

soon fell asleep. In his dreams he was setting sail and rapidly leaving the dreaded bay, when a loud knock on the wall roused him to the fearful reality of his position. Gamache stood near him, with a light in one hand and a gun in the other. It seemed then that all was but too true—that the young pilot had heard of this monster. "I see you are awake already, but how pale you are. I wager you have heard that Gamache murders everybody, now you coward, I have come to give you, he raised the gun and ——— hung it on two nails in the wall just as the poor young pilot had nerved himself for the death struggle, and resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. 'I have come to give you a settler for the night.' He took from his pocket a bottle of brandy and a glass, and after drinking to the health of the stranger, handed him the glass with—'Here, take a good pull, it will make you sleep soundly, and if Gamache comes to attack you during the night you can defend yourself; there is a loaded gun over your head.' 'Well comrade,' said the master of the house, as his guest made his appearance next morning with more confidence than he enjoyed the previous evening, 'I saw you were frightened last night, and when I went to see you I thought I would give you plenty of it. You know me now, and if ever you hear people say that Gamache is a murderer, tell them it is false. You see now the devil is not so black as he is painted.'

We certainly came to the same conclusion before we left him to return to the vessel. I have not since revisited that interesting spot, and it was with pain that I heard of the death of Gamache, which occurred in the month of September, 1854, in a similar manner to that of his wife as he himself had foretold. No person had visited the bay for several weeks, when at length some voyagers landing at the place found only the remains of LOUIS OLIVER GAMACHE.

From Bentley's Miscellany for March.

HOW WE TREAT OUR CRIMINALS.

THE noise and hurrahing from below was very deafening and confusing; and as for hearing a word of the long address, of course that was quite out of the question. It was thickly buttered, we knew with the flowers of rhetoric—such as 'admiration of the nation,' 'sympathy of the people,' 'your heroic actions, which will ever live in our hearts,' 'honoured by your visit,' &c.—for of course we had been in the secret of the committee that was held beforehand, and we knew all about it, even to the naval band that was invited down to do our hero honour; only, unfortunately, some one in their zeal asked the band for their service, and forgot to ask the leave of the band's captain, for which they got an answer that was perhaps more short than pleasant. These flowers of rhetoric were, however, quite thrown away upon us in our elevated position, though it was plain to see when they took place, as the speaker held the roll in his hand, and from the distance where we were, appeared to be either threatening or expounding the law to the gallant officer who stood next to him. Whenever his gestures grew most energetic, then he knew that he was delivered of one of his most flowery sentences; and whenever he stopped for breath, and glanced around him on the sea of heads beneath, that we found was the signal for caps thrown in the air, voices shouting out 'Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.' When the roll was finished, the speaker still went on with some dumb pantomime, which we took to be his own peculiar and original rhetoric, and finished by presenting his roll to the gallant officer and solemnly shaking hands with him, which sign of manual approbation was followed up again by the Honourable Curzon de Curzon, who then spoke for himself, and in a loud, clear, commanding voice, so as to be heard even where we stood, gave us a short summary of the gallant officer's life, and all the good services he had rendered to the Queen and Country. After this they all shook hands again, as though they had signed a treaty of peace; and then the hero of the day stood forward and thanked the people in a few feeling, kind and appropriate words. He seemed really touched by the honor they had shown him; and there was something very affecting in seeing that grey head bared before the populace that had pushed on so nobly within range of the bristling shots from Sebastopol, and had now come to enjoy his triumphs in England in the hard won glory that had bowed the heads of so many good and brave, amongst the noblest of whom his own son might be reckoned. There was a hush for one expressive moment after he had done speaking, and then an unhappy-looking baby set up a shriek, which was the signal for loud and repeated cheers that burst yet again from the ranks of the people. The jolly looking tars might be seen forcing their way again through the crowd; the carriage was dragged forward; once more they yoked themselves to it; and so, borne forward almost on the shoulders of the people, standing up in the carriage, bowing right and left to the waving of handkerchiefs and the tumultuous applause, with his kindly smile and his well-earned laurels, the gallant old man was escorted to the hotel, where a large and sumptuous luncheon had been provided for his entertainment.

