not luxurious dwelling, such a one as we see in old German pictures. In homes like this was nurtured the genius of Rembrandt, of Rubens, of Vandyck; from such a peaceful German home sprang the fiery spirit and indomitable zeal of Luther; and in like home-nests were cradled the early years of most of the rude but noble men, who, either by the sword or

the pen, have made their names famous throughout the fair land of the Rhine.

Basil, his mother, Margareta, and another young girl sat round a table, spread with the ample fare of bread and fruits. The mother was worthy of such a son—a matron of placid but noble aspect; like him, too, in the deep clear eyes and open forehead. Margareta, a sweet bud, which only needed time to burst forth into a perfect flower, sat by her brother's side; the fourth of the group was Isilda.

I hardly know how to describe Isilda. There is one face only I have seen which pictures her to my idea; it is a Madonna of Guido Reni's. Once beheld, that face imprints itself forever on the heart. It is the embodiment of a soul so pure, so angelic, that it might have been Eve's when she was still in Eden; yet there is in the eyes that shadow of woman's intense love, the handmaid of which is ever sorrow; and those deep blue orbs seems thoughtfully looking into the dim future with a vague sadness, as if conscious that the peace of the present would not endure. Womanly sweetness, feelings suppressed, not slumbering, a soul attuned to high thoughts like a well-strung lyre, and only needing a breath to awaken its harmonious chords—all these are visible in that face which shone into the painter's heart, and has lived forever in the work of his hand. And such was Isilda.

Basil sat opposite to her; he looked into her eyes; he drank in her smile, and was happy. All traces of the care-worn student had vanished; he was cheerful even to gaiety; laughed and jested with his sister; bade her sing old ditties, and even joined in the strain, which made them all more mirthful still. Basil had little music in his voice, but much in his heart. When the songs ceased, Margareta prayed him to repeat some old ballad, he knew so many. The student looked toward Isilda; her eyes had more persuasive eloquence than even his sister's words, and he began—

“THE ELLE-MAID GAY.*

* Bidst by the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig,
Bidst by the woodland gay?

* The Elle-maid or wood-woman is a kind of sprite, who at first appears as a beautiful damsel, but soon behind is a black like a mask. She sits on the road-side, offering her

Who sits by the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig!
It is the Elle-maid gay.

“A kiss on the lips lies, Ludwig, Ludwig,
Pure as the dews of May;
Think on thine own love, brown-haired Ludwig,
And not on an Elle-maid gay.

“She sits 'neath a linden, singing, singing,
Though her dropped lids nothing say;
For her beauty lures whether smiling or singing,
For she is an Elle-maid gay.

“Thou hast drunk of my wine-cup, Ludwig, Ludwig,
Thou hast drunk of my lips this day;
I am no more false than thou, young Ludwig,
Though I am an Elle-maid gay.”

“Hide fast from the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig,
Her laughter tracts his way;
“Diest thou clasp a fair woman, Ludwig, Ludwig,
And found her an Elle-maid gay?”
* * * * *

“Flee, flee?” they cry—“he is mad, Count Ludwig,
He rides through the street to-day
With his beard unshorn, and his cloak briar-torn:
He has met with the Elle-maid gay!”

“I fear him not, my knight, my Ludwig,
(The bride's dear lips did say),
“Though he comes from the woodland, he is my Ludwig,
He saw not the Elle-maid gay.”

“Welcome, my lord, my love, my Ludwig!
But her smile grew ashen-gray.
As she knew by the glare of the mad eyes' stare,
He had been with the Elle-maid gay.

“God love thee—God pity thee, O my Ludwig!
Nor her true arms turned she away.
“Thou art no sweet woman,” cried fiercely Ludwig,
“But a foul Elle-maid gay.

“I kiss thee—I slay thee; I—thy Ludwig?
And the steel flashed bright to the day:
“Better clasp a dead bride,” laughed out Ludwig,
“Than a false Elle-maid gay.

“I kissed thee, I slew thee; I—thy Ludwig;
And now will we sleep away.”
Still fair blooms the woodland where rode Ludwig,
Still there sits the Elle-maid gay.”

The student ceased; and there was a deep silence. Basil's young sister glanced round fearfully. Isilda moved not; but as the clear tones of Basil's voice ended, one deep-drawn sigh was heard, as it were the unconscious relief of a full heart.

“You have chosen a gloomy story, Basil,” said the mother, at last. Her voice broke the spell; and Margareta added—

“I do not pity that false-hearted knight; his was a just punishment for a heavy sin: for the poor bride to die thus in her youth and happiness—oh, it was very sad!”

wine-cup and her kiss; but the moment a youth has tasted either, he becomes raving mad. There are many legends of this sort current in Germany.

"Not so," said Isilda, and she spoke in a low dreamy tone, as if half to herself. "It was not sad, even to be slain by him she loved, since she died in his arms having known that he loved her. It was a happy fate."

There was such an expression of intense feeling in the girl's face as she spoke, that Margareta looked at her in wondering silence; but Basil gave an involuntary start, as if a new light had broken in upon his mind. The living crimson rushed immediately over Isilda's face and neck; she seemed shrinking into the earth with shame, and said no more. Basil, too, kept silence. No marvel was it in the timid girl who rarely gave utterance to her thoughts, but that he whose heart was so full of poetry, whose lips were ever brimming over with eloquence, should be dumb—it was passing strange! The student felt as though there was a finger laid on his lips, an unseen presence compelling him to silence; but the finger and the presence were those of the Angel of Love.

There was a constraint visible in all but Margareta; she, too young to understand what was passing in the hearts of the two she loved so much, began to sport with her friend.

"Well! I should not envy Count Ludwig's bride, Isilda; I would much rather live. Farewell, you dolorous folk. I will go spin."

And she vanished with the swiftness of a young fawn. The mother followed her with her eyes.

"A sunny and loving heart is thine, my child," she murmured. "God bless thee, and keep all care from that gay spirit!" And Madame Wolgemuth leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes. The mother's heart seemed absorbed in the past, or else dreaming of the child's future.

But, by the two, thus left together, past and future were alike unregarded. With Basil and Isilda it was all the present—the blissful present, full of hope and love. They talked but little, and in broken sentences, flitting from subject to subject, lest each should lead to the unavailing of the delicious secret that was uppermost in both their hearts, and which they at once feared, yet longed to utter. At last the lamp grew dim,

and the moonlight streamed in through the narrow window. Isilda noticed and spoke of it—it was a relief.

"How lovely the moon looks, setting behind the cathedral!" and, rising, she walked to the window: it might be she was glad to escape from the passionate tenderness of Basil's gaze.

The young student followed her, moving noiselessly for his aged mother had fallen asleep. And now the two stood together, silent, alone with their own hearts, looking up to the quiet star-lit sky, and drinking in love, which seemed infinite as that heaven itself.

"How beautiful is this world!" murmured the girl.

"I feel it so; and most when thus with thee, Isilda," and with what unspeakable sweetness and tenderness the name lingered on his lips. "Isilda—my Isilda!"

There was a moment of tremulous silence, and then the girl felt herself drawn closer, until her head rested on his bosom, and she heard his voice whispering in her ear—

"May I call thee *my* Isilda—all mine—mine only—mine forever?"

She raised her head, and looked timidly but searchingly in his countenance,

"Is it indeed true—dost thou then love me?"

"As my own soul!" passionately answered the student.

Isilda hid her face again in his bosom, and burst into a shower of tears.

The girl and her lover went home together that night, through the cold, clear starlight, to Isilda's abode. Many and many a time had they trod the same path, but now every thing was changed. They had become all in all to each other; an infinity of love was around them; all was light, hope, and trembling gladness. The crisp snow crackled under Isilda's feet, and the sharp frosty air made her shiver, but she felt it not. She only clung the closer to Basil's arm—he was all her own now, he—her life's joy—her pride—the idol of her dreams, the delight of her soul. Such happiness was almost too much to bear; and, therefore, when she first knew that he loved her, had Isilda wept—nay, even when she had parted from Basil and was

alone, her full heart poured itself forth in tears. That he—the noble—the gifted, so rich in the greatest of all wealth—the wealth of genius; honoured among men, with a glorious harvest of fame yet unreaped before him; that he should love her, who had nothing to give but a heart that worshipped him! The girl, in her humility, felt unworthy of such deep happiness; all that her lips would utter were the blessed, joyful words, "He loves me—he loves me! my Basil, mine own!" and even in her sleep, she murmured the same.

Man's love is not like woman's, yet Basil was very happy—happier than he had ever been in his life. The student, the philosopher, felt that all his wisdom was as nothing compared to the wondrous alchemy of love. So far from being weakened, his lofty mind seemed to grow richer beneath the light of beloved eyes; it was like the sunshine to the ripening corn. Basil now knew how long Isilda had filled his thoughts, and been mingled with all his hopes. He did not even then fathom the depths of her spirit, but he felt it was one with his; and man, ever rejoices to see his soul's image reflected in a woman's heart.

III.—THE ROSIE CROSS.

A year had passed over the head of the student of Cologne. It had been a year full of changes. Death had entered the house and taken the tender mother—the strong-hearted but gentle matron, who had filled the place of both parents toward Basil and Margareta in their fatherless youth. The student had now only his sister to cheer his desolate home; and little joy was there in the young girl's heart, or brightness on her face, for she was still in the shadow of past sorrow, her first grief, too; and heavily it weighed upon sweet Margareta.

Have we forgotten Isilda—the beautiful—the beloved? No change had taken place in her. She was now the betrothed of Basil Wolgemuth, loving him with a depth and steadfastness far beyond the first fresh love of girlhood and romance. And Basil himself, was he still the same? Let us see.

The student was sitting, as we first beheld him, in the room more peculiarly his own; it looked the same as in former days; and

the Fire, the brilliant and beautiful Fire, which Basil loved to have as a companion for his solitary hours, burned as brightly as ever. He kept continually feeding it with new brands, and often looked up from his book to gaze at it. If the blaze grew dim for a moment, it seemed as if his powers of intellect and comprehension grew dim with it. Basil was dull and cheerless without his beloved Fire; he needed its genial warmth, its inspiring brightness; even in the summer time he could not study without it—and so it had been from his childhood.

There was a change in the young man, more than the one short year added to his age could have effected. He looked like a man who had thought much—suffered much. An expression of pain constantly hovered over his features, and the lines of his beautiful mouth were contracted. He read intently; but at intervals laid down the book, and fixed his eyes vacantly on the fire, absorbed in thought.

A light knock at the door broke in upon the student's meditations, and a stranger entered. He was a man of middle age; tall, spare, and meagre. His face was calm, and his bearing dignified; while on his noble forehead, which bore not a single wrinkle, unmistakable intellect sat enthroned; but at times there was a wildness in his eyes, and a sudden kindling of his features, which almost belied his serene deportment. He advanced toward the young man, who arose and greeted him with deep respect.

"Michael Meyer need not stay to ask admittance of Basil Wolgemuth, I trust?" said the stranger, in tones of mingled gentleness and conscious dignity.

"My master," answered Basil, meekly, "thou art ever most welcome; all that is mine is thine also."

"I thank thee gentle scholar," returned the other, simply, with a slight inclination of the head, as he suffered the young man to take from him his outer garment, and sat down on the chair which Basil offered. The student himself continued standing until his guest pointed to a low stool, where Basil placed himself at a little distance from his master.

"And now let us talk," said Michael Meyer; "for it is long since I have seen thee. What hast thou learned meanwhile?"

"Much, O master! I have been studying thy book," and he pointed to the open page.

A gleam of pleasure illuminated Michael's sallow features. "And dost thou ever regret that thou hast become one of us, one of the brethren of the Rosie Cross?"

"Never, honoured master mine," cried the student; "but I have yet so much to learn before I am worthy even to kiss the hem of thy garment; and I am so young."

"It may be that a young heart is purer than one which has long lingered with the world. Thou hast not yet travelled out of sight of the home which thy spirit left at birth; the memory of that pristine existence dimly remains with thee still. Therefore it is well with thee, Basil?"

"Master, if I could only think so—if I could revive within me that higher life—but I fear it is hard."

"It is hard, my son; for it is a struggle of matter against spirit. Oh, didst thou but know the joys that are opened unto us who mortify the body for the sake of the soul; the glorious and beautiful world that is revealed to us—a life within life, a double existence, our mortal eyes being strengthened to behold the Invisible—our mortal frames endowed with the powers of angels."

"It is glorious—glorious!" murmured the student as he gazed on his master, whose whole countenance gleamed with enthusiasm.

"It is indeed glorious," continued Michael Meyer, "to be as a god to mankind; to bear in this human body the gift of healing; to know that the riches for which men toil, and pine, and slay one another, are at our will in such abundance that they seem to us like dust. And more than all, to have the power of holding communion with those good spirits which God created as he created man, more beautiful and yet less perfect, for they must remain as first made, while man may rise through various stages of existence, higher and higher, until he reach the footstool of divinity itself."

"Hast thou ever seen those glorious beings?" asked Basil, glancing doubtfully

round, his voice sinking into a low whisper.

"I have!" answered Michael Meyer.

"But no more of this. To attain this state of perfection, thou must needs deaden thyself to all human pleasures; thou must forsake the grossness of an appetite pampered with the flesh of beasts and the fruit of the poison vine. As thou redest in my book, the soul must retire within itself—must shut out all human feelings, all human love."

A dark shadow came over the young student's face.

"Must one attain all this, O father, to be a follower of Christian Rosencreutz?"

"All this, and more. Does thy heart fail thee?" said Michael sternly.

Basil cast down his eyes.

"No, my noble master, no! but human will is feeble, and the steep is hard to climb."

"Then lie down, and perish at its foot, Basil Wolgemuth," said the Rosicrucian; and then added, with a regretful tone, "After thou hadst journeyed halfway, I had not thought thy heart would have failed thee, my son."

"It has not failed me," cried the student, earnestly. "I have followed implicitly all thy precepts. No food, save what nature rigorously requires, has passed these lips; I have kept myself pure as a little child, yet still I seem further than ever from that blessed state when the soul is free from all mortal longings, and the eyes are purged to behold the Invisible."

"Wait, my son; wait and faint not! the time will surely come at last; and when it does, oh, what joy for thee! Thou wilt count as nothing the pleasures of taste, when thou mayest banquet on celestial food; thou wilt scorn all earthly loveliness, to bask in the smile of immortal beauty. This, indeed, is an aim worthy of man's aspiring."

"It is—it is! O master, I follow thee!—teach me, guide me as thou wilt;" and he

* After the death of Christian Rosencreutz, their founder, the sect of the Rosicrucians kept their doctrines secret for a hundred and twenty years. Michael Meyer an alchemist and physician, was the first to reveal their secrets, by a book entitled "Themis Aurea, hoc est de Ignibus Fermentatis Rosæ Crucis," which he published at Cologne in 1615.

knelt at the feet of the Rosicrucian, kissing his hands with deep emotion.

"Thou art worthy to become one of us, my son—nay, my brother—for thou wilt ere long equal the wisest of us," answered Michael Meyer, as he raised Basil from the earth. "Go on in that noble path; thou hast little need of me, for thine own soul is thy best teacher. Now farewell, for this night I leave Cologne; my work is accomplished, and I have added one more to the brethren of the Rosic Cross."

"And hast thou no word—no parting admonition for me, O my father?"

"None, save this:—Strive ever after the highest; content thyself with nothing below perfection; be humble in thine own eyes; and more than all, keep thy heart and hand from evil: sin clouds the soul's aspirations; and the highest life is a life of perfect holiness. With thy noble intellect and ardent mind, keep an unspotted heart!—and so fare thee well, my son."

Thus Michael Meyer the Rosicrucian parted from Basil Wolgemuth.

IV.—MORTAL AND IMMORTAL

Passionately wringing his hands, or pressing them upon his hot brow, knelt the student alone in his chamber. He muttered wild tones. He had yearned after the tree of knowledge; he had penetrated within its shadow, and it had darkened his soul, yet he had not tasted of its delicious fruit for which he so longed.

"It is vain—it is vain!" cried Basil; "I strive, but I can not attain. I have cast all human bliss to the winds; I have poisoned my youth, and thine, too, Isilda, joy of my life!—and all in vain. No immortal gifts are mine—I would fain pierce into Nature's depths, but she hides her face from me. O my master! thou didst tell me of the world of spirits which would surely be revealed unto me. I look up into the air, but no sylphs breathe soft zephyrs upon my hot cheek; I wander by the streams, but no sweet eyes, looking out from the depths of the fountains, meet my own; I am poor, but the gnomes of the earth answer not my bidding with treasures of silver and gold. And thou, O Fire, glorious element! art thou indeed peopled with these wonderful beings;

or are they deaf to my voice, and invisible to my eyes alone, of all my brethren?"

And lo! as the student spoke, a bright pyramid of flame darted upward, and a voice, like that of the fire when it answers the soft breathing of the winds, replied—

"I hear thee—what wouldst thou with me?"

A paleness came over the young man's cheek, and he drew back involuntarily.

"Dost thou then fear me, O mortal, said the voice again, sadly, "Look again."

Suddenly the pyramidal flame was cloven asunder, and there appeared in its centre a form, smaller than that of humanity, but perfect in feminine loveliness. Wavy wreaths of golden flame fell around her, like a woman's beautiful hair, and about her semi-transparent form twined an amber vesture, resembling in hue and airy substance the Fire from which she sprung. Her hands were folded submissively on her breast, and her eyes were fixed earnestly on the young student's face as she again repeated—

"Dost thou fear me now?"

"How should I fear thee, beautiful vision?" cried Basil in ecstasy; "and what am I, that thou shouldst deign to visit me thus?"

"Thinkest thou that this is the first time I have visited thee?" said the Form. "I have been with thee, unseen, from thy childhood. When, in thy boyish days, thou wouldst sit gazing on the beautiful element which I rule, and from which I proceed, it was I who made it assume in thy fancy strange and lovely shapes. It was my voice thou heardest in the musical breathing of the flames, until thou didst love the beautiful Fire; and it became to thee the source of inspiration. All this was my doing."

"And now at last I behold thee, glorious creature!" exclaimed the student with rapture. "How shall I thank thee for thus watching over me invisibly, and at last revealing thyself to me!"

"We do but the will of our Creator," answered the Salamandrine. "I and my kindred are His offspring, even as man; but our being differs from thine; superior and yet how inferior! We tend thee, we influence thee, we guide thee—in this doing alike His command who made us, and our

own pleasure ; for our natures are purer and better than thine."

"I feel it," said Basil. "I can not look upon thy all-perfect loveliness without knowing that such a form must be the visible reflection of a soul equally pure and beautiful"

"A soul!" sighed the Fire-spirit ; "alas ! this blessing is not ours. We see generation after generation of men perish from the face of earth ; we watch them from their cradles into their graves, and still we are the same, our beauty unfaded, our power unchanged. Yet we know there must come a time when the elements from which we draw our being must vanish away, and then we perish with them, for we have no immortal souls ; for us there is no after-life !"

As the Salamandrine ceased, the vapors of the Fire encircled her as with mist, and a wailing came from the red caverns of flame, as of spirits in grief, the burden of which was ever—

"Alas for us!—we have no after-life."

"Is it even so?" said the student. "Then are ye unhappy in the midst of your divine existence."

The mist which veiled the Salamandrine floated aside, and she stood once more revealed in her superhuman beauty.

"Not unhappy," she answered, with a radiant and celestial smile—"not unhappy, since we are the servants of our beneficent Creator ; we perform his will, and in that consists our happiness. We suffer no pain, no care ; doing no sin, we have no sorrow ; our life is a life of love to each other and to man, whose ministers we are. Are we not then happy?"

"It may be so," said Basil thoughtfully. "Ye are the creatures of Him who never made aught but good;" and he bowed his head in deep meditation, while there arose from the mystic fire an ethereal chorus ; melodiously it pealed upon the opened ears of the enraptured student.

The spirits sang of praise ; of the universal hymn which nature lifts up to the Origin of all good ; of the perfect harmony of all His works, from the mighty planets that roll through illimitable space, down to the fresh green moss that springs up at the foot of

the wayfaring child ; of the world of spirits—those essences which people the earth and float in the air like motes in the sunbeam, invisible, but yet powerful ; how the good spirits strive with the fallen ones for dominion over man, and how the struggle must continue until evil is permitted to be overcome of good, and the earth becomes all holy, worthy to be the habitation of glorified beings.

"Happy art thou, O man!" they sang. "Even in thy infirmity, what is like unto thee? An earthly life is thine, half the sorrow of which thou mayest remove by patience and love ; an earthly death is thine, which is the entrance to immortality. It is ours to guide thee to that gate of heaven which we ourselves may never enter."

And all the spirits sang in a strain that died away as the fire sunk smouldering down ; "Blessed art thou, O man!—strong in thy weakness, happy in thy sufferings. Thrice blessed art thou!"

The student was aroused from his trance by a light footsteps. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and a soft woman's voice whispered—

"Art thou then here all alone, and in darkness my Basil.

"All was light with me—the darkness came with thee," answered the student, harshly, like one roused from delicious slumbers by an unwelcome hand ; and yet the hand was none other than Isilda's.

"Once thou used to call me thy light of life, Basil," murmured the girl. "I would not come to anger thee."

It was too dark to discern faces ; but as Isilda turned to depart Basil thought she was weeping, and his heart melted. What would he not have given, at the moment, for the days of old—the feelings of old, when he would have drawn her to his bosom, and soothed her there with the assurances of never-ending love. But now he dared not ; the link between him and earth was broken. He thought of the immortal gift just acquired, and he would not renounce its ecstatic joys—no, not even for Isilda. He took her hand kindly, but coldly, saying—

"Forgive me ; I have been studying—

dreaming; I did not mean to say thou wert unwelcome."

"Bless thee for that, my Basil, my beloved!" cried the girl, weeping, as she pressed his hand, passionately to her heart and her lips. "Thou couldst not be unkind to me—to thy betrothed wife,"

Basil turned away; he could not tell her that the tie was now only a name; and Isilda went on—

"Thou hast not looked the same of late; thou art too anxious; or thou hast some hidden sorrow upon thee. Tell it to me, my Basil," she continued, caressingly. "Who should share and lighten it but I, who loves thee so?"

"Dost thou indeed love me so well, Isilda?"

"Thou art my all—my life—my soul! It were death itself to part from thee," cried the girl, in a burst of impassioned feeling, as she knelt beside the bending form of her lover, and strove to wind her arms around his neck. She hardly dared to do so now to him who had once wooed that fondness with so many prayers.

"Woe is me, alas!" muttered the student. "Must thou also be sacrificed, Isilda!"

She did not hear his words, but she felt him unclasp her arms from his neck; and Isilda sank insensible at Basil's feet.

The die was cast. Slowly the student laid her down—her, the once beloved—on the cold floor. He called "Margareta!" and before his sister entered, went out into the open air.

V.—THE TWO HEARTS UNVAILED.

Basil Wolgemuth had now gained the summit of his wishes. He had panted for the river of knowledge—had found it, and allayed his burning thirst in its waters, which were to him a Lethe, bringing oblivion of all else. He walked as one in a dream, or like the false prophet of old, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open. He was gentle to his sister, and to the patient, sorrowful Isilda; but he shrank from their society, as he did from that of every living soul. He would disappear for days together, wandering in the woods and mountains, far from his home. There the

student was alone, with his newly-acquired sense—there he penetrated into the marvels of the invisible world. He saw the Sylphs of the air floating over him, and fanning his slumbers with their ambrosial wings. The beautiful Undines spread their cool, wavy arms around him, and through the riven earth he beheld the Gnomes and Cobolds at work in their treasure-caves. Borne by the Salamandrines, he viewed the caves of the volcanoes; their lurid recesses were exposed to his gaze, and he saw the central fires smouldering beneath the surface of the globe—the cradles of the earthquake.

