

insurgents because he had been overpersuaded, and moreover, there was a lady in the case. But as for Harry nothing short of pure ambition had attracted him. He was anxious to become a great man, a leader in the country; to this end he had overlooked the character of the men he was forced to associate with for the time; and his reason for making away with Frank Arnley was because the young fellow had found him out, and had threatened to denounce him.

As Harry, therefore, came forward with Bertram and the guard, he noticed that many who previously would have been proud to call him friend, looked upon him sternly and with contracted brows.

No sooner was the court declared open than the crowd rushed in. It needed but a spark to inflame them to deeds of violence, for many of them were deeply under the influence of liquor and excitement. On the charge being read, a voice from the crowd shouted: "He's a traitor! a rebel! a murderer! a matricide! lynch him! swing him from the nearest pine!" The crowd took up the cry, and with shouts of "Murderer! Where's Arnley? He broke his mother's heart!" began to close upon him. Seeing that the court was powerless to protect him, Harry drew a pistol from his belt and placing his back against the wall cried:

"Come on, you cowards! I'm but one to a crowd, but the first man that attempts to lay a hand on me, his blood be on his head!"

The crowd paused, struck with admiration at his boldness, but they were again surging forward, determined to seize the prisoner, when a side door was burst open violently and in sprang Frank Arnley. Seeing at a glance Harry's peril, he placed himself in front of his friend, crying:

"Who says I'm killed? Touch Harry Hewit with a finger, if you dare, and I'll soon show you I'm as much alive as ever!"

Had a spectre risen before them the assembly could not have been more amazed, and had they not all been too much occupied with him for other observations, they might have seen several individuals slip away hastily.

Questions poured so thick on Frank that he clapped his hands over his ears, saying that if he had Mackenzie's power of speech ten times over, he could not answer all.

Before the court was once more brought to order, Frank's uncle arrived, having ridden hastily to Dr. Leslie's in his anxiety to see his nephew, and then hearing what had befallen Harry Hewit, and Frank's departure to the rescue of his friend, had followed him up with speed.

Delighted to find his nephew not only alive, but also in his usual health, Squire Arnley insisted that Frank should be called as a witness in the charge still pending.

(To be continued.)

## MORNING.

### I.

Afar o'er rugged mountains  
The first faint dawn appears:  
Through space the great Aurora  
Our cloud-wrapped planet nears!  
Haste, shadows! flee before her,  
Haste, for your reign is done,  
Hither in purple and amber  
Comes her attendant sun!

### II.

The sombre pall is scattered  
Like serried ranks in war,  
For Morn's fair path a hopeless Night  
With shadows may not mar!  
The lake's smooth bosom glitters  
With golden streaks agleam  
The tree-tops softly crimsoned  
Silent and awe-struck seem!  
And rich, deep woodland odours  
Float through the stilly air,  
A sacrificial burden  
Heavy with perfumes rare.

### III.

Stay, Morn, for I cannot let you  
Slip from my heart's great deep,  
Stay, and in subtle essence,  
My glowing senses steep!  
Fleeting, ah! swiftly, swiftly  
Glides the fair Dawn away,  
Melting with infinite beauty  
Into the glorious Day!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

## MA CHAMBRETTE.

This beautiful little poem, so full of freshness and promise, was published in the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* of the Province of Quebec, in November, 1870, under circumstances peculiarly sad. The authoress, Miss Marie Catherine Henriette Adeline Chauveau, daughter of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, the present Sheriff of Montreal, but then Minister of Education was married on the 25th of October, 1870, to William Scott Glendonwyn, Esq., of Parton, Kircudbright, Scotland. Lieutenant in the 69th Regiment. She left Quebec with her husband on the 16th of November for Bermuda, and arrived there on her birthday, the 25th, when she was just 19 years of age. A few days after her arrival she was taken ill with typhoid fever, and died on the 17th of December. Mr. Glendonwyn started with the remains for Quebec, but fell ill of the same disease at Halifax. On the 6th of January, however, the remains reached Quebec, and were temporarily placed in the Bellevue Cemetery. The sad event had a terrible effect on Mrs. Glendonwyn's eldest sister, who died on the 13th of March following. The two sisters, with a younger one, who had died some years before, were interred in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, and a beautiful monument of white Carrara marble, the work of Mr. Marshall Wood, was erected to their memory. It consists of three figures in alto-rilievo, representing Faith, Hope and Charity, each of them bearing a resemblance to one of the sisters.

Four years later, Mrs. Chauveau, who had been severely shattered in health by these successive bereavements, was laid beside her daughters. Another sister, who was a nun in the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, a lady of marked ability and extraordinary power as a teacher, followed in seven months.

The poem, "Ma Chambrette," was written by Madame Glendonwyn a few months before her marriage. Her father, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, published it, as already mentioned, in the November number of the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, of which he was then officially editor-in-chief, without his daughter being aware of it, and thinking to surprise her by showing it to her in print. Providence had ordered otherwise. She never saw it. The next number of the *Journal* contained the announcement of her death. We have presented it to our readers with the initials and the date, as it was first published. The aim of the translation has been to preserve, as far as possible, the spirit and girlish freshness of the original.