From the Lump of Gold. A MONDAY MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

'Twas Monday morn at Micklethorpe,
And all its little world
Was up and stirring—out or in,
The mill resumed its clink and din,
And the mill-wheel spun and swirl'd,
And the mill-stream danced in the morning light,
And all its eddies curl'd.

The mealy miller sniffed the bree ze,
And boded pleasant weather;
The sturdy blacksmith bared his arm,
And donned his apron-leather;
While the jangling bells of the waggoner's team
They all kept time together.
The ostler whistled a poaching tune;
And the landlord of the 'Crown,'
Ruddy and round, came out to greet
The coach from the distant town—
For the railway spared this nook of hills,
By leagues of park and down.

The gardener's lad, who pruned the trees
That grew by the rectory wall,
Sang as he wrought, with wandering thought,
And a heart at peace with all.
Merry the lay, as clear as day;
The parson heard the words
Come in at the open window-sill,
With the twitter of the birds,
And smiled to himself a quiet smile,
'An honest lad and free,
If he believe in the song he sings—
And a song well sung!' quoth he.

Narrative of a Campaign in the Crimea, by
Lieutenant Peard.

SCENES ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

FROM our elevated situation I witnessed many heart rending scenes through my glass. Poor troopers were standing about all over the plain, wounded; others were to be seen galloping into camp at an earlier part of the day, by twos and threes, in regular order, as if in the ranks. One poor animal came cantering along with his hind-leg broken, and swinging round and round at every stride. Others would be seen with both hind-legs broken, endeavouring to rise from the place where they fell. I shall never forget one scene, so dreadful, and yet one which would have made a splendid study for an artist. It was a wounded Scots Grey who passed us, his horse led by a companion. All looked so sad: even the poor horse, though not wounded, bowed his head, and appeared to sympathize in his master's sufferings. The poor fellow seemed to be in a dying state, and, as he leant on the pommel of his saddle, his pale and agonized face could just be observed under his bear-skin; the horse's shoulder was covered with blood, and yet the poor creature seemed to know with what care he ought to carry his wounded master. We could plainly see the Cossacks on the field of battle, amongst the dead and wounded, and now and then their gory lance would be thrust through the body of some wretched sufferer, who had in vain lifted up their hands, expecting aid instead of destruction from these savages. The servant of an officer who was ill at Balaklava walked up from the field of battle, where he had picked up a Cossack's sword, and shortly afterwards took a poor wounded officer on his back to Balaklava. On the way they were fired at by a wounded Russian. Upon this he deposited his load on the ground, and, walking up to the villain, lopped his head off, and proceeded on his way with his burden. We watched with the greatest interest a wounded dragoon, who was creeping on his belly from the battle field, near the Russian horse, to us. Every now and then he would halt and hold up his sword. He was presently spied by the Russian sharpshooters in the redoubt near us, and they opened a sharp fire upon the poor fellow. He still persevered, and was shortly seen by a sailor, who had a brass helmet on his head, and was walking about picking up trophies, with a friend, quite heedless of their rifles. They immediately went to his rescue, and carried him on their shoulders some little distance, when he was put on a horse, with great difficulty, and brought into our lines. I do not know when my heart felt more relieved. A brother officer, M——, was busy in shooting wounded horses which were near our redoubt; and Captain B—— and W—— were rendering all the assistance in their power to a wounded Russian officer, by sewing up and washing his wounds, but he died that night, chiefly from the intense cold. Some swords belonging to the Scots Greys, were picked up; one I saw was broken off within six inches of the hilt, and another was complete, only the handle was covered with blood and brains, and a piece of a skull had adhered to it.

A PROPER DIFFERENCE.—It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to day, for it is Sunday. 'I knew it mother,' but it is Sunday School that I am playing.'

A man being awakened by the captain of a boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, very considerably replied—'Oh, the bugs wont hurt 'em I guess; they're an old pair.'

Communications.

