

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |



CLIFF AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER, MOUNTAIN, MICHIGAN.

PLATE 10.

From an Original Drawing by J. W. G. S. S. S.

# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

No. 2.

## THE HALLS OF THE NORTH.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued,  
Each mountain scene unjustly rude?"

HOODS.

### INTRODUCTION.

It would be impossible to convey to my readers any adequate idea of the romantic, and, to any one unacquainted with these regions, I might add, desolate wildness of that interminable tract of uncultivated country, near the borders of England and Scotland, called the Fells,\* and not only does the history of ages past describe the inhabitants as living in such a state of insubordination and barbarism, as might naturally be expected from their locality; but I fear their present condition is very little ameliorated; colliers and miners are generally, if not universally, a rude and rough set of people, and may truly be considered as the legitimate descendants of the sheep-stealers and plunderers of old, in a border foray; and if of a more harmless and less mischievous character, because amenable to salutary laws, yet it may be questioned whether they are not even now more radically vicious and degraded. I speak, however, of a long bygone period; the last thirty or forty years may, and I believe have, produced some changes for the better; but what amount of real and substantial moral benefit has resulted from them, I neither know, nor does it belong to my tale to enquire, as it is but a plain simple unadorned detail of absolute facts; and if some of them should appear so wonderful as to be suspected of improbability, let it be remembered, that the romance of real life is not infrequently more extraordinary than fiction. Indeed it has always been a matter of unexplained astonishment

to me, that writers of novels and romances, instead of torturing their inventive powers, for the purpose of producing some heart-stirring story, should not have attempted to secure for themselves an undying fame, in the literary annals of their country, by becoming the historians of facts, instead of the propagators of fiction, too often demoralizing in its tendency, and always more or less deleterious in its effects.

The affectionate regard which a mountaineer feels for his native hills, amounting to an attachment, deep, strong, unobscuring, and endearing as his own existence, can neither be explained nor understood by a dweller in a champagne country. The cloud-capped summit of the towering Cross-Fell, or his dark blue peak, peering out above the black giirdling cloud, from whence issues forth the fierce and irresistible Helm-wind, and his two supporters, the Dum-Fells, where browsed of yore, in defiance of the united prowess of that pastoral district, the famous Dum Cow, killed, after a furious encounter, by the renowned Guy of Warwick, from which these mountains take their name,—the great snow-drift filling up the chasm between them and Crossfell, from whence is obtained the snow-balls paid to several lords of manors on midsummer day, by which certain lands are held under what is curiously but truly and characteristically termed, the Snow-Ball Tenure. At the foot of these is the fat-famed Hell-Beck Hall, so rich in its thousand legends of fay, and sprite, and wrraith, and burghaist; and in the distance across the beautiful and fertile vale of the Eden, but away to the northward, is the lofty Saddleback, rearing his majestic and

\* "Fell,"—stony hill.—*Cole's Diet.*  
New Series. Vol. 2, No. 2.

rugged head far above his fellows, in order to catch the first rays of the sun, when his heathery knolls, and weather-beaten brow, may be viewed in all the gorgeousness of purple and gold in the early morn, while the whole of that rich valley lies veiled and curtained under the sombre and darkling shadow of his gigantic rival, Crossfell;—then again the noble Helvellyn, supported by the towering Scawfell and Bontamond, stretching its lofty summit near a league and a half in one vast concave ridge, with its frightful and yawning gulfs, and giddy precipices, where perished the noble stranger, whose mouldering remains were so long guarded by his faithful dog, a circumstance so pathetically described in one of the earliest and most beautiful poems of the immortal Scott:

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?  
When the wind waved his garments how oft didst thou start?"

How many long days and long nights didst thou number,  
Ere he faded before thee, friend of thy heart?"

Black Comb next rears his huge and massy  
bulk to an altitude

"——— A minstering angel might select;  
For from the summit of Black Comb, (tread name,  
Derived from clouds and storms,) the amplest range  
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen  
That British ground commands.\*

Not far from hence is the famous pyramid of small stones, enough to pave the streets of a city, which slipped out of the corner of Mitchel Scott's apron, when he and the devil were wending their way across the foot of Black Comb with all the materials for building a bridge over a neighbouring mountain stream; where the said bridge may be seen to this day, leaning to one side several inches from its perpendicular, owing to the devil's attempt to push it over, and thus destroy it after it was just finished, in consequence of Mitchel Scott's refusing to give him his promised guerdon for assisting to build it; when the latter, perceiving his evil intention, ran to the other side, clapped his shoulder against it, and thus prevented further damage.

Nor must the noble Skiddaw,† Cumberland's boast and glory, be overlooked, and high indeed would be the stand, a man must take to do so.

This mountain too has got its tale of terror, for, in the dead of winter, there's never a stormy

\* Wordsworth.

† This mountain rises much more abruptly than any other in its vicinity, in consequence of which it has always been a disputed point between the Cumbrians and the Westmorians, whether Skiddaw or Crossfell is the highest. The height of the latter has been ascertained to be 4001 feet, but I do not know that the former has ever been measured.

night that the old headless lord, with his six furious blacks, and coachman—all headless too—may not be seen driving headlong down its scours, and disappearing in the lake below.

Not far from this, may still be seen, the Giant's Cave, where lived in days of yore, that cannibal monster which kept that country side in awe.\*

Such are the ideas associated with the several mountains in the particular locality to which my tale refers, and every other, I doubt not, has its appropriate legend. They are the very fairy-land of romance—the heaven, if there be one upon earth. Oh, how I love them! the sight of them is, to me, like life from the dead!

#### CHAPTER I.

The summer sun peeps dim and red  
Above the eastern hills.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

HELL-BECK HALL, situated at the foot of Danfell, as I have already stated, is a large and spacious building, not probably of more ancient origin than the Elizabethan age; although there is a ruin in its vicinity, called the "Old Hall," which, from its round Norman towers and rude architecture, may justly lay claim to a very remote antiquity.

The beautifully variegated and park-like grounds surrounding the buildings, with the lofty "Fells" immediately behind;—the clear crystal Eden, so famous for its trout and salmon, winding round the front;—the high and dark blue chain of rugged mountains opposite, which rise successively behind each other, like the tumultuous billows of the troubled ocean, distant as they are, extending their shadows, in the setting

\* There are many popular legends in this neighbourhood about the valorous exploits of the famous Guy of Warwick, firmly believed in to this day by those simple and superstitious inhabitants, none of which are considered of so much importance as his great and successful conflict with this fearful monster, whom he mortally wounded, and left for dead at the mouth of his cave; but he revived and rallied again sufficiently to do penance, at the instigation of a zealous monk, who visited him in his last agony, and admitted him into the bosom of the church, in consequence of which he was buried in consecrated ground, in the neighbouring cemetery of Perith Church, where his grave is still to be seen with two flat stones placed edgeways on each side of it, and with a high pointed pillar, firmly fixed in a socket of solid stone-work, at the head and foot. So much for the legend of the Giant's Grave, which certainly is there, marked out as I have described it, about eight feet long, with the pillars of a corresponding height, and any doubts we may naturally enough entertain as to the origin of these very ancient and extraordinary monuments of antiquity, here assigned, it is a fact no less strange than true, that the most careful and scrutinizing investigation of the antiquarian, has never been able to attribute their existence to one more feasible and probable.

sun, to the very windows of the mansion, combine, altogether, to render it one of the most delightful and romantic spots that the lover of the picturesque could probably pourtray to his imagination.

In the exterior of the Hall, there is nothing sufficiently peculiar or extraordinary to require a description, save and except, that it had the air and appearance of being the residence, not so much of a man of wealth, as of an ancient name and family; and this was certainly so far peculiar in that thinly peopled neighbourhood, as to entitle it to the high and honourable designation of the "*Great Hall*."

But if there were but few striking features in its external appearance, there was quite enough to make up for the deficiency, if such it could be called, in its internal arrangements, which had been so fancifully and whimsically ordered, that hardly any two rooms were either on the same level, or their ceilings of the same height, while narrow passages and winding staircases, not to mention the subterranean communications, extending no one knew whither, prevailed to such an interminable extent, as to render it somewhat difficult for a stranger, led up as far into the interior as the haunted chamber, as all strangers were, to find his way out again.

Of the inmates of the mansion it will not be necessary to give any succinct description; as all that the reader may care to know about them, will naturally be elicited in the course of my story.

On a bright and balmy morning in June, or, to speak in the more correct language of that locality, the "*forenoon*," for they have more divisions of the day than two—and it was too late for what they termed the morning, for the sun was careering high above the loftiest peak behind the ha', and yet the young master Harry, as the new proprietor of Hell-Beck Hall was still called by his late father's old and faithful domestics, had not ordered his morning meal, a circumstance so unusual that it excited the wonder and astonishment of the whole household.

The old butler had been in the breakfast room a dozen times, to stir up the fire, and see that every thing was comfortable, for in that northern climate, fires are generally requisite throughout the summer, at least in the mornings and evenings, if not all day; and old Maud Langton, the housekeeper, a thin, spare, crabbed fixture on the premises for more than two generations, and as completely the mistress of the house, to all intents and purposes, as if it had been her own—just such a character as might be considered far more likely to give her master notice to quit, than to receive such a notice from him; in her case, how-

ever, either event would have been alike improbable, if such a ridiculous and absurd idea could ever have entered the head of either party—she too manifested still stronger symptoms of impatience, mingled with anxiety and fear.

"Heeh, sirs! but the world's come to a purty pass!" she exclaimed to the old man, as she met him on one of the winding stairs leading to his master's sleeping apartment, at the door of which he had just himself been reconnoitring, and where she was going on a similar errand. "Nino o'clock struck," she continued in the same sharp key, "an' no maister Harry to his breakfast yet; an' the fine dappled trot that Billy Stone, the imp! caught this blessed morn. in the deepest laub in the ings,\* a' soddan an' spoilt, though I fried it mysel', an' feybye a' this, he has got news for the maister, whilk I mann an' will tell him. Oh! but if his grandfather, God be wid him, that naebod's dared to mention this three an' twenty years, had seen seek a seet as an heir o' his hoose in bed at seek an' hoor; but the pair silly† had's mebbly not ower weel, an' me here clavering like an' auld full as I is, to make his heed-wark‡ warse, sary man." This was said in a softer and lower tone; but was lost upon John; if intended for his benefit, as she had ascended far beyond his hearing, with the quick and elastic step of a girl in her teens, while he was also widening the distance between himself and the speaker, although at a much slower pace.

"But let her find it out as I have done," he muttered to himself, as if deprecating some suitings of his conscience, for not having spared the old dame, what to him had been a long and tedious journey, by informing her, that the young master was not there. "But what business has she to be pottering up to maister's room, as if I was't sufficient to leuk after him, or if he war't baith auld enough an' big enough to tak' care o' himsel'? but the woman's mad this morning, it's my belief," he continued with more acrimony than he had ever before been known to manifest towards her; indeed he was kind and obliging to every one, and more particularly to Mistress Langton, as he always respectfully designated her, and this was owing to his young master having been placed under her care, and his regard for her was always regulated by her kindness to her foster-son, which was all but a mother's affection, deep, pure, and abiding; for they had one common interest in this idol of their mutual worship and adoration; they both regarded him

\* "Ings," low marshy meadows through which a river winds its tortuous course.

† "Silly," and "sary," in the Westmoreland dialect, are terms of familiar endearment, sometimes of pity.

‡ Head-ache.

as something more than mortal; this naturally led to a closer intimacy than had formerly existed between them, which the gossips, with their ever busy tongues made the most of, till it became generally whispered, and continued so for years, that they would at last make a match of it; but the courtship continued so long, that the curate's wife, the great match-maker of the parish, had entirely given them up. "I wonder what she'd do if we *were* married, as they say we are to be," John continued to grumble on, as he adjusted his nicely powdered wig, which she had sadly deranged, *hinc illic lachrymæ*, as, in her hurry and alarm, she brushed past him on the narrow staircase; "I suppose my head will be deranged then."

But if John had been at all aware of Maud's anxiety or of the cause of it, she might with impunity have deranged both his head and his wig, and I know not which was of most importance in his estimation. This, however, he found out afterwards, which, together with other similar manifestations of maternal regard and affection for his master, so wrought upon him as to overcome all his scruples, and induced him (I may as well mention it now) to make certain formal overtures to Mistress Langton, which, after obtaining the master's consent and approbation, were accepted; and a grand wedding was the consequence, to the great joy and satisfaction of the clergyman's lady, as the curate's wife styled herself, who declared she had always said it would come to this at last. But I am grossly anticipating, for other thoughts were pervading the breasts of the faithful domestics of Hell-Beck Hall that mournful morning.

