

## EXPECTATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Heard I not the harsh bolt rattling?  
Hark the jarring of the door!  
No,—'tis playful Zephyr prattling  
Mid these reeds and willows hoar.

O! green-leaved arch, prepare for festal hour,  
Thou shalt her beauty-beaming form receive;  
Ye trellised branches of this fragrant bower!  
A veil of pleasing gloom around her weave;  
More freshly breathe, and fond caresses shower  
On her fair cheeks, ye airs of balmy eve!  
When to this secret harbour, formed for love,  
With eager haste her fairy footsteps move.

Hush! who through the copsewood rushes,  
Hurrying on with rustling flight?  
Ah! the scared bird from the bushes  
Flies away in trembling fright.

O! quench thy torch, fierce Day, and thou come forth  
Dim, spectral Night! in grateful stillness reign;  
Thy purple mantle spread around the earth,  
And mid these mystic boughs to hide us deign.  
Far from the prying ear Love's joys have birth,  
Far from the light's rude gaze he rears his fan;  
Alone he trusteth silent Hesperus' eye  
That, mildly beaming, keepeth watch on high.

Did a voice, in whispers stealing,  
Call on me from yonder brake?  
No—the swan, majestic wheeling,  
Murmurs on the silver lake.

A flood of harmony floats through the air,  
The fountain falls with a soft murmuring noise;  
Kissed by fond Zephyr bends the floweret fair,  
And all things breathe the sweet interchange of joys:  
The beckoning grapes invite, their bliss to share,  
The peach that mid its leaves luxuriant toys;  
The gales, steeped in a sea of odours, blow,  
And from my flushed cheek drink the fiery glow.

Heard I not light footsteps sounding?  
Hark the rustling in the walk!  
No—the mellow fruit fell bounding,  
Grown too heavy for its stalk.

The dazzling eye of Day is quenched, at last,  
In placid death; his hues of glory fade;  
The flowers that hute his beams now boldly haste  
To ope their cups in twilight's dewy shade.  
Night's radiant Queen now climbs the azure vast;  
Dissolved in chequered gloom the world is laid;  
The zone is now from every charm unbound,  
And all that's fair in unveiled beauty found.

Saw I not something white streaming,  
Like silken robes in the breeze?  
No—the pillars bright are gleaming  
Mid these dark funeral trees.

O! cease, my longing heart, thy fruitless chase  
Of gay illusions, raised by Fancy's spell,  
Whose shadowy forms but mock my fond embrace:  
Can bliss ideal passion's ardour quell?  
Let me, entranced, her living features trace—  
O! let her gentle touch her presence tell:  
Let me her garment's border only feel,  
And the bright dream is stamped with being's seal.

Softly, as from heaven descending,  
Came the long-wished hour of bliss:  
Light she tripped, and o'er me bending,  
Scared my dreams with stealthy kiss.

Fraser's Magazine.

For the Pearl.

## THE SERGEANT'S WIFE.

If you were ever at — Bay, you might observe a long, low, miserable Log-house, without a shrub or tree about it, bleakly situated on the barren sand. But you perhaps have never heard the story connected with it, and therefore with your permission I will tell it to you.

A recruiting regiment passed through a small village in England, to which belonged Sergeant B., perhaps the handsomest man in the British dominions. At least so thought Mary Thorne; for although she was the belle of her neighbourhood, and possessed of a small inheritance, she refused many eligible offers of marriage, and at length united her lot to that of the good-looking soldier, purchased his discharge with her money, emigrated to North America, and there, after having lived with him for about six years in comparative affluence in several different towns, found herself at last reduced to poverty, and compelled to accompany her husband to the small fishing station I have mentioned above. Their log-house was soon erected. Their furniture consisted of a wooden box, painted red, which served the double purpose of a trunk and a seat, one chair, a deal table, and a few bowls and plates of delf. There were two children to share their scanty fare, a little sickly boy who had been paralytic for more than two years, and a healthy, fine, black-eyed girl of about five years of age.

