

CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.



"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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Original Poetry.

We parted in silence, we parted at night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant pines their boughs unite;
We met and we parted for ever.

The night birds song and the stars above,
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom above,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence our cheeks were wet,
With the tears that were past controlling;
And we vowed that we'd never, no never forget,
And the vows at the time were consoling.

But the lips that echoed the vows of mine,
Are as cold as that lonely river,
And the sparkling eye, the spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fire forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
My heart grows full to weeping;
Each star to me is a sealed book,
Some tale of the lovely one keeping.

We parted in silence, we parted at night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the color and bloom of the by gone years,
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

A TALE OF JEALOUSY.

A WALLACHIAN LEGEND.

Nearly three centuries ago, an extensive portion of that part of the country which lies on the Wallachian banks of the Danube, belonged to Demetri C——, a powerful Boyard, descended from one of the Greek Princes, who had been driven from Constantinople at the fall of the Lower Empire. He was wealthy, generous and magnificent, the father of a promising son, (who at the period to which the history relates was eighteen years old,) and the husband of the most beautiful woman in the country. Helen C—— was looked upon as the happiest and most envious of her sex; and she might have justified the general belief, for nature had endowed her with mental powers not less remarkable

than her personal perfections, had it not unfortunately happened that, amidst the countless roses with which her path in life had been strewn, one sharp thorn had lurked and pierced her to the heart, rendering her, by intolerable anguish it occasioned, regardless of the many other blessings that had been showered upon her; In a word, she was of a suspicious and jealous disposition; passionately attached to her husband, and to all appearances adored by him. She, nevertheless, lived in constant distrust of him, which his character and manners were two well calculated to justify, for his general admiration of beauty was a matter of notoriety. And although, from a knowledge of his wife's disposition, he had taken such precaution in his infidelities towards her, that she had never yet been able to detect him in love intrigue, she nevertheless felt so persuaded that he was constantly involved in such pursuits, that she became a prey to vague jealousy, which embittered every hour of her existence.

At last her suspicions appeared to have found an object on which to settle. Among her female attendants was a young and pretty Tansylvanian, named Anastasia, whose superior education had rendered her a favorite with her lady. All at once, the damsel became negligent of her duties, absent in mind, and inattentive to the wishes of her mistress; when reprimanded by her, she betrayed insolence and *Hautcur*. Helen threatened to dismiss her from her service. The prince opposed such a measure; and in proportion as the displeasure of his wife was evinced towards the delinquent, the voice and manner of her husband softened in her favour.

This was more than sufficient to fire the suspicions of the princess. Eager to ascertain the reality of that which she dreaded, and resolved to rush upon a knowledge that would break her heart, she forgot her dignity so as to play the eaves-drooper and spy over her attendant—for some time without any result. One day, however, when the young girl had been sent for by her, and had neglected to attend her summons.—Helena treacherously crept up a back way to her menial's chamber door, and noiselessly stationing herself outside of it, listened to what was passing within. A murmur of voices in the room convinced her that Anastasia was not alone, and almost immediately that of the suspected damsel struck upon her ear in accents, the purport of which could not be mistaken.

'Leave me,' she said, for heavens sake leave me!—If my mistress were to know of your being here, I should be lost forever! Already she suspects me, and watches, and I live in daily terror of her discovering a love which would draw upon me her eternal enmity! Go, prince—go, Demetri! This evening, as soon as it is dark, I will contrive to steal out to the fountain in the sycamore grove—meet me there at eight—your pretext for absenting yourself from home will prevent the princess from suspecting that we'

Here the voice became fainter, as the person speaking moved towards an opposite door; the footsteps of a man were plainly to be distinguished moving in the

same direction, Helena could hear nothing more,—she strained her eyes to the crevice of the door at which she was stationed, but saw nothing. Her heart overflowing with tumultuous passions, she was for a moment tempted to burst open the door, and confound the guilty one who had presumed to rival her in her husband's love; but, listening again, she felt assured that the room was empty, and a moment's reflection showed her that, by a few hours delay, she might render her vengeance more signal and complete. She returned in the same stealthy manner to her own apartment, shut herself up, and took measures accordingly.

Her determination was to prevent the possibility of Anastasia quitting the house, and then to disguise herself in the dress of a serving damsel and to personate her perfidious attendant at the rendezvous in the sycamore grove which she had heard arranged by her.—These meditations were interrupted by a message from the Prince, apprising her that he should be absent from home the remainder of the day, and should probably not return until late at night; and, this message, all additional proof of the calculating treachery which her faithless husband scrupled not to exercise towards her, was the last drop that overflowed the cup. The exasperation of her outraged feelings knew no bounds; and she remained in solitude in her apartment, that no member of the family might notice her agitation.

An hour before sunset, Anastasia was summoned to her lady's presence, and received an order to remain near her, and finish some embroidery with which she herself had been occupied. Not daring to disobey, and hoping to finish her task before the hour of her appointment with her lover had arrived, the young girl sat down to her work with unwonted alacrity. The room in which they were was an upper chamber, and formed the last of a spacious suite, having no entrance but through the apartments that preceded it. Not long after Anastasia was seated at her embroidery frame, the princess arose and quitted the room, locked the door of it, and, leaving her attendant a close prisoner there, with no possibility of egress until she herself should release her, she proceeded to Anastasia's chamber where she selected a suit of her clothes, hastened to disguise herself in them, and throwing a veil over her head, quitted the house, and directed her steps towards the trysting place.

It was late in the autumn; the days were shortening visibly; the evenings were cold and gloomy; night closed in immediately after sunset, and there was no moon to illumine the chilly dark sky. Helena was the first to arrive at the place of rendezvous; and, under the influence of never-slumbering suspicion, she fancied, when she found herself there alone, that her schemes had been discovered, and that her husband would defeat her plan of vengeance, by not appearing; but a few moments sufficed to undeceive her. A quick light step approached. What eagerness was in that tread, and how indignantly did her heart throb, as she listened to it. The obscurity was so complete, that she could not discern even the outline of the person who drew