Mistress Maud Langton was a shrewd, clever, sensible woman, and the Rev. James Fallowfield, the worthy and respected curate of the parish, was equally so in his superior station in life—his marrying a very silly wife to the contrary notwithstanding; and this Mr. Fallowfield was master Henry's tutor; and these two clever persons had had the sole management of his education, in every sense of the word; and among other good, useful and virtuous, I had almost said religious, habits, they had accustomed him to that of early rising, with the firm belief in the truth of the old adage, that

"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Such were, therefore, master Harry's habits, that his non-appearance in the breakfast room at nine o'clock, was, to say the least of it, a very unwonted circumstance, which created no little surprise; this begat inquiries, to which, as no satisfactory answers could be obtained, his foster-mother, with the anxious affection of a real pa-

rent, became at first rather alarmed, and at length instituted a more minute and searching investigation.

"He had taken a walk in the park, perhaps?"

"No one had seen him."

"He had taken a ride to get an appetite for his breakfast?"

"The horses were all in the stable."

This, however, had been ascertained by the gardener, who knew nothing of his having purchased a new one the day before, and Lanty, the abbreviated soubriquet of the groom, had been absent all the morning, and as Billy Stone had performed his duties for the mester, and would not tell, the doubts darkened into mystery, and mystery is always fearful; and wherever it is found, affection turns and tortures it into something fatal; and if the truth must be told, Magdalen Langton had wrought up her feelings to the thorough conviction, when she went up to his room, that there were only two alternatives left; the one was, that he was sick in bed; the other, that he was a livid and swollen corpse in the deepest tomb in the Eden, and consequently when she found him not, she set up a hue and cry, long before she reached the foot of the winding stair leading down to the eating room, wringing her hands and exclaiming—"What could have become of her poor darling child?" forgetting in her grief and terror, that he was not now the same thoughtless, helpless boy, as when first committed to her charge; with his sainted mother's expiring breath, some eighteen years before, and to this affecting circumstance, in the ebullitions of her grief, she naturally adverted, and in a manner too, that evinced more feeling than a casual observer would ever have supposed, from her fretful and crabbed manner, she could possibly have been possessed of.

"His pair mother!" she went on, "had I but been carried after her to my own rest, under the green sward, or ever I sud hev leaved to see this day! My pair bairn!"—nay, that was't what she said, when I went in to her bedside, to tak her the last drop of any thing that iver wetted her parched and fevered lips, and that was but a spoonful o' cauld water.

"Oh! what a blessin! how precious and refreshin!" she said, when she had tasted it, gasping for breath like, 'tween ivery word, an' it was to be her last; 'and hoo thankful,' she continued, 'an' she'd not said us much for three lang days before; 'and hoo thankful we ought to be for what we see lightly esteem, because it is common,' and she again stopped for want o' breath, for she was terribly wake, when I felt her not to talk sae mickle, as it girly worried her, but the sweet angel meekly replied, I mind her varra words,

they're ringin' i' my ear yet, 'but I must talk a little more, and then——' Here she stopped again a good while, raising her eyes and clasping her hands, and moving her lips, and saying something as in a whisper, which was not meant for any mortal ear to hear. She then turned her dim and sunken eye on me—but it was not dim *then* as it had been for weeks and weeks of wasting, but seemed us brief and shinin' as it was soon to be, in another and far happier place.

"'Magdalen Langton!' says she—she niver ca'd me any thing but Maud in her life before, an' I trimmell'd a' ower like an espen leaf, as she laid her lilly white hand upon my wrist, so solemn like, and asked me if I believed I had a soul—an immortal soul, that would live, and live, and live for iver in another world?"

"'Surely madam,' I answered, wondering at the question, and thinking my pair mistress was goin' demented—when she went on as if not heeding what I said or thought.

"'An' as ye wish and expect that soul to be saved will ye take care of my dear boy, when the grass is green on his mother's grave?"

"'But my heart was too full to speak—I couldn't."

"'Her Bible was lying on her bed beside her, and she put my hand upon it, and then distinctly said, without a shake or a falter in her voice, just as yane in perfect health would speak:

"'Magdalen Langton!' again thought I, that solemn, lengthened, ominous name, and what a relief plain 'Maud, ye thoughtless hussy,' would have been, for I was young and somewhat thoughtless then.

"'Magdalen Langton!' she again repeated, as if she'd known my thoughts, 'as ye hope that soul to save, by what is written in this blessed book, will ye pludge me in my dying hour to foster, cherish and watch over my poor orphan boy, as if he were your own, so that he may not feel a mother's care is not bestowed upon his helpless days of infancy?"

"'Yes! oh, yes! dear madam,' I exclaimed; but could not say another word for crying; but she was satisfied, and took her hand away, when, clasping it in 'Other, with een upturned to heaven, she faintly ejaculated, in a low but distinct whisper, some words of thanks to one her soul adored, in bloomin' health, in wastin' sickness, and in that darksome hour of death; and in that verra act and attitude, seemed to fall asleep, as we all thought she 'did, for the poor maister and his sister were in the room, and we all knelt down and prayed so quietly within ourselves, for a lang time, and niver stirred for fear of waking her fraem that sweet and tranquil sleep, till some one thought that she had passed awny,

which we soon, to our sorrow, found was ower true; an' I niver liked to hear anybody ca' me Mistress Magdalen sen—but they may ca' me what they like, noo, that the dear boy's gone; and his pair mother's ghaist will haunt me the longest day I have to leave; besides my broken faith an' perjured oath—was me! was me! what shall I do?"

Here old John's better feelings got the mastery over the bad humour he had so recently manifested, and he broke in with some solacing probability, for he was one of the audience, that possibly master Harry, who was quite enable, now that he was of age, of taking care of himself, had gone out with his rod to the Eden, or with his gun, to look for the badger they had had seen the day before at the foot of the Fell.

"'Nay, nay!' interrupted Maud; "nowt, o' I swort—I know better, for his gun's sticking up in her brackets, ower the fire-place in the big ha', an' his rod's there too; an' naebody saw him gang oot o' house—besides he has moped and mourned iver sen the auld gentleman de'd, when any other young man would be rejoiced to be his awn maister, wi' sick a fortin as he had; an' he wad sleep near that haunted chamber, too; I was always afraid no good wad come o' it. An' noo he's gone—gone! an' the Lord huc mercy upon me!" and then she wrang her hands again, in abject despair, and "would not be comforted because he was not."

It was very evident, as far as her anxious enquiries extended, and they were most minute and particular, that no one had seen him leave the mansion that morning, which was certainly very extraordinary.

"'Aye, ye may laugh and sneer, ye pair, miserable, demented ne'er-do-weel! ut all this, because ye know no better!"

This speech was directed by Maud to poor Billy Stone, who rubbed his hands, as he sat hitherto unnoticed in the huge chimney corner, and laughed at all this exhibition of distress, evidently manifesting that he knew more about the matter than any body else, or than he chose to tell, which the shrewd old butler observing, exclaimed, as the thought struck him:

"'I'll bet a guinea that Billy Stone knows a' aboot it, although the elf refuses to tell us."

This suggestion was caught at as a drowning man would catch at a straw, and Billy was assailed, with a thousand questions, by the terror-stricken domestics, before time was allowed him to answer one, and he only laughed the more.

Billy Stone was one of those strange characters found only in the North near the Borders,

\*In the Westmoreland dialect, a gun, a watch, and a scythe are always of the feminine gender.

who are doubtless not quite *compos mentis*, but who pretend to be much less sane than they really are, probably from finding that they can turn such a supposed infirmity to a good and profitable account. They are generally not exactly beggars, but hangers-on of some rather rich man's establishment; and it is wonderful to note, to what cunning and curious expedients they will often have recourse, to create and maintain an influence with all the inferior members of the "great house," and not infrequently even with the head of it; at least he will generally suffer himself to be considered the dupe of the poor "innocent," as such characters in those districts are very inaptly designated; for cunning, not deep and intricate, but low, mean and despicable, is among their chief and most striking characteristics; but this is tolerated from an indulgent consideration of the infirmity in which it is supposed, but often fullaciously, to have originated.

And such was Billy Stone, who that morning thought, or pretended to think, that he had some information to communicate to the young master at the Hall, which might possibly be considered by him as of some importance; and consequently, at the first peep of day, he took his rod, and went a-fishing in the Eden; to catch a trout or two, which he would take up for the master's breakfast, when he could tell him his news—as if he had not been as fully aware as any one else would have been, that the information he had to convey along with his present, which was to be the ostensible reason for going up to the Hall—while to get his own breakfast was the real one—was of such a nature as to prevent one thought from being bestowed upon all the trout in the Eden, and the salmon to boot.

As he was an excellent angler, he soon caught a fine fish, and, slinging it upon a small willow-twig, started upon his errand, and in passing the front of the mansion, which was anything but the direct road to the kitchen, he lingered a little, in the hope that the master might be up, and notice him from his chamber window, and he was not mistaken, for he not only did see him, but he saw also from his important look and mysterious air and manner, that he was charged with some interesting intelligence, to obtain a knowledge of which, required no small degree of management, and this master Harry well knew, and he knew as well, that to elicit his secret, which he was very anxious to arrive at, as it most likely had some reference to certain circumstances in which, at that particular juncture, he was deeply interested, he must carefully avoid all enquiries directly leading to the main point, to which Billy had a most unconquerable and stub-

born aversion; he therefore threw open his case-ment and thus accosted him.

"Well, Billy, you've got a fine fish there, which if you caught this morning, you must have been early astir, or else you caught him with a night-line?"

"Neet-lines! me set neet-lines! I wad seorn to catch the fine golden trout in the dark! No, Sir," he replied, more respectfully; "I went out early this morning into the fings, to see if they would tak the May fly, although its rather late for it, for being a cauld back'ard season, I thought that, maybe, they wadn't know, having no almanack, that May was gone, and that I wad have the best chance with it, of getting something for your honor's breakfast."

"But why this morning in particular?" naturally enough asked Master Harry.

But this was a direct question, to which, as I have already stated, Billy had a most extraordinary antipathy, and Harry saw at once, that in his over-anxiety to arrive at his object, he had committed himself; but he was not to give up the contest on the first rebuff, for if the bastion proved impregnable, the counter scarp might yet be carried, he therefore commenced the attack anew.

"Well, I suppose that fine fellow afforded you some sport?"

"Aye indeed ye *may* say that, for he rose no less nor six times, afore I fairly hooked him. He first, just popped his muzzle out o' the watter, as it were to smell at the fly of my awn dressing, to see if there was no deception in it, and nae hooks about it, for these gentry are varra know-in', and then he hung aboot under the brae; I saw him weel enough, although he thought I didn't, and made believe as if it was all a cheat, and wouldn't look at it, when I just threw in gently ower the edge of the lumb, where I knew weel enough he was darking, and drew out instantly, as much as to say, if ye won't take it, why ye won't and be hanged to ye; when the brute, as if he'd heard me say it, although I only said it to mysel, immediately darted outside the foot of the little ripplin' current, running into the place where he was hidin' like, and made a flusterin' jump at it, for fear he wasn't goin to get another chance, when I struck the hook into his gills, and had my gentleman hard and fast; but he soon found out his mistake, and was like to go mad and break every thing, rather than quietly give in at once, as he had to do at last, so I gave him his way, and to see him run oot my line the way he did was worth a king's ransom!—fifty yards without a turn! and then, whew! he came back again as if the constables wore after him, to get his tail to it, but, by run-



nin' and windin' as hard as I could, I managed to keep him tight to his tether. A fish, than can catch Billy Stone with a slack line, when yance fairly hooked, is welcome to his tackle."

"Well, well! it's a fine fish at any rate," the master replied, heartily tired of all these Isaac Walton technicalities; "and you'll take it, as you tell me its for my breakfast, to old Maud and tell her so, and I'll take care you get your own, or you can tell her from me to take care of that too."

Still he lingered, although the master appeared impatient at the length of the interview, and Billy was caught by this seeming indifference as completely as his trout had been, and consequently exclaimed, for fear of losing the opportunity of telling his story, which he had so anxiously sought, when he saw him in the very act of closing his widow:

"But I have something more to tell ye," and without waiting for a rejoinder, he continued—*Burley Hudson*—"

"Well, what of him?" eagerly asked master Harry, again in his anxiety thrown off his guard, thus giving his whimsical informant a vantage ground, which he seized with the prompt alacrity of a skilful general.

