London theatres with but partial success. 'This disappointment greatly soured the mother's temper, never a very lamblike one, and she led her daughter such a wretched life, that the poor unguided child threw herself away upon a wild young fellow of the name of Dalzell—Arthur Dalzell."

'Dalzell! a rather fine name that,' I interjected; 'but an assumed one, perhaps.'

'No; he was a young man of good family, who had lost both his parents in his nonage, and upon reaching the ripe maturity of twenty-one, was cast upon the world to scramble through it, as he best could, with a fortune of five or six hundred pounds, and habits of expense requiring five times as much as that yearly. He had, however, the good taste, though himself what is called a gentleman-amateur, to withdraw his wife from the stage. Finding himself, but a few months after marriage, in imminent danger of a jail, he managed to procure a commission in the English force serving under General Evans in Spain. There he speedily acquired a character for reckless daring; and when General Evans' troops were disbanded, he transferred his services to the French Foreign Legion, employed in Africa. A long interval passed, and then I heard of them from Southern Russia: and that Captain Dalzell was an officer in the army of the Czar.'

'Verily, a roving, adventurous gentleman! But did Aunt Viola share his wanderings?'

'She was his inseparable companion. Captain Dalzell's employment in Russia was not, if I rightly understood Viola, entirely of a military character. He had something to do with government contracts, in which he failed, in consequence, it seemed, of the bad faith of a partner. This I learned from the last letter I ever received from my sister: it was dated from Odessa!'

'I know: the place which the French and Britishers have lately cannonaded in a considerate, merciful sort of way, as if desirous of hurting the Russians as little as possible.'

'That letter,' continued my aunt, 'informed me that Captain Dalzell had left Russia for ever, and that she and their only surviving child, Marian, were about to follow, whither she did not precisely know, but very probably to America. This it proved, was their destination; but unhappily, whilst Ruth and I were absent in Boston, Captain Dalzell arrived at New York, made himself known to my husband, who received him most cordially; lent him five hundred dollars, mainly for the alleged purpose of sending for his wife and daughter; which sum the unhappy man appears to have lost at a gaming-house in one night. The next day, he set off, as a curt note apprised your uncle, to join the Mexicans, in arms to defend their country against the braggart Yankees!'

'My stars! but such a note as that from a man that had choused him out of five hundred dollars, must have got the major's dander up alarmingly!'

'My husband was, and naturally so, very wroth; but he acted unjustly in his anger, by writing an unkind, reproachful letter to Viola, whose address he found in my writing-desk, indirectly upbrading her with Captain Dalzell's misdeeds. I knew of all this too late. The excusatory letter I immediately wrote was returned after a long interval, with a postal intimation that Madame Dalzell had left Odessa; and from her continued silence, I was fain to conclude that Viola had finished her sad earthly pilgrimage, till a few days since, when this Karl Hartmann came over to Staten Island, bringing a long letter addressed to me from Arthur Dalzell, who, it appears, is dying at San Francisco, and, repentant too late, is anxious to induce his long-abandoned wife, who is still living somewhere in South Russia, to come over to America, that he may see her and his child once more before his eyes close upon a world in which he has played so unworthy a part. Karl Hartmann, his friend, knows, he writes, South Russia well, and with my assistance will be able to discover the present whereabout of Viola, and bring her safely here. She has, it appears, supported herself and Marian for several years past by teaching music, but of late her eyesight had begun to fail her; and thus whilst I, her own sister, have been wrapped in ease, comfort, luxury, the sweet, beauteous child—for, Mark, dear Mark,' sobbed my aunt, giving way to the choking grief which for some minutes had rendered her speech almost unintelligible—I cannot realize her to myself, but as I saw her last, God's radiant angel-child—she, I say, has the while been hopelessly struggling with calamity—abandoned, blind! O heavenly Father! thy ways, thy dispensations are indeed inscrutable!'

'This is a strange story, dear aunt,' I ventured to remark after a while. 'Does Mr Hartmann require funds of you for his journey?'

'Yes; and large funds too, Mark.'

'I thought so. But how comes it, that Captain Dalzell does not know his wife's precise address? Merely that she may be heard of somewhere in South Russia—a pleasant country, I guess, to hunt over upon such an errand just now.'