ON EMIGRATION.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

SIR,—You are aware that on the 25th, the 27th, and 28th March, I lectured at the Mechanics' Institute, of this Town, on the subjects of the great want of Population in this Province, the very unwise neglect of the Imperial Government, and the best means, firstly, of causing Immigrants to come hither, and secondly of keeping them here.

I attributed, in my Lectures, as in my judgment I still continue to attribute, the equally implicit and discreditable apathy of the Home Government, chiefly, if not entirely, to the apathy of the people here; I said then, as I still say, that Heaven helps them, and only them, who to the best of their power and advantages, help themselves. But there are some cases, and this is one of them, in which those who require help, are either unconscious of their necessity, or so deeply plunged into apathy, that personal loss and political degradation seem less terrible in prospect than the alternative of instant and energetic action.—Some are quite sure that Farming cannot prosper here, others care very little whether it can or not, as long as there is a hope of Lumber looking up in the European market, and few, very few, can be induced to reflect upon the facts, that Farming is profitable when properly carried on and steadily persisted in, that it is disgraceful as well as perilous to rely upon the ONE staple, Lumber, to the neglect of Agriculture, the Fishery, and the Mine, that Lumber when taken out to too great an extent must necessarily become a drug in the market, and that every trader in this Province—the Lumber Merchant and the Shipbuilder not excepted—is deeply and permanently interested in a speedy and very large addition to our—all things considered—very disgracefully scanty population.

But though apathy and mis-conception are only too general upon this very important subject, though only too many ignore it altogether or consider it from a totally wrong point of view, there are happily some exceptions; there are happily some equally zealous and enlightened friends of the Province, who see not only all the commercial and political importance of an early and large increase of our population, but also the frightful political dangers to which a continuance of the present state of things must infallibly expose us. To me it is plain, that whether with the view to acquiring great advantage or in the mere instinctive effort to shun a very great danger, instant and earnest exertion ought to be made to attract hither a portion, at least, of that Emigration from the Agricultural districts of Great Britain and Ireland, which hitherto we have unwisely allowed to go to the United States, to build up the wealth and power of our commercial rivals and political opponents—who show their sense of the favor by that Know-Nothing movement which gives the lie direct to all the after-dinner twaddle of Ambassadors, and which the merest accident may convert into a movement of Rapine and Massacre—unless, indeed, the cheeks given to Know-Nothing brutality on the bridge of Cincinnati, have taught the Know-Nothing leaders—renegade Europeans, almost to a man!—that brute violence is a game which two can play at, and a game at which fellows enervated by the indulgence, through successive generations, of all mentionable and of all unmentionable vices, are likely enough to play the losing cards! But how are we to make that exertion? Apathy here, apathy at home; a full determination on the part of not a few in New Brunswick, to be quite zealous in denying to their country the very slightest advantage of soil and climate, and an equally full determination on the part of the States, to go the entire animal in praising themselves and all that is theirs; these assuredly, are not matters to encourage the loyal British subjects, who love the liberty they enjoy, and hate tyranny, whether it be the tyranny of the slave butchers of the south, or that of the mob and the mob leaders of the north! It really is NOT very encouraging to find that while Yankeeedom POOH POOHs its fever and ague as a mere trifle, calls sawdust, toothless, haggard, and horrible prematurity of old age the perfection of youthful beauty, defends slavery from the Bible and denounces the higher law (Christianity) when it militates against the "institution;" it really is NOT very encouraging to find that while Yankeeedom is so staunch to itself, as to call even its greedy and obscure Vulturean Eagle, your New Brunswick looks upon you as his enemy, if you affirm that his vast Province ought to have a population rather larger than that of a second-rate English Town, and that he really is a little above the level of the Esquimaux in Agricultural capacity. The great difficulty is to decide where and how to commence that better course which had our statesmen been truly wise we should have commenced years ago. I confess that there are many circumstances which render the first steps towards a thorough and efficient reform as to Emigration from Great Britain and Ireland, steps of great apparent difficulty; but the difficulty in this case, as in so many other cases, is rather apparent than