"It'll mebbe do just as weel," replied Billy, to tell ye a' about it while Mistress Maud is frying the fish, so I'll just gang and gie it to her, an' be back in a jiffy."

"No, no! never mind, rejoined Harry, I do not care about my breakfast till I return from Appleby, when I shall have a much better appetite for it, and I'll trouble you to step over to the stable, and tell your friend Lanty, to bring out the new black I bought yesterday, and I'll see what he's made of."

This puzzled Billy amazingly for a moment, when he was tempted to make a clear breast of it, and tell his news at once, but he thought he'd have another shot at the enemy before he finally gave up the contest, so after a short and somewhat confused pause, he replied:

"Ye'll maybe have further to ride than ye'll like when ye come back, an' hardly time enough to do it in."

How long this folly might have continued, it were hard to say, had not Billy, after listening and peering among the bushes, discovered that some one was approaching, and, therefore, for fear of losing altogether so favourable an opportunity, to the great relief of the young master, he told his tale at once, and Harry in a few minutes more was booted and spurred—in the saddle and away.

O'er rock and river, moor and fell,  
To Forest-Hall in Ra'stonedale.

## CHAPTER II.

"Ye thou'at the lord of this castle,  
Sae weel it pleases me,  
For ere I cross the Border Fell,  
The tane of us shall dee."

## BATTLE OF OTTERBERNE.

It is truly wonderful how often we meet with extraordinary things and circumstances, either interesting in themselves or in the ideas we cannot help associating with them, in localities where we least expect to find them. For instance, the bell, belonging to Pöpe, the poet's private chapel, at Tuckenhurn, his last place of residence, is now hanging in the steeple of a Protestant Episcopal Church, not a hundred miles from Montreal, and used every Sunday and holiday for calling the people to prayers.

So in the Parish of Orton, the one adjoining to Ravenstonedale, where Forest Hall is situated, remote and secluded as it is in the bosom of the Fells, there are old inhabitants even at this very day, who never have seen a stage or mail-coach; and yet this was the residence of the Author of Burns' Justice, and the birth-place of the famous Washington, if Dr. Burns' testimony can be relied upon—so that instead of his having been born in Westmoreland in Virginia, as his biographers say, he was born in Westmoreland in England, and was an infant in arms, and just christened by Dr. Burns himself, when brought to this country. It is of little consequence, some people may say, where he was born; but no circumstance, however trivial, relating, in any way, to so great a man, can, with propriety, be considered trivial. But before Harry Netherby could reach this point in his journey, he had to pass through a section of country, rich, almost without a parallel, in legendary lore:

"Where each grey stone,  
Hath a tale of its own,"

which we must leave them to tell, or this digression will be too long, if it be not so already.

Forest Hall, the object of master Netherby's long and wearisome journey, was situated somewhat in accordance with its name, in the bosom of a thick and tangled mass of wild brushwood, consisting chiefly of hazel, intermixed, here and there, with the hawthorn, the sloe and the holly, through which a long and winding avenue had been cleared, for a road just wide enough for a wheel-carriage.

As to the hall itself, there was nothing striking or extraordinary about it, save and except that the stables and offices, which were of hewn stone built in the modern style of architecture, and in a semicircular shape, with a small tower

at each terminus, formed a strange contrast with the plain and rather insignificantly mansion itself, with its high and pointed gables, its steep roof and dormant windows. This discrepancy was owing to the ultimate designs and intentions of the late proprietor, to rebuild the whole establishment in a style and manner befitting such appendages, never having been carried into effect. In consequence of the unfavourable issue of a long and tedious, and I may add, bitter law-suit, which put an end to all his plans, and, if we might believe the rumours in the neighbourhood, of his life, at the same time, leaving an only daughter, under the care of his aged sister, to inherit the wreck of his fortune, and to mourn over the ruin of his house.

The lawsuit, in its origin, progress, and termination, was attended with the most disastrous consequences.

The cause which indirectly led to it, was to be traced to the losses the Musgrave had sustained, by a foray or inroad upon his sheep-walks on the Fells, headed by the master of Hell-Beck Hall, distant as the two places were from each other, who was a loyal subject of the reigning monarch, while the Lord of Forest Manor, had been secretly, but such secrets are always well known, a determined adherent of the exiled Stewarts.

This event occurred in the early part of the year which succeeded that of the Rebellion in 1715, and before the Musgraves, father and son, had regained their liberty, for they had both been imprisoned, through the instrumentality of the Netherbys, on the very first symptom of the outbreak, for misprision of treason, and therefore, they felt the insult more than the robbery, as their property was thus left entirely unprotected.

There had subsisted, between these two families for many generations, indeed time out of mind, but from what cause no one knew, a bitter and inveterate enmity, amounting to deadly hatred, matured and cherished by many a dark deed of blood; circumstantial and exaggerated accounts of which were handed down from sire to son, as valiant exploits, and achievements of high renown, and served to keep alive a feeling of revenge, long after the strong arm of the law had penetrated these districts, and prevented their recurrence.

There is, however, an old legend, although of doubtful authenticity, concerning the origin of the feud, still preserved among the Fells, according to which, some two or three hundred years ago, the heir of Forest Hall went abroad into a far off country beyond the seas, where he remained, whatever was his object, for several years, and on his return was driven ashore, in a tempestuous

night, among the rocks at the foot of a high and bold promontory on the iron-bound coast of Northumberland, called *DESSATIONO' HEAD*, on the summit of which stood the ruins of an old baronial castle, which remain to this day, and, judging from the trifling change they have undergone during the last century, nearly in the same state as at the period to which our tale refers.

It so happened on that fatal night that a party of men under the command of the Netherbys of Dunsfell, brought thither to assist in some of those innumerable border wars which were then of such frequent recurrence, had taken shelter in the donjon keep of this old castle, beneath the great tower, which is still nearly perfect.

The vessel, after beating upon the rocks all night, went to pieces, when all the seamen and two of the passengers, there were four in all, were lost, and the other two, Musgrave and his servant, took to the boat, the latter having first thrown into it a valise or portmanteau, containing a considerable sum of money, and made for a small creek about a cable's length from the wreck, where they soon landed among these marauders, for they could not be designated by any milder term, who had come out of their rude and temporary quarters, not to aid the poor sufferers, but to plunder them; and I need hardly add that they no sooner set their foot on shore than they were robbed and otherwise treated with cruel and relentless barbarity.

In the destitute and deplorable state in which these wretches left them, they had no sooner got rid of their persecutors than they started on their homeward journey, wearied and worn out with hunger and fatigue as they were, and many a weary mile they wandered across the moors before they could reach a human habitation where they might perchance find food and shelter. And suffice it to say that, they begged their way from hamlet to hamlet, until they crossed the chain of mountains which separated them from the vale of Eden, where the Musgrave's name was known and could command whatever they required; and—in short the journey they commenced as beggars, ended with an escort of full five hundred men.

Years flew by, and another border war broke out, when the fierce Fell-siders were gathered again as usual; and it so happened that while the Musgrave and his men were quartered at and near Hexham, a long and scattered hamlet near the Scottish territory, the master of Dunsfell with his force passed through, and all turned out to see and cheer them on their way, when some trifling relic of what once had been a Musgrave's, was observed on many a trooper of that

fierce and lawless band. A sword belt clasp, a dagger's hilt, and even a button with the Musgrave cipher on it, were redeemed that day, and many a widow's moan and orphan's tear could tell the Musgrave was avenged; and hence the feud which lasted through so many ages.

On the occasion, however, to which I refer, as Philip Netherby was the King's Bow-Bearer, (in virtue of which office, he had charge of the Royal Parks, although none then remained, in those northern countries in the hands of the crown, the last having been bestowed by the First James upon the Earl of Thanet;\*) yet this nominal office, upon which he held the manor of Dunfell, with its rights of "heif and weif," afforded him some pretext for exhibiting his zealous loyalty at such a juncture.

To this end he made a tour through the Fells, with such an armed following, as would have been looked upon with suspicion and alarm under any

\* This was called Whimpy (Hræa) Fell, where flourished, or rather decayed, within the last century, some of the very largest old oaks in England; which, when the king saw, as he did shortly afterwards on his way to Scotland, he is said to have been so mortified, at having given away what, from its name he supposed to have been a barren mountain, that he exclaimed—

"I wish his soul in hell may dwell,  
Who first called this the Whimpy Fell!"

In one of these oaks, (the largest of those called the Three-brother-trees,) the farmer wintered eleven head of black cattle—such was its size, and hollow to a mere shell. I do not recollect its circumference, but it was much larger than the famous Wintering Oak in Norfolk, and that is forty-five feet, and still standing, or was, when I saw it last, some years ago, and in precisely the same state as when visited by Queen Elizabeth, as a great curiosity.

Another of these, and the next largest of the three-brothers, was called the Hart's-Horn-Tree, which obtained its appellation, according to tradition, from the following circumstances:

On one occasion, when the king came down to the borders, to take the command of his army, which was encamped in the valley of the Eden, he and all his court had a grand hunt in Whin-Fell Park: they soon found a noble hart, but so fast of foot that the dogs were all thrown out but one, which kept close at his heels for three times round the park, when he made a desperate leap at the high wall which surrounded it, in order to get rid of his tormentor, but in vain, for the dog cleared it too, and away again they ran through Englewood Forest, down into Scotland; in short, round John-o'-Groat's house and back again to Whin-Fell Park wall, which the hart again cleared, and dropped down dead; but the dog could not follow; but laid down on the other side exhausted, and soon after breathed his last. The horn of the hart was mailed to the trees, in commemoration of the event, and it is a curious fact, that, about fifty years ago, when this tree was blown down, and split into firewood, for it was good for nothing else, this very horn was found completely imbedded in the wood; so far at least confirming the truth of the old legend.

leader, not having a royal warrant or commission.

The ostensible object of this expedition was to ascertain if all was quiet among the vassals and tenants of suspected gentlemen; and he naturally enough took Forest-Manor for his way back, which was thought to have been his real one, when his retainers, not only well aware of the hostile feeling existing between the owner and their master, but deeply participating in it, harried and destroyed a great portion of his flocks and herds, which, in a pastoral district like that, necessarily constituted the principal part of his property, so that when the Musgraves returned to their native dale, instead of finding it flourishing in rich fertility as they had left it but a short time before, they found it waste and desolate.

But no pining cry of misery saluted them on their return; not a murmur was heard. On the contrary, the herdsman, with apparent contentment, was quietly constructing a rude hut from the burnt fragments of his former cottage, in which to shelter his helpless family; while the small farmer was converting some isolated out-house, which had escaped the flames in the general conflagration, into a temporary dwelling for his: and to a casual and superficial observer, all seemed peace and resignation; but a nearer and more searching look would have discovered a lurking demon in the set teeth—the compressed lip, and the flashing eye, which manifestly proved that one solitary absorbing feeling pervaded all, and that feeling was revenge—deep—determined—unmitigated revenge.

And when, on the return of their leader from captivity, all Ravenstonsdale rose as one man, and flocked to the hall to welcome him back, they all went quietly to their ruined hearths again, when he informed them, that some time must elapse before the day of retribution could arrive, as now they would be on their guard, with the usurper's soldiers at their back.

Years flew by, when the country became settled, and the last little detachment of the military had been removed, and when the raid was forgotten save in the vicinity of Forest-Hall.

Anno Domini, seventeen hundred and twenty, on the twenty-ninth day of October, Old Style, just before Hallowmas—my old grandfather was always very particular in mentioning the date, when he used to tell me the story, which he never failed to do, on my visiting him during my summer vacations; but as if unwilling to avail himself of the privilege, tacitly conceded to old age, he would generally make some awkward allude at a natural introduction, and the gentle reader must pardon me for giving it with his last, at least to me, as I never saw him afterwards:

"Well, captain!" he always, when in a good humour, addressed me with this military title; why, I never knew: "well, captain!" he began, the moment the first salutation was over, and I had got seated close to the elbow of his huge arm-chair, at least as close as the intervention of a very small round table would allow, upon which stood a bottle of his old port, apparently just decanted, and two wine glasses—he had just dined. "So you've done with the college?" he observed, filling one of the glasses, and pushing the decanter and the other towards me, "and what have you learnt? but I need not ask, for I am sure you know every thing, Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and philosophy. Yes," he continued, after directing me not to keep the bottle between us, "mathematics—and—philosophy," taking a sip of his wine betwixt each of the three words, looking at the fire, and then turning his eyes slowly and thoughtfully towards his glass, when he repeated the words more rapidly, and asked me if I understood the philosophy of the helmet,\* as this great doctor calls it in his book, and indeed as every body else calls it; his book you have read of course; but what can he know about it? he never heard it in its fiercest mood as I did, that day.