Then when the student returned, he would shut himself up in his chamber, and invoke the being who had first appeared to him—the Salamandrine. He imbibed from her lips wisdom beyond that of man: he sunned himself in the light of her glorious beauty, and became insensible to all earthly things.

"O my master," Basil would often murmur, "thou wert right. What count I now the cup of mortal pleasure while that of heaven is at my lips? I could torture—almost destroy this poor frail body, for the sake of my soul."

And while the student revelled in these ecstasies, his slight form grew more shadowy—his dreamy eyes became of a more fathomless depth and his whole appearance was that of a spirit which had for a season assumed this mortal coil. No thought of Isilda, no yearning for her forsaken love crossed his memory; the lesser feeling was all absorbed in the greater, for the one reigning passion of Basil Wolgemuth's soul was a thirst after knowledge.

And Isilda—the devoted one—how fared it with her? She knew that no other maiden had stolen her lover's heart, and yet it was changed towards her. She saw it to be so. Some overpowering passion had extinguished that of love; and her life's hope was gone. She did not pine nor weep; she felt no anger toward Basil, for in her eyes he could not do wrong. Isilda had worshipped him from her girlhood, with a love mixed with idolatry, for it long seemed like "the desire of the moth for the star." None other had ever won a thought from the maiden, though many had wooed her; but

having once loved him, none else could have filled her heart forever. Even Basil, when he came to measure her love by his own, dreamed not of its intensity. So absorbing was this one passionate love, that even the sad change in him who was its object could not weaken it. She desired no more but to be near her betrothed; to see him; to hover round him as silently as his shadow—only to have the blessed privilege of loving him, and the memory, sweet though mournful, that he had once loved her.

VI.—LOVE UNTO DEATH.

Basil Wolgemuth lay asleep on his couch. He had outwatched midnight, and was very weary. The follower of Rosencreutz, the philosopher, the man of genius, had not passed the limits of mortality; his earth-vesture clung around him still. Fatigue had overtaken him in the midst of his vigils—he had thrown himself down on the hard pallet, and fallen asleep, as sound as if the rude couch of the Rosicrucian were the monarch's bed of down. The morning stars looked in at his casement, and the dim light of a single lamp fell on the countenance of the student. He lay calm as a little child, with folded hands, as if his mother had lulled him to sleep with songs. Oh! if that mother could have beheld him now, how would she have wept over the child of so many prayers!

I have said before that there was little beauty in Basil's face, at least that mere beauty of form, which is so dazzling—and it is good that it should be so, for a lovely face seems fresh from the impress of God's hand; we naturally love it, cling to it, and worship it as such. But Basil's sole charm had been the genius so plainly visible in his face, and a sunny, youthful, happy look, which made it pleasant to behold. Now, all this was long gone. But while he slept, a little of his olden self returned; a smile wandered over his lips, and his sunny hair fell carelessly, as in the days when Isilda's fingers used to part it, and kiss his white, beautiful forehead. Suddenly a red glare lighted up the still shadows of the chamber—it flashed on the eyes of the sleeper.

"Art thou here, O spirit?" murmured

Basil, half roused, and dazzled by the brilliant light, which seemed a continuation of his dream.

But it was no celestial presence that shone into the student's room. He awoke fully, rose up, and looked out into the night. The city lay hushed beneath the starlight, like a palace of the dead; it seemed as though no mortal turmoil would ever more ruffle its serene repose. But far down the dark street, in a direction where Basil's eyes had in former time been fondly turned waiting for the one solitary lamp which was to him like a star—lurid flames and white smoke burst forth, and contended with the gloom around. There was in the city the fearful presence of fire, and the burning house was Isilda's.

With a sudden impulse, Basil leaped at once through the low window, and fled rather than ran to the scene. This time human love had the pre-eminence; he forgot all but Isilda—Isilda perishing in the flames!

Wildly raged the fierce element, as if kindled by a hundred demons, who fanned it with their fiery breath, and leaped, and howled, and shouted, as it spread on with mad swiftness. Now it writhed in serpent-coils—now it darted upward in forked tongues, and now it made itself a veil of dusky vapors, and beneath that shade went on in its devastating way. Its glare put out the dim stars overhead, and hung on the skirts of the clouds that were driven past, until the sky itself seemed in flames. House after house caught the blaze, and cries of despair, mingled with shrieks of frantic terror, rose up through the horrible stillness of night. The beautiful element which Basil had so loved—the cheerful, inspiring Fire—was turned into a fearful scourge.

The student reached the spot, and looked wildly up to the window he had so often watched. A passing gust blew the flames aside, and he distinguished there a white figure—it was Isilda. Her hands were crossed on her bosom, and her head was bowed meekly, as if she knew there was no hope, and was content to die.

Basil saw, and in a moment he had rushed into the burning dwelling. He gained the room, and with a wild cry of joy, Isilda sprang into his arms. Without a word, he

bore her, insensible as she was, through the smoke and flame, to a spot where the fire had not reached. Further he could not go, for his strength failed him. He laid his burden down, and leaned against the wall.

"I might not live for thee, Isilda," cried the student, "but I can die for thee. Yet, is there no help—no hope? Where are the spirits that were once subject unto me? And thou, my guardian—spirit of Fire!—is this thy work? Where art thou?"

"I am here!" answered a voice; and the Salamandrine appeared. The flames drew nearer, and Basil saw myriads of aerial shapes flitting among them in mazy wreaths. They came nigh—they hovered over his mortal love—their robes of seeming flame swept her form.

"Touch her not!" shrieked the student, as he bent over Isilda, his human fear overpowering him.

"The good and pure like her, are ever safe," replied the Salamandrine. "We harm her not." And she breathed over the maiden, who awoke.

"Oh, my Basil!" murmured the girl, "is death then past? Thou did'st come to save me—thou lovest me—thou art mine again!" and she stretched out to him her loving arms; but Basil turned away.

"Hush!" he said, "dost thou not see them—the spirits?"

Isilda looked round fearfully. "I see nothing—only thee."

The student's eyes flashed with insanity. "See!" he cried, "they fill the air, they gather round us, they come between thee and me. Now—now their forms grow fainter—they are vanishing—it is thou, woman! who art driving them from my sight for ever. Stay, glorious beings, stay! I give up all—even her."

"Nothing shall part me from thee!" shrieked the girl, as she clung to her lover, and wound her arms round him. "No power in heaven or earth shall tear us asunder—thou art mine, Basil—let me live for thee—die for thee."

"Thou shalt have thy desire!" the student cried, as he struggled in her frantic clasp.

There was the gleam of steel—one faint,

bubbling sigh—the arms relaxed their hold, and Basil was alone—with the dead!

The Fire staid in its dire path, and a wailing sound rose up as the spirits fled away. Heaven and earth had alike forsaken the murderer.

He knelt beside his victim; he wept, he laughed, he screamed; for madness was in his brain.

"I may clasp thee now, Isilda," he shouted; "thou art all mine own!" and he strained the cold, still form to his breast, kissing the lips and cheeks with passionate vehemence.

"I will make thee a pyre—a noble funeral pyre," he continued; "I will purify this mortal clay, and thou shalt become a spirit, Isilda—a beautiful, immortal spirit."

He bore the dead to where the fire raged fiercest; his laid his beloved on a couch; composed the frigid limbs, folded the hands, and, kissing the cold lips once more, retired to a distance, while the flames played round the still beautiful form that was once Isilda. Lovingly they enwreathed and enshrouded it, until at last they concealed it from the student's gaze. He turned and fled. The Fire hid in its mysterious bosom the ashes of that noble and devoted heart. Isilda had found the death she once thought so blest—death by the hand of the beloved.

VII.—THE HOPE DECEIVED.

Fearfully did morning dawn on the eyes of the murderer. He had regained his chamber unobserved, and there he crouched in its most gloomy nook. His frenzy had passed away, and left the freezing coldness of despair. The darkness was terrible to him, and yet when the light of morning came he shrank from it in horror, and buried his face in his garments to shut out the fearful glare. All day he remained motionless. Margareta's loud weeping came to him from within. From her brother's bolted door, she thought he had departed on one of his usual rambles, and Basil heard his name repeated often, mingled with Isilda's—whom all supposed to have perished in the flames.

Basil heard his sister's sobs; but they fell idly on his stony ears. Many sounds rose up from the street—the widow's cry, the orphan's moan, and the despairing lament of

the houseless and homeless—but all were nothing to him. He kept the same immovable attitude until daylight waned, and then he rose up, and lit the Fire on his hearth.

Brighter and brighter grew the blaze, and wilder gleamed the eyes of the student. He swayed his body to and fro with a low murmuring, and then he passionately invoked the Salamandrine.

“The sacrifice is complete—I have no bond to earth—my desire is free. Why delayest thou, O spirit? Come, teach me; let me know the past. Give me wisdom—I thirst!—I thirst! Let me become as a god in knowledge!”

But the vision came not—there was no voice.

“Spirit of Fire! art thou deaf to me still? I have done all—I have broken every human tie—I have become what men would loathe. Hear me—answer me, or I die!”

Wreaths of dusky vapor overshadowed the Fire, and from them proceeded a melancholy voice:

“O mortal, sin has entered thine heart; blood is on thy hand, and the polluted can have no fellowship with the pure. Thine eyes may behold us no more forever!”

A fearful shudder passed through the student's frame.

“It is false! Cursed spirits, ye have deceived me!”

“It is not we who have deceived thee, but thine own soul,” answered the Salamandrine.

“We are not evil: unseen, we would have watched over thee thy whole life through. It was thou who didst long after what is permitted but to few—to hold commune with the invisible. To do this with safety, man must keep a heart pure as fearless, and such was not thine. Thou didst seek us—we allured not thee. Blame not us, therefore, but thy own weakness. Thou hast sinned, and henceforth we are invisible to thee!”

“Woe! woe!” cried Basil, in agony; “have I then lost all? Adorable spirit, guide of my life, have mercy!—forsake me not!”

“I do not forsake thee, O poor mortal!” answered the voice, sadly. “I am here, beautiful and tender as before; but thou art no longer able to behold me. Sin has dark-

ened thine eyes, and thou wilt see me no more—forever.”

“No more,” echoed the student, in tones of thrilling misery.

“No more,” replied the mournful accents of the Salamandrine; and a faint chorus, like the sighing of the wind, echoed plaintively—

“No more, O poor mortal, no more!”

The vapor swept away from the Fire, and the student was left to his despair.

VIII.—THE END OF ALL.

Two days after the terrible Fire, some who loved and pitied the desolate Margareta, forcibly entered her brother's room. They found Basil dead. He lay on the floor, his marble face upturned to their horror-stricken view. There might have been agony in his last moments, for the hands were tightly pressed upon the heart; but all was calmness now. The features had settled into their eternal repose. How or when the spirit parted, none knew, save Him who gave it, and who had now reclaimed His gift. The book of Michael Meyer lay beside the student; and, firmly clasped in the stiffened fingers, was a long stress of woman's hair. More than this, all was mystery.

Many years after, when the memory of the student of Cologne had long been forgotten, an aged nun died in a convent, not far from the city. It was Margareta, the only sister of Basil Wolgemuth, the Rosicrucian.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

With the history of this world-renowned general our readers are sufficiently well acquainted, and it would prove tedious to again tell his life, battles—and death, a prisoner on the barren island of St. Helena. To some, however, the following short account of his family may prove interesting:—

During the middle ages, a family of eminent, enjoying the rank of nobility, flourished in Tuscany, whence its branches spread into other of the minor States of Italy. A Grecian origin has been ascribed by genealogists to this family; whose name, it is said, on their settling in Italy, was changed from *Calomeros* into the synonyme *Buonaparte*, by which it was subsequently known. It is only distinctly ascertained regard-



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

Madras & Co. Toronto

ing this family, that they occupied a respectable place among the lesser Italian nobility, until dispersed by that long and disastrous civil war, which ensued on the struggle between the secular powers, and which is typified in the ferocious antagonism of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. The Buonapartes, like many other families of greater name and eminence, were now scattered and extinguished in the homes of their birth or adoption; and whilst a remnant still lingered in the basin of the Apennines, the last relic of which survived at the close of the eighteenth century in the person of an old ecclesiastic, a wealthy canon of the Abbey of San-Miniato, the chief of the stock took refuge in the small island of Corsica, and settled at Ajaccio, among whose rude nobility his descendants were enrolled, and even admitted to all the privileges then accorded to that jealous distinction. At that period Corsica was under the tutelary sovereignty of the Republic of Genoa; but in 1768 it and its small dependencies passed under the dominion of the Crown of France, despite the heroic efforts of the celebrated Paoli to preserve the independence of its sterile mountains.

After its final subjugation, Corsica assimilated in its internal administration to the other provinces of France, and had provincial states composed of the three orders of nobility, clergy, and commonalty, or third estate. It likewise preserved a supreme magistracy of twelve nobles, in whom the government of the country was vested; and to this high tribunal Charles Buonaparte was attached as assessor, a step preparatory to his elevation into the Council. This Charles was the only son of Joseph Buonaparte, the eldest of three brothers, the other two of whom died without male issue. He inherited the family property, which was not very considerable, consisting of a house in Ajaccio, and a small estate on the shore of the island, where a dilapidated villa served as a summer residence. He married at the early age of nineteen, winning for his wife, from numerous competitors, the reigning beauty of the world of Corsica, the young Letitia Ramolino, who was remarkable not only for her personal charms, but also for the courage and fortitude of her character.

In 1779, the nobility elected Charles Buonaparte the deputy of their order to the Court of Versailles, and in this capacity he was obliged to make frequent journeys, which, notwithstanding the liberal grants he received from

the Government of Louis XVI., appear to have reduced his fortune within the narrowest limits; for, upon his death at Montpellier in 1785, whither he had repaired in the vain hope of being relieved from the malady which afflicted him, cancer in the stomach—a disease often hereditary in families—he left his widow in very straitened circumstances, and dependent in a great measure for the support and education of her children on their uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien, who was head of the Chapter of Ajaccio, and who cheerfully undertook to perform the part of father to the bereaved orphans.

These were no fewer than eight in number, the survivors of thirteen whom the fruitful Letitia had borne to her husband, although, at the time of his death, she had not completed her thirty-fifth year. Five were sons and three daughters, the second of whom was the celebrated Napoleon, whose portrait illustrates the present number of our Magazine. This portrait is taken from a statue presented by himself to Mr. O'Meara.

SPRING.

The birds are singing on every branch,
In measures light and free,
Mid the fluttering leaves, and branches staunch,
They are sporting merrily.
And the live long day, they sport away,
In the sunlight made for them;
As it looketh down from the stout oaks crown,
To the weak pale flowering gem,
That riseth rare, and flourisheth fair,
Sweet, sweet is the modest flower,
What a spirit it breathes, 'mid the old brown
leaves,
What a joy in the arching bower.

A living growing beauty,
In all the forest dwells;
It lodgeth with the busy bee,
Within her honey cells.
It trembleth with the trembling leaf,
It blusheth on the flower;
And skimmeth with the airy bird,
The hill and dale and bower;
It whispereth amid the trees,
Where clustering ivy swings,
And through the knitted maple boughs,
With the wild bee it wings.
Ever a springtime sunny day,
When light air softly swells;
I hear a sweet and murmuring voice,
From out the forest bells;
The breathing tones are beautiful,
For in them beauty dwells.

Vienna, 1855.

THE EASTERN WAR.

On viewing the subject of the Eastern War, our attention is at once arrested by the prominence of two peculiar features which mark the contest. The first aspect, as concerns our fatherland, exhibits the righteous verdict of a people unanimous in conclusions which have been founded upon a mass of incontrovertible evidence. Thus the war looms forth from a dark background of Russian perfidy and aggression as "*the people's war*;" while in the execution of the judgment deliberately expressed by the British nation, the second phase attracts the gaze to a series of our "*soldiers' battles*."

Man is a mixed creature. The ingredients of reason and sentiment of which his character is compounded were wisely intended to minister to each other, and the greatest amount of human excellence, including an observance of the sublime teachings of revealed religion as practised by our Divine Master, will be attained by cultivating and preserving the harmonious proportions of these joint attributes of our nature. Our's then is not the "*nil admirari*" school of philosophy, and we cannot calmly proceed to a consideration of the various points which belong to the main branches of our subject, without pausing at the mention of the second, our "*soldiers' battles*," to offer the homage due to the chivalric deeds of both Briton and Gaul. An exulting pride swells our bosoms as we contemplate each victorious passage of arms—our tears are shed over the fallen brave—we bleed with the wounded soldier—and our heartfelt sympathies are with their bereaved mourners. We feel a trembling, yet hopeful anxiety, for the gallant sufferers in whose emaciated and crippled forms are still to be recognised the trusty bulwarks of their country's honor, and we burn with a stern but rational indignation at the follies and shortcomings which have marred the fair proportions of the best-formed army that ever sailed from the shores of Albion. That there are some material defects in our military organization we readily admit, and these we shall make subjects of remark hereafter; but it is utterly futile to attempt to charge upon the general system the blame which belongs to mal-administration by our leaders civil as well as military. The imbecility which consigned our forces to the horrors of a winter campaign on the heights of Sebastopol is now seen in its naked decrepitude, and the almost incredible

mismanagement which has immolated many thousands of victims by slow torture on the Crimean Golgotha stands confessed. Out of the vast accumulation of evidence which proves the unjustifiable miseries into which our troops have been heedlessly plunged, we take the overwhelming testimony of a nobleman who for five years and a half occupied the exalted position of Prime Minister of England, and who expressed himself in the following terms on explaining his reasons for withdrawing from the late administration of Lord Aberdeen: "No one can deny," he says, "the melancholy condition of our army before Sebastopol. *The accounts which arrive from that quarter every week are not only painful, but horrible and heart-rending.* * * * Sir, I must say that there is something with all the official knowledge to which I have had access that is to me *inexplicable* in the state of our army. If I had been told as a reason against the expedition to the Crimea last year, that your troops would be seven miles from the sea, seven miles from a secure port—which at that time when we had in contemplation the expedition we hardly hoped to possess—and that at that seven miles distance, they would be in want of food, of clothes, and of shelter to such a degree that they would perish at the rate of from 90 to 100 a day, I should have considered such a prediction as utterly preposterous, and such a failure of the expedition as entirely fanciful and absurd. We are all, however, free to confess the *notoriety* of that melancholy state of things."—With Lord John Russell's reasons for his retirement, or with the course he adopted on the occasion we decline to meddle, but we adopt his facts as incontrovertible. The disappearance, however, of Lord Aberdeen from a ministry charged with such a war must certainly be hailed with universal satisfaction; and provided an administration so entrusted be equal to grasp the subject fully and firmly, it matters not what its component parts may be. Let us have men, who as guardians of our blood and treasure, will one and all answer faithfully when called to account for their trust; far from our councils be that minister against whom the blood of his brethren shall cry from the ground, and whose reply to his country demanding "*where is thy brother?*" shall be the sullen and mendacious answer of the first murderer, "*I know not; am I my brother's keeper?*"

But grievous as is the condition of our noble

troops in the Crimea, we must not "mourn as men without hope," or yield to feelings of despondency. Let us rather trust that the gallant survivors of so many nameless horrors have been ere this restored to a state of at least comparative comfort. "Their misery was great," says the writer of the story of the Campaign, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "but they met it in an excellent spirit. Crime was rare, insubordination rarer, there were few murmurs, and they were as ready as ever to meet the enemy." Further on he speaks thus hopefully, "We had been thinly clad, but comfortable garments were at hand. The state of the roads rendered the necessary transport of stores a work of extreme difficulty, but a railway had arrived, with men to lay it. Tents had for long almost ceased to be a shelter against the wind and driving rain, but now wooden houses for the army, proposed as it seemed to us only the other day, and but half believed in, were actually in the harbour, and when put together on the heights would at once place the troops in comparative comfort, and check the progress of disease. * * * Best of all, we felt how we were thought of and cared for *at home*, and knew that, for us tattered, be-draggled mortals, shivering on these muddy plains, a regard more anxious, deep, and generous than is often shown except by the truest and warmest of friends now formed the one absorbing impulse of the nation." Yes indeed, brave sufferers, you are truly the objects of anxious regard among your fellow subjects, and of these your brethren in Canada are not the least considerate of your friends. Their earnest hope is, that the miseries unavoidably attendant upon your warfare may be henceforth mitigated by a more effective vigilance in anticipating and relieving your necessities, and that your future meetings with the enemy will be conducted with a vigorous strategy which shall give a different aspect and a more durable impression to your "soldiers' battles."

These conflicts have naturally, from their absorbing interest, evoked the skill of the artist, and been made the subject of vivid description by the pen of both combatant and spectator. So dramatic are some of those sketches, that the reader is involuntarily transported to the scene of strife. He becomes, as it were, an actual campaigner; he feels the electric touch of his brave comrades, as, shoulder to shoulder with them, he swells the British cheer, and rushes

at bayonet charge upon the death-dealing batteries and sullen ranks of the foe at the Alma. At Balaclava he is in fellowship with demigods scattering the enemy as doth the tempest the withering leaves of autumn. If, as a spectator, he takes his place on the heights above the field, his gaze becomes rivetted upon a thrilling panorama.—There is marshalled our array of heroes, their bright eyes gleaming for the battle, and rivalling the sunlit blades within their fervid grasp. There frets the impatient war-horse—the restless "champing of his bit" is actually audible—"the glory of his nostrils is terrible; he paweth the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword; he swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet; he saith among the trumpets, 'Ha, ha!' and he smelleth the battle from afar off."—The trumpets sound the charge; our invincible squadrons hurl themselves upon their doomed adversaries; they close with a clash of steel and the clangor of maddened centaurs, and the torn earth moans beneath the shock. The beholder yields to an irrepressible frenzy, and joins in "the thunder of the captains and the shouting."—At Inkermann, the wearied slumberer is startled from dreaming embraces of his beloved ones, and, springing from his miry bed, he speeds forth amid the thunder of hostile artillery into the misty gloom of a November dawn; brave men band hurriedly together to repel a mighty host of invisible foes; the "leaden death" flies as thickly as the drops of the dismal shower which falls around them. But what though the Russian host envelope our position and outnumber the sons of England as eight to one! Have not the giants of Alma been rudely disturbed from their sleep, and will they not avenge themselves on the intruder?—The dreadful carnage has ceased, and England, nobly aided by France, holds the conquered field.—Shades of evening close gloomily over the wounded, the dying, and the dead; but "Heaven has shed her choicest tears in bedewing the head of the unburied soldier."—Behold the gorgeous arch which spans the firmament above Inkermann! its brilliant tints reflect from an ensanguined vapour the radiance of a devoted heroism, whose glories are there emblazoned! It is the bow of promise, the token of a covenant between Britain and her sons, whereby her supremacy is shown secured upon their filial duty.

