

THE CANADIAN CASSETT.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

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SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CASSETT.

THE REWARD OF ENVY.

(Concluded.)

The votary to mischief seldom wants an incentive to push his natural bent. George Carlisle had paid some attentions to, and felt a degree of partiality for, a young lady who, in one of her flirtations, had recently offended him. Personal pique towards his mistress, and envy towards his brother, forwarded his intentions upon Julia Wilmot, to whom he began to make some advances.

At this crisis, news of the battle of Chippewa arrived, and with it intelligence of the death of the adopted father, who fell crowned with glory, for his uniform gallantry. But this event, calculated as it was to excite in the bosoms of the new made orphans feelings of warmer attachment, was destined to sunder them for ever.

James returned home soon after the unhappy affair at Chippawa, in which he had greatly distinguished himself. The will of their uncle was produced, and by it the best of his property was bequeathed to the younger nephew, reserving some valuable articles to George, as memorials of his esteem.

This developement did not answer George's anticipations. He had expected to see James left little more independent than a beggar—he was vile enough to wish it had been so: for, though still his brother's superior in affluence, he could not forbear envying him for the partiality which the deceased uncle had expressed by his last testament.

Brooding over imaginary neglect, of which he persuaded his aching heart to believe James the author, George resolved to accomplish the ruin of his brother. It happened at this very time, that there existed another claim to the large tract of land which constituted his late uncle's estate; and although Mr. Carlisle's title to it had once been confirmed, George now instigated the prosecution of a new suit, with the design that it might be wrested from the hands of his brother and given to the grasp of a swindling stranger.—This unlooked for treachery was successful, and the unnatural brother exulted in

the anticipation that his inferior in wealth would soon be reduced to the mortification of acknowledging his dependence.

Under this cruel and unexpected treatment James bore up undismayed and unresenting. His fortitude was the strongest virtue of his magnanimous spirit, and there now seemed left but one point upon which he was tender; that point was the relation in which he stood to Julia Wilmot. They had mutually given vows of constancy; had only awaited the consent of her parents, and the arrangement of Mr. Carlisle's affairs, for the consummation of their happiness.

The envious are only gratified when the object of their rancour shrink beneath its baleful persecutions. James had never done so; and his brother resolved to pursue with new vigour, his design of rendering him miserable. He flattered himself that his superior grace had already made an impression on the heart of Julia, who had treated his attentions with becoming respect during the absence of her lover. Full of this impression, he determined to rival his doting brother, and become the lover of Julia; and without stopping to ascertain the true state of her regard for him, he made proffers of immediate marriage to her parents.

With that calculating policy which is so apt to sway the mind when the blood is cold, and which has broken many a fine strung heart, the parents of Julia gave a decided preference to her wealthier suitor. But she, with the generous impulse of early and ardent love, resolved to adhere to her first choice with unyielding tenacity, and now her tender bosom was torn between considerations of love and duty, with the prospect of being forced into submission to the latter.

James, for the first time, felt his fate trembling on the breath of fortune when he was dismissed the house of his mistress by her parents. And every stolen interview, while it confirmed each in the possession of the other's heart, still lessened the prospect of their mutual happiness, and increased the prospect of inevitable wretchedness. I need only say, that the parents were not to be contented with any sacrifice on the part of their daughter short of her marriage with George Carlisle.

Love, however, powerful, must be united with something more than natural resolution, to withstand the combined attacks of parents and friends, riches, honours, and exquisite ingenuity. Julia's courage was insufficient to the task, though her hearts decision was irrevocable. With a heart recollecting from the object of her parents ambitious choice, she consented to yield to their wishes, and give her hand to an inconstant admiror, though her love must ever remain with another.

James heard of the triumph of his unnatural brother, in winning Julia, a lovely and reluctant victim to be led to the sacrifice. Losing, for the first time, all fortitude, he flew to her father, vainly hoping that the old man would listen to the dictates of passion. Alas! how little he knew of the influence which wealth holds over sordid minds. His heart had been always open to generosity; his resolution had never been barred against virtuous entreaty; and he estimated the souls of others by his own. He painted to Mr. Wilmot, in glowing colours, the mutual attachment, the solemn vows, and the present unhappiness of Julia and himself; he reminded him of former favors; but was met by this reply: "Young man, would you have me consign my daughter to the protection of a beggar?" It was enough; he sought the solitude of his home to weep over his fate, and curse the cupidity of the human heart.

That very evening, while sitting at the window of his cottage, gazing in melancholy silence on the heavens, he was roused from his reverie by a venerable stranger of extraordinary appearance, who demanded admission to the apartment. With wonted hospitality he welcomed his informal visiter to a peaceful cottage: now no longer his own; and endeavored to dissipate the gloomy impressions of his soul by prying into the character of his guest. The pilgrim's communications were few and sullen; but those few disclosed to James that his father was still alive, and in his presence.

The misanthrope had returned to the scenes where he begun to be what he now was, a man destitute of all the tender and all the base-passions of the hu-