"It was—let me see—about this time o' the year—this is the fifteenth—aye now I remember, it was on the twenty-ninth day of this very month of October, Old Style, in the year seventeen hundred and twenty. I recollect it as well as if had been but yesterday, although I was but a lad at the time; but that face, as it hung over the side of the rude bier they had made to bring him home upon, had such a ghastly and writhen ex-

\*An anonymous writer upon the "Lake Scenery," thus describes it:

"There is a very curious phenomenon, observable upon some of these mountains, called in the country a *helm-crown*, which will sometimes arise so suddenly, and with such extreme violence, that nothing can withstand its force. The experienced mountaineer as he traverses these wild regions, foreseeing its approach, throws himself flat upon the ground, like the Arabian at the approach of the 'Simoon,' and lets it pass over him. Its rage, however, is only momentary, and the air instantly settles into its former state of calm. On Crossfell, a lofty mountain on the borders of Cumberland, it is by no means of rare occurrence, and the blast seems to proceed from a cap or dense cloud which rests on the summit of the mountain."

This account, however, is somewhat exaggerated and inaccurate, as it never blows with such very extreme violence, nor is it so transitory, as I have known it myself to have continued for more than a week without intermission. Neither does the dense black cloud rest exactly upon the summit of the mountain, but is wreathed round his brows as it were, so that his coronet-like head is seen above it, and there it lies, throughout, the blustering turmoil, as quiet and motionless as the folds of a Turkish turban, the lower portion of which it is not unlike.

pression, made still more so, by the blood oozing out from the mouth and nostrils; I think I see it yet; but the most melancholy sight, in that sad procession, as it wound round the hill, and into the gate of the Forest, although it's perhaps very foolish in me to say so, was his old black horse, as spirited and noble a fellow as ever pawed the ground, as they led him behind the bloody corpse, without his rider, his head hanging down, and his ears, which always, as if trying to find something to beguile at, stood straight out before him, with the exception of a sudden turn back, every now and then, of first one and then the other, as if to ascertain if his master were speaking to him, flapped backwards and forwards, or on one side, or any way, as if he'd no use for them, and saw and cared for nothing now—he knew—I'm sure he did, what had happened. But I've begun at the wrong end of my story. I'll trouble you for the wine, captain!—well!—all Ra'stondale were ordered out on service at the Hall, and readily and cheerily every man responded to the call, armed too with some deadly weapon or other, but chiefly with long hunting knives—or what the present degenerate and *parlez-vous* generation would call *Couteaux-du-Classe*, or some such Frenchified name—as if aware of the purpose for which they had been called out.

"They all assembled on the lawn before the hall, when old Musgrave, the grandfather, you must mind, of Alice, the lady you know I told you the long story about."

"Oh, yes!" I replied; "and I've got it all fairly written out."

"And I suppose you'll be making a book of it next; and it would not make a bad one either, if ye mind and not mix it up with any inventions of your own."

When I assured him, that in the event of my doing so, I should be guided by his advice, he continued—"Old Musgrave came out of the courtyard, on his prancing charger, with his bravo and noble son at his back, as well mounted as his father, who, when the shout which greeted them had subsided, merely said, but in a stern and energetic tone—

"To Dunsfell! my lads!"

"And away they went at his heels like mad—and for two days there was plundering and harrying by day, and burning and feasting by night, but on the third, when their ravages were carried even to the very gates of Hell-Deck Hall, they met with a fearful check, for the Netherbys had not been idly looking on, but had mustered a goodly array of their friends and vassals, sufficient to induce them to make an attempt to stay the avenger, when a bloody fray was the consequence. Little, however, would have come of it

had not the two leaders chanced to meet—not however, till the conflict had been raging some time with doubtful success to either side—when their swords flew simultaneously from their scabbards, and their followers paused and stood idly looking on, in amazement at the fury of the contest, as if the fierce combatants had agreed, like their prototypes of old, that the battle should be decided by them alone, as if they had said—

“ Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside !”

“ The result was, that the Musgrave was killed on the spot, and they bore him home on their shoulders as I’ve told you; while the Netherby was taken into his mansion, mortally wounded, and carried up into that room, they’ve called the haunted chamber ever since, for even before he died, strange sights were seen in it, as John the butler can tell you; but I’m forgetting myself, for he has been gone too, these many years. But he used to tell how a tall black figure, (although ghosts are generally white, but this was black,) with eyes fiery red, came and stood at his master’s bedside, the night he died, and said something, but what, he would not repeat, and it will therefore now never be known, as the secret has gone down with him to the grave, although he was solicited to reveal it even on his death-bed, but he shook his head in token of refusal. And awful and unearthly sounds are still frequently heard in that chamber, even to this very day, especially when the helm-wind is up; and no one has ever set foot in it since that fearful night, and the bloody clothes are left lying there yet, just as they were when the corpse was taken away, and laid out, the moment his breath was gone, in another room, when the door was locked and the key lost!

“ But I had forgotten all about the helm-wind, the mention of which brought the whole story to my mind, and I have only to remark concerning it, that it never before had been known so fierce and boisterous, nor ever since, nor, I hesitate not to say, now that we are no longer such a lawless race, will it ever be again. The prince and power of the air was doubtless in this mysterious wind that night—at least every body believed so.”

Such was my grandfather’s account of the events which broke down the Netherbys as much as they had reduced the Musgraves some years before, and as both the principals had fallen in the last affray, and as each party, in its turn, had been so severely punished for its ferocious conduct, no apparent notice was taken of the matter by the executive, although it was whispered that the two heirs, for the Netherby had also a son, who had thus so suddenly come to their inheri-

tance, had received some admonition or warning from a high quarter, which they dared not, and did not disregard.

But, however kings and secretaries of state, and courts of law may control men’s actions, their thoughts and feelings are beyond their power, and those which had actuated their fathers were inherited by the sons, in a spirit, if possible, of more rancorous hatred, and a more resolute determination of revenge, notwithstanding they well knew it could only be effected by means within the limits of the law.

Shortly after this melancholy event, the two young heirs married into good families, who, it so happened, were on intimate terms with each other, which brought about, in the course of time, some little intercourse, of a courteous, if not of a friendly nature, as far at least, as meeting each other at the tables of the mutual friends of their wives, might be so considered; and there is little doubt, but that these amiable and saint-like women contributed not a little to soften the asperities of this bitter enmity, and might eventually, by the suavity of their manners, and by the piety of their demeanor, have been the means of accomplishing a perfect reconciliation, which indeed was ultimately brought about by their instrumentality.

I have said, already, that the unfortunate lawsuit which caused the death of the younger Musgrave, had indirectly originated in the losses he had sustained by the foray upon his property; not but that there were other causes; but this was the principal one; for he had a heavy fine to pay, or rather his father had; and then there were lawyer’s fees, and bribes, and gaolers’ fees, and prison expences, &c. &c.—and these ecceteras were probably more than all the other items put together. So that when he regained his liberty, and found himself robbed of nearly all his moveable property, he was obliged to borrow a large sum of money on a mortgage upon his estate, the interest of which, with pinching economy, he could barely manage to pay during his life; but on his son’s coming to the estate, which was entailed, some of these claims, which had been constituted before he became of age, and consequently without his concurrence, naturally fell; and as regarded the principal mortgage, he had so arranged with the mortgager, that he was to pay him by easy instalments, which, from the superior productiveness of the property, he could spare out of his annual income, and still leave him a surplus, over and above his expenditure, sufficient to enable him to carry into effect the plans he had formed, of rebuilding the Hall; but this agreement was, unfortunately, not a legal one; or if it was, for there was some mystery

about it, the documents could not be found to prove it so.

Now, after the removal of those angels of peace who seemed to have been sent by a gracious Providence to make reconciliation, one of the parties at least, in that spirit of revenge which had actuated their fathers, finding that this mortgager was much pressed for money, and that the remaining instalments of his mortgage upon the Forest-Hall property would be very acceptable to him, Mr. Netherby borrowed the necessary sum, actually mortgaging his own property for the amount, to pay him off at once, in order to get the mortgage transferred to himself, which he immediately attempted to foreclose; and hence the lawsuit, which terminated as has already been stated, in consequence of some documentary evidence being missing relative to the mode of payment by instalments, which was or ought to have been in the possession of one Burley Hudson, an attorney-at-law, and in the employ of both parties, in their casual routine of law business, prior to this transfer of the mortgage, who, like too many in all professions, adhered to the one who paid him best, when the interests of his clients began to clash. Short, however, and transitory was the triumph of the victor, for in accordance with an old rhyme, invented most likely by some haggard witch of a beggar:

"When death shall visit Forest-Hall,  
The master of Hell Beck too shall fall."

he died a few days after the glorious news was communicated to him by the faithless and unprincipled Hudson, who, on claiming the guerdon of his dishonesty, found out, to his cost, the difference between a verbal and a documentary agreement, as the son refused to pay him the amount he claimed as the price of his character and the reward of his villainy, when he threatened, and took steps to carry his threats into effect, turn the scales yet against the Netherbys; but there were plans and schemes, without reference to quibbles of law or attorney's tricks, which were naturally and designedly leading to results that would set him and his threats at defiance, for while he thought he had both these young people, orphans in every sense of the word now, within his clutches, a powerful and omnipotent principle, of which, in the wildest vagaries of his imagination, he had never dreamt, not even of the possibility of its existence, was at work to counteract all his well arranged and deep laid schemes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is no disguise in which envy so frequently lurks, as in that of adulation.

## LINES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY, SINCE DECEASED, WHILE SUFFERING  
BENEATH THAT FATAL MALADY, CONSUMPTION, AND AFTER  
BOOKS AND HER FAVOURITE STUDIES HAD BEEN PROHIBITED  
BY HER PHYSICIAN.

All, me! and shall the lettered page  
No more my studious thoughts engage,  
While thirsting, yet forbid to share  
The sweets of knowledge treasured there;  
And must a weak, uncultured mind  
Within this feeble frame be shined?  
Must youth forego her vernal day  
And lit in idle sloth away;  
While vainly asks my heart to be  
Thy active friend, Humanity?  
Forgive, Religion! shall a worm repine  
And utter murmurs at the will Divine?  
Lord, at Thy feet submissive let me fall,  
Oh, give Thy grace, and take my earthly all!

## THE WHITE CLOVER.

BY THE SAME.

There is a little perfumed flower,  
That well might grace the loveliest bower;  
Yet poet never deigned to sing  
Of such a humble, rustic thing!  
Nor is it strange, for it can show  
Not one bright tint of Iris' bow;  
Nature, perchance, in careless hour,  
With pencil dry, touched the fair flower,  
Yet instant blushed her fault to see,  
So gave a double fragrance!  
Rich recompence for glow denied!  
Who would not humely garb abide,  
If gentlest soul were breathing there  
Blessings through all its little sphere?  
Sweet flower, the lesson thou hast taught,  
Shall check each proud, ambitious thought,—  
Teach me internal worth to prize,  
Though found in lowly, modest guise.

## "SWEET DAYS OF OTHER YEARS."

BY M.

Oh! happy days of years gone by—  
Days of too transient harmony,  
Oft ye awake the tender sigh  
And tear of fond lament.  
As memory dwells on friends loved then,  
Whom I must never meet again,  
And years since passed in grief and pain  
Perhaps too—some mispent!

Like some bright spot the sun shines on,  
When all else gloomy is the lawn,  
So seem the days of youth, bygone  
When led by childhood's sport,  
I paced the meadow with delight,  
Where grew primrose, and cowslip bright,  
And daisy peeping to the light  
My playful choice to court.

I'll ne'er forget my joy so sweet,  
As I their perfume stooped to greet,  
As fresh they bloom'd beneath my feet,  
In all their pride of spring!  
E'en now that joy pervades my breast,  
To think upon that season blest;  
May Time spare it, tho' 'twould the rest,  
'Neath his un pitying wing!

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No II.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

—  
ARMINIUS.

From craggy height to forest lone,  
He cast his eagle eye,  
And hailed upon her mountain throne  
The genius—Liberty;  
Through sombre woods and rocky caves,  
The word of power went forth:  
It trembled o'er the ocean waves,  
And roused to arms the North—  
Led on by him, who proudly rose  
The avenger of his country's woes.

"Shall Rome," he cried, "forever bind  
The prostrate world in chains?  
On to the field! one freeborn mind  
Her galling yoke disdains:  
Strike! for the altar and the hearth,  
Brave comrades, on with me!  
Strike! for the land which gave us birth,  
For home and liberty!  
Who fears to fill a patriot's grave  
Deserves to live and die a slave!"