To understand how the war became so thoroughly established in England as an unavoidable necessity, it is requisite to go back to a period when the Hungarian struggle aroused the sympathies of all lovers of right.—Hungary who, under her ancient and independent position among the nations of the earth, had, by the hands of an Arpad, assisted the House of Hapsburg to the throne of Austria, in course of time took the latter for her kings, under the express terms of a contract which held inviolate her national character and institutions. By gross violation of this covenant, the title of the Hapsburgs to rule over Hungary became extinguished. It is impossible to peruse without emotion the passages of history which mark the fidelity of Hungary to her part of the agreement, especially when her protection and support were sought by and loyally accorded to Maria-Theresa. It is not, however, our purpose to dwell upon the domestic broils which led to the final rupture. Suffice it to say, that these difficulties did not pass without the intervention of England, who, in the year 1710, interposed her mediation conjointly with that of Holland, which resulted in a treaty of peace concluded at Szatmar, whereby Racozy's war with the Emperor was terminated. It will be remembered that the national character of Hungary was forcibly invoked by Napoleon when at war with Austria, in the following address: "Hungarians, the moment is come to *revive your independence!* I offer you peace, the integrity of your territory, the inviolability of your constitutions, whether of such as are in actual existence, or of those which the spirit of the time may require. I ask nothing from you; I only desire to see your nation free and independent. Your union with Austria has made your misfortune; your blood has flowed for her in distant regions, and your dearest interests have always been sacrificed to those of the Austrian hereditary estates. You form the finest part of the Empire of Austria, yet you are treated as a Province. You have national manners, a national language, you boast an ancient and illustrious origin. Re-assume, then, your existence as a nation. Have a King of your own choice, who will reside amongst you and reign for you alone. . . Unite yourselves in a National Diet in the fields of Racos, after the manner of your ancestors, and make me acquainted with your determination."

On reference, also, to the decrees acceded to

by Leopold with the Diet convened in 1790, it will appear as defined, "that within six months after the death of the King, his successor shall be crowned at Presburg, and shall take an oath to observe the laws, liberties, and privileges of the kingdom;" that "*Hungary is a free and independent nation, in no way subordinate to any other people or kingdom, and is to be governed by its lawfully crowned king, not according to the customs of the other hereditary dominions, but according to its own laws, rights, and customs;*" and that "the right of making, repealing, and interpreting the laws belongs to the lawfully crowned King and to the States of the realm in the Diet assembled conjointly; and that this right cannot be exercised except in the Diet of the nation." Thus much we have deemed it right to offer in reply to the ground too readily assumed by persons unacquainted with the history of this unhappy country, in rating her as a Province of Austria.

That England holds a position calculated to give great moral weight to any cause she may espouse among nations professing to be civilized will scarcely be questioned. With the fullest admission of the many defects which belong to her system both social and political, (and defects must exist in all human combinations,) it will not be deemed arrogant to assume for her the distinguished place conceded by M. Guizot, the accomplished lecturer on the "General History of civilization in Europe,"—"It is true" says that distinguished Minister, "that between the civilisation of England and that of the continental states, there has been a material difference * * * * The development of the different principles, the different elements of society took place in some measure at the same time, at least much more simultaneously than upon the continent." Comparing European civilization with that of ancient and Asiatic nations, he proceeds to say—the "different elements of the social state had combined, contended with, and modified each other, and had continually been obliged to come to an accommodation and to subsist together. This fact which forms the general character of European civilisation has in an especial manner been that of the civilisation of England; it is in that country that it has appeared most evidently and uninterruptedly.—It is there that the civil and religious orders, aristocracy, democracy, monarchy, local and central institutions, moral and political development have proceeded and

grown up together, if not with equal rapidity, at least but at a little distance from each other * * no ancient element has ever entirely perished, nor any new element gained a total ascendancy; no particular principle has ever attained an exclusive influence. There has always been a simultaneous developement of the different forces and a sort of negotiation or compromise between their pretensions and interests. On the continent the march of civilisation had been less complex and complete.—The different elements of society, the civil and religious order, monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, have developed themselves *not together* and abreast as it were, but *successively*. * * * There is no doubt, that the simultaneous development of the different social elements, has greatly contributed to make England arrive more quickly than any of the continental states at the end and aim of all society, that is to say, the establishment of a government at once regular and free. It is the very nature of a government to respect all the interests, all the powers of the state, to conciliate them and make them live and prosper in common; now such was beforehand and by the concurrence of a multitude of causes, the despotism and mutual relation of the different elements of English society: and therefore a general and somewhat regular government had the less difficulty in establishing itself. In like manner the essence of liberty is, the simultaneous manifestation and action of every interest, every kind of right, every force, every social element. England therefore, had made a nearer approach to liberty than most other states.”—or, as we conclude from the same premises, than any other state.

The testimony thus volunteered by one of the most eminent Ministers of France, is not adduced in a spirit of vain self-laudation, or with a view to convince that modest personage John Bull of his real merits—as a general rule he is tolerably well satisfied with himself.—But the subject has an important bearing upon our argument: as respects the weight of moral influence, which England, if true to herself, should exercise on the continent of Europe. A nation, says Montesquieu, is a “moral person”—he also tells us that “the principle of monarchy is honour”—“the principle of Democracy is virtue”—“the principle of Despotism is fear.” England formed from a fusion of the two former elements, which according to Guizot, “have grown up together” could not, if she would, divest herself

of her proper mission and responsibilities as “a moral person,” pre-eminent for the qualities of honour and virtue.—Our subject will lead us to view these two principles in antagonism with their mortal foe, Despotism,—an antagonism forced upon us in defiance of the “slothful servants who have hidden the talent entrusted to them in the earth” and “the light of our blessings under a bushel.”—We see but the beginning of the end,—an end which, according to our firm faith, will uphold the principle of Fear, and obliterate under an overruling Providence its synonyme Debasement.

Resuming our consideration of the Hungarian conflict we observe that when the interposition of England was solicited by Kossuth's representative, his application was treated as one emanating from a rebellious Province of Austria.—This lamentable error, (for we can show Lord Palmerston's own admission of the cause, for which Hungary fought, when that admission came *too late*), was calculated to cast a shade over the hopes of those who conceived that the period had arrived when England might at least express her sympathy, in a tone to command respectful attention to the promptness of “honour” and “virtue” combined. Those persons thought that an appeal made by these principles united could not fail to produce some effect, however trifling, upon the principle of Fear, against which Hungary had raised her national standard, and that the neglect to do so could not but depress all kindred principle of Right, and give a temporary triumph to Wrong. Those also were dispirited, who thought that the time was auspicious for effecting an arrangement equally advantageous to each of the belligerent parties, by renewing with proper modifications the original contract between them, who agreed that the effects of such a pacification would give England so great a moral influence as to secure even the constituted authorities of Europe upon bases of solid concurrent advancement with their people in their march towards a rational liberty,—that the convulsive throes of those chained Titans, the masses must otherwise burst forth in a desolating volcanic eruption—and that England, while abstaining from Quixotic obtrusion of her political doctrines upon neighbouring nations must as “a moral person,” hold herself accountable to the King of Kings, for the withholding of blessings, which it would seem to be both her duty and destiny to diffuse around her.

But when a new combatant, in Russian pano-

ply, entered upon the arena of strife, as an auxiliary to the House of Hapsburg,—or more properly speaking, as adverse to the principle of Constitutional Government, for which Hungary was contending,—then indeed, all men clearly saw the real issue to be fought for, and that the motions of Russia, as the chief gladiator for the principle of Debasement, must be watched and counteracted. No doubt it was extremely distasteful to the Czar Nicholas, to tolerate in his neighbourhood a people, whose rights so late as the year 1793, had been defined in the shape which we have shown, and, with whom it had been covenanted that “the King shall never attempt to govern by edicts or patents, which moreover, it shall not be lawful for any authorities to receive, except where such patents are merely designed for the more effectual publication of ordinances legally enacted,” and that “the imposts shall never be levied by the King, but freely voted by the diet.”—It is easy to conceive how unpalatable such doctrines must have been to the taste of the Autocrat of Russia, and how refreshing to his spirits it must have been, to re-enact, towards a friend in need, the Muscovite mission of *protection*, coupled as it would be with the suppression of a deadly political antagonist.

Upon the scene thus amplified in its character, the eyes of all friends of liberty were fixed; and, even those who had previously argued, that Hungary ought to be left to fight out her own destiny, now joined in the universal cry of execration against the despot, who had thus volunteered to assist in strangling, not “a sick,” but a struggling man—appropriate prelude, indeed, to the infamous project against Turkey, developed in the “*secret and confidential correspondence*” of January, 1853. But, alas! Hungary was crushed without even a faint expostulation from the trustees of England’s “honor” and “virtue,” nay worse: a British Minister was actually used as a Russian mouth-piece,—in the first place, to state in reply to enquiry made, “that the Russian Army had entered the principality of Moldavia at the request of the Hospodar, and not in consequence of instructions from St. Petersburg,” and secondly, to declare “that Russia had no intention of engaging in the Hungarian War!”

Thus ended the disgusting tragedy. Our ally, Turkey, was at the same time violated by Russia in her territory, but was kept quiet pursuant to instructions, and despotism

for the time being, successfully asserted her sway over freedom. And let this be noted, that the cause of the present war was then, in fact, exhibited in a doubly aggravated shape, and as affecting *two Countries*—insulted Hungary and crushed Turkey. But the sower of the wind, was destined to “reap the whirlwind.” Kossuth and his brave compatriots took refuge in Turkey, who gave them her protection in defiance of Austria’s demands for their extradition. The warmest sympathies of the people of England and America, were expressed in their behalf. “Forty-five cities, including London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Leicester, and Southampton, sent petitions in behalf of the Hungarian refugees, which were laid before the British Government, on the 4th of August, 1851.” On the 24th of September, 1849, Lord Palmerston had written to Sir Stratford Canning, supporting the claims of the Hungarian exiles, and describing them as “officers and soldiers of the Hungarian armies, who have been fighting for the constitutional rights of Hungary, against the armies of Austria and Russia.” And thus, when it was too late, was the cause of unhappy Hungary recognized.

As the Hungarian cause gained ground in England, so, in the same ratio, did Russia fall under suspicion *as to her further objects*. When, therefore, the dispute arose between the Greek and Latin Churches respecting the Holy Places, no man of ordinary intelligence limited the question to a key or a cupola, to a front entrance or a side door. The public vision was prepared to receive the flood of light shed upon it from countless lustres. The press, in all its varied forms of publication, raked up the history of Russia, sketched her unwieldy and fragmentary proportions, and explained each trick of her triumphs. The finger of the historian, pointing backwards to the mediæval attacks by Russia under Sviatslav, Oleg, and Vladimir, marked the same line of onset upon the same object—the Dardanelles. The amplitude of Russian aggression has been developed in her ordinary forms of both *pseudo-protector* and *blustering bully*. It has been shown how, in 1721, by the Treaty of Neustradt, she reached the Gulf of Finland, and the Black Sea by that of Kainardji in 1774; how she obtained the Crimea and the Sea of Azov in 1794, Odessa and its surrounding country under the Treaty of Jassy in 1792, and Bessarabia by that of Bucharest in 1812; how she helped in partitioning Poland,

and succeeded, by the Treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, in securing an accession to her Asiatic territory, and obtaining the mouths of the Danube, where, in violation of her engagements, she has suffered the depth of water to decrease from 16 to 11 feet, to keep them clear of obstruction; how, by *protecting* the Sultan against Mahomet Ali, she compelled him to the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessee, which implied a species of ransalage; how she demanded the *Protectorate*, that is to say, the *Sovereignty* over two-thirds of the European subjects of Turkey; and, as a crowning crime, how she offered to join with England in *finishing* the sick man and sharing his estate.

At the same time, there were not wanting some publications which played into the hands of Russia by attacking Turkey, both in her condition and prospects. One prominent journal, exhibiting the insolent obesity of a plethoric circulation, and whose title and morality provoke the exclamation, "O tempora, O mores!" was sufficiently arrogant and shortsighted to denounce Turkey for her rejection of the Vienna note, and to threaten the desertion of her cause by England. It is well known how the note in question was abandoned by the Four Powers, on Turkey being justified in her view by Russian interpretation of its terms; and how the Porte, not only in this instance of her acumen, but in her whole bearing throughout the controversy, refuted her slanderer.

Now, our view of the condition of Turkey is this—Her position is neither exalted nor enviable. She is, however, rapidly abandoning her religious fanaticism, and even in respect of her Mahometanism, will compare favourably with the bigots of the Greek and Latin Churches, over whose Easter celebrations she has been obliged to place a guard, to prevent the effusion of blood in their unseemly conflicts with each other around the very tomb of the Saviour. Heretofore, unhappily, she has seen the Christian but to abominate him as an "Idolater," or to despise him as "the Prayerless;" and, indeed, we look for the crowning glory of this dreadful war to culminate in diffusing, among both our friends and foes, the blessings of a religion, which, even in its most mundane limitation, illumines the way to human happiness by a Luminary, before whose genial effulgence the lights from schools founded by the master-minds of antiquity must pale and disappear. It must not be forgotten that Palmerston has

declared Turkey to have made greater material progress within the last thirty years, than any other Power; and that Pozzo di Borgo urged the prosecution of the Russian war of 1828 and 1829, lest the reforms of the Sultan Mahmoud should prove an insuperable obstacle to success. We see her antagonistic elements in a state of rapid fusion, and we observe an organization which has already proved its value. In fact, Turkey exhibits the dawning characteristics of a vigorous and enlightened change. We must at least concede that she has a foot on the threshold of civilization; and we hear her knocking for admission. Shall we exclude her into outer darkness? If her cry for existence and support be as feeble as the first wail of the new born babe, shall we commit the crime of infanticide, or suffer it to be perpetrated by another?

Russia moved onward, leaving fortresses as her footprints. Her progress was that of the huge car of Juggernaut, marking its procession of debasing fear and horrid superstition with the mangled carcasses of crushed victims. Here we may point to the delusive influence which has immolated so many thousands of the unhappy Muscovites, whose sufferings cannot but engage the sympathy of every one professing a religion of charity. The following, which seems to be entirely authentic, is a statement of the origin of the war, as gravely delivered by a Russian prisoner. "The Turks massacred the Russian Bishop and several Russian priests at Jerusalem. God in his wrath sent a squadron of angels to carry away the tomb of Christ, which remains at this moment suspended in the heavens, and he commissioned the Czar to avenge the pagan sacrilege. When the Emperor Nicholas shall enter Jerusalem, as conqueror, as, by the aid of Heaven, he certainly will do, Christ's tomb will be restored to its place. The phalanx of angels will line the road along which the conquering Russian army will pass, and will present arms to them. Then the Czar will be master of the whole world, which will renounce its errors, and become converted to the orthodox faith." To some this may appear too extensive an ignorance to attach to the Russian people. To those who have been among the masses of the Muscovites, and to whom the household deities of each humble domicile have been revealed in a pair of images, exhibiting the Virgin and the Czar, the fanaticism will be sufficiently intelligible.

The Emperor Alexander, speaking of the Bosphorus, had declared, "It is the key of my house." Nesselrode remarked, "the Dardanelles is for you an important question; it is *for us a vital one*." In the war manifesto put forth by Nicholas, dated the 26th April, 1828, he declared, "The Bosphorus is closed; our commerce is annihilated. The ruin of the Russian towns that owe their existence to this commerce becomes imminent, and the meridional provinces of the states of the empire lose the only outlet for their produce, the only maritime communication which can, in facilitating exchange, cause labour to fructify and bear industry and riches."

The progress of Russia by land, evolved the huge coils of the boa constrictor, crushing and besliming each successive victim,—her own condition, after each meal, resembling the gorged and helpless repose of that king of reptiles.—Britannia at last took the alarm, lest the Muscovite should block up the Bosphorus, and devastate the Mediterranean in the veritable shape of that once mythic monster of the deep, the great sea-serpent. Superadded to this apprehension came the weight of evidence, of which we have offered but a faint glimpse, coupled with the suspicion of ulterior designs by Russia, which her conduct towards Hungary had inspired and sustained. Thus, as in the case of Henry VIII., with respect to the reformation, and,—indeed, as in all instances connected with human action,—*immediate interests* brought the two great antagonistic elements into collision. In the philosophy of history, the Czar Nicholas stands forth the incarnation of Despotism, the principle of Fear and Human Debasing; England, on the contrary, from the monarch to the peasant, embodies the principle of constitutional self-government, as exhibiting the qualities of "Honor" and "Virtue!" Thus, then, in the case of Great Britain the war became and is the *People's War*.

The Czar Nicholas having been depicted by us as the incarnation of a principle, his sudden removal by the hand of death arrests our argument as did the awful explosion of the *Orient* the progress of the battle of Aboukir, when the astounding catastrophe caused combatants on both sides to suspend their blows and to pause for breath. The lurid glare, we read, was followed by a pitchy darkness and solemn stillness, until the vivid flash, accompanied by thunder of cannon, proclaimed a renewal of the conflict. We too

pause, and as we regard the event of the Czar's decease with its immediate consequences, "the wide, the unbounded prospect lies before us, but shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it." In common with all who bend the knee to the "author of peace and lover of concord," our prayers are offered that wars may cease upon the earth. Impressed with the conviction that every drop of blood wastefully shed, marks a new crime against him at whose instance it flows, we would religiously refrain from urging its effusion, unless it should be, like the skillful surgeon, to perform an operation necessary to the saving of life. What is the nature of the present strife? Is it not one of life and death? Are not antagonistic principles the combatants? Are they not irreconcilable? Must not one or other of them succumb? Will not a suspension of hostilities between them only accumulate renovated horrors?

If these questions be answered affirmatively, as we conceive they must be, we cannot discern any prospect of an *enduring* peace. The British plenipotentiary, who attends the conference at Vienna with a declaration on his lips "that he does not seek the dismemberment of Russia," merely proposes an armistice! Will Russia, left in possession of the Crimea, and of the mouths of the Danube, retract her traditional policy? Has she not proved herself among nations as a living, moving lie? Will she regard her treaties more truthfully than heretofore? Will she retrace the studied steps of eight centuries, or give up the darling projects and acquisitions which the last hundred and fifty years of her existence have striven for?

Lord Palmerston, in proposing, on a memorable occasion, the health of his Imperial Majesty, the Sultan Abdul Medjid, said, "there never was a sovereign, who was, more than the Sultan now is, the object of the most *abominable injustice* on the part of others—an injustice which is only equalled by that described in the old fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. *This time, however, the wolf had been mistaken, for it is no lamb that he has to deal with.*" We sincerely trust the noble Lord will not disappoint the friends who have striven to exonerate him from past blame on the score of his former state of subordinate thralldom. He has now an opportunity as Premier of showing his real stamina, and whether he is capable of grasping the subject of this momentous war in its fullest proportions. To our ears the declaration of "*no dis-*

memberment" sounds much more like the plaintive bleating of the lamb than the sublime roar of the British lion.—Perhaps distance has mellowed the notes to organs greedy of the sweet music of peace.

What immediate superficial results may follow the death of Nicholas, we have no means of predicting. Our knowledge of the actual state of affairs in Russia is, in fact, too vague to justify the expression of an opinion. On the one hand, we hear hopes of peace expressed, on the ground of Alexander, the heir to the throne, having been opposed to his father's ambitious and warlike policy; and, on the same side, it is hinted that the Czar did not come to a natural death, but was assassinated, for the purpose of ending a war which, by draining the treasures of the nobles, especially those at St. Petersburg, had deprived them of their wealth and its concomitant indulgences. On the other hand, it may be argued that the son often follows the policy which in the lifetime of his father, he had opposed*; that it is not certain Alexander will succeed his father, inasmuch as Nicholas himself took precedence of his elder brother; and that the warlike spirit being thoroughly roused in Russia, the second son, Constantine, being of a martial and fiery spirit, will better suit the nation in its present exigency, and command a more extended allegiance.

If Lord Palmerston be really desirous of carrying the war into the enemy's camp, let him wage one of principle, and accomplish at the Vienna Conference the partition of Russia among the four sons of Nicholas, with security against future consolidation; let their monarchies be based on the limited scale admissible of constitutional government and civilized progress; let him resuscitate Poland, with the gentle and amiable Alexander (if these be his qualities) on the throne, and her ancient constitution remodelled to suit the age and the people. Let him do this, and he will, by partition at least, have followed a good precedent, furnished by Vladimir, under whose sons Russia, as divided, enjoyed more of consideration and happiness among all classes of her population than she has ever experienced since. But this, alas, is an airy vision!

So momentous an event as the death of Nicholas could not but lead us to a seeming di-

gression from the pursuit of our subject; but we must now take leave of him in his individual state, as one whose character was marked by a peculiar excellence in every domestic relation, and by the evidence of an honest purpose in social and purely administrative affairs. In these respects he is not likely to be excelled by his successor, whoever that ruler may be; but ambition was his bane, and he sinned as the incarnation of a principle. Russia must again come under our notice, like the ocean, which,—whether the tide ebb or flow,—whether her face be that of the mirror or of the maddened Gorgon,—must still be the Ocean.

We now resume our place at the van of the war. Would it were the post of the sentry calling "Number one; all's well!"

During the negotiations which preceded hostilities, much blame was cast upon the British Ministry for not entering a more strenuous protest against the threatened occupation of the Principalities by the Russian forces. It was urged that the Czar was literally drawn step by step into encroachments which he would have avoided, but for our apparent apathy. Such was our own opinion; at least it seemed to us that the conflict might have been postponed, by the adoption of a determined stand against the Russian movement. At the same time, being influenced by a sensitive respect for opinions founded on avoidance of blood-shedding, until every means of prevention should have been exhausted, we gave the ministry the benefit of the doubt; and in view of the serious position in which they would have been placed by the Czar setting them at defiance, we expressed ourselves as follows, in the number of this Magazine published in May last (1854): "such a course" (the declaration by England that the occupation of the Principalities would be considered a *casus belli*, and treated accordingly), "would undoubtedly have prevented the Russian passage of the Pruth, and we ground our opinion upon the gradual sinuosities of of Muscovite diplomacy, which would have yielded for the time, but sought its object by other and stealthier means. In enunciating, however, this opinion, we must nevertheless do justice to the position and motives of our Ministry. Viewing them, then, as the custodiers of a people avaricious of blood and treasure, penetrated with a just appreciation of the blessings of peace, and represented by a press, which, until lately, denounced in its highest places

* Since the above was printed, we have received news by the steamer "Atlantic," to the effect that Alexander the second has issued a manifesto, "stating that he will adhere to the policy of his father Nicholas."

the patriotism of the Turks as infidel audacity; seeing them daily assailed until the last moment in the House of Commons by the Cobden school of politicians; we cannot but feel that the issue would have been perilous not only to themselves but to the harmony of the Empire, had the Czar persisted against them."