'I asked that very question,' said my aunt; 'and the answer was, that Dalzell had not for a very long time heard from my sister, except indirectly. I, however, positively refused, from the first, to advance the money, except through you, and from time to time as the exigency might arise. This Mr Hartmann strongly demurred to; but after seeing you yester-afternoon—you have rather a raw, boyish look, Mark—he made no further objection to that arrangement.'

'Mr Hartmann may find, when the push comes, that he has mistaken his man, or boy, since boy I am seemingly doomed to remain all my days.'

'Ruth says, you will prove yourself a match for half-a-dozen German Hartmanns,' said Aunt Martha, pitching a very soothing, soft-sawdering note. 'And it is certain that, in prosecuting the search after your aunt Viola, you will incur no danger. The Czar is anxious just now to cultivate friendly relations with this country, and you will be provided with letters from strongly influential parties here to Mr Brown, the American representative at Constantinople.'

'I shall do my best, be assured, dear aunt, to deserve Ruth's flattering opinion, and to accomplish your wishes.'

Aunt Martha's quivering lips pressed mine in acceptance of that pledge, and we then went down stairs, where we found my father hob-nobbing with the said Karl Hartmann, unquestionably a man of superior, commanding aspect; and no one could look upon his sun-bronzed, scarred visage—two sword-cuts, not at all disfiguring—and tall, well set-up figure, without instantly recognizing a soldier of service.

The brief conversation that ensued turned upon the war, to the theatre whereof we were bound, the stranger displaying not only an intimate knowledge of the countries to which it was likely to extend, but an inveterate, supercilious John Bullism, as surprising in a German, as the perfection of his pronunciation.

'You speak English wonderfully well, Mr Hartmann,' I remarked.

'Not at all wonderfully, Mr Henderson,' he replied, 'when you remember, that I have passed several years in these United States, where, as you know, the genu*ine* accent can alone be acquired.'

The sneering tone and emphasis with which this was said, made my blood tingle again; and cudgelling my brains for a smart retort, I came out with the following brilliant, if not quite novel, home-thrust: 'It is certainly very amusing to find Great Britain with India and half a world besides in her omnivorous grasp, affecting such righteous horror of aggressive war.'

Before Hartmann's flashing glance could be interpreted by words, Dame Garstone interposed with—'There is at all events, a mighty difference in favour of England as against Russia, in one respect: England did not invade India and other countries in simulated vindication of the gospel of God—solemnly inaugurate the work of the devil in the name of Christ.'

'Just so, madam,' said Hartmann, rising to go away. "Cotton" would be a more appropriate inscription upon Britain's aggressive banner than the name invoked by the czar. The *Saucy Gipsy*,' he added, with a mockingly merry glance at the indignant supercargo, 'will, it is understood, sail, wind and weather permitting, the day after to-morrow, at about noon. I shall not fail to be punctual.' Mr. Hartmann then, after a brief private conference with my aunt, left the house; and so did I, a few minutes subsequently, with Aunt Martha.

The wind blew fresh from the south-west; the blue-Peter had been for some time flying at the foretop-mast-head of the *Saucy Gipsy*—the brig, by the by, *had* been so named after Ruth's household and familiar sobriquet—now moored off the landing place at Staten Island, and the order was at length given to cast off; whereupon Aunt Martha, who had been urging her counsels and commands over and over again, hastened from the cabin upon deck, bidding Ruth follow.

'Good-by, Cousin Mark,' said Ruth, holding out her little hand, and speaking with a lightness of tone I was sure only assumed. We shall think of the *Saucy Gipsy* oftener, I daresay, than you will.'

'Ah, Ruth, if you only felt as I feel'——

'Mercy forbid! Not, at least, as you felt ten minutes ago—fit to murder poor Mr. Hartmann; and all because I was commonly civil to the man.'

'Ruth! Ruth!'

'Just as if a girl of my angelic sweetness of disposition *could* look cross or forbidding, if she tried.'

'Oh, come, I'll be darned if'——

'Nonsense? Hold your tongue—do? You've nothing more to say to me, I suppose, Mark?' she added, balancing herself upon one foot, and holding the cabin-door in her hand. 'Coming, mamma!'

'I daresay! For shame, you rude boy! Did you ever? Why, Mark? Here I am, mamma!'