## MA CHAMBRETTE.

Elle est belle, elle est gentille!  
Toute bien, à mon réveil,  
Elle a le feu qui scintille  
De chaque brillant soleil!  
Elle a la pâle lumière  
Des étoiles de la nuit,  
Et l'encens de ma prière  
Qui s'élève et qui s'enfuit.  
Oui, c'est là, dans ma chambrette,  
Que je prie et parle à Dieu;  
Oh! quelle grâce secrète  
Se répand en ce doux lieu!  
Dans ce petit sanctuaire,  
Chaque meuble, chaque objet,  
Devient pour moi le sujet  
D'un penser qui sait me plaire.  
C'est le chant de mon oiseau  
Dont la douce mélodie  
Charme tant ma rêverie,  
Lui donne un essor si beau;  
C'est aussi mon secrétaire  
Sachant toujours me distraire  
Lorsqu'un nuage léger  
Vient en passant m'affliger:  
Il est la sûre cachette  
Du plus intime secret  
Je lui dis tout sans regret  
Comme à ma mère discrète.  
Mais si je taris la source  
De mes heureux souvenirs,  
Ou si l'ennui dans sa course  
Vient provoquer mes soupirs,  
De suite c'est la lecture.  
Les livres ne manquent pas,  
Si mon cœur veut les approcher  
De tout ce que la nature  
A de grand et d'enchanteur,  
C'est le "Récit d'une sœur."

Oh! quel admirable ouvrage!  
Il a bien le pur langage  
D'un cœur vrai, de l'idéal,  
De la sainte poésie.  
Puis vient après, le journal  
De la rêveuse Eugénie,  
Dont le style original  
Révèle un si beau génie.  
Mais c'est assez vous conter  
Mon doux trésor littéraire—  
Je ne saurais bien chanter  
Ces fleurs de mon étagère,  
Et cependant je voudrais,  
Je voudrais, ô ma chambrette,  
Dire dans ma chansonnette  
Tous tes gracieux attraits,  
Ainsi que fait l'alouette  
Et chaque gentil oiseau,  
Pour le petit nid d'herbette  
Qui fut hier son berceau.

Quebec, October, 1870.

H. C.

\* Le "Récit d'une sœur," par Madame de Craven, et le *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* de Québec.

(Translation.)

## MY LITTLE ROOM.

Thou hast charms for me alone,  
Little chamber, all my own;  
Thou dost wear the hues I prize,  
Vying with the azure skies;  
Thou hast just such gentle light,  
As the stars that deck the night;  
The sweet incense of my prayer  
Unto heaven thou dost bear;  
For 'tis here I hold converse  
With Him who rules the universe.  
Then what sweet, refreshing grace  
Is diffused throughout the place,  
Changing it into a shrine,  
Of God's holy will the sign.

Every object there I see  
Brings a pleasant thought to me.  
Hark! my bird, with spirit free,  
Utters such sweet melody  
That on fancy's wings along  
I am wafted with its song.

And if ever 'neath a cloud  
Of melancholy I am bowed,  
To my desk I can repair  
And indict my sorrows there.  
'Tis the safest confidant  
Of the woes the mind which haunts,  
Safe as is a mother's breast  
To her daughter's sad unrest

If of memory the source  
Lose its freshness and its force:  
If to weariness a prey—  
Shall I sigh my hours away?  
No! within my little room  
There is what can chase the gloom.  
Books of memory take the place  
And of sadness leave no trace.  
All that to the sentient heart  
Can quick sympathy impart  
With what nature doth contain,  
Grand and fair, in her domain,  
In the "Sister's Tale" I find,  
Offspring of a noble mind:  
Language pure and purpose high,  
A true soul's holy poesie.

Next, delighted I peruse  
Eugenie's sweet, dreamy muse,  
Whose rapt style is like no other,  
Save that of her poet-brother—  
Mental twins of wondrous birth,  
Lost, alas! too soon to earth.  
Over books like these I pore,  
Dearest of my classic store—  
Flowers, whose exquisite perfume  
Makes thee fragrant, little room,  
But I cannot number all  
The delights within my call,  
Though I fain would sing the rest,  
As the lark its dainty nest  
Praises with its glad some notes,  
As aloft in air it floats:  
And each other gentle bird,  
As it upward soars, is heard  
Warbling forth, where'er it roam,  
Praises to its humble home.

## USING ONLY ONE VOWEL.

### THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

Wars harm all ranks, all arts, all crafts appall;  
At Mars' harsh blast, arch, rampart, altar, fall!  
Ah! hard as adamant, a braggart czar  
Arms vassal-swarms, and fans a fatal war!  
Rampant at that bad call, a vandal band  
Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land.  
A Tartar phalanx Balkan's scarp hath past,  
And Allah's standard falls, alas! at last.

Current Literature.