With every disposition, then, to excuse the Aberdeen Ministry, for allowing the people to take the lead of them in declaring war, we had, nevertheless, a right to assume that its advent was clearly defined in *their* meridian before it rose on the popular horizon—that the signs of an approaching storm discerned by the crew had been previously manifest to the pilot who had access to the political barometer, and who had observed its alarming indications; and that preparations had been made accordingly, and the good ship made snug to encounter the tempest. Thirty-nine years of peace with Europe had accumulated treasures of science and art auxiliary to war, when necessary; the lessons of the great Duke had impressed upon the nation avoidance of past errors, and had furnished a synopsis of the requirements of war, and, above all, *silent celerity of action* had been established as the indispensable precursor to a successful conflict. It could not admit of a doubt that the Trustees of England, the *officina gentium*, had been elaborating their preparations from the earliest reasonable moment—at all events, from the date of the "*secret and confidential correspondence of January, 1853*;" and when, in the following May, our fleet was moved to Besika Bay, of course it was only rational to conclude that huge supplies of war material had been left by it, and by other means of transport, at Malta—siege trains, field batteries, minie rifles, ammunition, provisions, clothing, medicines, exhaustless piles of wheels, axles, and harness for wagon trains, a large force of engineers with sappers and miners, and a brigade of *military mechanics* of every trade available on a campaign, to be told off to, and to assist each regiment, in combating its hardships and acquiring skilful resources.—Mules had, of course, been bought up largely in Spain, and horses in Asia Minor; Turkey had been warned to accumulate means of land transport at Varna and Kustendji, and to provide comfortable means of reception for a select body of veteran officers and non-commissioned officers of artillery, engineers, and infantry, whose duty it would be to drill a

reserve force at Constantinople, and to instruct the Turks in fortifying "that formidable position, about twenty miles from the capital, so celebrated in history,—where, owing to the nature of the ground, Attila was stayed in his march to conquer the Eastern Empire; and where, at a later period, the Huns were signally defeated by Belisarius."* Military topography had, of course, been studied, and especially the details of the war of 1828 and 1829, of which the work just extracted from is a history.

But amid all these imaginings, and much more which seemed at the time indispensable *matters of fact*, the puzzle was, *how Ministers were organizing the militia so quietly as to escape observation.* Could it be that they were following Captain Rock's plan, and "dhrillin' the bloys afther dhark?" Alas, no; the result proved that England had offered her *carte blanche* in vain; the immeasurable resources which she urged upon her Trustees were regarded with a chilling apathy; the preparation made when war was declared was magnified to the most imposing extent, *without reference to the vaster means neglected*; and when failures followed cruel shortcomings, history was then adduced, not as having furnished useful warnings, but to prove by examples—can it be conceived what?—just this, *That England has a prescriptive right to blunder*,—that it would be *unconstitutional* for her to do otherwise!

England, however, possessed one great advantage which even the most "*inexplicable*" errors of her Ministers could not totally nullify. For the first time since the Commonwealth, when France and England united "fought, under Turenne and Reynolds, the battle of the Dunes,† and routed the army of Spain," French and English stood side by side to shed their best blood, and now against the despotic principle. Louis Napoleon—rejoicing to call himself "the elect of France,"—exhibiting *his* acts as those of the French *people*—and linking himself with the principles of "honor" and "virtue," to prove to the world from his alliance with them that these qualities actually belong to *himself*—Louis Napoleon took the arm of Lord Aberdeen, whose uncertain and tottering steps he supported to Gallipoli and Scutari, where he presented

* The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829, by Colonel Chesney. R.A., D.C.L., F.R.S., author of "The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates & Tigris"

† Misprinted Danes, see page 469, Vol. IV.

him, for the defence of Constantinople, under an aspect that at once claimed the sympathy of Turkey, and suggested the invocation,

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."

There they made a halt, at whose instance is unknown—but a more impotent, puerile exhibition has not been witnessed since the day when Xerxes vented his childish folly upon the Hellespont by lashing its waves and attempted to chain them by means of fetters cast into its depths.

In an article already referred to, which appeared in the Anglo-American Magazine of May last, 1854, we assumed that the protracted anchorage of the fleets at Beicos* Bay was attributable "to instructions to await the arrival and aid in the transport of our troops to the theatre of war." In this notion, however, we were grievously disappointed. The only idea that could hold any place or weight with our leaders was that of *protecting Constantinople* by stationing their forces at those unhappy places Gallipoli and Scutari. There is something "inexplicable" in the stolidity of this proceeding.—Even though Lord Aberdeen and his military advisers had limited the gaze of the British lion to the Balkans, how was it that the eagle of France could not soar into the heavens, and fix its piercing vision upon regions lying beyond those "gates of Constantinople?" Had that noble bird risen on majestic wing, it would have beheld and swooped down upon the prey which temptingly offered itself to destruction on the Wallachian plains,—it would have spurned at being stopped by an obstacle which impeded only moles and creeping things. Could it be—we say this, fearful of some hidden mystery to us "*inexplicable*"—could it be that it was dreaded to strike a blow which, from its direction, would have communicated a galvanic shock to prostrate Hungary and Poland, and have startled them to their feet? † —Was it the organization of Austria that was apprehended?—an organization that Italy, Hungary, and Poland would have kept sufficiently

* Misprinted "Besika" Bay.

† In the article published in the Anglo-American Magazine of May, 1854, before referred to, we observed: "The Heel and Aland Islands will, perhaps, be the first positions to be taken, but we must look for great sacrifices before the destruction or occupation of such defences as those of Revel, Cronstadt, or Helsingfors can be effected." Aland Island was afterwards taken, as we know; but it is obvious that the possession of Oesel Island, with Dago, would have been more important, not only as commanding the Gulf of Finland, but as spanning the political subject of the resurrection of Poland and Hungary, by a confluence of moral and physical, commencing with the mouths of the Danube on the east, and with Livonia on the west.

employed, to prevent its molesting a troop of dwarfs, much less two armies of giants—of Austria whom our follies are converting into an *arbiter gentium*, and who has been allowed to interpose her bulk between us and our enemies to the advantage of the latter—of Austria, whose game it was from the commencement of the war to side with the conqueror—of Austria, who might possibly have been won to us by one vigorous blow, and between whom and Hungary *amicable relations* founded on constitutional principles might have been restored through our intervention. — Was it that in France alone we could see a people with whom, under whatever government they chose, we could form alliances? but that, in other cases, we could behold only the thrones of Hapsburgs and Bradenburgs?—Or was the watch over Constantinople no more than a military mistake?

If we proceed to examine the point as one of mistaken strategy, we are at once struck with astonishment that the Russo-Turkish campaigns of 1828 and 1829 should have been totally overlooked as a means of instruction and warning. That these edifying lessons had been totally ignored among us—except in the case of Colonel Chesney, who last year published a most lucid work on the subject—is too apparent.—At the same time, we contend that it did not require such proof, coupled, moreover, with the strategic history of eight hundred years,* to satisfy any one of the most ordinary capacity for military affairs, that with our fleets in the Black Sea, Constantinople was perfectly safe. On recurring to the outbreak of the war of 1828 and 1829, we find the condition of Turkey described by Col. Chesney, as follows:—

"The despatch of the Pasha of Brailow, announcing the commencement of hostilities, placed the Sultan in a most critical position. The Greeks, who had been aided by the moral as well as the effective support of a large section of the European people, were rapidly gaining ground; and the destruction of the Ottoman fleet at Navarino had transferred the command of the Euxine to Russia, at the moment when the troops destined to oppose an invasion were in a most inefficient state. The officers and privates of the Nizam, which is the active or regular army, were for the most part mere *lads*, without

* During the reign of Yaroslav, his son Vladimir, in the year 1043, commanded an attack, which was discomfited by the destruction of his fleet in an engagement fought near the Bosphorus, and by the consequent annihilation of his army at Varna.

any military experience. * * It should be added, by way of completing this sketch of the Sultan's position, that the destruction of the Janissaries had caused discontent to prevail in almost every Moslem Society. * * With regard to the Sultan's actual means of defence, the aggregate of the Nizam was far below the nominal strength of 80,000. Moreover, the soldiers were totally unaccustomed to everything connected with war, for, owing to the early age which had been selected as the most promising for instruction, they were physically unequal to the fatigues of actual service. But on the other hand, these recruits possessed three most valuable qualities — implicit obedience, enthusiasm in the cause of their Sultan, and abstinence from the use of fermented liquor, which in fact led to the best results. The artillery was very inferior to that of the Russians, and incapable of any rapid movements, *being drawn by bullocks instead of horses.*"

It would, indeed, be difficult to conceive a monarch in a more miserable state of embarrassment than was the Sultan in 1828: his people murmuring at the destruction of the Janissaries, and discontented with his incipient reforms—the high mosque party in a state of fanatical fermentation—an army of less than 80,000 lads, *with artillery drawn by bullocks*, to oppose to a well-organized force, which numbered 216,000 men, on the southern frontiers of Russia, 120,000 of whom, with upwards of 300 guns, "were put in motion, and commenced operations under the command of an experienced general, Count Willgenstein;" his fleet destroyed—his cause without an ally—his exchequer impoverished—his territory exposed to an enemy whose progress was supported by ships that swept the Black Sea without a sail to dispute their supremacy; all these disastrous circumstances were sufficient to appal the bravest spirit. The Sultan, however, did not quail before the dangers which encompassed him, but defended his territories with admirable energy.

It is not our purpose to dwell at any length on the details of these memorable campaigns, during which Shumla repulsed Nicholas himself from before her defences, and Varna made a gallant resistance for eighty-nine days. To this latter place the Czar had bent his steps, when foiled in his attempts upon the former; and, according to Colonel Chesney, he would have met with no better success but for the misconduct of the Grand Vizier, who, he says,

"contrary to the orders of the Sultan, had *continued inactive* in Adrianople during these operations. He now at length advanced to Aidos, where he was joined by 14,000 men detached from Schumla as a reinforcement. *But his previous delay and neglect occasioned the loss of Varna*; which fortress, next to Schumla, was considered of the greatest importance to the defence of Turkey."

We have already adverted to the unpopularity of the Sultan's reforms, and there is too much reason to suppose that the characters of some of the Turkish commanders had become shaken in allegiance. Thus we read "*that a golden key had opened the gates of Brailow*;" and when we add this ingredient of Russian triumphs to the catalogue of evil that afflicted Turkey, it becomes matter of wonder how, in her exhausted condition, the close of a second year of the war should have found the Russian army in a state of peril. "General Diebitsch felt that there was no middle course between bringing about peace and the destruction of his army; and his critical situation caused such anxiety at St. Petersburg, that the Emperor Nicholas not only ordered a fresh levy of 90,000, but also made arrangements to obtain a loan of forty-two millions of florins in Holland to prosecute the war, in case the mission of Baron Muffling to Constantinople should fail to bring about peace."

The Russian commander, then at Adrianople, made the best of his desperate condition, by advancing towards Constantinople, with his little army of 21,000 men, extended from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. His ruin was inevitable if attacked in front and rear, as might have been the case; but the event justified his plan. His force was exaggerated to 60,000; there was danger of "an outbreak in the capital for the restoration of the Janissaries;" the Pasha of Scodra, with 25,000 irregulars, had announced his intention of marching towards Constantinople to support that movement; and Sir Robert Gordon, the British ambassador, urged the conclusion of peace.

"It is said that Sultan Mahmoud's usual firmness deserted him on this occasion, and that he shed bitter tears on affixing his signature to what he so justly considered a disadvantageous and even humiliating treaty. It is pretty certain that he would have continued the war at all hazards, had he been aware that at that moment the Russian commander, now Marshal Diebitsch

Zabalkanski, had not more than from 15,000 to 17,000 bayonets. A defective Commissariat," (although supported by their fleet) "and a still worse medical department, caused disease to commence its work as soon as the invaders reached Adrianople. At a grand review which took place on the 8th November, 1829, and at which the author" (Colonel Chesney, from whom we have hitherto been quoting) "was present, there were scarcely 13,000 men of all arms in the field."

The campaigns of 1828 and 1829 in European Turkey are stated to have cost the Russians by battle and disease 90,000 men and 50,000 horses.

It must be borne in mind that the Russian attack upon Turkey in 1828 was studiously contrived. The plan adopted was that of "Colonels Berg and Rudiger making the fall of Varna, Silistria, and Schumla precede the grand operation." By the occupation of the Principalities in July, 1853, the Czar repeated the project of making the Danube the base of his movements. We have shown what was the condition of the Ottoman Empire at the former period, and how narrow was the escape effected by the Russians under Diebitsch at the close of the war in 1829.

Let our readers contrast the then dejected state of Turkey with her position at the commencement of the present contest—they will find the Ottomans not only reconciled to, but ardent in support of their government—their fanaticism mollified and gradually disappearing—and in possession of an army of some 200,000 men,* with excellent artillery, disciplined by foreign officers—they will observe the Russians, scattered through Moldavia and Wallachia, numbering about 80,000—the Turkish fleet restored—their cause supported by England and France as allies (whose support, by the way, Mr. David Erquhart has deprecated as a grievous injury to the Ottomans!) their exchequer revived, and their territory secured against enemies' ships, either as transports or men of war, which were doomed soon to be shut up at Sebastopol;—add to this the brilliant successes of Omar Pasha at Kalafat, Citate, Guirgevo, and Oltmitza, with the French and British fleets in the Black Sea:—and we ask any sane person whether Constantinople required the protection of the allied armies any more than Toronto itself.

At length the eyes of our brilliant strategists,

which had been strained to the verge of ophthalmia in watching for the Russian Armada, gave up the hopeless gaze. Some majestic move must be made, and it must have a designation too. "*Moral support*" is the motto of our knights errant, and off they start for Varna, raising the hopes of their gallant followers, soon, alas! to be bitterly disappointed. Varna has been reached—where next? Are they not going to strengthen the right of the Turks by a dash upon the Russians? If they are determined to allow the natives themselves to punish their invaders, are they not proceeding to take up quarters in Shumla, Rustchuck, Turtukai, Silistria!! Rassova and other places, whence the Ottoman "dogs of war," may be let loose upon their foes?—No such thing; a great effort has been made, and Generals must not be hurried, when crutched along on "*moral support*." But surely something must be in progress. Yea truly; classic shores could not be approached or passed without a revival of classic reminiscences. There must be some sublime commemoration of ancient heroism;—Where could be found a more appropriate one than that of the devotion to his cause exhibited by Agamemnon, king of men! Adverse winds detain his fleet of Grecian warriors in the Straits of Aulis, until the sacrificial offer of his beloved Iphigenia shall appease an offended deity. He yields up his child. England, too, must immolate her dearest and noblest sons to propitiate *some malignant demon!* Where could be found more fitting altars than those Bulgarian plague spots, Aladyn and Devna? What better time than the months of July and August?

That fearful scourge, Cholera, which last year overspread all countries, overtook our troops under circumstances which peculiarly exposed them to its ravages. It is a well-known characteristic of that fell disease that its visits are most commonly paid to the desponding, and such became the condition of our brave fellows, restrained as they were from meeting their enemy, and disheartened by the idiotic measures, which, dooming them to a state of inactivity, exposed them to the malaria of a forlorn camp with its festering offal. "The unfortunate commissariat," says the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "with its usual tact, slaughters the cattle within a short distance of

* We speak of the bulk of their army. Omar Pasha's force on the Danube was rated at the commencement of the war at 100,000.

* Called the Valley of the Plague, from 7000 Russians having perished there by that malady.

the lines, and leaves the offal to accumulate for a week on the spot. * * * The inhabitants of a village in the neighbourhood were obliged to desert their home; and, when a fatigue party was at last applied for to remove the nuisance, the officers' horses could not be induced to approach the ground."

Leaving this tainted and gloomy atmosphere, we hasten to the front after a few brave spirits,* who by their presence vindicated the honor of England, and by their intrepidity smoothed the lowering brows of the indignant and disappointed Ottomans. Over four of these heroes who fell—Butler, Burke, Meynell, and our own brave Arnold†—we pause to shed a passing tear, but even their untimely fate came softened to us by comparison with noble hearts left behind "in cold obstruction" at the Valley of the Plague.

We have now approached a region which it is necessary to reconnoitre with the most deliberate vigilance, before we can persuade our main body of transatlantic brethren to accompany our march. It is really singular to observe what ignorance prevails with respect to the Moldo-Wallachian Principalities. Men seem absolutely to recoil from the subject with a determination *not to listen to a word about it*. Mount one of these gentry on horseback, and name but the *Danube*;—the unhappy wretch at once fancies himself a doomed Ravenswood, sinking through the "Kelpies Flow!"—or let him be the most aerial of rope dancers, and he will forthwith in mortal terror invoke the *manes*

* Among these figure conspicuously the names of Major General Cannon (Brahm Pacha), Colonel Balfour Ogilvie, Lieutenant Colonel (inde, Capt. Bent, R.E., Lieutenants Ballard and Nassmyth, in addition to the four whose names we mention as those of the fallen.

† Captain William Arnold, of the 3d Madras Light Infantry, was the second son of John Arnold, Esq., formerly of Halstead, County of Kent, England, but now and for many years past a highly respected resident of Toronto. After completing his education at Upper Canada College, young Arnold proceeded to join the regiment to which he had been appointed in India, whence he returned about two years since on leave of absence. War was proclaimed while he was enjoying his reunion with his friends, and he was immediately attracted by his professional ardor to the scene of conflict, where he gloriously fell at the attack on Guirgova, made on the 7th July last. In person he was eminently handsome and soldierlike, and his manners were those of a polished gentleman. The following is a brief extract from a published account of the engagement, where he is particularly noticed:—"He had actually advanced with his 50 men on a Russian battery more than 300 yards inland, in which there were two guns, driven them out of it (the enemy retreating their pieces), and held possession, till overwhelming numbers forced him back on Lieutenant Meynell. Here they retained their ground for about two hours, without any reinforcement being sent from the town, until three fresh Russian battalions came down the heights, one of which joined in the attack. At this point the Turks, now far outnumbered, were driven out of the battery to the river bank. Captain Arnold and Lieutenant Meynell were both killed: their bodies were found in the battery, which renders it evident that the gallant fellows had fought where they stood till the last."

of Colonel Hawker for a punt and a pair of mud boots! Such a one would have exhibited a brave and patriotic emotion in listening to the description of the light cavalry charge at Balaklava, as given by the gallant Cardigan; but his cheek would have paled, and he would have become overpowered with horror at the mention of the noble lord's "very interesting march, patrolling along the banks of the *Danube* to Rutchuk and Silistria." Had these gentlemen, before whose eyes *ignes fatui* are perpetually dancing, been subjects of William the Norman, they would have besought him with tearful entreaties to keep away from that horrible England for fear of the *fens of Lincolnshire*; or being of the time of Richard Strongbow or Oliver Cromwell, they would have denounced as madness the very contemplation of an expedition to Ireland, where that illimitable *bog of Allen*, and innumerable other bogs, afforded a safe retreat into which the Hibernians could scamper from their enemies, but where invaders must inevitably be swallowed up.

Premising then that we have *firm footing* for our excursion, we would beg the company of a few friends to accompany us on a canter along the *right bank* of that same terrible Danube, and especially we would crave Lord Cardigan to be "one of us," for nothing can daunt *him* and he would add greatly to the spirit of the "very interesting march." This must be a social party—we must be permitted to sun ourselves out of "the cold shade" of aristocratic prose, and to have a little social chat as we move along. Our nags are good serviceable animals, natives of the Principalities, which are *full* of them, and which furnish great numbers to the Austrian service. To horse then! Let us start from Widdin, the left of the Turkish position, where the river takes a southerly course;—just opposite is Kalafat, where the Turks crossed and gave the Russians a severe beating in spite of all their attempts to force their way to Sérvia;—you observe we are on a high bank while the unfortunate Muscovites, in an unfriendly country, frequently find themselves in a miserable puddle:—*here the river runs at the rate of about two miles an hour*. Now that we are opposite to Citate, another glorious place for the Turks, let us quicken our pace. We have been trotting on an easterly course as far as Nicopoli, along a stream from 300 to 500 yards wide; here it widens to nearly three miles, flowing in a more easterly course among islands.

Now we canter past Sistova and Rustchuck, opposite to which is Giurgevo, another honorable memento of Turkish success. Now to Turtukai, where we look with admiration to the glorious field of Oltenitza on the other side; onwards now to Siliustria and Rassova; and now, my lord, look out for Trajan's Wall—at it we go in true cross-country style—a light lift, a quiet hug of the knee, and well over; here we are just thirty-eight miles from Kustendge. We must now take a more northerly course along the Dabrudscha to Hirseva—here the river runs northerly for about ten miles before it separates into different channels, which bear innumerable vessels laden with cereal products past Brailow to Galatz. Passing Matchin, we approach Brailow, and the bank we traverse being covered with wood, there is no trouble in obtaining a crossing by the numerous islands for any number of men. Here we cross, brush by Brailow and reach Galatz; and now, my lord, that we have described the arc of a bow, look southwesterly to the point whence we started, and, supposing it to be the month of April, you will observe the Russians retreating towards you along the chord of that bow, hotly pressed too by the Turks; advance a little further towards the Carpathians and you have completely turned the enemy's position—he is regularly entrapped—if he remains on the low grounds of the Danube he must perish,—if he keeps the field, you close upon him,—and then you have nothing to do but to drop the three nets, English French and Turkish, upon his whole corey and carry it off, if you please, to be exhibited in the Zoological Gardens; or if you dislike this mode of circumvention, “there, my lord, is your enemy and there are the guns,” and that too without any “*misconception*.”

We have thus in a light vein endeavoured to illustrate a portion of our strategy. The Russians in attacking from the lower bank of the Danube were exposed to great miseries and serious disasters; our position was directly the reverse; we had good positions on the right bank, high grounds for marching, and a friendly country to move in. Moldavia was looking for us with open arms, and would have aided us both with men and provisions; of the former ten thousand well formed troops, who had refused to act with the Russians, would have gladly joined us, and upon them we could have formed an efficient force for the defence of the country. It is idle to argue that the Russians had exhausted the Maldo-Wallacian stores, for

the Austrians have been and still are largely partaking of them. The Principality of Moldavia is especially eligible: it abounds in rich plains covered with countless herds of cattle: towards its western frontier the land becomes *hilly*, and so continues for some distance into Wallucia until towards Bucharest the plains recommence and continue to the Danube, where they frequently present low and swampy aspects. In 1851 the town of Galatz had a population of 36,000 souls, a trade of £1,800,000, and received the cargoes of vessels of 300 tons burden. How different from the opening scene of the present war was the position of Wellington when he disembarked in Mondego Bay with 10,000 men among allies whose army was such a perfect rabble, that they were utterly useless, how triumphant his departure! What glorious results must have followed his combined action on the Danube with such a commander as Omar Pasha, and such men as the Turkish soldiers of Citate and Oltenitza!

Had a provident administration presided over the incipient war, we should have seen a flotilla of gun-boats and transports navigating the Danube from its mouths to Galatz and the gallant Parker would not have died in vain. Having annihilated the Russian army in the Principalities, we should have swept round by Odessa to Perekop, where the marine used on the Danube would have been of inestimable service in navigating the Gulf of Perekop and the Sea of Azov, and in lightening the labours of our land forces in securing the Crimea.

If such had been the strategy pursued, we should have had all the advantage heretofore gained by blockading the Russian fleet at Sebastopol, with the addition of important successes attained in *the heart of Europe*, from which our operations have been most fatally *estranged*. Nothing in fact could have suited the plans of the Czar better than our inexplicable infatuation in removing the contest from its broad and effective theatre to the Ultima Thule of the Crimea. Victories gained there, and known as such among ourselves, are distorted by Russia in her Germanic intercourse into defeats. Her view of the vital points was elucidated by the accumulation of forces in Poland, and by her sudden retreat from Kalafat towards the Pruth, in April, 1854. Thus far the conduct of the war has denied the principle of its inception, and its military plans have disclosed an utter imbecility in point of strategy.