An Urchin in a Bad Fix.—Little boys, when they come late to school, have to bring a written excuse explaining the cause of their tardiness. Some days since, an urchin, in a city school, came extremely late, but without the least fear or anxiety depicted on his countenance. He had a 'scuse. On handing it to the teacher, it was so pened and readt hus: "Missus—*Whale the barer* for running away." The model 'scuse was accepted, and the little fellow was according admonished in the region of his "sit-down-upons."—*Boston Courier*.

GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

Canada extends in length from the coast of Labrador to the River Kaministiquia, at the end of Lake Superior, about 1000 miles, with an average breadth of 230 miles, being nearly three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland. It contains an area of about 350,000 square miles, or 224,000,000 acres.

General Simpson, the successor to Lord Raglan, in the command of the British troops in the Crimea, is a soldier of well tried and proved renown; having served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, and at Quatre Bras, where he was severely wounded; and eminently distinguished himself by his heroism and valuable services, as second in command to the late Sir Charles Napier, in Scinde, in 1845. When the dreadful sufferings of the army in the Crimea during last winter, aroused the indignation of the British people, and overthrew the Government, the new Ministry set themselves to work to remedy the evil as speedily as possible; and among other reformatory movements it was found necessary to establihsh an authoritative supervision of the whole of the *Staff* in the Crimea. In his first *official* speech in the House of Lords, on the 16th February last, Lord Panmure announced the appointment of Gen. Simpson as Chief of the Staff: and so well established, was the brave soldier's reputation that even Lord Ellenborough and other members of the opposition joined in unanimous approval of the appointment. Gen. Simpson sailed for the Crimea in the latter part of February, and his services there as Head of the Staff have been eminently beneficial.—Having now succeeded to the important post of Commander-in-chief, we have no doubt that he will thoroughly maintain his well-earned fame, and add to his own laurels and the glory of his country. His appointment, in both instances, has been the result of personal merit alone, irrespective of any other influence.

The Empress Eugenie.—Without being by any means the perfect beauty her flatterers declare her to be, the Empress is certainly one of the very loveliest looking women that could be found. Her face is lighted up with such an innocent, gentle and vivacious expression, and a smile of such exceeding sweetness as render her perfectly charming. Her manner is at once graceful, dignified, and gracious; she looks absolutely radiant on a public occasion, and performs her part so perfectly and with such a look of absolute happiness that she seems not only as though she had been born to the station to which her singular fortune has raised her, but appears beside her impassible and undemonstrative partner, as though she was some sovereign in her own right who had espoused some man of humble rank and sought unconsciously to atone for his comparatively cold and ungracious manner by the overflowing of her own royal and native courtesy. And yet to see her small, sweet, but pale and weary-looking face at other times, one would say that she had already entered upon that destiny of sorrow of which the line of pain across her brow would almost seem to be nature's own prophecy.

Death of Mr. James Silk Bukingham.—This well-known lecturer and writer died lately at his residence, Stanhope-lodge, Upper Avenue-road, after a severe and protracted illness.

A man living about forty miles from Cairo, in this State, named Evans, was bitten by a mad dog recently. The man became mad, and during his paroxysms five men were unable to hold him, and in compliance with his earnest entreaties, a number of persons placed him between two feather-beds and smothered him to death.—*Illinois paper*.

Naval.—H. M. S. Espeigle, Commander Lambert, sailed from Halifax on Monday last, for the Gulf of St. Lawrence. H. M. Steam Sloop Argus, Commander Purvis, refitting. It is understood that the Admiral leaves about the 14th August, on a visit to Cape Breton and Newfoundland.

The brigs *Margaret Mortimer* and *Halifax*, came in to Halifax on Tuesday last from Montreal, having on board 150 recruits for the Foreign Legion. These vessels came to off George's Island, and disembarked their living freight at that locality, where the men are quartered under canvas. The transport with a strong draft for the 76th Regt. is hourly looked for from England.

An Officer serving in Canada, suggests to the British authorities a way of raising 2000 men, by granting a pardon to men who have deserted to the States, and expressing a conviction that they would return to their duty from a sense of the hardships and degradation deserters from Canada endure in the States.

Interesting to Shoemakers.—An "upright shoemaker's bench" has lately been patented in England, and by it the work of shoemaking can be carried on better in a standing than in a sitting position. This will be a great relief to the devotees of St. Crispin, and prevent pulmonary complaints, so frequent amongst shoemakers.