Many were the surmises and sage conjectures of the twenty or thirty families who were inhabitants of — Bay, as to the previous occupation of this new intruder on their fishing grounds. "He

did not handle a net as if he had been accustomed to it, and his wife was too precise, and had too white hands to have been always a fisherman's wife." Great was their curiosity and greatly was it baffled. If the Sergeant himself was questioned on the subject, stern, brief, unsatisfactory were his answers, and if in his absence, the female gossips of the place endeavoured to worm out the secret from his wife, she only answered them by her tears. At length all efforts for the purpose gradually ceased, and as William Winter, the wit of this little world observed, "It was impossible to say what they *had been*, but every body knew what they soon *would be*, unless the wife was more active and her husband more industrious." Indeed want seemed to be evidently fast coming upon them. Thinner and paler every day became the cheek of the once beautiful Mary Thorne. It is true she had complained to no one and there was an expression of meekness about her face, which to a superficial observer might have passed for contentment, but to a person versed in the human heart would have appeared more like the calm resignation of a deep sufferer. As to the Sergeant himself, it was now universally known that any profits derived from his occupation were mostly spent to purchase "liquid fire," as some one has forcibly called the poisonous draught of intemperance. He was drunk one half of his time. The children were kept very neat and clean, although it was observed that they had but one change of clothing; and the house was always a pattern of cleanliness.

It was at this time I became acquainted with the family. The little sickly boy had departed from this troublesome world, and as I was at — Bay on some business for my employers, I thought I would call upon the apparently destitute inmates of the log-house, and if I could not materially assist them, I might speak some words of comfort to the mourning mother. I found her alone, sitting over a low fire made of some dry pea-sticks, which her little girl was at the time busy in gathering. All was dreary and desolate. It had a chilling effect on my spirits. I believe I shed tears. At least my sympathy was fully felt, for slowly and reluctantly in return for my pity, was I made acquainted with a story of girlhood cheerful and respectable, an ill-sorted marriage, various attempts to reform her husband, his ill conduct, his drunkenness, his brutality to her, who had forsaken respectable connexions, to link her fate with this worthless man. But strange as it may seem she still loved him; she told me after the new year he had faithfully promised her to give up liquor, and "then she would be so happy, and they would be so comfortable, etc." The melancholy smile that lit up her wan countenance as she drew her imaginary picture of future comfort reminded me of the expression of the great English moralist, "the triumph of hope over experience."

The new year came, and with it a great change in the Sergeant. He became strictly sober. And now I expected that all the sanguine expectations of his poor wife would be realised. An energy of character that quite surprised the neighbouring fishermen was the result of her husband's sobriety. In a few months he had the command of a small shallop, and two or three of the young men around him assisted him in navigating it. It was soon whispered in the neighbourhood that they were carrying on a contraband trade. And what gave probability to the report was that his wife and child were now not only well dressed, but that his house was filled with good furniture and even the luxuries of life. His absence from home was necessarily very frequent, and when he did return, there was a mystery in his conduct. He seldom spoke, was imperious and overbearing in his manners, and if the tattle of the place was to be credited was as harsh as ever to his unassuming partner.

It was a cold night in the latter part of November, when the little vessel was seen making her way, through the Bay to her usual place of mooring, opposite to the Log-house. After the anchor was cast, a small boat came to the shore, having on board the Sergeant and a passenger. Mary had been watching its progress with all the anxiety with which a mariner's wife ever hails the arrival of her husband after a voyage. She was surprised to see that the person accompanying him was not only a remarkably genteel looking man, but was attired in a manner very far above that to which she had been accustomed, and was still more astonished when she was told she must prepare a room for this gentleman, as he was to remain that night in their house. Accustomed to obey without asking questions, she made the necessary preparations, and then set before her guest and his companion a plentiful meal. The fire sparkled merrily on the hearth, the old soldier seemed to lay aside all his usual asperity, and with respectful gayety urged the gentleman to partake of the festive glass while he would pledge his health in cold water. He spoke of his old habit of drinking, the necessity he found for abstinence, and gave as a reason, his affection to his wife and daughter, whom by his intemperate habits, he at one time was fast hurrying to ruin. While the stranger commended his good resolutions, he was not himself at all abstemious. His glass was frequently replenished, and when he retired to bed, he carried his liquor about as discreetly as the Baron of Bradwardine. It was determined that they should sail at day light the next morning. Nothing more extraordinary happened that night, except Mary being awakened by a convulsive dream of her husband's, as with

clenched teeth he exclaimed, "It must be. He is rich and we are poor. It must be."