We have not yet done with our good ally, Colonel Chesney, but must exact from him a further contribution. He thus corroborates the statement we made last spring as to the Moldo-Wallachians:—"The supposed ill-will of the Wallachians and Moldavians towards the Turks, was made the ground of interference by Russia: but the rising of some of the people to oppose their invaders, and the flight of others to escape them, are, perhaps, a sufficiently conclusive answer to this statement." Describing Moldavia and Wallachia, he says—"The Sireth, in the upper part of its course, receives the Bistritz, and the Moldavia, which gives its name to the territory—and almost at its termination, the Birlat. These streams, and their affluents, divide almost equally, and completely water the Principality, which has an area of nearly 17,000 square miles. The country is covered in part with extensive forests, producing every kind of timber; and the remainder, which is agricultural or pastoral, is very fertile in wines, as well as in every kind of grain and vegetables. Vast numbers of horses, cattle, and sheep are grazed on its rich meadows. Rock salt, asphaltum, salt-petre, and even gold, are found in this principality. Jassy, the capital, is situated on the Bachei, a muddy stream, one of the affluents of the Pruth. It contains numerous churches and convents, in addition to about 4,000 houses, chiefly of wood. Owing principally to fires, the population has diminished of late years. Previous to 1827, there were about 40,000 inhabitants. Galatz, the only port of Moldavia, is situated on the Danube, between the rivers Pruth and Sireth. Having been made a free port in 1834, it has become a very important place, being the seat of imports and exports for the whole of its extensive province, as well as a depot for Austrian merchandise passing up and down the Danube. Its trade, especially in grain, is very considerable; and the vessels coming thither from various countries are very numerous. The mixed population of Moldavians, Jews, Armenians, and Gypsies, is about half a million.—Wallachia, the other principality, belongs more particularly, to the present geographical limits of Turkey, being washed by the Danube on its southern side, and again on its eastern, by the bend of this river, as it flows northward to the extremity of this province, opposite to Galatz. From its eastern limits, on the left bank of the lower Danube, Wallachia extends about 276 miles to the Upper Danube and Hungary on the

west, and again 127 miles northward, from the left bank of the Danube to Moldavia, and nearly the same distance to Transylvania. It is abundantly watered by various rivers and streams, which traverse the country from the Carpathians to the Danube. The principal of these are the Schyl, which terminates opposite to Rachova; the Aluta, which enters the Danube at Turna; the Argisch, which ends its course opposite to Turtukai; and the Yanolitz, which debouches at Hirsowa. According to Balbi, Wallachia has an area of 21,600 square geographical miles.—A broad, level tract stretches northward from the Danube, that part near the river consisting of marshes and meadow pastures, which are subject to its inundations. *The ground becomes hilly, and more elevated, as it approaches Moldavia. and the western side of the country is mountainous or hilly.* Like Moldavia, this principality is covered in places with extensive forests, but it is still richer in mineral, pastoral, and agricultural products. Iron, copper, lead, silver, and gold are found. *Horses and cattle abound; and according to Wilkinson's account of the principalities, the number of sheep amounts to 2,500,000; while, besides barley, rye, hemp, tobacco, and Indian corn, there is seldom less than 1,250,000 quarters of wheat produced annually.*"

Unhappily there prevails in England an unreasonable apprehension that a campaign anywhere in the neighbourhood of the Danube must be attended with the disastrous results of the Walcheren expedition; of which a wholesome recollection should certainly be preserved among us. But this very remembrance should have prevented the silly march into the Dobrukscha, which only resulted in damage to ourselves. It should have been our course to observe with respect to the Russians the plan which Napoleon in writing to his Minister of War recommended concerning the Walcheren army. "We are rejoiced," said he, "to see that the English have packed themselves in the morasses of Zealand. *Let them be kept in check,* and the bad air and fevers peculiar to the country will soon destroy their army." So long as our enemies confined themselves to the Danubian marshes, our proper line of conduct was to leave them there. But what we wish to impress upon our readers is this, that we could and should have availed ourselves of a firm footing, a healthful locality, an abundant depot of supplies, a friendly country, and an overwhelming position, on the line between Galatz and the Carpathians, from

which we should have been enabled to destroy our adversaries, or to take them in a trap.

We must now be permitted to quote the views which were expressed *eleven months ago* in the Anglo-American magazine. Our opinion, as there enunciated, and already referred to, was, that our fleets were detained at Beicos Bay for the purpose of assisting in the transport of our troops to the theatre of War. We argued thus, "The late move made by the Russians across the Danube into the upper Dobruska, reveals to our view weakness rather than strength. Foiled in their attempt upon Servia, by the resolute attitude of the Turkish left at Widdin and Kalafat, their present object would at first sight, suggest an endeavour to disconnect and weaken Omer Pacha's centre, and thereby to facilitate an advance from Bucharest, upon Kusthouk, Turtukai, or Silistria; but it strikes us that they are chiefly solicitous to cover their most vulnerable point, which clearly lies in their line of communication with Bessarabia and Moldavia. From the distance to be travelled, the state of the roads, and the wretched condition of their Commissariat, their reinforcements and supplies must come tardily to their assistance; while Omar Pacha is not likely to subject himself to be attacked in detail, with weakened forces. He would, indeed, be well pleased to see an advance attempted from the Debraska, upon Varna and Schumla, for it would enable him at the same time to defend his position on the Danube, and spare sufficient numbers of men to inflict a severe blow upon his enemies, isolated as they would find themselves, and cut off from supplies which in 1829 were furnished by sea from Odessa. * * * Hitherto, he," Omar Pacha, "has acted chiefly on the plan pursued by Wellington, when he withdrew behind the lines of Torres Vedras, leaving the army of Massina to become attenuated before him. The Russians, have, heretofore, lost more than they have gained: wounds, dysenteries, and fevers have already done their work upon systems supported by black bread, and reduced by fatigue; and the marshy malaria of the swamps near the mouths of the Danube are not calculated to improve the condition of the present occupants, or to thin their hospitals. * * * Thus we have the Russian force on the Danube in a doubtful, if not precarious condition, while Omer Pacha is about to reap the reward of his patience and masterly inactivity, by the active co-operation of his Anglo-French

allies, whose advance he will probably be enabled to greet with his main points of defence unbroken, and with troops firm in their organization and impatient to meet the enemy. And this brings in view the probable action of the French and British forces. * * * *We hasten to strengthen his right, and to co-operate with him in overlapping the Russians by launching the allied armies against them from Varna, and (should the position of affairs at all permit of it) from the mouths of the Danube.* The result is obvious—the enemy must either risk a battle under overwhelming difficulties, or he must fall back upon his line of communication with Bessarabia and Moldavia. We strike boldly upon that line and intersect it by beating down any opposing force; we take Kilia, Ismail, Galatz, and Foktchani, and we combine with this movement a supporting fleet, which at the same time will distract the attention of our adversaries, by blockading Sebastopol, whose distance from the Danube cannot exceed 200 miles. And who will dispute the reasonable certainty of success? With less than 30,000 British troops we won at Waterloo! And the memorials of San Sebastian, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Acre are before us! Who, then, will deny that we shall carry our object with such soldiers as the French and English, numbering 100,000, and aided by the brave armaments of the Ottoman empire. * * * Having broken the Russian line of communication with Moldavia and Bessarabia, we soon enjoy the fruits of the movement. The advanced force under Omar Pacha will be secured,—the Russians remaining in Wallachia become literally entrapped.* A vast moral influence will be produced among the Moldo-Wallachians, who have already, in many instances, risen against the cruel oppressions of their invaders. By placing arms in the hands of these provincialists, we shall be enabled to convert them into useful allies, and with them and the Turks we may effectively garrison the captured fortresses. The Crimea, inhabited by a Tartar race, will fall as a *corollary to this our first success*, and our position in Asia will be freed from anxiety."

But we are told that there are high authorities against us, and we are threatened with no less personages than Lord Raglan and the Earl of Cardigan. With all due respect for the gallantry of these noblemen, and conceding that the latter is eminently qualified to become the Murat of

* The Russians were in full retreat at the very time this article was being written—in April, 1854.

the British army, we cannot entertain a very exalted idea of their abilities as strategists. We, however, have our authorities, and still greater ones, in the persons of the Emperor Nicholas himself and Marshal Paskiewitch. When the Czar found that he was really for once mistaken as to England, and that she had declared war, backing her enunciation of hostilities with an army and a fleet, he was seized with intense anxiety for the fate of his troops, extended as they were some three hundred miles along the Danube, and over Wallachia. A sudden spring of the British lion, on the line between Galatz and the Carpathians, supported by Britannia from the mouths of that river, must infallibly cut off and annihilate the Russian forces. How little could Nicholas dream of those two British Representatives reposing at Gallipoli and Scutari for the defence of Constantinople. Paskiewitch flies to the seat of war. The Russian retreat from before Kalafat commences on the 2d of April. The Turks follow hotly; where are now their allies?

But the master-stroke of Paskiewitch still remains to be told.—The Russian retreat is not yet effected; the march to the Pruth is a long one, and dust must be thrown into the eyes of the allied generals to prevent their seeing the Muscovite in his movement of *escape*. Proclaim it loudly that the Russian army is going to take possession of Bulgaria—second the dread announcement by the *siege of Silistria*—keep it up bravely until the last of your main body is safely withdrawn—then *amaze* every one by your own sudden disappearance: Your *Rear Guard* has done its duty admirably—the *escape* of your army has been splendidly *masked*. Bravo! Paskiewitch. Bravo! Nicholas. Your troops are now safe to be sent to *Sebastopol*, or wherever they may be needed. We require not the further proof of your own adroitness and our miserable folly by the declaration that you had evacuated the Principalities “for strategic reasons alone!”

We are assured, however, by some of our wise friends, that the Czar retreated from the Austrians! It matters not to our argument if it were so, further than this, that Austrian co-operation would have more effectually promoted our object in cutting off the Russians. But let those believe it who will: we cannot discern any common principle of action between ourselves and Austria; and as to her assistance, we have

our doubts on the subject.* *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

We have already referred to a speech made by Lord Cardigan at the Mansion House banquet given to Sir C. Napier and himself; and the expressions reported to have been used by him on that occasion will show the extent to which our commanders were duped and outwitted in the matter of the attack on Silistria. “It was not well known,” he said, “where the Russians were at the time the siege of Silistria was proceeding.” Further on he stated, “I received from head-quarters a very peremptory order, which was by no means unsatisfactory to me, that I should immediately proceed with a strong body of cavalry to discover *what had become of the Russian army*; for the siege of Silistria had then been raised, and the British Commander-in-Chief was totally ignorant whether the Russians were about to proceed towards Varna to attack our position, or intended to retreat towards their own country!” Shades of Marlborough and Wellington, be calm!

People of England! this is your own war! Awake, then, to your duty and your destiny. Beware of being misguided by Oligarchies, whether they be of choice porcelain or common clay, or of both combined. Confess that you have been hypnotized as well by the Manchester school as by patrician cliques. Suffer not yourselves to be led away by a class-cry, though it be against “*aristocracy*.” Remember that, in the words of Guizot, you have all *grown up together*, and do not forget that a *house divided against itself cannot stand*. In dealing the blows of this war, insist that they shall be delivered with the weight of the principles from which it took its birth. Why enrol foreign legions, yet refrain from striking where the sound of conflict will enlist on your side, as against “*Human Debasement*,” countless hosts of aspiring freemen? Most loyally and affectionately are we with you. So also will be all *civilised America*, if you are but true to yourselves. Sooner or later in Poland in Hungary, and in the Maldo-Wallachian Principalities, must be built up *National Walls* to save Europe

* The news since received by the Atlantic contains the following notice: “An order of the day by the Emperor of Austria, directs that the services rendered *with noble eagerness* by the Empe or Nicholas during the time of unfortunate trials, the Nicholas Regiment of Cuirassiers shall always retain that name as a *souvenir* in the Austrian army.” Could anything be more natural? and could anything be more unnatural than to expect the same corps in full *souvenir* of Russian services to change the Muscovite ranks, *con amore*?

from being disturbed in her progress of civilization by Despotic incursion. Turkey must be recompensed and secured, by being placed in possession of the Crimea.—And those results must be hoped for from your *People's War*.

VERSES.

Speak not of hopes beyond the grave,
Of long unending years of bliss:
Existence more I do not crave,
Of life we have enough in this.

If God there be who'll man reward,
For every deed done since his birth;
Why has He then his goodness marr'd
By not bestowing it on earth?

Why must we struggle on in vain,
And see each effort still defeated?
And why is poverty and pain
To man thus unrelenting meted?

Why to a life of want and woe
Must we submit without repining?
UnsoUGHT existence why bestow,
Without the privilege of resigning?

'Tis vain to hope, the future may
Prove more propitious than it seems:
To me it is a gloomy day,
Through which no hope delusive gleams.

Who, who in never ending strife,
Would strive, though he must never win?
Why cling we fondly thus to life,
When every joy has grief within!

When life's enjoyments all prove brief,
And storms and tempests 'round us gather,
The grave indeed will give relief,
Annihilation give me rather.

O but to be earth's dust again,
Wrapt in the grave's forgetfulness;
And all my hopes and sorrows eud
In an unending nothingness.

* * * * *

O God! thou Great and Gracious One,
Who dwell'st in heaven high,
Before thy holy, awful throne,
Behold a sinner lie.

I own Thy justice and Thy power,
Which has preserved me still;
Thy goodness which unto this hour
Has guarded me from ill.

I own Thy mercy which has spar'd
My life unto this day;
Ill with me truly it had far'd,
Had'st Thou me called away.
The murmurs and the sinful wish
O graciously forgive;
Hereafter while I am on earth,
May I more wisely live.

Repentant and resign'd, I pray
Thou wilt on me bestow
Endurance, that I ever may
Unmurmuring onward go.

R. R.

TOM MOOREIANA. *

No. III.

A MAYOR A LA MIDAS.

A party of amateurs sung glances occasionally between the speeches, and one of their performances being "The last Rose of Summer," the mayor who sat on my right hand, confided to me in a whisper his regret that they should choose such *dull* things for such an occasion: told him I heartily agreed with him.

BYRON'S SENTIMENTALITY.

Described Byron after his illness at Pates looking in the glass and saying, "I look pale; I should like to die of a consumption." "Why?" "Because the ladies would all say, 'Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying'" At Athens he used to take the bath three times a week to thin himself, and drink vinegar and water, eating only a little rice.

THE POET CROWE.

Talking of Crowe, the poet and orator, Money described him in his walks to Oxford sitting at the door of a little wretched inn, within some miles of that place (an inn where he used to sleep in order to break his walk), with an old stump of a pen scrawling down part of the sermon he was to preach that day in the presence of the first nobles and scholars of the land. Did not know before that Crowe was the author of the sweet ballad, "To thy cliffs, rocky Seaton, adieu," which I remember since I was a child.

MATTER OF FACT JUDGE.

Sat next to Jekyll, and was, as usual, amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough. "My Lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the city of London; my Lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My Lord, it is written in the book of nature —" "What book?" says Lord E. "The book of nature." "Name the page," says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down.

MRS. SIDDONS.

She talked of the loss of friends, and mentioned herself as having lost twenty-six friends in the course of the last six years. It is something to *have had* so many. Among other reasons for her regret at leaving the stage was, that she always found in it a vent for her private sorrows, which enabled her to bear them better; and often she has got credit for the truth and feeling of her acting when she was doing nothing more than relieving her own heart of its grief. This, I have no doubt, is true, and there is something particularly touching in it. Rogers has told me that she often complained to him of the great *ennui* she has felt since she quitted her profession, particularly of an evening. When sitting dreary alone she has remembered what a moment of excite-

* Being the continuation of the extracts made from the "Memoirs, Journals and Correspondence of Tom Moore," Vol. III., p. 202.

ment it used to be when she was in all the preparation of her toilette to meet a crowded house and exercise all the sovereignty of her talents over them. *Apropos* of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time, upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office shelf, and looking into it, said, "So you ought, Sir, and *three more*."

COMMODORE TRUNNION.

Called upon Miss Crump, and found Lord Dillon with her. His description of the way in which he lives at Ditchley; reading aloud of an evening all "the good old coarse novels," *Percegrine Pickle* particularly, because Commodore Trunnon was his (Lord Dillon's) uncle. Told of the manner in which this uncle died. His old rough tar of a servant came to his room to say the carriage was ready, and then looking at his master, exclaimed, "Why you're dead on one side." "I am, Tim," he answered; "turn me on the other," which Tim did; and he died.

PAT AND POTATOES.

Murry's story of a poor Irishman he met with on his way from Edinburgh. This Poor Paddy was leaning disconsolately at a gateway, with a small painful of potatoes near him, when a dandy on the top of the coach said to him, pointing to the potatoes, "I say, Pat, how do you call those things in Ireland?" "Call, Sir," answered the other; "Oh, faith, there's no use in *calling* them; we're obliged to *fetch* them."

HONEST JOHN.

Jekyll's story about "Honest John" (Sheridan's servant). Kemble making him bring wine after all the rest of the party had gone to bed, and sit down with him; taking him to see him home, and bidding him strike him if he saw him getting into a row. Kemble quarrelling with the coachman, and "Honest John" obeying him; upon which Kemble turned to and gave him a desperate licking.

JOHN HUNTER.

John Hunter once saying to Lord Holland, "If you wish to see a great man you have one before you. I consider myself a greater man than Sir Isaac Newton." Explained then why; that discoveries which lengthen life and alleviate sufferings are of infinitely more important to mankind than any thing relating to the stars, &c. &c.

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb sitting next some chattering woman at dinner; observing he didn't attend to her, "You don't seem (said the lady) to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you." "No Ma'am" (he answered), but this gentlemen at the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other."

TRUE HISTORY OF A TULIP.

BY ALPHONSE KARR.

An amateur of tulips was one day exhibiting a choice collection of his favorite flowers to his friends, among whom I had the good fortune to be present, and in his enthusiasm was attributing to each some precious quality, which, he affirmed, greatly enhanced their value. With a thin wand he tried the strength of the stalks, which resisted his attempts to bend them, and then remarked, with gratified pride, on the beauty and the healthful condition of the flowers. "They seemed to grow," he observed, "on bars of iron." And, in truth, your real amateur of tulips generally considers that a tulip which does not weigh a quarter of an ounce ought of necessity to be supported by a stalk endowed with the supporting properties of iron. A similar absurdity prevailed in 1812, when tulips, I think, were not permitted to be yellow.

Our friend had shown *Gluck*, a splendid tulip, white, shaded with violet; *Joseph Deschiens*, a real diamond, equally white and yellow; *Vunœel*, the pearl of its kind, always white and violet; *Czartoriski*, white and rose, remarkable for the purity of its colours; *Napoleon I.*, the *Incomparable Purple*, and sixteen hundred besides, when he stopped at length before a tulip, with a meaning smile, indicating it by gesture, and without saying a word.

One of the visitors enquired whether the tulip had a name like the others?

The owner of the flowers placed a finger upon his lips in the manner that Harpocrates, the God of Silence, is represented; and then observed of the tulip, without taking notice of the question—

"Mark what magnificent colours—what grace of form—what purity of design! It is indeed a faultless tulip."

"And you call it—"

"This tulip is without a rival in my collection, and is worth all the others put together. There are, my friends, only two of the same kind in the world."

"But the name?"

"Ay, true, the name; but I cannot tell you this without forfeiting my honour. I should indeed be delighted to give you its real designation, to proclaim it everywhere, to inscribe it in letters of gold, for it is indeed a name that should be honoured and treasured."

"But," ventured to observe some of the

visitors, to the enthusiastic tulip-cultivator, "we ought not to press you to mention the name of the tulip, because you may have some political scruples. Perhaps it bears the name of some famous rebel, which it would be treason to repeat. In such case you are right not to compromise yourself. All of us might not perhaps have the same political sentiments."

"Not at all—not at all. The name has nothing whatever to do with politics. Let it suffice that I have engaged my honour never to repeat the real name. It blooms here *incognito*, under a disguise that nothing may penetrate. Perhaps I have already said too much on the subject; to others, for whom I have not the same esteem I entertain towards you, I do not even go thus far. I do not even point the tulip out as the queen of flowers; I pass before it with apparent indifference. Let, therefore, your curiosity be satisfied when I call this superb tulip, Rebecca, although it is not the true designation."

The visitors left the garden, and I retired with them; but my curiosity being greatly excited, I returned the following morning, and finding the veteran among his flowers, I at once opened the subject upon which he had been speaking the day before.

"Tell me," I said to him, "if there is not some mystery connected with this tulip? some family tragedy, perhaps, or—"

"You shall hear. This flower, which we will continue to call Rebecca, was formerly in the possession of an amateur who had paid dearly for it, for hearing that there was one tulip of a similar description in Holland, he proceeded thither to purchase it, and afterwards destroyed every vestige, to render his own tulip unique. Every year the exceeding beauty of the flower excited the admiration and envy of the numerous visitors that flocked to see his collection. So preciously did he guard his treasure, that he always destroyed the offsets that came off the tulip root, fearful lest the flower might be reproduced. With regard to myself, I dare not tell you how much I had offered him for one of the offsets, which he used every year to grind in a mortar to annihilate them. So deep was my passion for this incomparable tulip, that, to obtain it, I would have pledged all my property—ay, and even compromised the future welfare of my children. Such are the effects of infatuation which few can resist. I began to view my own collection

of tulips, without this gem, with a kind of disgust. My most beautiful flowers could not console me for the want of this. In vain my friend, the fortunate possessor, would say to me, "Come and see the tulip as often as you like." I was dissatisfied. I went, it is true, and seated myself before it for hours, lost in the deepest admiration, but I was never left alone with it. My well-known passion for tulips had inspired jealousy. Indeed, I was quite capable of stealing the treasure; or I might—such is the effect of envy—have thrown some deleterious mixture upon it. The tulip would not certainly have long existed, and I should have felt no remorse at sacrificing it. The flower must either be mine, or not bloom for others. At length my despair was so great, that for one year I abandoned my hitherto cherished tulips; but my gardener, from more compassion to them, perhaps, than to myself, took care of them."

"But how did you get this tulip?"

"Patience, my friend; we are coming to that event. I caused an offset to be stolen. My friend, the possessor of the tulip, had a nephew, who entertained expectations of wealth from his uncle, and, in consequence, affected to have a great admiration for tulips, assisting his uncle in planting and tending them; the cunning rogue, however, well knew that if he did not thus humour his relative, his presence would not be tolerated. The uncle is a rich man; but he never supposes that a young man can want money. The nephew got into pecuniary difficulties, and the creditor threatening to appeal for payment to the uncle, the young man applied to me for a loan to relieve him from his embarrassments. I was cruel, sir, and refused him at first. I even went so far as to exaggerate the consequences of an appeal made to his uncle. After having terrified the young man with the picture I had drawn, I said quietly,—'However, I will not desert you in your need. You shall have the money you require.'

"'Thanks, a thousand thanks,' he replied, warmly; 'you have restored me to life.'

"'Yes; but on one condition.'

"'A hundred, if you please.'

"'Nay, only one. You must procure me a shoot of—, the tulip in question.'

"'He drew back, terrified at the proposition.'

"'My uncle will drive me away, and disinherit me.'

"'But how can he know it? Whereas, un-

less you are released, he must to a certainty be informed of your debts.'

"If I was sure he would never know—"

"That will depend upon your own silence."

