

atrice," appeared during the year 1824. It is a production containing many points of uncommon force and beauty. The incidents are such as we might fancy to make up life in sunny Italy—inclinations, too often, being loving, followed, alas, too frequently, by treachery and death. I give the following quotation from it. It is part of the description of the wizard to whose cell Ida (the heroine) went for aid in the recovery of her lover's affection:

On that face  
Was aken like a fine true  
Of human likeness: the pore'd skin  
Show'd each discolor'd bone within,  
And, but for the most evil stare  
Of the wild eyes' unsteady glare,  
It was a corpse, you would have said,  
From which life's freshness long had fled.

The 'Trombadour,' another considerable poem, contains also some fine passages. It is founded upon an old chivalric custom of Provence—a custom instituted for back when the small-cloth warrior made of his love a high romance, and shouted for his little sword 'God and my lady,'—a custom instituted when the tilt and tournament were the only true tests of knightly courage and noble bearing. All the minstrels' from the surrounding country met at an appointed place, upon a trial of skill, and the one who could relate the truest tale of love or the most chivalrous adventure, received for his reward the prize—a golden Violet.

'The Venetian Bracelet,' 'The Yaw of the Peacock,' &c., are also tales of old Italian chivalry and love. They are very well written, and evince an easiness of composition, a smoothness and beauty of rhyme, and at the same time a strength and power of expression very seldom seen among female writers. Nothing has been sacrificed to the verse—no beautiful words omitted, or superfluous ones introduced. The things chosen, as though all her poems, may be traced to the strong genius of an accomplished writer, the free, untrammelled thought, the beautiful simplicity and the holy aspirations of one whose only object was to do good both by word and action. There is, however, in these as in her other writings, a deep spirit of melancholy—a spirit of foreboding sadness. It would seem that some sorrowful despondency rested for many years over her mind—some gloomy presentiment of wretchedness and early death. However bright and glad the opening of her poems, the conclusion is generally veiled in darkness and despair. The star whose blessed light cheers and gladdens us at its first rising, becomes ere long, shrouded and obscured by the clouds around it, and at last hastens to its setting, veiled in an impenetrable gloom. We look for its presence continually to illumine our pathway—but very soon see the black clouds gathering and the storm approaching; the star slowly vanishes, and we at last learn how sad our disappointment and our grief.

All of her productions, both prose and poetry, exhibit this spirit of melancholy, this lamentable despondency, so common among writers of good taste, strong sympathy and pure motives. It has been said by a man, whom the world acknowledges to be great, that

'Whoso looketh on the world, cannot be glad and good.'

Miss Landou was of this class. She had gone forth over the earth, and looking around her, had beheld many a lacerated human heart—many a cheerless house—had beheld many instances of unappreciated worth, of injured innocences, of forsaken faith and degraded humanity; and having thus seen and sympathized with the wretched and miserable, her own spirit became too deeply interested in their happiness. She took upon herself too large a share of their sorrow, and while thus benefiting and blessing them, voluntarily added to their afflictions.

'The latter ingredients to the cup she herself must drink. I have said that this spirit of despondency exhibits itself through all her writings. This fact will appear from the following quotation:

'I have been told that my writings are too melancholy. How can that be a reproach, if they are true? and that they are true, I can attest the sympathy of others and my own experience. If I have painted a state of moral solitude when the heart is left like a ruined and deserted city, when the winged step of

joy, and the seven-stringed lute of hope have ceased to echo each other—where happiness lies cold and dead on its own threshold—where dust lies dry and arid over all, and there is not a sign of vegetation or promise of change; if I paint such a state, it is because I know it well. Alas! how many things does my regret take its fall and deepest tone—despondency! I regret not the pleasures that have passed, but that I have no longer any wish for them. I remember so much, which, but a little while ago, would have made my heart beat with delight, and which I now think even tiresome. The society which once excited in me weariness. The look which would have been a fairy gift in my solitude, I can now scarcely read. So much for the moral world; and as for the imaginary world, I have overworked my golden vein. Some of the ore has been fashioned into fantastic, perhaps beautiful shapes, but now they are for others and not for me. Once a sweet face, a favorite flower, a thought of sorrow, touched every pulse with music.—'Now, half my time, my mind is too troubled, too worldly, and too sullen for song. Alas, for pleasure, and still sullen for what made it pleasure.'

Time will not permit me to go into details concerning the life and history of Miss Landou. I shall close by simply giving an extract which so much has been said, and which took place at Cape Coast Castle, on the 15th of October, 1838.