Like rushings of the mountain blast,  
The leafless forests through,  
From man to man the summons passed,  
Each chief his falchion drew;  
And waving it aloft in air,  
In hoarse, deep accents cried—  
"Accursed be he! who would not dare  
The combat by thy side;  
Who would not venture life to claim  
The guerdon of immortal fame!"

One chief, alone, in silence heard  
The warrior's stern appeal,  
No kindling hope his bosom stirr'd  
With patriotic zeal;  
His strength of arm had oft been proved  
In battle's stormy day;  
He marked the glorious scene unmoved,  
And slowly strode away.  
Yet on Arminius, as he pass'd,  
One long and lingering look he cast:

Whose alter'd mien, and sudden start  
Confessed the mute farewell;  
And can they thus in manhood part,  
In youth who loved so well?  
One song had lulled them to repose,  
One mother watched their rest,  
And as their strength to manhood rose,  
One father warmly bless'd,  
And bade them in the battle field,  
In freedom's cause the falchion wield.

Unmindful of that sire's command,  
To Rome the traitor fled,  
In arms against his native land,  
Her boldest legions led,  
And time had o'er those chieftains roll'd  
His dark and sullen tide,  
And many a daring deed was told,  
On either foeman's side;

But fled forever is the glow  
That kindled once the patriot's brow.

The wreck of every earthly hope,  
Was dimly shadow'd there;  
He with a world had dared to cope,  
Yet yields to secret care.  
The canker worm that gnaws that breast,  
A tearless, voiceless pain,  
In burning characters impress'd  
Upon his heart and brain:  
That grief from man so sternly sealed,  
Is most apparent when concealed.

Than his—a braver heart or hand,  
Did never falchion wield,  
The champion of his bleeding land,  
Her bulwark in the field.  
His lofty spirit early caught  
The bright inspiring flame:  
Fresh o'er the burning tide of thought,  
The light of freedom came;  
The empress of the world in vain  
Had bound that spirit in her chain.

His was a pride no power could quell,  
The restless fire that glows  
In ardent hearts, where madly dwell,  
A prostrate country's woes;  
Traced hopelessly through blighted years  
Of life consuming pain,  
Recorded in the bitter tears,  
That never flow again—  
Those flood-gates of the soul that sever,  
In passion's tide, to part forever.

And where is she, who on that brow,  
The beam of gladness shed?  
Is that fair form for ever low,  
And mouldering with the dead?  
The star that shed its pensive light,  
O'er battle's stormy tide,  
Whose presence cheered him in the fight,  
Whose love all change defied—  
A Roman triumph to adorn,  
Thuselda from his arms was torn.

No tear from that fierce eye had burst,  
No rising sigh confess'd  
The mighty grief, the hero nurs'd,  
In secret in his breast:  
The curve of that proud lip, alone,  
The cheek so meek and pale—  
The sudden start—the absent tone,  
Revealed the hidden tale:  
That grief—the haughty soul could bow,  
That yielded to no living foe.

The brothers met beside the stream—  
The freeman and the slave!  
Their figures in the noontide beam,  
Reflected in the wave;  
In rude barbaric spoils array'd,  
The brave Arminius stood,  
Awhile the rapid tide survey'd  
In stern and ireful mood;  
Whose sullen course can scarce oppose  
A barrier to those kindred foes.

Arminius first the silence broke,  
And sternly cried aloud—

"Thou slave! that wear'st a foreign yoke  
Of chains and bondage proud!  
What title can proud Rome bestow,  
To grace a traitor's name?  
Alike the scorn of friend and foe,  
'Tis he a deathless shame!  
The meanest of the hireling band,  
Thou bring'st against thy native land!

"By all brave spirits ever dar'd,  
In freedom's sacred cause!  
By her, whose tender love we shar'd,  
Abuse not nature's laws;  
I charge thee by thy mother's tears,  
Thy father's angry shade!  
By the deep love of early years,  
When in these fields we play'd,  
Rather in freedom's cause to die,  
Than live in splendid infamy!"

He ceased—and deepest crimson flush'd  
His brother's war-worn face;  
Those sacred ties the world had crush'd,  
Within his heart found place.  
'Twas but a moment—and the glow  
Of kindred feeling died;  
Sternly he bent his plumed brow,  
And tauntingly replied  
To one, who, though he scorn'd his power,  
Yet felt his master in that hour.

"What hast thou gained by all the toil,  
The blood that thou hast shed?  
Rome's legions still thy bravest foil,  
And heap these fields with dead.  
Behold this golden chain—this crown,  
By deeds of valor won;  
These more shall add to my renown,  
Than all that thou hast done.  
Honor and fame—immortal fame,  
Can only grace a Roman name!"

"And hast thou for these heartless toys  
Thy name and kindred sold?  
And barter'd home and all its joys,  
Thy native land, for gold?  
Boast not thy guilt, *thou slave!* to me,  
I spurn the base offence;  
Arminius lives but to be free—  
Traitor! I charge thee hence!  
Dearer than crowns and realms I prize  
The grave wherein a patriot lies!

"Hear me, ye spirits of the dead!  
Chiefs of the days of old!  
In the same sacred cause who bled,  
Whose fame our bards have told;  
Hear me, ye Gods! while thus I swear  
Never to sheath the brand;  
Never the garb of peace to wear,  
'Till I have freed the land!  
I'll burst the Roman yoke in twain,  
Or perish with the severing chain!

"And think not that my name shall go  
To dark oblivion down;  
For me the minstrel's strain shall flow,  
And glory weave my crown.

My name, my country's proudest boast,  
For ages yet to be—  
The war-cry of the charging host,  
The watch-word of the free:  
While thou shalt be the curse and scorn  
Of German heroes yet unborn!"

He ceased—and with a bitter smile,  
The angry Flavius cried:  
The burning flush of shame, the while  
His cheeks and temples dyed;  
"Barbarian! dost thou hope to bravo  
The arms and power of Rome?  
Is not thy wife, thy son, a slave—  
And desolate thy home?  
Ha! dost thou start?—and can'st thou prize  
Freedom, above these once dear ties?"

As bursts the whirlwind's deadly sweep,  
The thunder's angry peal;  
The billows of the storm-toss'd deep,  
The clash of meeting steel—  
The fury of Arminius burst  
Like lightning through the gloom,  
Recalling griefs in secret nurs'd,  
His wife and infant's doom:  
And plunging in the opposing tide,  
The insulter of his woes defied!

With equal fury, Flavius sprang  
To meet his kindred foe;  
But ere their swords together rang,  
Or struck one fatal blow;  
Like arrow from a bow well-bent,  
Stertinius, from the height,  
His fiery steel between them sent,  
And stayed the impious fight;  
With lifted brand and tightened rein,  
He waded them to the battle plain!

NOTE.—The account of this meeting between these celebrated warriors is to be found in the second book of the Annals of Tacitus.

## WOMAN'S SMILE.

BY EDWARD MANDENVILLE.

Oh! sweeter far than all the luscious fruits  
That grow 'neath glittering skies and sunny climes,  
Where pillared temples rear their gorgeous domes,  
And beauty basks in verdant plains, and moonlight  
Sheds its glorious beams o'er sea and land,  
Is the smile that kindness wreathes round woman's lip;  
The smile that glitters most in sorrow's hour,  
When friends long loved, long tried, have passed away,  
And left us plunged in irksome gloom and woe—  
Then, then, indeed, is woman's smile the balm  
That heals the wound and cheers the heavy heart;  
And shimmers thro' the rayless night  
Of cold and dreary sorrow.

Oh, then, how sweet!

January, 1844.

WHEN a thief says to his son, or his brother, or his kinsman, "thou shalt not steal," he is, for the moment, in his own apprehension, an honest man.



# MILDRED ROSIER.

## A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### CHAPTER I.

WHAT the lone cliff appears its rugged head,  
 Where frowns the ruin o'er the silent dead,  
 Where sweeps the billow on the lonely shore,  
 Where once the mighty lived—but live no more,  
 Where proudly frowned the convent's massy wall,  
 Where rose the Gothic tower, the stately hall,  
 Where bards proclaimed, and warriors shared the feast,  
 Where ruled the baron, and where melted the priest,  
 There stood the city in its pride—'tis gone—  
 Moecked at by crumbling pile and mouldering stone.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The raging whirlwind and the gorging sea,  
 They came, old Dunewye! and they spared not thee!  
 HROD'S DEUSWICH.

Few of my readers, in this country, are perhaps acquainted with the ruined city of Dunwich, so beautifully described in the lines I have chosen to head this chapter, written by the hand of a dear and valued friend, now mouldering into dust. A small fishing village on the Suffolk coast, is all that remains of the once "*Splendid City*," so famous in the early annals of English history, and which is thus described by Stow in his Chronicle—"Dunwich, in ancient times, was a city; had brazen gates, fifty-two churches, chapels, religious houses and hospitals; a king's palace; a bishop's seat, a mayor's mansion and a mint. Of all its former magnificence, the encroachments of the sea have spared only a few mouldering relics; these, however, are interesting memorials of its fallen greatness."

One ruined church, which stands upon the extreme verge of the highest of a range of lofty cliffs, and a large ancient building, called the Grey Friars, and surrounded by a massy stone wall, with huge Gothic gateways, which enclose an area containing four acres, are the most remarkable objects in the desolate spot, which still bears the name of the famous seat of the East Anglian Kings.

A wilder, or more lonely scene than the one which Dunwich now presents to the eye of the curious traveller, could scarcely be found in Great Britain. So completely is it shut out from all communication with the busy world, that when you pace over its grass-grown, silent paths, once so populous, you might fancy yourself transported to some of the ruined cities of Julian,

as described by Mr. Stevens, in his interesting Travels. A few scattered fishing cabins, chiefly composed of planks thrown up by the sea; an antiquated farm-house or two, with high gables, and built of bricks, blackened by age and their conflict with the elements; and an old-fashioned public-house, the resort of smugglers and poachers, (and the only house of entertainment in the place) comprise the habitations of the village. A wide and desolate heath spreads away for many miles towards the west, bounded in the distance by groves of sombre pine trees, which resemble the melancholy plumes of a hearse. A long line of rugged and broken coast stretches as far as Orford ness, where the prospect is abruptly terminated by an angle, which, receding suddenly, leaves nought but the rude and restless ocean to the view. On the left, the eye ranges over a long line of flat, dreary beach, and marshy land, until it is again refreshed by the green cliffs of the fine seaport town of Southwold, jutting out into the ocean—the tower of its beautiful Gothic church rising from among lofty bowing trees like a crown upon the waters.

For more than a century, Dunwich has been a notorious place for smuggling. Its lonely unfrequented situation, approached by no public road, rendering it every way eligible to the dealers in contraband goods, to deposit within its rugged cavernous cliffs, and ivy-grown ruins, the articles of their forbidden trade. An officer in the Coast-Guard service, was always stationed here; and there was a look-out house upon one of the highest cliffs, for the better convenience of watching the motions of the free-traders. Yet in spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of the custom-house officers, immense quantities of spirits and teas, were annually run on shore, and escaped the detection of these Arguses of the excise.

My tale commences at the beginning of the present century, when the whole of the civilized world was up in arms, and Britain, both on the land and on the wave, dared to maintain her own rights and those of less fortunate nations, against the encroachments of the great conqueror of the nineteenth century. An old farmer of the name of Rosier, who for half a century had been the owner and cultivator of one of the small barren farms

pertaining to the houses I have just described, lay upon his death-bed; and the gossip of the village were all upon the *qui vive*, to learn how the old man meant to dispose of his property.

Mrs. Florence Barnham, the widow who kept the Anchor public house, and who considered herself the only lady in the place, because she happened to be the only person who could boast of the possession of a homestead of her own, and a few hundred pounds in the provincial bank, was extremely curious to learn the result of the lawyer's visit to the farm; Mr. Crofton having been sent for, from a town ten miles off, to write old Foster's will.

"I wonder who can be the old man's heir?" she said, to her daughter Luey, a pretty neat girl of sixteen, who was helping her to lay the cloth for the man of law's supper, in the large public room of the inn. They had a small, well-furnished apartment, but it was only used by visitors who came to examine the antiquities of the place during the summer months, and lacked that great requisite to comfort—a fire-place. The month was November, and the night intensely cold.

"Es, mother!" returned the girl, "I don't think he have an heir. I never heard of his being married. I wish he would make me his heir; I would soon show the neighbors the way to spend his old gold."