"But you—"

"At length, by dint of persuasion and argument, the nephew promised to give me a shoot of the tulip, when he could procure one; but he obliged me upon oath never to mention the real name of the flower until his uncle's death."

"In return for his engagement, I gave him the money required; and since this event we have both kept our words. I have had the tulip, and its name has not passed my lips. The first time it was in bloom I received a visit from the uncle. Among tulip amateurs such visits are frequent. He gazed earnestly upon the flower and turned pale.

"What do you call this?" he inquired in a voice broken with emotion.

"Ah, sir! here was an occasion to repay him all the unhappiness he had caused me. I could have eased my mind by mentioning the forbidden name, but I thought of my promise; and, besides, the nephew was present. He had looked at me in agony.

"I simply replied to the old man's question, 'Rebecca.' He could not, however, divest his mind from the conviction that there was a striking resemblance between his precious tulip and my own, and he appeared very thoughtful. He praised my collection warmly, but said nothing about the tulip, which is the pearl and the diamond of them all. The next day, and for several following, he came to my garden, always regarding intently the flower, until at length his eyes began to deceive him, and he fancied that between 'Rebecca' and his own tulip, there were all manner of differences.

"Well, sir, I have now the tulip I have so long and ardently desired; and still I must own to you that happiness is yet far from me. Of what use is the magnificent flower if I may not pronounce its real name? Some experienced amateurs who call to see my collection, almost recognise the tulip! but I am obliged to deny it, and I have not yet met with one sufficiently bold to tell me that I speak an untruth. Every day I am obliged to submit to fresh torture, for people are filling my ears with praises of the tulip belonging to my friend, without my being permitted to tell them that I possess a similar flower. When I am alone, I have a few moments of enjoyment, for I can then call the tulip by its

real name, and lavish upon it the most tender epithets. Yesterday I had some gleams of real happiness, for I actually repeated the name, in a low voice, to a person who called upon me—but I did not break my engagement, for the man was so deaf that he could not have heard the report of a cannon. This temporary liberty consoled me; but I feel that I cannot hold any longer the secret that oppresses me. Affirm to me by your honour that you will not, in your turn, repeat what I tell you, and I will then inform you what is the real name of this 'Rebecca,' this queen disguised as a peasant. Your oath will not weigh upon you as mine has, you will not have to struggle like me. Sir, it is frightful!"

I had compassion on the enthusiastic and unhappy tulip-fancier, and I promised never to repeat what he might confide to me.

With an expression of pride and triumph it is impossible to describe, he touched the plant with his cane, and said in a low tone:—

"It is——"

But I must not forget that I am bound by a promise not to repeat the name of the famous tulip; and the reader will, I am sure respect such scruples, and be satisfied with what has been related.

SONNET.—POESY.

Immortal Gift! he who inherits thee
How blest his fate! among thy realms to soar
Through long, long years I've striven, I adore
Thy hallowed sanctuary, yet o'er me
Thy meekest worshipper, can never rest
The wreath which thy true votary doth claim,
I cannot shun thee, for thou art the zest,
And life of my sad spirit, yet the same
Wild song that doth invoke thee, tells me now
That folly is my idol. Happy ye!
To whom the dower is given, o'er whose brow
Hangs the lay of heavenly poesy,
Think of those souls who roam your paths among
Who feel yet cannot paint the charms of song.

GEORGE BAYLEY.

SINGULAR PROBLEM.—There was a singular problem among the Stoics, which ran to this purpose:—When a man says "I lie," does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies. Many were the books written on this wonderful problem. Chrysippus favoured the world with no less than six; and Philatus studied himself to death in his vain endeavours to solve it.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SCENERY XXXIV.

[Major, Laird, Doctor, Purser.]

LAIRD.—Did ony o' ye notice the scurry and skunk-like treatment, that my worthy auld friend the editor o' the *Commercial Advertiser*, received the other week at Montreal?

MAJOR.—I, for one, am not cognizant of the matter to which you refer.

LAIRD.—The decent man, being naturally anxious to gie his customers an inkling o' the speeches that were to be spoken at the bit chack o' a dinner to the Governor General, proceeded to the *sally manger* (as the French creatures say) wi' his pencils sharpened, and his note book ready for action.

DOCTOR.—Pray reach me a pipe, Mr. Purser! When Bonnie Braes unbutton's his vest, as he is doing now, I always anticipate a screed, long as one of your own yarns!

LAIRD.—Snaul awa, ye auld, backbiting reptile! If ye sat for five minutes without a glance and a grin, we might expect the stane maceorn on the front o' the Post Office, to slide!

MAJOR.—Never mind him, Laird, but go on wi' your narration.

LAIRD.—Weel, as I was saying, my gossip, when he reached the scene o' action, put up a petition to the stewards' for a perch from which he could see and hear a' that was gauging, on.

DOCTOR.—The matches, if you please Mr. Soho.

LAIRD.—And what do ye think was the accommodation conceded to the representatives o' the Fourth Estate?

MAJOR.—Being no table-rapper, I am unable to divine.

LAIRD.—Why, a waiter, black as Mahoun, took the pair body by the cuff o' the neck, as if he had been a pick-pocket, and led, or rather, I should say, dragged him into a closet, where the scallions cleaned the plated spoons, and German-silver forks, used by the banqueters.

MAJOR.—A somewhat free-and-easyish proceeding, I must admit.

LAIRD.—When Sambo got the sage into this crotch den, he directed him to put his venerable jaw between twa shelves, and listen through the cracks to what the *Masses'* said!

MAJOR.—And did he act upon the suggestion of the native of Ethiopia?

LAIRD.—Hoo can ye ask sic an evendoon, idiotical question! Na! na! the editor's bald pate got as red as a boiled lobster, wi' even doon rage. He devoted the company—not even excluding the *Head* guest—to the infernal Gods: and giving Sambo a kick on the shins, which made the ebony servitor roar like a bull o' Bashan, decamped wi' a' the speed o' Johnnie Cope, when he ran frae Prince Charlie at Preston Pans!

PURSER.—Pray, is that a fair sample of the usage, which in Canada is usually meted out to the corps editorial?

MAJOR.—Why no. The case cited by our bucolic associate is unquestionably an extreme one.

DOCTOR.—There is no denying the fact, however, that the press in our Province by no means occupies the position, or commands the respect to which it is legitimately entitled.

LAIRD.—And whaese fault is that, I should like to ken? Just their ain, and sorrow a doubt about it!

PURSER.—What mean you?

LAIRD.—I mean that if folk will be constantly whimpering and whining for their hard earned dues, like a pack o' blate-faced beggars craving a dole o' cauld tatties and half pyked banes, they must lay their account to be treated wi' contempt at kirk and market. That's what I mean.

MAJOR.—Humiliating as it sounds, I must admit that there is a glimmer of truth, in what the Laird has advanced.

LAIRD.—*Glimmer!* If ye had said a bleeze o' meridian light, ye would hae been, by mony degrees, nearer the mark. Hardly can ye open ane a' our Colonial braid sheets, without meeting wi' a mournful and begrutten appeal to costive paying subscribers, beseeching and imploring them to remit a dollar or twa, in order to keep the Sheriff and his ravaging wolves frae carrying awa the press, and devouring the *pi!*

PURSER.—But if the patrons of letters wont fork out, what are the hapless children of Faust to do?

LAIRD.—What are they to do quo' he? Just what tailors, and grocers, and baxters, and butchers do, in similar circumstances. Put on the thoom-screws o' law, my lad—and turn them around till they churt oot every plack and hawbee that is resting and owing!

DOCTOR.—It is all very easy to talk so bravely, with a foot of clay in your mouth, and a goblet of hot stuff at your elbow. If you belonged to the typographical tribe you would find the difference between practice and theory.

LAIRD.—What difference, I should like unco' weel to ken?

DOCTOR.—Why, if you prosecuted a delinquent client, what would be the consequences? He would at once tell you to stop his paper.

LAIRD.—Deil may care! Better a toom house than an ill tenant!

DOCTOR.—So great is the variety and competition of newspapers in the Province, that scores of rival sheets would be ready to receive the *victim* with open arms, and give him credit reaching to the commencement of the Millennial age!

LAIRD.—Quite true—and here lies (or *lays* as neighbour Yankee says,) the root o' the disorder. If the periodical press o' Canada would hope to thrive, the proprietors thereof must combine, and form a league offensive and defensive against the common enemy.

PURSER.—Indeed!

LAIRD.—Yes, indeed! And what for no?

PURSER.—What course of campaign would you chalk out?

LAIRD.—I would hae a weekly or a monthly *Gazette* printed for private circulation among the Fourth Estate, containing a list o' dishonest or, what is the same thing, stubborn debtors. It would be a rule inexorable as the laws o' the Medes and Persians. (which, ye ken, altered not,) that nae body whose name appeared on the black head roll, should be served wi' a paper, till he had wiped aff auld sores, and received a bill o' health, in a similitude o' a receipt for a' demands.

MAJOR.—The idea lacks neither justice nor ingenuity, but do you think it would work?

LAIRD.—Think! I am cock sure aboot its success! Newspapers hae come to be as essential necessities o' life to the million, as tea to auld wives, and tobacco to the likes o' huz! There are thousands, I may say tens o' thousands, that would rather want their joint than their journal.

DOCTOR.—Your plan bears a somewhat dictatorial odour, in these latter days of liberality and free trade.

LAIRD.—Like enough, but extreme cases require extreme measures, as the auld Clear Grit

brewer Noll Cromwell said, when he cut aff his king's head! I maintain that the very existence o' a newspaper press in oor pendicle of the British empire depends upon my scheme, or something cognate thereto, being carried into effect. Within the last three months, twa Toronto prints have rendered up the ghost, no' for want o' a paying circulation, but simply and solely because the subscribers wudna' liquidate their scores, like Christians! Often and often do I wonder, when doucely smoking my cuttie at the ingle o' Bonnie Braes, whaur sic reprobates expect to gang after they hae kicked the bucket!

MAJOR.—There is one very reprehensible practice, which tends to aggravate and give vitality to the evil we are discussing. I allude to the half-crying, half-jesting allusions, which newspaper engenderers are continually making to their poverty and *whiteness* of teeth. When the public constantly hear pauper-like cries of *pay the printer*, they are insensibly led to regard the utterers as mere mendicants, and to deal with them accordingly. If people won't respect themselves, they have no right to look for respect or consideration from others.

LAIRD.—You never said a truer word! I hae nae pity for the journalist wha' gangs blubbering, like a scourged dunce into a debtor's prison, because he had nae the pluck and virility to ask for his ain, as a man should do.

DOCTOR.—Some of these fine mornings, your quarters will be assuredly beaten up by a deputation from the journal mongers of Canada, with a service of plate, by way of testimonial for your chivalrous advocacy of their interests. In the event of no such catastrophe occurring, the word *gratitude* may be expunged from our lexicons, *quam primum*, or *right away* as the vernacular of this Canada hath it.

LAIRD.—Hoot toots wi' your testimonials! If I can only rouse the pair dyvors frae their trance o' despair, and induce them to fight for their ain, as even a tinkler's dog will do for its mess o' cauld parritch, I will be richly repaid.

MAJOR.—By the way, Squire Purser, what has become of your long promised review of "*The Female Emigrant's Guide*?"

PURSER.—That question comes with a pestilently *outré* grace from your honour! Why since ever I re-landed on the rotten wharves of Muddy Little York, you have been dunning my very soul out, to complete my *Tarns*, and yet with all the friggidity of an iced cucumber, jes make requisition for a review!

LAIRD.—I think he has you there, Crabtree my man!

MAJOR.—If you have read the work, which I see is now completed, perhaps you will give us a *via voce* opinion thereon?

PURSER.—Frequently when consulted on sundry topics by emigrant passengers in our steamer, have I longed for some practical handbook for the guidance of these anxious enquirers. Such a desideratum, Mrs. Traill's work admirably supplies. It was the very thing that was wanted, as far as *plan* is concerned, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the *execution* thereof.

MAJOR.—That is precisely my own impression, and I am glad to have it so emphatically confirmed, both for the sake of the amiable and accomplished authoress, and the legions who, I trust, will be advantaged by her lucubrations.

PURSER.—Of course it is next to impossible to give any *vidimus* of the contents of a volume, which embraces every thing of importance to an emigrant, from the building of a log hut, to the manufacture of a potato cheese. You might as well attempt to analyze a dictionary or encyclopedia. Enough to say, that in carefully looking over the pages of the production, I have been able to discover no omission of any vital consequence. On the contrary my admiration and wonder has been excited by the reflection that "one small head" could have accumulated and embodied such a wealth of varied and useful knowledge.

LAIRD.—It's a mercy that Gaffer Traill does us hear ye, my Craw lad! He would aiblins be waxing jealous as Blue Beard, at the fervour o' your commendation!

DOCTOR.—As I have not had time, and possibly never shall have time to peruse the *Guide*, perchance you will be charitable enough to give me a slight inkling of its style.

PURSER.—With the greatest pleasure. Here is a graphic description of a

FIRE IN THE BUSH.

The summer of 1845 was one of almost tropical heat. From the first week in July to the end of August the heat exceeded that of any season within the memory of the oldest settler.

For days together the temperature varied from ninety to ninety-six and sometimes ninety-eight degrees in the shade. We began to think any degree of heat below ninety moderate. The earth became dust; the grass, stubble; the small creeks, and most of the springs were dried up. No rain fell for many weeks. The clouds when they rose were watched with long-

ing eyes, and every one speculated, and hoped they were charged with rain. A thunder-storm was really looked forward to as a blessing; but none came to cool the glowing atmosphere, and cool the parched earth. The cattle wandered far for water—it was a bad summer for the dairy.

A new source of anxiety arose from the fires which, as usual, had been kindled on the newly-chopped fallows.

Encouraged by the dryness of the wood, and absence of moisture from the ground and herbage, it spread with fearful rapidity—driven onward by a strong wind.

We are surrounded by fires on all sides of the clearing. At one time the log-barn was in imminent danger of being destroyed: the fire was burning among the roots, and had got to a log-fence near the barn. This had to be removed with all speed, or the building would have been destroyed. The fire ran among the standing grass, and old rotten stumps. At night the scene was very striking:—an old log-house, used as a hay-barn, was burnt down—it was full of new hay. The hay was saved; the horses stood patiently with the fires within a few yards of them while it was removed. A quarter of an hour afterwards the building was on fire, and a fine spectacle it made. Day after day the stumps and roots continued to burn. Sometimes the fences were on fire, and all hands were obliged to assist in subduing the destructive element. The springs were dry:—we had every day to open new holes to get water to put out the fires, and the supply was so small that, if it had been our only resource, we must have been burned out; but upon the hoe, the spade, and the plough was our main reliance placed.

Help from our neighbours we could not obtain. When we sent a messenger for one, he and all his family were battling with the fire on their own clearing; to a second, his fences were on fire—all hands were employed in saving the crops; a third, the barn was in danger; and so we were forced to rouse every energy that we could to overcome the danger. Ourselves, women, and little children—all had to help; and this continued day after day. At night we got rest; for as soon as the breeze went down, and the dews fell, the fires ceased to run. The fire then became oppressive to a degree of suffocation, being loaded with the smell of the rank weeds, and burning roots and stumps of decayed trees. Each night the sun went down in a red haze; no rain fell, and still the fires burned on. The wind carried the sparks into a thick cedar-swamp, not far from the house, a few acres intervening, and there it blazed and leaped from tree to tree. The children were never tired of looking at it. I trembled lest the wind should change and bring it back upon us. Often we would wonder in such case how we should save our furniture, for the fires were around us on all sides. At last, in the month of September, rain fell, and the earth smoked and reeked as it

came down. The Autumn rains finally extinguished the fires all over the country, and the dread of their ravages was at an end for that year; but it was neither the first time nor the last that I have seen the fire within a hundred feet of the dwelling-house, and been obliged to give my own feeble help to assist in subduing it.

In cases of emergency, it is folly to fold one's hands and sit down to bewail in abject terror: it is better to be up and doing.

LAIRD.—Hech sirs! The very reading o' sic a scene, maks a body dry as a saut herring! Rax me the grey beard o' swipes, Sangrado, and put the draught doon to Mrs. Traill's acceptment! If I err in imbibing, the sin must rest upon her head!

PURSER.—Our authoress gives some lively sketches of the leading characteristics of the months in Canada. Familiar as following notabilia touching and concerning the primary section of the year, must be to you all, I think you cannot fail to listen to it with relish:—

JANUARY.

There is always a January thaw in the early part of the month, when the December snows melt off. The frost then relaxes its iron bands, and a moist atmosphere takes the place of the keen frosts of early winter: rain frequently falls and high winds blow. A change is sure to take place again on or about the twelfth of January: snow again covers the ground. After heavy snow storms a cold north-west wind begins to blow; the new fallen snow is sent in clouds like smoke over the open fields, drifting in high banks on the road sides, filling up the corners of the rail fences, and blocking the narrow lanes: the cutting wind plays fantastic tricks on the edges of these snow drifts, sweeping them out in hollows and caves, sculpturing their spotless surfaces in curved lines of the most graceful forms, so that you would imagine some cunning hand had chiselled them with infinite care and pains. But while these changes are going on with the snow-falls in the open country, in the great forests is very different. There undisturbed by the war of winds, the snow flakes fall in ceaseless silent showers till the whole dark unsightly mass of fallen trees and broken boughs are covered with the spotless deposit. The thick branches of the evergreens receive the load that falls from the lofty pines and naked hardwood trees, as moved by the wind they shake off the feathery burden. Go into the forest the morning after a heavy snow storm and you will behold one of the purest, one of the loveliest scenes that nature can offer you. The young saplings bent down with the weight of snow, unable to lift their heads, are bent into the most graceful arches and hang like bowers of crystal above your path; the keen frost has frozen the light branches and holds them down to the hardening surface, so that these bent trees remain in

this way till the breath of spring sets them once more free, but often they retain the bent form and never recover the upright shape entirely. The cedar swamp which is so crowded with trees, of all ages and sizes, from the tiny seedling, rooted on the decayed trunks of the old fallen trees, to the vigorous sapling striving to make its way upwards, and the hoary trunks, over the bleached and mossy heads of which centuries have passed, now presents a curious aspect, filled with masses of new fallen snow, which forms huge caverns and curtains lying in deep banks on the prostrate trunks, or adorning the extended fanlike branches with mimic flowers of the purest white.

January parties, balls, pic-nics and sleigh rides are frequent in the towns and long settled parts of the country; so that though the cold is often intense, this season is not without its pleasures. The backwoodsman is protected in his drives by the ancient forest, which excludes the wind and is equal to a second great coat in travelling.

No vegetation is to be seen going on in this month: silence and stillness prevail. The bear, the racoon, the porcupine, the groundhog, the flying squirrel and little striped chitmunk or ground squirrel, with many other smaller animals lie soundly sleeping in their nests or burrows. The woods are deserted by most of the feathered tribes, a solitary tree creeper, the little spotted woodpecker, with some of the hardy little birds called Chickadee-dee by the natives, are alone seen on sunny days in the thick shelter of the pines and hemlocks; while around the houses of the settlers the snowbirds in lively flocks whirl hither and thither in the very wildest of the snow drifts, or a solitary whiskey jack (Canada Jay) ventures to gather up the crumbs which have been swept outside the door. Sometimes the graceful form of a black squirrel may be seen running along the outstretched branch of a tree, his deep sable fur contrasting very remarkably with the glittering silver snow, over which he gambols as gaily as if in the warmth of a July sun.

MAJOR.—Very natural, and life-like painting.

PURSER.—Mrs. Traill cultivates the lyric music as well as the kitchen garden, and that with success, as the subjoined graceful stanzas will demonstrate.

LAIRD.—If ye are ganging to read poetry, gie me permissun to fresh fill my pipe. I never can appreciate rhyme, or, indeed, blank verse for that matter, unless the reek curls kindly about my nose. It clears the faculties, and creates a balmy, idyllic atmosphere, strongly suggestive o' that which prevails in Fairy Land!

DOCTOR.—With which, of course, you are ripely familiar!

PURSER.—Shall I go on now?

LAIRD.—By a' means! my tube is venting to admiration!

PARSER.—Listen then:—

THE GRAVES OF THE EMIGRANTS.

They sleep not where their fathers sleep,
In the village churchyard's bound;
They rest not 'neath the ivied wall,
That shades that holy ground.

Not where the solemn organ's peal,
Pours music on the breeze,
Through the dim aisle at even hour,
And swells amid the trees.

Not where the turf is ever green,
And spring-flowers blossom fair,
Upon the graves of the ancient men,
Whose children sleep not there.

Where do they rest, those hardy men,
Who left their native shore?
To earn their bread in distant lands,
Beyond the Atlantic's roar?

They sleep on many a lonely spot,
Where the mighty forest grew,
Where the giant pine, and stately oak,
A darkling shadow threw.

The wild bird pours her early song,
Above their grassy waves;
And far away through the stilly night,
Is heard the voice of waves.

And the breeze is softly sighing,
The forest boughs among,
With mournful cadence dying,
Like harps by angels strung.

And lilies nursed by weeping dew,
Shed here their blossoms pale;
And spotless snow-flowers lightly bend,
Low to the passing gale.

The fire-fly lights her sparkling lamp,
In that deep forest-gloom;
Like Hope's blest light that breaks the night,
And darkness of the tomb.

The mossy stone, or simple cross,
Its silent record keeps
Where mouldering in the forest-shade,
The lonely exile sleeps.

LAIRD.—Bonnie! vera bonnie! I wonder if it is the smoke that has filled my eyes wi' water? Has ony o' ye seen my pocket napkin? I hope, Doctor, ye hana' been picking a pair body's pouch?

DOCTOR.—If a poor body's head was broken, his manners might hae a fair chance of improvement!

PARSER.—Before dismissing Mrs. Truill's brochure, I may remark that it is profusely adorned with well-executed wood cuts, which illustrate some of the principal architectural features of Canada West, and adds value to the work.

LAIRD.—There's a book lying before you, Crabtree, o' which I must crave the favour of a reading. I mean *Price of a Crown*; or *Jehu the Alchemist*. The writer, I notice, is Eugene Sue, and I am unco greedy for Sue's productions.

DOCTOR.—A pretty confession for a ruling elder!

LAIRD.—Haud your peace, ye born reprobate! It will be mony a lang and weary day, before ony Kirk Session is sae far to itsel' as to elevate you to that post!

MAJOR.—Do you remember, Laird, of a tale which some time ago came under our investigation, bearing the "caption" of *Donna Blanca of Navarre*?

LAIRD.—Brawly! It was frae the pen o' Don Francisco Navarro Villoslada, if my memory does na' cheat me. But we were speaking anent Eugene Sue, and no' the Don.

MAJOR.—Learn, Oh thou clodcrusher of Bonnie Braes, that *Blanca* and *Jehu* are only different names for one and the same romance!

LAIRD.—What div ye mean?

MAJOR.—My meaning simply is, that the New York bibliopole finding, most probably, that the book was likely to prove a drug upon his hands, has imprinted a fresh title page, with the nomen of Sue thereon, in order to beguile unsophisticated juveniles, like yourself, out of a dollar!

LAIRD.—Oh the wickedness, o' this perverse and stiff-necked day and generation! What is the name o' the landlouper that has played sic a slippery trick?

MAJOR.—*T. L. Magagnos*, and he calls his emporium *Astor Publishing House*.

