

we have said before, are perfect. We quote the following, without reference to the plot; but merely to show of what metal the drama is composed.

NOBILITY.

Huon. Descent,
You'll grant, is not alone nobility,
Will you not? Never yet was line so long,
But it beginning had: and that was found
In rarity of nature, giving one
Advantage over many; and aptitude
For arms, for counsel, so superlative
As baffled all competitors, and made
The many glad to follow him as guide
Or safeguard; and with title to endow him.
For his high honour or to gain some end
Supposed propitious to the general weal,
On those who should descend from him entail'd.
Not in descent alone, then, lies degree,
Which from descent to nature may be traced,
Its proper fount? And that, which nature did,
You'll grant she may be like to do again;
And in a very peasant, yea, a slave,
Enlodge the worth that roots the noble tree.
I trust I seem not bold to argue so.

What right hast thou
To set thy person off with such a bearing?
And move with such a gait? to give thy brow
The set of noble's, and thy tongue his phrase?
Thy betters' clothes sit fairer upon thee
Than on themselves, and they were made for them.
I have no patience with thee—can't abide thee!
There are no bounds to thy ambition, none!

I am too poor to put mean habit on.
Whose garments wither shall meet faded smiles
Even from the worthy, so example sways,
So the plague poverty is loath'd and shunn'd
The luckless wight who wears her fatal spot!

O, what is death, compared to slavery!
Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it,
When Heaven set man above them; but no mark,
Definite and indellible, it put
Upon one man to mark him from another,
That he should live his slave. O heavy curse!
To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes,
Passions, and conscience, like another man,
And not have equal liberty to use them,
But call his mood their master! Why was I born
With passion to be free—with faculties

Countess. Sir, when to me it matters what you
seem,
Make question on't. If you have more to say,
Proceed—yet mark you how the poet mocks
Himself your advocacy; in the sequel
His hero is a hind in masquerade!
He proves to be a lord.

Huon. The poet sinn'd
Against himself, in that! He should have known
A better trick, who had at hand his own
Excelling nature to admonish him,
Than the low cunning of the common craft.
A hind, his hero, won the lady's love:
He had worth enough for that! Her heart was his.
Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.
Marriage was never meant for coats of arms.
Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,
No painting on't is there!—as red, as warm,
The peasant's as the noble's!

How durst thou e'er adventure to bestried
The war-horse—sitting him, that people say
Thou, not the knight, appear'st his proper load?
How durst thou touch the lance, the battle-axe,
And wheel the flaming falchion round thy head,
As thou would'st blaze the sun of chivalry?
I know! my father found thy aptitude,
And humor'd it, to boast thee off?

POVERTY.

Want, but look full; else you may chance to starve,
Unless you'll stoop to beg. You force me, lady,
To make you my severe confessional.
From such prostration never can I rise
The thing I was before.

SLAVERY.

To use enlargement—with desires that cleave
To high achievements—and with sympathies
Attracting me to objects fair and noble,—
And yet with power over myself as little
As any beast of burden? Why should I live?
There are of brutes themselves that will not tame,
So high in them is nature;—whom the spur
And lash, instead of curbing, only chafe
Into prouder mettle;—that will tell you kill them,
Ere they will suffer you to master them.
I am a man, and live!

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS; OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

We again revert to "The Canadian Brothers," for the purpose of laying before our readers, a few extracts, with which we had intended to enrich our notice of that work, in the last number of the *Garland*, but which we were prevented from doing by the many other calls upon our space. These extracts have reference to the landing of Tecumseh, and to his meeting with General Brock—a scene which well illustrates the happy character of Major Richardson's descriptive writings:—

Meanwhile, the dark specks upon the water increased momentarily in size. Presently they could be distinguished for canoes, which, rapidly impelled, and aided in their course by the swift current, were not long in developing themselves to the naked eye. These canoes, about fifty in number, were of bark, and of so light a description, that a man of ordinary strength might, without undergoing serious fatigue, carry one for miles. The warriors, who now propelled them, were naked in all save their leggings and waist cloths, their bodies and faces begrimed with paint: and as they drew nearer, fifteen was observed to be the complement of each. They sat by twos on the narrow thwarts; and, with their faces to the prow, dipped their paddles simultaneously into the stream, with a regularity of movement not to be surpassed by the most experienced boat's crew in Europe. In the stern of each sat a chief, guiding his bark with the same unpretending but skilful and efficient paddle, and behind him, drooping in the breezeless air, and trailing in the silvery tide, was to be seen a long pendant, bearing the red cross of England.