"Devil trust you!" said an old sailor, who belonged to the revenue cutter then lying at anchor in the bay, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and preparing to re-fill the old blackened tube. "I have no doubt, my pretty lass, that you could lay out the old fogie's money much faster than he contrived to lay it up. But you are pretty enough and saucy enough to turn a young man's head, without having a fortin' tacked to your tail."

"Or an old man's either," said Luey, laughing and nodding to the seaman, "You remember, Swain, what the lieutenant said the other night, when you were so polite to me: 'that of all fools old fools were the worst.'"

"Oh, you little rogue! he was jealous of your smiling good humouredly upon an old man—he was. But I don't want to rival my commanding officer; though I believe, old as Mat Swain is, he could manage a tight craft as well as he."

"For shame, Mat; leave off flirring with my girl," said the widow. "You men are enough with your flattering speeches to turn the child's head. You should leave off such folly at your time of life, and be thinking of your grave. I wonder," she continued, "what keeps Mr. Crofton so late! That old man must have a deal of money, if it takes him all this time to settle his affairs. The lawyer has been away these two hours."

"Now, mother, aint you sorry you refused the old man, last year, when you might have married him and got all his money?" said Luey.

"I did not think that he would die so soon!" sighed the widow. "It is a pity, but it can't be helped. We have not eyes that can look a year before us. He was such a stout, healthy old man, I was afraid he might live to bury me."

"Has he no children?" asked Mat.

"Never was married," responded the widow.

"Nay, that does not always follow. A man sometimes has a large family in a natural way."

"He was too stingy—too fond of his money to act so wickedly," said the widow. "If he had been a fellow of that stamp, I should never have encouraged his suit."

The old sailor took his pipe from his mouth, and giving the widow a good-natured, but at the same time very facetious knowing nod, said—"Here's to your health, young; such an industrious woman deserves a yowid husband. If I were not in love with Luey, here, I would marry you myself."

"You must wait till you are asked," said Mrs. Barnham, with offended dignity. "I have seen too much of them, to wish to marry a dirty sea-swab."

"You have gone further, widow, and fared worse," replied Mat, laughing. "It sounds strange that a smuggler's wife, and a smuggler's daughter, should abuse those of a more honest and honorable calling. But I forgive you; your wits are a-wool-gathering about that old man and his money."

"I care as little about the old man as you do—"

"About an old woman," said Mat; "but don't look so savage, widow. Pop!—what's that, that flew out of the fire, right agin your petticoat?—a purse, I declare."

"You don't say so?" returned the widow, once more all smiles and good-humour. "Well, well, if old Peter does not leave me a good legacy after all his promises, he is a shabby, deceitful old fellow. I would not say a single prayer for him, to save his soul from old Nick!"

"It's of no consequence to him, whether you do or no," said Mat, drily. "The prayers of the wicked, I've heard, never prevail. But here comes the lawyer; now we shall hear the news."

Mr. Crofton, a little sharp-looking man, in a stubby black suit, with his head elaborately powdered, entered the room, rubbing his hands, and then with an air of conscious dignity, spreading them to the fire.

"A cold night, Mrs. Barnham! I hope you have got a good supper for me. This sharp sea air, has made me devilish hungry."

"You shall have the best we've got, sir," said the widow. "We've no butcher in this place. The folks are too poor to support one. He would not be able to kill more than half a sheep a week."

"No butcher! What the deuce do you live upon?" said the man of law.

"What Providence sends in our way," returned the widow. "Here is a dish of fine fried whittings which were in the sea an hour ago, and a choice rasher of bacon and eggs."

"It might be worse," said the lawyer, drawing his chair to the old oak table. "You are an excellent cook, Mrs. Barnham. This fish is delicious. I suppose," he continued, with a knowing wink, "that you have plenty of good brandy in the house?"

"Real cogniac," said the widow, bustling to fetch it. "This is one of the things which Providence puts in our way."

"Very convenient, that same Providence," said the lawyer, helping himself pretty largely from the tall long-necked bottle the old lady placed before him. "I've always heard it said, that Providence helps those who are willing to help themselves. Hey, widow?"

"Why, sir, if we did not help ourselves a little, in this out-of-the-way place, we must starve. The sea supplies us with fish, tea and brandy; the land is barren and does little for our wants."

"And what do the custom-house officers say to your mode of satisfying your wants?"

"Oh, they ask no questions for conscience sake," said the widow laughing. "'Live and let live,' is an old saying. It is not for the like of gentlemen like them to interfere with a poor lone widow's domestic affairs."

"To be sure not," said Mr. Crofton. "Well, the old man's gone. I just got there in time to make his will."

"And pray, sir, if it is not too bold to ask," said the widow, dropping one of her best courtesies, "to whom may he have left his property?"

"To his brother's widow and children."

"Lord bless me, sir! you don't say so," said Mrs. Barnham, turning pale with disappointment, for she had entertained strange visions of inheriting the Brook-farm. "I never knew he had a brother, or any living creature belonging to him but himself."

"Now I think of it," said Mat, "I remember a wild, harum-scarum lad of the name of Rosier, who ran away from his home, and went to sea, and was killed in the battle of Copenhagen. I have no doubt that it was he."

"You are right," said the lawyer; "he left a widow and two infants in very indigent circumstances; a friend got the boy on to the quarter-deck, and the mother and daughter lived upon

the government pension. Old Peter has left the farm to the widow for her life, and the property to be equally divided between the children at her death. It does not amount to more than one thousand pounds."

"I thought the old man had been very rich," said Lucy; "I am glad, mother, that you did not marry him now."

"All things are for the best," said the widow; "but I wish he had left me a legacy."

"This is a great place for smuggling, is it not?" said the lawyer, stretching out his legs to the fire, and picking his teeth with a silver tooth-pick. "Have you made any prizes this year, Mat?"

"Devil a one! That fellow, Christian, is too cunning for us; 'tis impossible to be up to his schemes. The other night he set fire to a stack of hay in Dingle Marsh, and while we all ran to look at the fire, he landed a large and valuable cargo right under our noses, at the ruined church. The lieutenant is no match for him. He bullies the whole coast."

"It's a pity you can't get hold of him," said Mr. Crofton.

"Alive we shall never take him," said Mat, "and the fellow has as many lives as a cat. I verily believe that he deals with the devil."

"If that's the case, our friend, here, must mind what she's about," said the lawyer, "or she may chance to get a little brimstone in her ten."

At this moment, the door of the room was pushed open, with a sudden jerk, and a tall figure, in a seaman's dress, and powdered all over with snow, entered the room.

"'Tis a terrible night," he said, advancing to the fire, and shaking himself like a water-dog, in order to divest himself of the white feathery spots with which his garments were thickly covered. "It blows great guns, and hails rains, and snows in a breath. That vessel in the bay had better look to her anchors; if she gets loose she may chance to relieve the smugglers by foundering upon the coast rock before morning."

"Then I must be off," said Swein. "I wonder where the lieutenant is?"

"At the look-out station," returned the other. "Captain Netherby is on board, where every commander should be on a night like this."

"They expected Christian to run a large cargo on shore tonight," said Swein.

"Let them look to their own," returned the strange seaman, gruffly. "The wind's off the shore. The devil himself could not land a cargo upon the beach in the very teeth of the gale."

"Who are you, friend," said Mat, regarding the fine athletic form of the seaman, with a long and curious gaze, "who seem to know as much about our proceedings, as we do ourselves?"

"A son of the sea, as you are," said the seaman; "and an old friend of our good hostess, here. Cook me a fresh rasher, dame: I am wet and hungry, and have no stomach for other men's leavings. What, my pretty Lucy, single yet! The lads must be upon the look-out, or I shall carry you off one of these days."

"She's contraband goods," said the widow. "It's a long time, Captain, since you were in our parts."

"My ship is in dock undergoing some repairs," said the sailor; "and I thought, instead of waiting for some weeks in that d— tiresome place, London, I would come down and see you all. How are you getting on here?"

"Had enough," said the widow; "the free-trade's at an end, and the village is full of custom-house officers."

"The moonshine is scarce," said the Captain.

"None to be had. A little brandy comes by chance, now and then."

"I wish you would give me a chance to taste it," said the seaman. The lawyer pushed the long-necked bottle across the table to the new guest. "Excellent brandy, that."

"Mrs. Barnham knows how to procure every thing genuine," said the seaman. "Like most of her sex, she prefers drawing from the fountain head. Who is your merchant, widow?" he continued, with a sly glance of his dark, keen eye.

"La, Captain Tasker, as if you didn't know. I get my spirits from Messieurs Ocean, Storm, Night and Company. I never knew their firm to fail in the worst of times."

"I hope they never may, while they supply you with such stuff as that, widow; it would make a blind man see double."

"Or a dead horse wink!" said old Mat. "Well, I must away to the station. Pray for me, pretty Lucy, for I am certain I shall have no time to pray for myself. The sea and the wind, together, make such a confounded noise, I shall not be able to hear myself think."

The old sailor toddled off; and for some minutes a deep silence prevailed. "Any news?" at length asked the stranger.

"Yes; bless me! old Mr. Rosier's dead—just dead, Captain, and after all his promises, has not left me a penny; not even a trifle to buy a black gown or a mourning ring."

"That's shabby, widow; but how could you think that your smart little foot and ankle would fit a dead man's shoe?"

"But his promises!"

"Tush! old men can tell lies as well as young ones, when a pretty woman is in the case. You would not accept his person, widow, and he was determined that you should not enjoy his gold

without the encumbrance; I think you and the old man were well matched, and may now cry quits."

"I wish he was alive again!" said the widow, spitefully.

"That you might marry him and torment him to death. Ha, widow?"

"Exactly so, Captain Tasker; you are the man for reading other people's thoughts. Where did you learn your cunning?"

"In my walks through the world. Such knowledge is to be picked up every where."

"I wonder what sort of people they are who are to fill his place?" said the widow; "and whether they will prove good neighbours. I am sorry Mrs. Rosier is a widow; we have one too many already."

"Ha! ha! ha! Florence Barnham, that's candid," said the lawyer. "If my wife should give me a chance, I may perhaps pay you another visit. By the bye, is your pretty young lady at B— Lodge likely to get married? I heard, lately, that she was engaged to young Squire Chutworth?"

"Ah, poor Miss Charlotte! That will never be a match," said the widow.

"What should prevent it, if the young folks are agreeable? He is a fine handsome lad; rich, clever, well educated. Upon my word, Colonel Stainer may look a long while before he gets such another chance for his daughter."

"Why, Sir, you see, it is neither on account of his family, nor fortune, that the colonel refuses his consent; but since he married his last wife, he is gone mad with religion. She is what the world calls a very pious, serious lady. There is nothing now up at the lodge but preaching and praying; no music, no dancing, no company. The colonel has given up the world altogether, and he quarrels with the young lady, his daughter, because she wants to see a little more of it. Squire Chutworth, though the son of his old friend, he considers no better than a heathen man, or a publican, and has forbidden him the house. Miss Charlotte does nothing but cry; Mrs. Stainer scolds at her all day, and the colonel has become a very Herod to the poor child. Lord love them! they don't know what they are about. The girl looks like a ghost, and the squire is quite thin and care-worn. It will be the death of the young cretters; and as to religion, I can see none of it, in a man warring against his own flesh and blood."

"This species of fanaticism is gaining ground in the world," said the lawyer. "The evangelicals will hold no intercourse with us sinners of the gentiles. I thought Colonel Stainer had been a man of too much sense to yield himself entirely

to his wife's guidance. What has become of the two young gentlemen?"

"One is abroad fighting under Sir Arthur Wellesley; the other learning to be a lawyer in London, at a place they call the Temple. Mr. William used to be often down at the lodge, but he does not like the new system of things. He and his step-mother cannot agree no how; though, indeed, she is a very good woman, and I am sure does all for the best. I heard her tell Miss Charlotte, last summer, when they were here looking over the ruins, that she would rather see her married to the footman, who was a pious man, than the wife of Lewis Chatworth. Now, there was no pride in that; but the young lady only wept, and said that there was no good in ill assorted marriages."

"She was perfectly right," said the lawyer; "and I am very sorry to hear this account of a worthy family, who think by making themselves and all around them miserable upon earth, they can obtain heaven. I will ride over to Chatworth's tomorrow, and see how he bears this separation from the girl he loves."

"I wish the old colonel was in heaven," said Lucy; "I am sure he will break poor Miss Charlotte's heart, and she is such a dear kind young lady; and is more religious than half of those who make such an awful fuss about it."