LAIRD.—I'll write doon the address in my pocket-book, by way o' a cautionary memorandum. Catch neighbour *Magagnos* (what an unwholesome sound the word has!) ever getting a bawbee oot o' the spleuchan o' a certain farmer that shall be nameless! If I bought the *Westminster Confession of Faith* frae the scamp, I would hae nae confidence that it wudna' turn oot to be "*The Thirty-nine Articles*," or the *Koran* itself, for that matter.

MAJOR.—As an Anglo-Catholic, I presume that I am in duty bound to thank you for your complimentary polemic classification!

LAIRD.—Nae offence was intended. This skinned gowk that ye are! Oh keep us, ye are getting as touchy in your declining years as Sangrado himsel'! I fear that I'll hae to wear

a muzzle at our sederunts in future, which would ill convene baith wi' pipe and swipes!

MAJOR.—Cry you mercy, honest rustic! Do you flatter yourself that you would ruffle the equanimity of Cullpepper Ciabtree?

LAIRD.—Honest rustic indeed! Nae mair honest than yourself! I'll tak nae sic nicknames frae ony auld Puseyite in Christendee!

MAJOR.—Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Bonnie Braes, you will assuredly be the death of me, and so probably cause my friends King and Duggan, to arrive for the sad luxury of holding an inquest upon this clay shanty!

LAIRD.—Its a' very fine to laugh, but in future I will thank you to keep your honesty to yourself!

MAJOR.—Smile as you will, sweet agriculturist, and I'll call thee the Pope and Patriarch of knaves, if that will content thee!

LAIRD.—I begin to opine we are baith crazy, and me the daftest o' the twa!

DOCTOR.—By the way Laird permit me to lay at your feet, a very readable, and, as far as I can judge, very practical tractate, entitled "*The Pig*."

LAIRD.—Wha is it written by?

DOCTOR.—A Mr. W. E. L. Martin. It forms one of a series of shilling "books for the country," recently commenced by Routledge & Co of London. They are neatly printed, tastefully embellished and wonderfully cheap.

MAJOR.—Would that you had selected a more inviting subject. *The Pig!* there is indignation and culinary horrors of all shapes in the very name! Good old John Wesley, who was a man of Catholic taste as well as piety, said, I abominate "swine's flesh" from my inmost soul!

LAIRD.—And yet, unless I am the mair mistaken, I hae seen you, at this very table, walk fervidly into the affections o' a smoked ham! But touching neighbour Martin's treatise, let us hae a rasher thereof, by way o' whet to our yill.

DOCTOR.—Here is a little antiquarian matter connected with the bristly brotherhood.

Whatever the motives might have been, both among the Egyptians and the Jews, which led them to forbid the use of swine's flesh on the table, a regard to the health of the people was not one. Locusts were permitted by the latter, but creeping things in general denied, as were also fishes destitute of apparent scales. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the flesh of the pig was held in great estimation. The art of rearing, breeding, or fattening these animals was made a complete study: and the

dishes prepared from the meat were dressed with epicurean refinement, and in many modes. One dish consisted of a young pig whole, stuffed with beccaficoes and other small birds, together with oysters, and served in wine and rich gravy. This dish was termed *Porcus Trojanus*, in allusion to the wooden horse, filled with men, which the Trojans introduced into their city—an unpleasant allusion, one would think, seeing that the Romans boasted their Trojan descent. However, such was the name of this celebrated and most expensive dish, so costly indeed, that sumptuary regulations were passed respecting it.

Esteemed, however, as the flesh of the hog was by the Greeks and Romans, commonly as this animal was kept, and carefully and even curiously as it was fed, in order to gratify the appetites of the wealthy and luxurious, yet the swineherd, as may be inferred from the silence of the classic writers, and especially of the poets who painted rural life, was not held in much estimation. No gods or heroes are described as keeping swine. Theocritus never introduces the swineherd into his idyls, nor does Virgil admit him into his eclogues, among his tuncful shepherds. Homer indeed honours Eumæus, the swineherd of Ulysses, with many commendations; but he is a remarkable exception. Perhaps a general feeling prevailed, and still in some measure prevails, that the feeders of the gluttonous and wallowing swine became assimilated in habits and manners to the animals under their charge: or it may be, that the prejudices of the Egyptians relative to this useful class of men, extended to Greece or Italy, giving a bias to popular opinion.

From the earliest times in our own island the hog has been regarded as a very important animal, and vast herds were tended by swineherds, who watched over their safety in the woods, and collected them under shelter at night. Its flesh was the staple article of consumption in every household, and much of the wealth of the rich and free portion of the community consisted in these animals. Hence bequests of swine, with land for their support, were often made; rights and privileges connected with their feeding, and the extent of woodland, to be occupied by a given number, were granted according to established rules. In an ancient Saxon grant, quoted by Sharon Turner in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, we find the right of pasturage for swine conveyed by deed:—"I give food for seventy swine in that woody allotment which the countrymen call Wolferdinlegh." The locality of the swine's pasturage, as here described, has a somewhat ominous title, referring as it does to the haunt of an animal, from incursions of which, on flocks of sheep and herds of swine, during the Saxon period of our history, both the shepherd and the swineherd had to preserve their respective charges. The men employed in the duties—generally thralls, or born slaves of the soil—were assisted by powerful dogs, capable of contending with a wolf, at least until the swineherd came with his heavy quarter-

staff or spear to the rescue. In Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Ivanhoe*, the character of Gurth is a true, but of course somewhat overcoloured picture of an Anglo-Saxon swineherd, as is that of his master of a large landed proprietor, a great portion of whose property consisted in swine, and rude but hospitable board was liberally supplied with the flesh.

Long after the close of the Saxon dynasty, the practice of feeding swine upon the mast and acorns of the forest was continued, till our forests were cut down and the land laid open for the plough: even yet, in some districts, as the New Forest of Hampshire, the custom is not discontinued, and in various parts of the country where branching oaks in the hedgerow overshadow the rural and secluded lanes, the cottagers turn out their pig or pigs, under the care of some boy, to pick up the fallen acorns in autumn. Pigs turn out upon stubble fields after harvest, often find in oak copses, in October and November, a welcome addition to their fare.

The large forests of England were formerly royal property; nevertheless the inhabitants of the adjacent towns, villages, and farms enjoyed both before and long after the Conquest, under certain conditions of a feudal nature, and probably varying according to circumstances, and the tenures by which lands were held, the right of fattening their swine in these woodlands. The lawful period for depasturing swine in the royal forests extended from fifteen days before Michaelmas, to forty days afterwards, and this was termed the pawning month. This term was not, however, very strictly adhered to; many herds were suffered to remain in the forest during the whole year, the consequence of which was that numbers became feral, and were not collected by their owners without difficulty. Little damage would be done in the woods by these swine, but, no doubt, like their wild progenitors, they would take every opportunity of invading the cultivated grounds, and of rioting in the fields of green or ripening corn.

MAJOR.—I trust that Routledge's series will meet with acceptance in Canada. That firm is doing much to cheaper literature, and to furnish at the same time a sterling article. If they go on as they have commenced, Jonathan will soon be excluded from our bibliopolic market.

LAIRD.—The sooner, the better, say I, for anc. Sma' sorrow will there be at our parting, as the auld mare observed to the broken cart! There is something unnatural and unwholesome in the sight o' British copy right warks, being openly vended in a British Colony, at less than a fourth, often, o' their price, to the detriment o' the lawful owners.

DOCTOR.—Why do you patronize such a system. Is not the receiver as bad as the thief?

LAIRD.—Nae doubt! nae doubt! Freely and

frankly do I plead guilty to the charge, but human nature, ye ken, is a feckless thing when the baw-bees are concerned! I want to hae the temptation sin removed, even as sots are often the keenest for the enactment o' a Maine Law!

PURSER.—Next week will witness the annual return of "All Fool's Day." We must keep our wits about us, lest we be hoaxed by the practical joke million.

LAIRD.—Can ony o' ye certiorate me how it cometh to pass, that the first day o' April has been invested, frae time immemorial, wi' sic a diminted reputation?

MAJOR.—Upon that point, Doctors do greatly differ. In France the victim imposed upon is called an April Fish, *poisson d'Avril*, of which Bellingier in his *Etymology of French Proverbs*, published in 1656, gives a somewhat strange explanation. The word *Poisson*, he contends, is corrupted from *Passion*, and length of time has almost defaced the original intention, which was as follows. As the passion of our Saviour took place about this time of the year, and as the Jews sent Christ backwards and forwards to mock and torment him, *i.e.*, from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate, this ridiculous or rather impious custom took its rise from thence, by which we send about from one place to another, such persons as we think proper objects of our ridicule.

PURSER.—That explanation is quite new to me.

MAJOR.—In the *British Apollo* for 1708, we read as follows:—"Whence proceeds the custom of making April Fools? *Answer*.—It may not improperly be derived from a memorable transaction happening between the Romans and Sabines, mentioned by Dionysius, which was thus. The Romans about the infancy of the city, wanting wives, and finding they could not obtain the neighbouring women by their peaceable addresses, resolved to make use of a stratagem; and, accordingly, Romulus institutes certain games to be performed in the beginning of April, (according to the Roman Calendar,) in honour of Neptune. Upon notice thereof, the bordering inhabitants, with their whole families, flocked to Rome to see this mighty celebration: where the Romans seized upon a great number of the Sabine virgins, and ravished them, which imposition we suppose may be the foundation of this foolish custom."

LAIRD.—Wi' a' deference to Dan Apollo, I think that solution is a trifle far fetched.

MAJOR.—Here is a third theory, which I take from the *Public Advertiser*, of 13th April, 1769.

“*Humorous Jewish origin of the custom of making Fools on the first of April.* This is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April. To perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch.”

LAIRD.—If a' tales be truc, that's nae lie!

MAJOR.—Dr. Pegge, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of April, 1766, favours us with a fourth conjecture.

LAIRD.—Rax me the bottle, Maister Purser. The subject is beginning to get wersh and mouldy!

MAJOR.—Dr Pegge says—“Our year formerly began, as to some purposes, and in some respects, on the 25th of March; and it is certain that the commencement of the new year, at whatever time that was supposed to be, was always esteemed a high festival, and that both amongst the ancient Romans and with us. Now great festivals were usually attended with an octave, that is, they were wont to continue eight days, when of the first and last were the principal; and you will find the first of April is the octave of the 25th of March, and the close or ending, consequently of that feast, which was both the Festival of the Annunciation, and of the New Year. From hence, as I take it, it became a day of extraordinary mirth and festivity, especially amongst the lower sorts, who are apt to pervert and make a bad use of institutions, which at first might be very laudable in themselves.”

LAIRD.—If you gie us muckle mair o' your Octaves and Festivals, and sic like Prelatic havers, I'll flit to the land o' Nod' before the world gets mony minutes nearer its end!

MAJOR.—By way of epilogue to the subject, I shall read you a few lines from *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1738:—

“No sooner doth St. Ail-fools morn approach,
But wags, e'er *Phebus* mounts his gilded coach
In shales assemble to employ their sense,
In sending fools to get intelligence;

One seeks hen's teeth, in farthest part of th' town;
Another pigeon's milk; a third a gown.
From strolong cobblers stall, left there by chance
Thus lead the giddy tribe a merry dance:
And to reward them for their harmless toil,
The cobbler 'noints their limbs with stirrup oil.”

DOCTOR.—Crabtree, have you read Thakeray's fairy tale *The Rose and the Ring*?

MAJOR.—No. I have long ceased to be a cultivator of the mother Bunch school of literature.

DOCTOR.—Tuts, man.—little do you know the pleasure which you debar yourself from, by scorning to peruse one of the most delicious bits of fan, and fancy-run-mad which has appeared during the currency of the present century.

MAJOR.—Indeed!

DOCTOR.—It is a continued blaze of merriment from beginning to end. My sides are yet tender from the spasmodic eacinations which it extorted from me.

LAIRD.—Must get Maclear to gie me a copy. Naething does me sac muckle guid as a hearty keckle.

DOCTOR.—Much do I wish that time would permit me to read you the whole affair. That being impossible, however, I must content myself with selecting a couple of samples. Valeroso XXIV, King of Padagonia has promoted to the rank of Countess a certain Madam Gruffanuff, who officiated as governess and lady-in-waiting to his daughter. In the following passage we are introduced to the husband of this dame:—

HOW BLACKSTICK WAS NOT ASKED TO THE PRINCESS ANGELICA'S CHRISTENING.

When the Princess Angelica was born, her parents not only did not ask the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party, but gave orders to their porter absolutely to refuse her if she called. This porter's name was Gruffanuff, and he had been selected for the post by their royal highnesses because he was a very tall, fierce man, who could say “not at home” to a tradesman or an unwelcome visitor with a rudeness which frightened most such persons away. He was the husband of that countess whose picture we have just seen, and as long as they were together they quarrelled from morning till night. Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear; for the Fairy Blackstick coming to call upon the prince and princess, who were actually sitting at the open drawing-room window, Gruffanuff not only denied them, but made the most odious vulgar sign as he was going to slam the door in the fairy's face! “Git away, hold Blackstick!” said he. “I tell you, master and missis ain't at home to you;” and he was, as we have said, going to slam the door.

But the fairy, with her wand, prevented the door being shut; and Gruffanuff came out again in a fury, swearing in the most abominable way, and asking the fairy "whether she thought she was going to stay at that there door hall day."

"You are going to stay at that door all day and all night, and for many a long year," the fairy said, very majestically; and Gruffanuff, coming out of the door, straddling before it with his great calves, burst out laughing, and cried, "Ha, ha, ha! this is a good un! Ha—ah—what's this? Let me down—O—o—H'm!" and then he was dumb.

For, as the fairy waved her wand over him, he felt himself rising off the ground, and fluttering up against the door, and then as if a screw ran into his stomach, he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door; and then his arms flew up over his head; and his legs, after writhing about wildly, twisted under his body; and he felt cold, cold, growing over him, as if he was turning into metal, and he said, "O—o—H'm!" and could say no more, because he was dumb.

He was turned into metal! He was from being *vrazen*, brass! He was neither more nor less than a knocker! And there he was, nailed to the door in the blazing summer day, till he burned almost red hot; and there he was, nailed to the door all the bitter winter nights, till his brass nose was dropping with icicles. And the postman came and rapped at him, and the vulgarest boy with a letter came and hit him up against the door. And the king and queen (princess and prince they were then) coming home from a walk that evening, the king said, "Hullo, my dear! you have had a new knocker put on the door. Why, it's rather like our porter in the face! What has become of that toozy vagabond? And the housemaid came and scrubbed his nose with sandpaper; and once, when the Princess Angelica's little sister was born he was tied up in an old kid glove; and another night some *larking* young men tried to wrench him off, and put him to the most excruciating agony with a turn-screw. And then the queen had a fancy to have the color of the door altered; and the painters dabbed him over the mouth and eyes, and nearly choked him, as they painted him pea green. I warrant he had leisure to repent of having been rude to the Fairy Blackstick!

As for his wife, she did not miss him; and as he was always guzzling beer at the public house, and notoriously quarreling with his wife, and in debt to the tradesmen, it was supposed he had run away from all these evils, and emigrated to Australia or America. And when the prince and princess chose to become king and queen, they left their old house, and nobody thought of the porter any more.

MAJOR.—Quite a classical transformation, and equal to any thing of the kind in Ovid.

DOCTOR.—During the progress of the story Prince Giglio is seduced in a moment of tempo-

rary lunacy to give a promise of marriage to the odious Countess Gruffanuff. Passionately in love with the fair Princess Rosalba, he strives to get quit of his engagement, but all in vain. However, the good Fairy Blackstick determines to relieve the lovers from their dismal hitch, and turning her wand into a coach, proceeds with Rosalba to the scene of the incongruous nuptials. Mr. Thackeray shall continue the narrative:—

Before the ceremony at church, it was the custom in Paflagonia, as it is in other countries, for the bride and bridegroom to sign the contract of marriage, which was to be witnessed by the chancellor, minister, lord mayor, and principal officers of state. Now, as the royal palace was being painted and furnished anew, it was not ready for the reception of the king and his bride, who proposed at first to take up their residence at the prince's palace—that one which Valoroso occupied when Angelica was born, and before he usurped the throne.

So the marriage party drove up to the palace; the dignitaries got out of their carriages and stood aside; poor Rosalba stepped out of her coach, supported by Bulbo, and stood almost fainting up against the railings, so as to have a last look of her dear Giglio. As for Blackstick, she, according to her custom, had flown out of the coach window in some inscrutable manner, and was now standing at the palace door.

Giglio came up the steps with his horrible bride on his arm, looking as pale as if he was going to execution. He only frowned at the Fairy Blackstick—he was angry with her, and thought she came to insult his misery.

"Get out of the way, pray," says Gruffanuff, haughtily. "I wonder why you are always poking your nose in other people's affairs!"

"Are you determined to make this poor young man unhappy?" says Blackstick.

"To marry him, yes! What business is it of yours? Pray, madam, don't say 'you' to a queen," cries Gruffanuff.

"You won't take the money he offered you?"

"No."

"You won't let him off his bargain, though you know you cheated him when you made him sign the paper?"

"Impudence! Policemen, remove this woman!" cries Gruffanuff. And the policemen were rushing forward, but with a wave of her wand the fairy struck them all like so many statues in their places.

"You won't take any thing in exchange for your bond, Mrs. Gruffanuff?" cries the fairy, with awful severity. "I speak for the last time."

"No!" shrieks Gruffanuff, stamping with her foot. "I'll have my husband—my husband—my husband!"

"YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR HUSBAND!" the Fairy Blackstick cried; and, advancing a step, laid her hand upon the nose of the KNOCKER.

As she touched it, the brass nose seemed to elongate, the open mouth opened still wider, and uttered a roar which made every body start. The eyes rolled wildly, the arms and legs uncurled themselves, writhed about, and seemed to lengthen with each twist; the knocker expanded into a figure in yellow livery, six feet high, the screws by which it was fixed to the door unloosed themselves, and JENKINS GRUFFANUFF once more trod the threshold off which he had been lifted more than twenty years ago!

"Master's not at home," says Jenkins, just in his old voice; and Mrs. Jenkins, giving a dreadful *yow*, fell down in a fit, in which nobody minded her.

For every body was shouting "Huzzay! huzzay!" "Hip, hip, hurray!" "Long live the King and Queen!" "Were such things ever seen!" "No, never, never, never!" "The Fairy Blackstick forever!"

The bells were ringing double peals, the guns roaring and banging most prodigiously. Bulbo was embracing every body; the lord chancellor was flinging up his wig and shouting like a madman; Hedzoff had got the archbishop round the waist, and they were dancing a jig for joy; and as for Giglio, I leave you to imagine what he was doing, and if he kissed Rosalba once, twice—twenty thousand times, I'm sure I don't think he was wrong.

So Gruffanuff opened the hall door with a low bow, just as he had been accustomed to do, and they all went in and signed the book, and then they went to church and were married, and the Fairy Blackstick sailed away on her cane, and was never more heard of in Paffagonia.

MAJOR.—Many thanks, Sangrado, for calling my attention to the *Rose and Ring*. It shall be a denizen of my library forthwith, if my exchequer can furnish the wherewithal.

LAIRD.—I want to indoctrinate ye wi' a queer passage which occurred the other week in oor bit clachan. My neighbour, Jamie Glendinning, thought fit to tak' unto himsel' a second wife, a proceeding which did na' convene wi the notions o' his son and heir apparent, Mark. By way o' entering a protest against the transaction, the young gentleman convened a synod o' the scapegraces o' Streetsville, and on the nuptial-night treated the newly-married couple to a serenade o' pots and pans, that was heard a' the way at Bonnie Braes. Weel, sirs, this raised, maist naturally, Jamie's conception, and to punish the whelp's presumption he sent the following advertisement to the paper:—

NOTICE.—Merchants, Tradesmen and others are hereby cautioned against trusting my son, Mark Glendinning, on my account, as I will not hold myself responsible for any debts he may incur.—JAMES GLENDINNING.

Streetsville, March 15, 1855.

DOCTOR.—Sharp practice enough, but scarcely more than the whelp, as you call him, deserved.

LAIRD.—Not sae opined the diel's buckie. Having learned what his ancestor had done, he procured the insertion of the subjoined proclamation, in the same sheet which contained his daddie's cautionary announcement:—

NOTICE.—In answer to a Notice from MY FATHER, forbidding Parties trusting me on his account, which I have heard will appear in the *Review* this week, I beg to state for the last nine years, I have SUPPORTED myself, and further I would seriously caution all persons against trusting my father anything on my account.—MARK GLENDINNING.

Streetville, March 16, 1855.

DOCTOR.—Bravo, young Canada!

MAJOR.—Veerily the democratic spirit is waxing pestilently rife in our borders! Mack Glendinning presents an apt type of the rising generation of our Province, so far as their independence of progenatorial control is concerned. Every stripling when he mounts his primary pair of breeches, deems that he is fit to be his own master, and looks upon paternal authority as an antiquarian institution, many thousands of miles behind this progressive age!

LAIRD.—In my humble opinion, the heretical absurdity named *moral suasion*, which is sae popular wi' oor new fangled dominies, constitutes the root o' the entire evil. Commend me to an emphatic pair o' taws, as the maist effectual pruning knife for olive branches that manifest a tendency to shoot up overly fast! If Jamie had listened to the advice, which I tendered him sax years ago, and rubbed Mark thoroughly doon wi' an oaken towel, he wud hae been spared the red face which the brat o' callan has gien him!

FACTS FOR THE GARDEN AND THE FARM

SHELTER,—AND THE WHITE PINE.

The failure of the wheat crop in this country is to be attributed as much to the exposed condition of our fields as to any other cause. Generally the wintry winds in their violent sweep over them are checked by nothing, and so strip them of the covering of snow, which otherwise would have served to protect the roots of the wheat plant. This is much more the case on the Lake border than in the interior; and I hope the day is not far distant when farmers will deem it both a necessary and profitable operation to plant belts of trees for shelter. With the greater part of the pre-

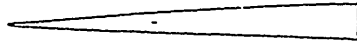
seat generation the remembrance of the hardships of 'clearing' is so keen as to put planting other than fruit trees by *their* hands out of the question. Indeed they have not patience to hear of it,—said an old farmer, "we had too much hard work in getting them down to think of again putting them up." It will be different with the coming generation—it will at least have no 'grudge' against the inhabitants of the forest, while it may have against its own ruthless forefathers who will have left little even for fuel, to say nothing of shelter. Happily no country in the world is better provided with materials for this latter purpose than is our own. We indeed may be allowed some honest pride in the beauty and profusion of our fine forest trees. Of one of them only do we now propose to write,—the White Pine. A tree well known everywhere,—and from the soft hue of its pliant foliage and its excellent form pleasing to all. Besides it has two points of great merit. First it bears transplanting particularly well. We have moved trees from the woods six feet high, early in the spring with great success. Another and perhaps its special merit is, the perpetually fine rich lively green of its foliage. In the North many evergreens lose their bright colour in midwinter, owing to the severity of the cold,—but even then when verdure is rarest and most prized, that of the Pine is the same fine unchanging green. These are considerations which point it out as most suitable for ornament and shelter. It may be thought by some almost Quixotic to recommend so extensive an operation as planting trees for the protection of fields, but it is to be remembered that a work of the hugest dimensions may be accomplished by little and little with ease. Let the farmer then begin to shield his barn, which now stands exposed to the power of every blast—and through whose chinks it reaches with searching power the very bones of his horses and cattle. We have not alluded to the grateful shade, which trees afford in our hot summers, for the same poor cattle: ner to the beauty of lands so encircled by belts of lively green. We speak only of the necessity of protection to our fields on the Lake border especially, if we are to continue the production of wheat.