'Previously to the fatal morning of October 15, she had been for three or four nights in constant attendance on her husband, Mr. MacLean, which probably impaired her physical strength. On the preceding day she had appeared in her usual health and spirits, though at night she was attacked with spasms, for which she took some drops.—On the following morning she complained of weariness; and having risen at six o'clock, went to bed again for an hour and a half. She rose and employed herself in writing letters to her friends as her maid, Emily Bailey, was to sail for England in the course of the day. She saw her mistress thus occupied at that time, and observed nothing particular in her appearance or manner. Half an hour afterwards she had a note given her for Mrs. Maclean; and, on going to deliver it, she found some difficulty in opening the door, and on entering the room she discovered her mistress lying against it quite senseless, on the floor, with an empty bottle in her hand, labelled with the name of the medicine she was in the habit of taking. The alarm was immediately given; but notwithstanding surgical aid was almost immediately procured, life was extinct. An inquest was held on the body of the lamented lady; the surgeon's evidence very clearly proved, that in his opinion, her death was caused by the improper use of the medicine (Prussic acid) which Mrs. Maclean had been in the habit of taking for the spasmodic affections to which she was subject, and which she appears to have considered necessary for the preservation of her life, though Mr. Maclean occasionally threatened to take it from her. The spasms coming on whilst in the act of taking it, Mrs. Maclean might, he stated, voluntarily have swallowed more than she intended, or she herself might have had occasional fits of spasms themselves might have occasioned her death before she had time to call for assistance.'

This seems to be the truest and most probable account of her death ever published. It puts to silence all the mysterious doubts and dark surmises which have arisen—shuts out all suspicion of wrong-doing, and gives us grounds of strong and cheerful hope that the whole of her life was all so pure and spotless, whose influence was so honorable and useful, has gone up, from the trial and strife of earth, to the blessed enjoyment and repose of Heaven.

A. J. W.

As an appropriate finish to this sad history, we give the following brief Poem:

I Pray Thee Let Me Weep Tonight.

BY MISS L. K. LANDOU.

I pray thee let me weep tonight,  
The rarely I am weeping;  
My tears are buried in my heart,  
Like cave-locked fountains sleeping.

But oh, tonight, those words of thine  
Have brought the past before me,  
And shadows of long vanished years  
Are passing sadly o'er me.

The friends I lov'd in early youth,  
The fatherless and forgetting;  
Whom, though they were not worth my love,  
I cannot help regretting;

My feelings, once the kind, the warm,  
But now the hard, the frozen;  
The errors I've too long pursued,  
The path I should have chosen;

The hopes that are like falling lights  
Around my path-way dying;  
The consciousness none others rise,  
Their vacant place supplying;

The knowledge by experience taught,  
The useless self-reproaching;  
For what avails to know how false  
Is all the charmer's telling?

I would give worlds could I believe  
One half that is professed;  
Anxious to know if I think it true,  
When Flattery has crossed me?

I can't bear to think of this,  
Oh leave me to my weeping,  
A few tears for that grave, my heart,  
Whose hope in death is sleeping.

From the Englishman of Brotherhood.

REPENTIVE WARS.

Millions of good people object to the peace principles, because they do not admit of defensive wars. Now this, in a very important sense, is a misconception. One of the leading objects of every peace society, is the prosecution of a defensive war in the time of Peace, and that too for the security of their nation against foreign invasion. The war they propose to wage, is not from those of the carnal reason order, only in things, tactics, and arms. The Duke of Wellington once said, that the British have defeated England was in Portugal. And the bloody code of canonical morality even sanctions a desecration upon an enemy's territory to prevent an invasion. Now the advocates of peace believe that the best place to defend England is in the hearts of her enemies, if she is exposed to foreign invasion, or France is owing entirely to the enmity of some nation; and there is no way given under heaven among men, by which either of those nations can be relieved from that exposure, except by overcoming the enmity which is the cause of it.—Against this enmity, then, we propose to wage an exterminating war in time of peace; to wage it with good, and the concentrated power of good will directed at the hearts of those who on an hereditary prejudice has communicated 'natural enemies.'—Good will is a great deal cheaper than gunpowder.—it will cost the people of England nothing. It can be collected and brought to bear without consular, or Custom-houses, taxes. The good people of the realm, says the 'London Times,' pay nine-tenths of the expenses of the Government. The wars waged by England against France from 1688 to 1815, have cost the English people more than £2,000,000,000, and England is full of monuments, commemorating 'glorious victories,' and victors. O death, where is thy victory? O graves of slaughtered Britons, buried by regiments on the field of Waterloo, where is thy victory? O Britons Duke among the thousands whom you have slain of France, del you ever sly a thought of her heart's enmity? Was she less an enemy to England, on the field of Waterloo, than when she rose to blush upon that bloody day? Great people of England, working men, and women, and children, all you in the field or factory who can master the art of composition, or the mystery of the national debt, work out this serious problem: How many rivers of oil will it take to put out a small fire? When you have solved this problem you will be able to tell how many rivers of French and English blood, mingled on the field of battle, will extinguish the 'natural enmity' of France toward England. Think for a moment, dear people, how much you are paying annually for oil to put out fire. Will—the fire terms, and crystals at a penny a piece. Some of the Mexican women and children might seek shelter in the true solitary church, and thus we should lose the advantage of having burned their houses.—[An Taper.

CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.—An army correspondent, in communicating a recent affair at La Hoya, after stating that our troops 'burnt every rancho in their route,' and 'left desolate the whole country over which they passed,' says of the little town of Las Vegas:

'With the consent of the commanding General, the torch was applied to the buildings, and in a few moments the whole town was one universal scene of conflagration. The only building that was spared was the neat little Catholic church that adorned the town.'

What an example of the power of Christian principle! After driving defenceless women and children into the forest, and burning to ashes the homes that might give them shelter, to such as lived to return, they spare the little village church as an evidence of their respect for the gospel of the Prince of Peace. Why did they not destroy the Church too, and leave the Mexicans to suppose that some of the 'poor heathen' had burnt their place? We are more than half inclined to suspect that 'an enemy hath done this thing,' in order to leave behind an evidence that this is the warfare of Christians. 'We beg of them hereafter to make clean work, and if they would do so, they are, for doing so, let them argue that others—some of the Mexican women and children might seek shelter in the true solitary church, and thus we should lose the advantage of having burned their houses.—[An Taper.

COPY OF A HANDBILL DISTRIBUTED IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—Roger Giles, parish clerk, surgeon, and schoolmaster, reforms ladies and gentlemen that he draws tears without waiting a moment—blusters on the lowest terms, and crystals at a penny a piece. Some of the Mexican women and children might seek shelter in the true solitary church, and thus we should lose the advantage of having burned their houses.—[An Taper.

Keep any bodies nall by the year, or so on. Yeung ladies and gentlemen tort their grammar language in the bestest manner—also grames care taken of their morals and spirits otherwise. Some singing and teaching the Hot Boy. Cow-tillions and other dances tort at home and abroad. Perfumery in all its branches. Sells all sort of stonhary wares, blacking balls, bristles, and coles, scrubben brushes, treacle, —likewise taters saggases, and other garvages, studs—also truce, hats, balits, hoy, tinware,

and Eight Millions for preparations for future wars with that power, making an oil bill of Twenty-eight Millions of Pounds per annum, nine-tenths of which are drawn from the working classes of England. O graves of Waterloo, where 's thy victory? Why leave us a yearly pile of one pound sterling, upon every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom for the exigencies of French enmity, past and prospective? And this tax will amount to more than Eight Hundred Millions of Pounds in thirty years, all occasioned by French enmity, or by the policy of putting off fire with oil! Now, good people of England, is not that sum worth saving? Would it not go a great way toward the education and elevation of her children, and the benefit of mankind, if it were saved for you, and by you? It can be saved by you and for you, if you will. How? do you say? Why we will declare war—war to death—against the enmity of France. We will destroy our old 'natural enemies,' by making ourselves friends to them. That's the way. That's the gospel way, and it is irrisolvable. What say you to such a crusade in the spirit of the cross? Brethren of English land, working men, women and children, thousands of thousands of you, like in America, in France, labour, language, and love, will join you in this great enterprise; they will go with you, heart in heart, hand in hand upon the Continent, and with you will victories worth more than angels might crown in heaven.—[Elihu Buritt.

REVENGE.—Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts.—A spirit of revenge is a wicked man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the tenor of what Christianity was designed to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor, than a malicious man, who turns the poison of his own temper upon himself. The Christian precept on this case is, 'Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath;' and this precept, Platanus tells us,—Pythagoras practised in a literal sense: 'Who, if at any time in a passion, they broke out into opprobrious language, before the sunset gave another their hands; and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so, with a mutual reconciliation, parted friends.'

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