Again there was a long pause. The lawyer looked earnestly into the blazing fire, as if he could discover the last will and testament of half the parish in its ashes. The seaman passed his sunburnt hand through the tangled masses of dark curling hair, which shaded a brow of uncommon breadth and beauty; while his thoughts appeared to have roamed far, far away to other lands. The light of the candle fell full upon his upturned face, and the fine line of features and gentlemanly exterior of the possessor, at length attracted the attention of Mr. Crofton, who left off castle-building, to take a more accurate survey of the stranger. A handsomer man he had seldom seen; and disguised as he was, in a coarse fearnaught jacket and trousers, the perfect symmetry of his limbs, and the ease and natural grace which pervaded his figure, gave birth to a suspicion that he was not altogether the rough sailor he pretended to be. The lawyer's intense gaze seemed to recall Captain Tasker from his reverie.

"I think you will know me again," he said, with a good humoured smile. "You gentlemen of the law are great inquisitors. For what do you take me?"

"A gentleman," was the brief reply.

"I was brought up as one," was the answer; "but misfortunes, the loss of friends and property, and the hard usage which the world gives

the unhappy, have done much to destroy my right to that title. Without money or influence, a man will always be accounted by his fellows a poor devil, if he had the attributes of an angel. I am a rough seaman, and not above my situation—the captain of a small craft fitted out on speculation, by private individuals, which has received the sanction of Government to fight against its foes on our own account. We have had several skirmishes with small French vessels, and have taken some prizes. My vessel is in dock, undergoing some necessary repairs. My name is Josiah Tasker. And now you have as much of my history as I feel inclined to tell."

"I am much obliged to you for your frank communication," said the lawyer. "Are you acquainted with Captain Netherby, who commands the King's cutter now lying off this station?"

"Personally I never exchanged words with him."

"Lieutenant Scarlett?"

The other shook his head.

"It must be a terribly dull affair, looking out for smugglers on this dreary station," continued the lawyer. "Did you ever see this famous Christian, who sets all law at defiance, and eludes the most vigilant schemes for his apprehension?"

"I have heard of him," returned the other, carelessly.

"Government have now offered a reward for his capture, and the officers all along the coast are on the alert. It is reported that he is a spy employed by Bonaparte, to investigate the coast, and report to him the most eligible spot to effect a landing."

"A probable story that," said the seaman, with a sneering laugh. "But John Bull is so credulous he would believe that frogs fell from the moon if any fool would swear that he saw them coming down. I daresay that Napoleon never heard the name of Fredwald Christian, who I have been told is an expatriated Dane, and not a Frenchman. But whoever he is, he must be a brave fellow. I should be sorry to hear of his apprehension."

"But, my dear Sir, it is a terrible thing for a man to set all law at defiance; for my part I wish he was hanged."

"You would make a martyr of the Christian," said the seaman, laughing. "I daresay Messieurs Netherby and Scarlett will do their best to gratify you. What a night it is!" he continued, hastily rising and going to the window. "If the smuggler's craft has left her port, she may chance to disappoint her enemies by going to Davy's locker on her own account. Widow—can I find my way to the old chamber? I am tired and

sleepy, and shall feel all the better for a drag through the blankets."

"I am sorry, Captain," said the widow, bustling up. "that Mr. Crofton has engaged that room. But you can have my bed——"

"Only upon one condition, and that you will not grant," said the sailor, turning his bright, dark eyes saucily upon her. "I am used to weather all gales, and can sleep as soundly upon a plank of the deck as upon a bed of down:

"Let landsmen sleep—or wake and weep,  
Mid the tempest's angry moan;  
We dash through the drift,  
And sing to the list  
Of the wave that heaves us on."

"Ah! Captain," said Lucy, "dear Captain! do sing us the whole of that beautiful song before you lie down to sleep."

"Another night, my child," said Tasker, wrapping his seaman's coat about him, and throwing himself down in a corner of the cabin. "If I was to sing that stave tonight, your guest would fancy that I was a pirate instead of a privateer."

"I have some doubts upon the subject," muttered the lawyer to himself, as he mounted the narrow stair that led to his sleeping chamber. "If I see Captain Wetherby tomorrow, I will tell him to keep a sharp eye upon that man."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A TALE OF THE MOSLEMIN.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

Yocco Hassan sprang to his saddle seat  
And spake to his neighing steed:  
Now, Zimzim, fleetest of the fleet,  
Put forth thine utmost speed;  
For, e'er another hour be past,  
Revenge will raise his wail,  
And my life were not worth a gamester's cast,  
If thy wind or thy foot should fall,  
Base, prying eyes, have seen this night  
Thy master's well-known plume,  
And should'st thou filter in thy flight  
An hour may seal his doom.  
Then speed thee, Zimzim! speed thee fast,  
My pride of the Arab blood!  
Swift as the hurding Simoom blast,  
Swifter than mountain flood,  
I've won the plight of my lady love,  
And 'tis for her love I fly;  
Wer't not for that, by the Heaven above,  
I'd halt to fight, and die!  
Let Mouctar sneer, and say, that I  
Can better fly than light,  
He'll know full soon, the reason why  
I turn my rein this night,  
Ah! who would throw away his life  
When love was beaming bright?  
Who, rush to fierce and fatal strife,  
Whom wrapt in her halo light!

Often and oft, have I dealt my blows,  
On bloody, desperate, field,  
And seen a score of gallant foes,  
Unto my prowess yield;  
Then let them say, proud Hassan fled,  
When Mouctar led the chase;  
The cause, I ween, shall soon be read  
In Mouctar's gloomy face.  
But now, my Zaid's love demands,  
That my scymetar shall sleep;  
And not for all the Sultan's lands,  
Would I cause her heart to weep!  
A thousand thanks, my Zaid sweet,  
For thy promise boldly kept;  
Oh! had'st thou fail'd thy slave to meet,  
Long, long, thou might'st have wept!  
For I had sworn by Mecca's shrine,  
Never to leave thy hower,  
'Till thou had'st promised to be mine,  
Despite thy brother's power.  
And thou hast promised, angel love!  
To trust to thy lover's faith:  
Oh! should he ever faithless prove,  
May his slightest pang be death.  
Estateful hour! that heard thee say,  
Thou would'st be wholly mine,  
Whilst on thy cheek, the blush did play,  
Pure virtue's holy sign.  
Tomorrow-night I shall return  
To guide thee to my home,  
Whence, never whilst life's lamp doth burn,  
Shall I ever wanton roam.

Tomorrow-night, he ne'er shall see,  
Though boldly he doth ride,  
The flower of eastern chivalry,  
In youthful hope and pride.  
Alas! the hopes and joys of man  
Are treacherous as the sand;  
The longest-seeming life—a span—  
The soul!—a scorching brand!

Onward the lover spur'd in haste,  
Hopeful by young Desfir;  
And when his hopes seem'd surest bas'd—  
Sharp rang the assassin's fire.  
He reeled upon the saddle seat,  
Whilst his blood flow'd quickly round—  
Then strove the calif's wretch to meet,  
But—sank unto the ground!  
One moaning cry from his bosom burst,  
As he thought of his Zaid's fate:  
Now doom'd to feel, of ills, the worst—  
A spirit desolate!  
'Twas hard to leave Love's blooming howers,  
For the realms of night and gloom,  
To yield up life, all gay with flowers,  
For the darkness of the tomb!

The vile assassin then stood near,  
Without remorse or shame,  
And muttered in the dying ear  
The hated Mouctar's name!

Long time the hapless maiden pined  
'Neath heart-corroding grief;  
Oh! blame her not, that she sought, to find  
In death, a blest relief!

## THE GIBBET TREE.\*

BY M. W.

"OYE! fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shades alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
'To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting!"

MOORE.

Those who imagine Upper Canada to be a tame and uninteresting country, should visit those wild and uncultivated districts above the Chats of the Ottawa. There the lover of the picturesque can find ample food for the gratification of his imagination. He can ascend the blue mountain, and inhale the pure air of the most remote regions. He can paddle his light canoe along the shore of many a lovely lake, which, although no story has been written, or song sung in its praise, still ripples on and sparkles as gaily as those far-famed waters that bear upon their bosoms the bounding gondola, the oars of which keep time to the merry music of some tinkling guitar, or languish under the love-lays of some moonlight serenade. Then there are innumerable water-falls springing out from amidst the dense forest, their white foam beautifully contrasted with the dark green of the trees; and the landscape is further diversified by lofty catarnets, which often rise to the height of seventy feet. This wild country has its nobility also; for there resides one who has given his proud name to one of those remote townships, whose fierce ancestors, in by-gone days, held almost regal sway in a distant and far-famed land, which, however, cannot boast of scenery more stern, rugged, and wild, than that in which its descendant now dispenses his proverbial hospitality. Many a way-worn wanderer has found a heart-felt welcome under his friendly roof, although it displays neither tower nor turret.

The circumstance I am about to relate will shew that this country, although unknown to fame, can produce its romantic incidents also, which, if happy in a historian, would be devoured by the reader with as much avidity as the marvellous tales and legends of older and more favored lands. Upon the Madawaska, a river about one hundred miles in extent, and seventy above Bytown (the Quebec of Upper Canada), the story of

the Three Pirates is still remembered. The circumstances are as follow:

Along the shore of the river above mentioned, there are ranged at intervals, *Shanties*, as those woodland abodes are called, for the purpose of accommodating those who are preparing lumber for the Quebec market. In the summer of 18—, three men made their appearance at one of those rude dwellings, and after loitering about a few days, at last demanded and obtained employment. There was nothing in the dress of these strangers that would have distinguished them from any of their fellow labourers, as they wore the common gray cloth of the country. But in their manners they were observed to be haughty, and at times even fierce. But among the wild gangs who are employed in this precarious trade, there are so many fiery and untrained spirits, that this circumstance would have excited no particular attention, had it not been for the scornful and unbending manner with which they resisted every attempt which was made to induce them to join in the rude joviality of the hardy lumbermen. This excited so much curiosity that measures were resorted to in order to discover who and what they really were, which was at length effected by means of listening to their conversation when they supposed themselves alone; and on the arrival of the master of the band, who came at intervals to inspect his workmen, he was told that those he had last employed were pirates from the West India Islands, who, it was supposed, had come hither to evade the pursuit of justice. The gentleman was at first rather alarmed at this information, and from that circumstance was led to observe them more closely; but after so doing, and finding them strictly attentive to their duties, and in no respect differing from the others but by the impatience with which they replied to all advances even from him, he did not think it

\* Founded on fact.

necessary to notice the suspicions relative to their former life.

Two of them, who, from their close resemblance, might have been brothers, would certainly have been called handsome, for they had fine eyes, and teeth that could be seen glancing and sparkling like pearls from amidst their black mustachios, whenever they smiled, which was but seldom, however, as their dark countenances were generally clouded by a sort of sullen gloom. But the other appeared several years younger than his companions, and was so fair, or rather pale, that he might well have passed in the days of romance for a love-lorn maiden following the fortunes of some moody lover, had his figure not been too tall and commanding for one of the softer sex. Although his countenance wore the same air of melancholy which was remarked in his companions, yet it wanted their fierce and glaring expression.

The curiosity which their strange appearance had excited, was by no means allayed, when by an accident equally sudden and awful, the two most ferocious of those supposed men of blood were deprived of life. This circumstance would have affected the rough lumbermen and their master little, accustomed as they were to such accidents in their precarious mode of life, had it not been for the effect it produced upon the survivor, who, from his gentle and quiet manners, had always been a decided favorite, and their united attempts to cheer and soothe the solitary stranger, produced little effect. His despondency was too deep and distressing to have had its origin merely in the death of his comrades. No! there must have been some hidden fire which this circumstance had served to rekindle. So thought the master, who was a man of education and of such kindness of heart that the task of relieving the distressed was considered by him not more a duty than a pleasure. But in the present instance all his well-meant endeavours to induce the despairing young man to relieve his mind, by imparting the hidden cause of his anguish, were unavailing. He would wander alone for days in the most intricate parts of the forest; and at night he disturbed even the heavy sleep of the toil-worn labourers by his deep sighs, and his whispered and incoherent ravings.

At length, one evening, long after the gentleman had abandoned as useless all further attempts at consolation, the stranger desired to know if he would walk with him in the forest, as he had something to communicate. The gentleman immediately consented, and they walked on for some time in silence.

It was one of those delicious evenings of autumn, which a lover of poetry and romance can

alone appreciate. After various comments upon the beauty of the evening, the gentleman remarked:

"Who can call a country poor which possesses such a glorious pre-eminence?" pointing as he spoke to the thousands of stately trees, upon whose gorgeous foliage the mild sun of an Indian Summer was throwing his departing beams.