End of the Enlistment Cases.—In the U. S. District Court, this morning, the case of Kazinski and Lippi was called up, and Judge Sprague ruled, that evidence must be produced to prove that the defendants had employed agents to enlist men. No evidence of this kind was produced, and the Jury were instructed to bring in a verdict of not guilty. The defendants were then discharged, and thus ends the whole of the enlistment cases.—*Boston Times, July* 21.

A Sapper who some time since deserted from Halifax garrison, returned from the United States last week and gave himself up to the authorities.

Advantages of Paying for a Newspaper in Advance.—A Boston paper says, one of the facts put in evidence at the trial in the Supreme Court to sustain the will of the late Wm. Russel, was that only a few days before he made the will, he called at the office of the *Democrat*, and paid for a paper a year in advance, thereby saving fifty cents. The fact was dwelt upon at length by counsel, and commented upon by the judge in his charge, as one of great importance. The verdict of the jury would seem to sustain the proposition that a man who had mind enough to pay for his newspaper in advance is competent to make a will.

Sir Colin Campbell.—A sergeant in the Highland Brigade, says, under date of Balaklava, 7th April:—"I would not like to be the enemy that would attempt this position so long as a single shred of the body or the slightest spark of the spirit of auld Colin Campbell remains to animate the men under his command. His country, I think, will never thoroughly know the trying nature of the command he holds. There is an extensive position to defend, and only few troops, and they of a mixed character, to defend it with, and the enemy has often been forty thousand strong only a couple of miles from him. At no hour, either by day or night, can you walk round Balaklava lines without meeting him looking with a careful eye, that every one does his duty correctly, and giving a word of encouragement here, approbation there, and a laugh in another place, putting every one in good humour, and infusing his own hearty cheerful spirit into the most desponding. He actually seems to be stouter at the present time than when he left England; and we are all proud of our fierce, devoted, frolicksome old leader."

Private letters relate that an English officer, whilst rummaging about in the cemetery at Kertch, discovered a great number of newly-made graves. As no one had been killed, and as no epidemic malady prevailed in the town, he conceived suspicion, and had the graves opened. He found in them not fewer than fifty magnificent brass guns, quite new, and a great quantity of projectiles and gunpowder.—The quantity of wheat preserved from destruction is said to be sufficient to feed the allied armies for nearly a month.

A Veteran of a Hundred Fights.—An aged soldier and sailor died on the 25th ult., in Manchester—Joseph Gillman, of Hulme. Joe was a hero, a warrior from his cradle to his death. He was born at Little Over, near Derby, in 1759, and consequently was in the 96th year. He fought in more than a hundred battles in his country's cause, and in a still greater number on his own account. He fought under Rodney and Hood, in the West Indies, off Port Royal, in April, 1782, against the French admiral, Count de Grasse (who was taken prisoner and sent to England), and is believed to have been the last survivor of that eventful day. Whether right or wrong, Joe was one of the foremost mutineers at the Nore. Joe dictated the third, the *effective* telegraphic message to Mr. Pitt, namely, "unless their demand for double pay was granted to soldiers as well as sailors, in one hour they would weigh anchor, and with 50 ships of war, in four hours they would lay London in ashes!" In this case, Joe's threat, without blows, conquered both minister and monarch! This rebellious act was Joe's chief glory; he used to say "he had rendered no other service to his country or mankind to be compared with it." Joe's favourite, the immortal Nelson, personally selected him to accompany him in the St. George to the Baltic, to Copenhagen, where 13 ships under Nelson accomplished what the 40 under Admiral Parker declined. At Copenhagen Joe received a compound fracture on both legs. He served in the Royal Navy about 18 years. Fighting was his glory; he was ever foremost in the post of danger. He was one of the forlorn hope in the storming of Seringapatam.

The Montreal *Pilot* estimates the number of Recruits which, before the close of the season, will have passed through that city, *enroute* for Halifax, to join the Foreign Legion, at 5000, including Germans, English, Irish, Scotch, and a few French Canadians. Send them along. Those already in Halifax garrison are being rapidly trained, and the few that appear in the streets already begin to exhibit the result in a respectable soldier-like bearing.

The Hon. George Hayward, of New Brunswick was presented to Her Majesty, on the 24th of June, by Lord John Russel.