TREE LABELS.

Carelessness in the preservation of the names of fruit trees is a very prevalent evil. We feel justified in calling it an evil because it causes

so much confusion and difficulty, especially at our Horticultural exhibitions. People plant trees, and never think about the names, until the former begin to bear, and then the latter are found to be irrevocably lost. It does not require much trouble to have the names preserved. And apart from the reasons above stated, surely every lover of fruit culture, would much rather in handing a fine pear or a choice apple to a friend, be able to say—this is the Duchess de Angouleme or I give you 'a Bishop's Thumb,'—than the unromantic speech—this is a pear. So of an apple—how much better to present at dessert—the Lady apple—or the Beauty of Kent as such—than as merely an apple. We therefore present a ready, inexpensive and durable mode of keeping the names. We have tried it and find that at a twelve months' end they are as legible as ever.

Cut strips of zinc of an elongated triangular form—thus e



10 to 12 inches long, half an inch wide at one end and running to a point at the other. About four inches from the wide end of one of these strips, punch a hole. Bend the pointed end of the label over a twig of the tree, and put through the hole, and there clinch it, with the fingers. You may then bend or shape it as you please. The name is to be written upon this label with a quill pen, at the wide end. The ink to be used is made of powdered Verdigris 2 parts—Sal Ammonia 3 parts—Lamp-black 1 part—Water 20 parts. Mix these ingredients in a mortar, using at first only so much of the water as suffices for mixing them, and adding the remainder afterwards. Put the ink into a well corked bottle and shake it from time to time. In a few days it will be fit for use. When laid away let the bottle stand cork end downwards, to prevent the escape of the Ammonia. The ink may in this manner be kept ready for use, for years. Labels of this description cost but a trifle more than wooden ones, and they will remain upon trees and be legible during a man's life time.

THE BUSH STRAWBERRY.

Are our good readers generally aware that, there is a variety of the Strawberry really deserving to be called a bush,—and from its combination of excellencies, meriting good and extensive cultivation. To those who wish to provide their families with a sufficient supply of

this exquisite fruit, with little labour and less cost, it is to be particularly recommended. First, though small, it is *delicious*. It is a variety of the Alpines—and there are two sorts the red and white. Secondly, it is perpetual—that is it bears through the whole season even more uniformly, than do the common Alpines, especially if planted in *deeply spaded* soil, and supplied at times with *spring* water copiously. Thirdly, it has no runners—it is really and truly a bush—and a very pretty little bush too. Now those who have had much to do with Strawberry cultivation have found it no light labour three times in the season to clip off the runners. But the little bush Alpine involves no such trouble—its mode of propagation however is by dividing the roots. It is valuable as edging for kitchen garden beds.

ADVICE ON PURCHASING TREES.

Now that the season for obtaining and planting fruit trees has once more come round, a little advice upon the subject of purchasing them, may not be unacceptable to those who are inexperienced in the matter. First,—Do not buy of pedlars or irresponsible persons. Such dealers may offer you trees which have received exposure sufficient to cause their death, before they are put in your hands; or the trees may be labelled as one thing, even when the vender knows them to be something else comparatively valueless. Again select although at a higher price trees which have been re-set twice at least since they came from the seed. You will find such plants possess much finer roots than others, and that they will suffer far less check from another transplanting. Also, in general, avoid trees which made but little growth, the summer preceding your purchase. And it will be as well to observe where the tree is grafted. Trees grafted at or below the surface of the ground are to be preferred. Again—the trunk of the tree should be straight, smooth, and stocky. Avoid trees of which the grafted part is growing larger than the stock. This is an evil that will increase. And lastly, do not be induced to buy a diseased tree at any price, however low. Unless you are a very skilful cultivator, you will find much more profit and pleasure in cultivating healthy trees, than endeavouring to nurse those which are sickly.

THE HEALTH AND COMFORT OF HORSES SACRIFICED.

This is a thing which may be seen almost every day. The ways in which it is done are

manifold. The health and comfort of man's noble servant are sacrificed in the stable, on the road, and also when tied up without shelter from cold and wind, while his master is cozily enjoying himself by a warm fireside. The feelings of every one who has any compassion in the constitution of his nature, must often be pained by sights which so often come before him of the comfort of the noble horse so horribly neglected, and heedlessly sacrificed.

One of the ways in which this is done, is probably little considered. Many owners of horses; probably, shut them up in a close un-ventilated and perhaps dark stable, without its once occurring to them that they are thus injuring the health and destroying the comfort of their animals. The stench and pungency which meet one on opening the stable-door, in the morning, might make some think of this matter who do not seem to. If they were shut up a night or a few hours in their own stable, perhaps then they might. A horse cannot breathe the atmosphere of many stables without injury to his eyes, and especially to his lungs or respiratory organs. Autumn is the season when horses are being stabled, pasturing being about over, it would be well for many horses and for their owners too, if they would see that their stables are provided with means of ventilation and that every source of pungent and foul smells, be removed as early and effectually as possible.

WINTERING VERBENAS.

Having succeeded in keeping the different sorts of Verbenas in small pots through the winter, when my neighbors have failed, I beg to state the method I adopt. In the first or second week in July, I strike in 3-inch pots as many cuttings of the different kinds as I require for filling the bed in the following year, about six pots of a sort being sufficient. Early in August, the pots being filled with roots, I prepare as many boxes, two feet square, as I have sorts, filling one-third of each box with broken tiles, and the rest with one part sand, one lea mould, and two parts good rich loam. The plants are then placed in them at equal distances apart, and the shoots been pegged down they soon take root all over the box, and form one mass. The boxes are placed in a cold frame during the winter, and the lights are thrown off, except in wet or frosty weather. Early in the spring they begin to make young shoots, which I pot in 3-inch pots, and strike in a Cucumber



PARIS FASHION FOR APRIL.

MacLear & Co. Ltd. Toronto

frame; these will be ready to plant out by the end of April, at which time the boxes are turned out, one side being removed, and the mass planted in the centre of a bed. The bed is then filled up with the young plants from the 3-inch pots; those out of the boxes, being oldest and strongest, take the lead and keep it; thus the plants in the centre of the beds, being the highest, a striking effect is produced.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Fig. 1.—A silk dress of delicate apple green silk. The skirt has three flounces, edged with fringe of the same colour. Basque waist, fitting close to the form; open in front, and ornamented with bows of ribbon, loose pagoda sleeves, with slashed over-sleeve, to correspond with the basque, which is slashed at the sides, and ornamented in like manner with the sleeves and niches and bows of ribbon. Bonnet, white silk.

Fig. 2.—Is a dress of rich royal purple silk. The skirt is ornamented with eight flounces alternate black and purple. Basque waist, fitting close to the form, and descending in deep points, edged with narrow fringe; open in front, and worn with a black silk under vest; each side of the opening is finished with graduated bands of silk about an inch wide, edged with narrow fringe, and ornamented with black buttons. Pagoda sleeves, finished at the bottom in Vandyke points, and narrow bands of silk edged with fringe, and a row of buttons running up the inside of the arm. The cap is of rich Honiton lace, tastefully arranged with blue ribbons; collar and under-sleeves to match.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The variety of head-dresses adapted for evening costume is on the increase. In addition to many new coiffures composed of flowers, foliage or feathers, we have seen several consisting entirely of pearls, coral, or jet. Those formed of a combination of flowers and ribbon, may, however, be mentioned as among the most tasteful which have yet appeared. Some of the new coiffures consist of several rows of excessively small foliage in crape or velvet, the rows being disposed crosswise in the trellis or net manner. These nets of foliage are intermingled with lilies of the valley in gold, and are intended to cover the plait of hair at the back of the head; they are fixed on each side by pendent

sprays of the foliage composing the net and lilies of the valley in gold combined with sprays of the flowers above mentioned. Head-dresses in the net form, like that we have just described are also made in coral and pearls. One of the most elegant of pearl nets is surmounted by a demi-coronet formed of foliage in pearl. This coronet passes across the upper part of the head, and is finished on one side by small bouquets of flowers in pearl.

The newest evening dresses include one composed of light blue terry velvet. The skirt has a front trimming consisting of two perpendicular rows of blonde, the rows being spaced at the lower end of the skirt, but approximating to a point at the top. The corsage is low and pointed with revers of blonde lace falling over it. The sleeves which are short and puffed, are trimmed with the same lace. This dress was worn a few evenings since with a hood, bracelet, and carrying of garnets encircled by turquoises. The hair was ornamented by long pendent sprays of flowers and foliage placed at each side of the head and drooping towards the shoulders. The flowers were composed of light blue velvet and the foliage of garnet colored velvet.

Another evening dress has just been made of pink crape, and trimmed with three rows of pink feather fringe intermingled with pearls. The corsage has a berthe formed of this fringe, and the sleeves are ornamented with a trimming of the same. We may here mention that one of the prettiest trimmings recently introduced for dresses of black velvet or moire antique is black feather fringe, in which stars of jet are at intervals intermingled.

One of the new velvet dresses is of a beautiful cerise color. The front of the skirt is ornamented with a *tableir* embroidered with jet, set on in a lozenge pattern. The corsage is low and pointed; the same embroidery of jet which ornamented the skirt is repeated on the corsage in a smaller pattern. The sleeves, skirt and buffante, are ornamented with jet. A berthe of Honiton lace is added to the corsage, and the sleeves are edged with the same lace. The jewels to be worn with the dress just mentioned, consist of brooch, bracelet, and earrings of brilliants. We have seen among the embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs imported from Paris, several having designs suggested by the War. In one, the crescent forms a conspicuous feature; the waved or scalloped edge, which surrounds the handkerchief, being formed of a

series of crescents, and in each of the corners is embroidered a crescent resting on an anchor. Another, called the *mouchoir oriental*, has a pattern consisting of various flowers and foliage, which adorn the gardens of the East, admirably executed in needle-work. In the corners are escutcheons formed of warlike weapons, intermingled with initial letters, or a crest. The edge of the handkerchief is slightly waved and finished by a row of lace, about an inch or an inch and a half in width.

LE BASQUE

The most graceful style ever adopted by woman, for dressing her charms corporate, is that of the basque and skirt. Deny it as ancient maiden ladies may, there is a point, defined every day by affectionate husbands, loving brothers and accepted lovers, with an encircling arm, which forms a natural division of the dress of woman. No angle should ever deform a waist—no point behind, or point before. The round outline above and below the natural point of cincture, should be fully preserved, and no contrivance has ever done it so well as the basque. Besides it gives an opportunity for any required contrast or harmony in the skirt, stopping stripes at the point they ought to stop, and breaking up, economising, distributing, and individualising charms that were else contained within the folds of a uniform—a broad, long, monotonous waist, of silk, merino, muslin, or calico.

HINTS TO LADIES.

Dresses of pale pink are very becoming to ladies with dark hair, and a fresh or clear complexion.

Dark complexioned persons always look well in pink, unless the countenance be very sallow.

The skin becomes dyed and hardened by exposure to the sun, or to a high wind. Sitting near the fire is also injurious to the complexion.

To beautify the skin and to give transparency to the complexion, moderate daily exercise in open air is necessary, keep the pores open by cleanliness, and give it tone by bathing and gentle friction.

An ounce of scraped horse radish, infused four hours in a pint of cold milk, is a safe cosmetic in cases where the skin requires a gentle stimulant.

All cosmetics sooner or later ruin the freshness and brilliancy of the complexion.

PARLOR WORK.—Collars and undersleeves

being so expensive once more, many ladies prefer to embroider for themselves, as the style is by no means difficult. The pattern, principally of eyelets, and with deep points of button-hole stitch, is traced on the muslin or cambric. Instead of the old-fashioned hoops, or tambour-frames, a piece of dark morocco or kid is basted beneath, to keep the strip quite straight and even, then worked over the finger. The same is used for scalloping or pointing skirts, or, in fact, for any style of cambric or muslin embroidery.

Slippers are principally in *applique*. That is, a pattern of velvet, be it a scroll, leaves, or flowers, is applied to black broadcloth by braiding or chain-stitching. It takes much less time than canvass-work, and, though it will not last so long, has a much richer effect. This style of work is much used in smoking-caps, also in silk and velvet for mantillas, short Talmas, etc. For canvass patterns, some of the latest styles introduce the heads of animals, as the fox, or the whole figure of a tiny kitten—on the toe, looking out from a wreath of leaves or flowers, with a groundwork of some plain colour. Scrolls, octagons, diamonds, etc. shaded from black to the palest colours, are also much used.

TO MAKE WASH-BALLS.—Take two pounds of new white soap, and shave thin into a teacupful of rose-water, pouring in as much boiling water as will soften it. Put into a pipkin a pint of sweet oil, fourpennyworth of oil of almonds, half a pound of spermaceti, and set all over the fire till dissolved; then add the soap, and a half a pound of camphor that has been first reduced to powder by rubbing it in a mortar with a few drops of spirit of wine or lavender-water. Boil ten minutes; then pour it into a basin, and stir it till it is quite thick enough to roll up into hard balls.

CELEBRATED HONEY ALMOND PASTE.—Take honey, one pound; white bitter paste, one pound; expressed oil of bitter almonds, two pounds; yolks of eggs, five. Heat the honey, strain, then add the bitter paste, knead well together, and, lastly, add the eggs and oil in alternate portions.

INVALUABLE OINTMENT.—Obtain a pint of real cream, let it simmer over the fire, or on the side, till it resembles butter, and forms a thick oily substance, which may be used as ointment for fresh or old wounds, cracked lips or hands.

CHIESS.

(To Correspondents.)

SENEC.—We hardly expected that any of our correspondents would attempt, much less succeed in the position given in our last. It was extracted from the *Illustrated London News*, more as a curiosity than anything else.

F. W. S.—We may next month be able to gratify you by the publication of the celebrated Indian Problem. At present we have not the room to spare.

V. W.—Your problem, we are sorry to say, is incorrect. It is impossible for White to give mate in three moves, though Black playing first may easily mate in two.

†?—Our Enigmas are seldom original. We cannot say that we admire the change adopted by the *Albion* in setting its Chess Problems.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XVI.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. P to Q 5th (ch). | K to his 4th. |
| 2. R to K 7th (ch). | K to K B 5th. |
| 3. R to K 4th (ch). | K to K Kt 4th. |
| 4. R to K Kt 4th (ch). | K to K R 4th. |
| 5. R to K Kt 7th. | K B P one (best). |
| 6. B takes P (a). | R to K Kt sq (A). |
| 7. Q to K Kt 4th (ch). | K to K R 5th. |
| 8. K Kt P mates. | |

(A.)

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 7. Q to K Kt 4th. | K to his R 5th. |
| 8. K Kt P mates. | Anything. |

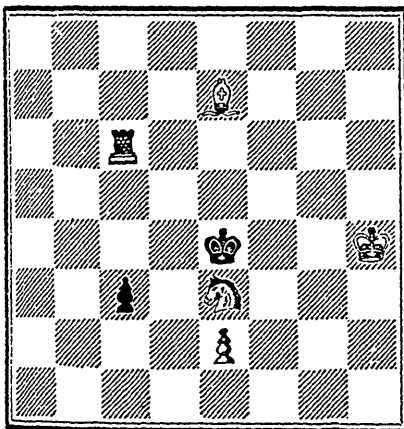
Note.

a) Taking one of the squares which he commands.

PROBLEM No. XVII.

By A. M. S., of Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 47. By A. L.

WHITE.—K at Q R 7th; B at K Kt 8th; Kts at Q Kt 2d and Q B 7th; Ps at Q 3d and 4th, and Q R 2d.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 5th; Ps at Q R 4th and 6th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 48. By S. Boden.

WHITE.—K at Q R sq; Q at her B 7th; R at Q 6th; Kt at K Kt 3d; Ps at K Kt 2d, Q 2d, Q B 6th, and Q Kt 2d.

BLACK.—K at his 4th; P at Q R 7th.

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 49. By Putteno.

WHITE.—K at Q 2d; R at K 6th; Bs at Q B 3d and Q B 6th; Kt at Q Kt 7th; Ps at K Kt 2d, K B 5th, K 2d, and Q R 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q B 5th; Q at K R 2d; Rs at K Kt 6th and Q R 3d; Kt at K Kt 3d; Ps at K Kt 2d, Q 6th, and Q B 4th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 50. By C. F.

WHITE.—K at his 2d; R at Q B 6th; B at K Kt 4th; Ps at K Kt 2d and K 3d.

BLACK.—K at his 5th; Ps at K 4th and Q 3d.

White to play and mate in five moves.

THE MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. HARRWITZ AND LOWENTHAL.

We give this month one of the games in the Match played in London, about a year ago, between Messrs. Harrwitz and Lowenthal, two of the most noted chess celebrities of the present day. Mr. Lowenthal is a Hungarian, and is Secretary to the St. George Chess Club of London. Mr. Harrwitz is a German. This extraordinary match lasted nearly three months, and presented during that time some of the most remarkable vicissitudes ever seen in a chess match. It consisted of the best of twenty-one games, and thirty-one were actually played before it was decided, besides two games forfeited by Mr. Harrwitz to his adversary's score, in consequence of an absurd stipulation, insisted on by himself, that either player should forfeit a game for each time of absence on the days appointed for play. The first two games of the match were won by Mr. Harrwitz, the next five by Mr. Lowenthal, when Harrwitz found it necessary to obtain a week's rest, and in consequence of his own condition of the match above referred to, could only purchase it at the expense of two games. The score thus stood—Lowenthal 7, Harrwitz 2. On play being resumed, the eighth game was drawn, the ninth

and tenth were won by Lowenthal, who thus stood the winner of *nine* games to *two*. Games XI and XII were drawn, and then came an unaccountable change over the spirit of the dream; for out of the remaining nineteen *parties* played, Mr. Lowenthal only gained *one* game! while nine were won by Mr. Harwitz, and nine drawn. The final score thus stood :

Mr. Harwitz.....	11
Mr. Lowenthal.....	10
Drawn	12

The following selection stands No. III. in the match, and we may add that the notes appended are taken from the *Chess-Player's Chronicle* :—

(Ruy Lopez Knight's Game.)

White (Mr. L.).	Black (Mr. H.).
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
3. B to Q Kt 5th.	B to Q B 4th.
4. P to Q B 3d.	Q to K 2d.
5. Castles.	K Kt to B 3d.
6. P to Q 4th.	B to Q Kt 3d.
7. B to K Kt 5th.	P to K R 3d.
8. B takes K Kt.	P takes B (a).
9. P to Q 5th.	Kt to Q sq (b).
10. Kt to K R 4th (c).	Q to Q B 4th.
11. Q to K B 3d (d).	Q takes B.
12. Q takes P.	R to K Kt sq (e).
13. Kt to K B 5th.	B to Q B 4th.
14. Q takes K P (ch).	K to B sq.
15. Q to K B 6th.	K to his sq.
16. P to Q Kt 4th.	KB to his sq.
17. P to Q R 4th.	Q to her 6th.
18. Q to K 5th (ch).	Kt to K 3d.
19. P takes Kt.	Q P takes P.
20. Q to Q 4th.	Q takes Q.
21. Kt takes Q.	B to Q 2d.
22. Q Kt to Q 2d.	P to Q B 4th.
23. P takes P.	K B takes P.
24. Q Kt to his 3d.	B to Q 3d.
25. Q Kt to Q R 5th (f).	P to Q Kt 3d.
26. Q Kt to Q B 4th.	B to Q B 2d.
27. P to K B 4th.	R to Q B sq.
28. P to K 5th.	B to Q Kt sq.
29. Kt to Q 2d.	R to K Kt 5th (g).
30. P to K R 3d.	R to K Kt 3d (h).
31. Kt to K 4th.	K to his 2d.
32. R to K B 3d.	R to Q B 5th.
33. Kt to K B 6th.	R takes Q R P.
34. Q R to Q sq (k).	R to Q R 7th.
35. K R to Q 3d.	K R takes Kt P (ch).
36. K to B sq.	B to Q R 5th (l).
37. Kt to Q B 6th (ch).	B takes Kt.
38. K R to Q 7th (ch).	K to B sq.
39. K R to K 8th (ch).	K to his 2d.
40. Q R to Q 7th (ch).	

And Black surrendered.

Notes.

- (a) Black must make this move, or lose his centre P.
- (b) Better retreat this Kt to his own sq.
- (c) An effective move, as we shall see.

(d) A bold and masterly stroke. Whether Black capture the proffered piece or not, his position is much inferior to his opponent's after this move.

(e) The best move.

(f) Clever and unexpected.

(g) It is tolerably evident that if Black had taken the Q B P, he would have lost the exchange.

(h) We should have preferred playing this Rook to K Kt 6th.

(i) This and the subsequent moves dependent on it are admirably played by the Hungarian.

(l) Black had two other squares—K sq. and Q Kt 4th—to which he might have played the Bishops, and either would have been better than that chosen: though in no case could have saved the game in the end.

CHIESS IN FRANCE.

GAME LATELY PLAYED BETWEEN MR. B. G— OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB, AND MR. KIESERITZKI.

Black (Mr. K.). White (Mr. G.)

1. P to K 4th.	P to Q B 4th.
2. K B to Q B 4th.	P to K 3d.
3. Q Kt to B 3d.	P to Q R 3d.
4. P to Q R 4th.	Q Kt to B 3d.
5. K Kt to B 3d.	K Kt to K 2d.
6. Castles.	K Kt to his 2d.
7. P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
8. Kt takes P.	KB to QB 4th.
9. Q B to K 3d.	Q to Kt 3d.
10. P to Q R 5th.	Q Kt takes P.
11. Q Kt to R 4th.	Q to B 2d.
12. Kt takes B.	Kt takes B.
13. P to Q Kt 4th.	Kt takes B.
14. P takes Kt.	P to Q 3d (a).
15. Q Kt to his 3d.	Castles.
16. Q to K R 5th.	Kt to K 4th.
17. K R to B 4th.	Q to B 6th.
18. Q R to K B sq.	Q takes K P (ch).
19. K to R sq.	P to K Kt 3d.
20. Q to R 4th.	B to Q 2d.
21. K R to B 3d.	Kt takes R.
22. R takes Kt (b).	P to K Kt 4th (c).
23. Q to K Kt 3d.	Q takes K P.
24. Q takes P (ch).	Q to K Kt 3d.
25. Q to K 7th.	K to R sq.
26. Q takes B.	P to K 4th.
27. Kt to B 5th.	Q to Kt 5th.
28. Q takes Kt P.	K R to K Kt sq.
29. P to K Kt 3d.	Q R to Q Kt sq.
30. Q to her 5th.	Q R to Q Kt 4th.
31. Q to her sq.	P to K 5th (d).
32. Q to her 4th (ch).	Q R to K 4th.
33. R to KB 4th.	Q to K 7th (e)
34. Kt takes Q P.	White resigns.

Notes.

- (a) P to Q Kt 3d would have been preferable.
- (b) Leaving the adverse Q no escape.
- (c) Was this move a part of Black's calculation?
- (d) Badly judged,
- (e) The latter moves are not up to the average play of this skilful amateur.