The breakfast was got ready and dispatched by candle light. And as the early streaks of light ushered in the morning, the little shallop bounded on her way and was soon hid behind the point of land, that jutted out at the entrance of the Bay, carrying with it her gloomy master and his more mirthful guest. Mary and her little daughter were now left alone. The vessel would be absent a week, perhaps a fortnight, as that was the usual time occupied in the voyage. It was a long and gloomy day to Mary. A depression of spirits she could not account for, hung heavy at her heart. She attended to her domestic concerns, played with her little girl, looked wistfully on the unvaried scene before her as wave followed wave in rapid succession, "like the troubles of life," she thought "but they leave no mark behind them; whereas the traces of our cares are written on our brow." "Mother," said the child, as such thoughts were passing through the mind of her she addressed, when my father comes back will he bring that gentleman here again, who gave me this dollar." "No, my dear, we will not see him again, your father is taking him home." "O I am sorry for that, for father was not cross when he was here, I wish he would come here again to keep him good-natured." "My dear, your father has much to trouble him; let us be kind to him, and perhaps by and bye, when he has less to worry him, he will be able to smile and speak as he did last night. In the mean time pray to your Heavenly Father for him, and me, and yourself, as I often have taught you." The little prattler was quiet, if not satisfied, and went in the evening to the couch of childhood, the only place of real happiness in this miserable world.

Light after light had disappeared from the neighbouring cottages, while with her Bible before her, Mary was still a watcher. Midnight was passed, and she was thinking of her mother, and of her sisters, and her native cottage half hid with honeysuckle, and how long it had been since she had heard the words of kindness, and how dreary was her abode by the sea shore, and how sullen and dark had become the husband of her choice, and how much need had she for fortitude and patience, and as she thought thereon she fell on her knees to pray. She had just uttered the words, "whatever else befalls me thy will be done," when she was alarmed by one loud knock at the door. She opened it. Her husband stood before her—"Mary," he said "haste, haste, and bar the door." "Now listen; I have not one minute to spare. O woman, I have murdered him, he was rich and we are poor, so I have murdered him. Here is the gold." And he drew from under his coat a small portmanteau. "What can you mean?" said his terrified wife, "whom have you murdered?" "The youth that I brought here last night; he is now in the depths of the sea; I threw him over the side of the vessel; and he sunk to rise no more." "O say thou mockest me, thou couldst not have the heart to do it, thou couldst not be so cruel, O say is it not so?" "Woman the deed is done; here is the reward, but I must away; the shallop is waiting—hide this gold, and if no suspicion is attached to me, in about a month I shall return." He withdrew the fastening from the door and disappeared.

"My cup of bitterness is now full," said the heart-broken wife. "I could say with Cain, my punishment is greater than I can bear. I nearly broke my mother's heart by marrying him. He was intemperate and worthless; he has been cruel to me, unkind to his infant; he has made my hair gray and I am not yet thirty five—he has done all this and more, and I forgave him, and could love him, and did love him, and would have died for him—but to murder—and to murder that gentle unoffending lad—and all for a worthless sum of money—O my heart break at once, let me die, let me die, ere I see him on a gibbet!" Had our heroine been in the upper ranks of life, she would have probably swooned away, and forgot for a time her sorrows. But the veracity of an historian compels me to say that in her utter misery she never forgot for one moment her presence of mind. She passed a night of horror, but in the morning attended to the wants of her child, and then sat down coolly to reason on the dreadful circumstances in which she was placed. Her determination was soon made: "I will not betray him. I will not cut short his days and the possibility of his future repentance. But I will not hide his secret. The gold shall remain in the very spot he left it. If it is enquired after it must bear evidence against him. In the mean time I must leave him; for the sake of my daughter and my own soul I must leave him—but I will first see him and tell him my reasons for so acting, and urge him to fly before the pursuers of blood are after him."

Whether in all this resolution she acted in strict conformity with rigid morality I never could exactly determine, but the God whom she humbly endeavoured to serve in all her trials, spared her the painful interview which she expected to have with her husband. A violent storm arose that night and continued for fourteen hours. Much damage was done to the vessels on the coast, and her husband being a murderer "the sea did not suffer him to escape." His shallop was wrecked off the Bay, and his body, dreadfully mangled, was found sometime afterwards not far from his own house, and could only be recognised by his dress.

My employers interested themselves in the fate of the widow and her child, and they were both sent to their friends in Eng-