real. Your thoroughly idle or thoroughly timid man, never fails to see "a Lion in the path;" and men say that a thing is "impossible" when they are too selfish, too idle, or too perverse to try to do it. I have admitted some of the difficulties of the present case; but in spite of these difficulties I not only believe that we CAN both bring Immigrants hither and keep them here, when they shall have come, but I go farther and say, that in spite of open opposition and in spite of sullen apathy, we WILL do so; and you, Sir, as I will briefly explain to you, can very importantly aid us in this early stage of an agitation as to which, when we shall have made it, as we speedily will make it, a POPULAR movement, those who now openly sneer or sullenly hold back, will be the most eager to claim credit for exertions which they have never made and to offer aid, when aid is no longer needed.

I had not been many weeks in this Province before I quite clearly perceived that though something both may and must be done here, the chief portion of the good work must be done in England; the British press must repair, as far as it can be repaired, the injury done by long years of neglect on the part of the British Government. As I stated in the course of my Lectures, this Province has been doubly sinned against, it is suffering alike from sins of omission and sins of commission; the people at home have been shamefully left in ignorance of the real character, as to extent, soil, and climate, of British America—and especially of this Province—while the impudent boasts of these very Know-Nothings who are now insulting their dupes and tools, and who very probably will butcher not a few of them in exemplification of the genuine Republican freedom of Election, should that warlike gentleman Mr Pierce encounter any serious opposition, have not only been uncontradicted by our Government and press but winked at by the former, and shamelessly echoed, re-echoed and guaranteed by the latter. It is time that these sins of omission and commission, be put an end to; and an end SHALL be put to them, no matter who may resist the movement or who may sullenly refrain from bidding it God speed! And thus, Sir, it is that you can greatly aid. Publicity, not here, but in Great Britain and Ireland, must be given to all the local and political disadvantages against which "Foreigners" (as vagabond Know-Nothings, fresh from London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, have the impudence to call their betters) have always had to contend in the States, and which are almost infinitely multiplied and aggravated by the about equally unjust and unwise proceedings of the Know-Nothings; and to all the numerous advantages and capabilities with which New Brunswick is so signally blessed; advantages and capabilities which we have unwisely, I had almost said systematically, kept from the knowledge of our Emigrating population, which, to my positive and personal knowledge, hears of this splendid province only as a place of all but Arctic severity of climate and sterility of soil. This I say, ought to be altered; this I say, SHALL be altered! Already I have sent a communication to that great redresser of social and political wrongs—the Times; and another communication to that "leading" Journal not merely of England but of the whole world, will be on its way to England before these lines appear in your next paper. But though much will be done by even such a brief statement of the case as such a paper as the Times can at all probably spare space for, more far more remains to be done.

The bestial character of the Emigrant Ships must be exposed, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr Sydney Herbert, and other wealthy and generous philanthropists must be clearly shown that they can send five people here for less than the expense at which they are sending each individual emigrant to New South Wales; the whole conservative party of England must be aroused to the truth, that they can in no way do so much towards maintaining the integrity of the British Empire and opposing the accursed principle of that Sham Republicanism which is in reality Mob Government of the very worst kind, as by aiding a steady and well conducted Emigration hitherward; the small farmer and the labourer must be shown what they have to dread in the States, and what they have to hope for here; and commercial men must be shown that as a mere matter of pecuniary profit, they will do well to aid in sending us hands. If all this was necessary before, it is doubly so now, unless we are to be overrun with the vilest kind of Railway labourers, while this Province has borrowed—money to spend, and to see our already scanty supply of labourers diminished; and whose who remain, corrupted by American example. It very fortunately happens that the able and energetic President and Secretary of the Agricultural Society agree with me as to the reality of the evil, and as to the extreme desirableness of the remedy; and they agree with me, too, that successive statements of facts should week by week be published in your paper; a copy of each number containing such facts being sent to the leading conservative statesmen of both Houses of Parliament, to some of the chief conservative papers in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and to some of the wealthiest landlords of those parts of the three countries which we know to have the heaviest population.—The details which I shall from week to week furnish you being thus simultaneously and continuously brought before the British public,