"Who, indeed!" answered his companion, abstractedly, without even lifting his heavy eyes from the ground, and after another long pause, he continued: "You, Sir, have often expressed a wish to hear some particulars respecting my former mode of life. Various reasons for not speaking of myself have for a long time influenced me, but those reasons are now done away, owing to my conviction of there being no other means in my power by which I can express the gratitude that your disinterested kindness has inspired, and I have been for some time seeking a convenient opportunity for the disclosure. What time can be more fitting for the recital of a tale of blood than this dim and melancholy twilight? and as my excited feelings are more soothed by the tranquil scene around us, I will commence:

"In one of the most retired shires of England I first drew my breath. My father was the proprietor of a small estate, the income of which was found amply sufficient for all his moderate wants. My mother died when I was young; so young that all the recollection I now have of her is of a pale and gentle creature, who used, morning and evening, to take me upon her knee, and teach me to repeat after her a short prayer. That prayer, through the course of my stormy and sinful career, has never been erased from my memory. Whether her death produced any change in my father's disposition, I know not; but to me, his only child, he always appeared stern, gloomy and morose.

"My childhood passed away with few of the pleasures that are said to belong to that gay season. One of the few was in visiting our next neighbour, a small proprietor like my father, whose family consisted of one motherless girl, and an orphan boy of about my own age, the son of a deceased friend. But of him at that time I knew little, having been sent by his guardian, when he had attained a suitable age, to a military school, to prepare him for the profession of his father, who had bravely fallen in his country's service. But the little girl was constantly placed under my protection by her doting father. Although but three years older, my childish vanity and importance knew no bounds, when he would say to me—"I can at all times trust my giddy little romp to the care of such a steady champion." And many were the long summer



rambles I used to prevail upon this little creature to take with me, by promises of wild strawberries, butter-cups and daisies, and great was my exultation if I should happen to secure such a prize as a speckled trout, after hours of patient angling with my little companion seated by my side, in the most profound silence, for fear of frightening away the fish. Oh! what a change, after one of those excursions with the blooming and laughing Mary, to return to my gloomy home, where the voice of joy was never heard, for every thing about my father's dwelling seemed to partake of the spirit of its master. Even the very servants, who had grown old in his service, were so petulant and morose, that in any other family they would have been considered insufferable. My preference for the society of Mary increased with increasing years, so that I was miserable if long absent from her. As for her, time had apparently produced little change in her feelings or actions towards me. The elegant girl of nineteen treated me with the same affectionate confidence which the blooming child had done.

"Things were in this state, when one day Mary informed me, while pleasure danced in her beautiful eyes, that they had received a letter from her father's ward, which informed them that the regiment to which he was attached would soon return to England from foreign service; that he had been recently promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and in a week was expected to visit those friends from whom he had been so long separated. Oh! what a change did this intelligence produce in my feelings! I could indeed scarcely account to myself for the uneasiness it occasioned. Of one thing, however, I was certain, that the undivided possession of Mary's society would, upon his return, be no longer reserved for me.

"My forebodings in this respect were but too well realised. At the appointed time the dashing lieutenant made his appearance, and his arrival was hailed with the greatest joy by Mary and her father. I was not long in discovering that in the handsome soldier I had found a formidable rival. As far as personal appearance went he had the decided advantage. His fine figure, set off as it was by the splendid trappings of his profession, formed a striking contrast to my slender and ungainly one, clad in a suit of rusty black, for my father had designed me for the church. That there is a witchery in the very nature of a soldier's profession which few females are able to resist I have long since learned. Was it strange, then, that the romantic imagination of the country maiden should have been at first dazzled and at length completely absorbed in the atmosphere of love, which the elegant soldier had thrown around her? The strife between us was

not long doubtful; any one not blinded by passion could soon have seen how it would end. How, indeed, could it otherwise end! What had I to bring in competition, with all the advantages my rival possessed! At most I could but inform her of what I had read; while he could converse for hours in low and bewitching tones—those tones in which half the power of those military enchanters consists. He could describe in glowing terms the battles and storms which he had encountered, and all the wonders of those lands to which romance has given such a thrilling interest. I, to be sure, could sing her some of the familiar songs of our own land, but in a voice whose hoarse tones were far more adapted to the wild choruses of a hunting band, than to the warbling forth strains fitting only for a lady's bower; while he could touch the mellow guitar with the hand of a master, and sing the love breathing lays of Italy, in a cultivated and manly voice; while the poor girl would listen, evening after evening, to the strains of the charmer. But far different was the attention I gave to his deluding voice. Feelings that were new to me before, raged within, and when my agitation became almost uncontrollable I would rush from the arbor in which we were seated, and plunge into the deepest recesses of the groves which surrounded the house. But even there the gentle night-breeze would waft his detested voice to my ear, nearly maddening me with rage and jealousy.

"This state of things could not long be borne by one of my disposition, and I at length came to the determination of demanding my fate from the lips of Mary herself; for this purpose I sought her, whom for some time I had shunned—for to have seen her without at the same time beholding my hated rival, had been impossible, as he never left her side. When I reached her father's house and enquired for Mary, I was told she was in the garden, and with the freedom which our long intimacy warranted, I sought her there. At its farthest extremity there was an arbour in which some of my happiest hours had passed. As I advanced along the shaded walks with hasty and impatient steps, I perceived Mary and her inseparable companion seated upon a garden-chair, and so deeply engaged in conversation that for some time my approach was unobserved.

"Well do I recollect her that morning—the blush which overspread her beautiful face when she looked up and saw me, soon changed to marble paleness as she perceived my agitated manners, and heard me in a smothered voice request an interview. But no emotion of this kind appeared upon the radiant face of the accepted suitor, as I afterwards found he was. No sooner did he understand the nature of my request, than

he arose, and bowing with condescending grace, left us alone, and I could perceive a smile of exultation dancing in his large dark eyes as he passed me by. That smile! \* \* \* \*

"But let me relate the answer she returned to a declaration of the most devoted love that was ever breathed in woman's ear. Her voice was cold but gentle, when the blighting words fell from her lips, that she had given her heart to another. 'She still wished my friendship!' Friendship! what cruel mockery there is in those cant phrases with which women usually embellish their refusals, as though friendship could grow from the blighting of all the fondest hopes of the heart! Whether they usually produce the effect upon other men that they did upon me—to instil into the breast the keenest desire for revenge—I know not.

"As I rushed from the house, my whole being seemed changed, and I vowed within my inmost soul that the man who had lured her from me should not long enjoy his victory. But it is useless describing the ravings and inconsistencies of disappointed love. Many have borne with manly fortitude what I from want of firmness and principle, could not bear, and my craving for revenge was but too well appeased. But let me not anticipate. Thereof I was a fitting companion for my stern and gloomy father. Not that he encouraged or counselled with me. No! I came and went as before, unheeded by him; but in his presence I was never mocked with deceitful smiles, and still more deceitful words. All here was as gloomy as my own thoughts.

"I still wandered about the scenes of my former happiness; but more like a troubled spirit than the being I had been some few months before. There was a steep promontory on one side of the valley in which the house and grounds of Mary's father lay. This place was my favorite resort, for from thence I could command a view of all that transpired in the vale below. Upon the other side was a fearful precipice, whose jutting and craggy rocks projected far out into the ocean when the tide was up. But more of this anon.

"The long summer days had given place to the melancholy time of autumn, when I was told their marriage day had been appointed. This information produced little change in my feelings. The wedding morning was lowering and overcast. I watched the procession as it entered the church, from my elevated hiding place, with the feelings, and I doubt not, the looks, of a demon. The gay and triumphant air of the bridegroom, upon whose arm Mary was leaning, you may be sure added fuel to the fire! But where were the roses that should have glowed upon the cheeks of the

timid bride? They had departed, and in their place appeared an unusual sadness, as though she had some forebodings of what was to follow. I remained the whole of that live long day upon the promontory, where I had arranged a hiding place; from thence I could see all that transpired about the house without being myself seen.

"Towards evening Mary and her bridesmaids, accompanied by the graceful soldier, came from the house and proceeded towards the grove. In this delicious spot couches and settees were ranged for the accommodation of the gay party. Here they seated themselves, and presently the rich voice of the bridegroom was wafted towards me, accompanied by the odour of the flowers and the sweet notes of the nightingale. But did they bring any balm to my wounded spirit? No! no! far otherwise—for my mental ejaculation was 'ay! ay! you may sing now, but if the devil you have roused within this bosom does but aid me at my need, it shall soon be changed to the death-rattle.' It seemed to me then as though the demon I invoked to aid me in my revenge, had indeed not failed me, for the group I was surveying began to move forward. Some sportive banterings were going on between the bridegroom and the fair attendants of the bride, during which he said he would ascend the height to obtain a view of the lovely group in perspective, and, bowing gaily, he began to ascend. But little did he imagine who was there to meet him. He had gained the steepest part of the ascent when I confronted him. My looks must have disclosed the frenzy which was raging within.

"Our conference was short and bitter—so taunting, indeed, was the language of both that neither could endure it long, and we sprang upon each other with the ferocity of tigers. The struggle was long and desperate. Twice we rolled to the very edge of the dizzy precipice, each struggling to precipitate the other over. My antagonist had the advantage of superior strength, and I saw how the contest would probably terminate, when I suddenly recollected the small dagger which I had for some time carried in my bosom. I drew it forth, as we again rolled upon the very edge of the fearful height, and from our position another moment would have made me the victim. If I know my own thoughts at the time, the instinct of self-preservation and an assurance that by no other means but by plunging it into his bosom could I avoid the horrible death before me—alone impelled the stroke. But I did it! added the wretched young man, pressing his arm convulsively over his bosom, as though the cold steel with which he had pierced his victim, was even then entering his own heart. "But," resumed he, after a long pause, "the ui-

acres particular of that scene I can never describe. Sufficient be it to say, that when the body was found in the dell beneath, it was so bruised and lacerated, from coming in contact with the projecting rocks in its descent, that no suspicion that his death was caused by anything but an accidental fall from the precipice, was ever hinted at. Thus was my crime concealed from the eye of man. But the mark was upon me; and I, like the first wretched murderer, was reserved for the torture of a living death, a guilty conscience!

"But where was Mary, you will ask? Alas! the most afflicting part of this dark transaction to me was the effect it produced upon this idol I had set up for my own sinful worship. I can now severely analyze the feelings which prompted me to become the bearer of those tidings which would make her a widowed bride. It might be a species of revenge for miseries she had so unconcernedly heaped upon me; or it might be a species of reckless insanity. But be that as it may, no sooner did I perceive the agony my intelligence produced, than such is the inconsistency of human nature, revenge in my bosom disappeared and in its place came thronging back all those feelings I had been wont to indulge in towards her, and a vague hope flitted across my mind, as even she entertained not the slightest suspicion against me, that time might soften her grief, and restore me to that place in her affections which I was confident had been mine before the ill-fated soldier made his disastrous appearance. But this presumptuous hope faded for ever, as I noted the anguish which convulsed her beautiful features, as she became conscious of the full extent of her misery. But why dwell on this harrowing subject? Her death was the wages I received from the demon I had so faithfully served. This was the first and most bitter fruit of the tree whose roots I had so carefully nourished.

"Shortly after this event, my father died suddenly of apoplexy. Although he had never been a kind or affectionate parent, still he was never cruel or unjust; and the death of my only friend, at this particular time, had its influence upon my after life. To stay in a place where every thing, even to the balmy air that I breathed, reminded me of my guilt, was impossible. I therefore disposed of every thing I possessed as soon as possible, and left my native land forever. In the gay capital of France I vainly courted what the world calls pleasure. My wealth, and the education of a gentleman, gave me access to the first circles. But in those gay scenes the melancholy which had become interwoven with my constitution did but increase. Women and music, which constituted their chief attraction, were to me distasteful, as the associations connected with them

were all gloomy and distracting. And from them I would rush to other scenes of what were also called pleasure, though of a different description; where instead of the languishing airs which breathe the very spirit and essence of love, was heard the wild revelry of the midnight carouse. There, and in the destructive excitement of the gaming table, while my wealth continued, I was hailed as a welcome guest.

"It was in those haunts of sin that I first became acquainted with my two late companions. Their apparent superiority to the deperated herd who were now my constant associates, first attracted me towards them. They were Spaniards. Misfortunes, mingled perhaps with crime, had driven them from their own country. But this is merely supposition, as they never could be induced to relate the cause of their banishment, for although they would sigh for the orange groves of their own delicious land, they would confess no more than that to it they could never return. My gratitude for their being the means of saving my life two different times, produced a friendship which knew no interruption until dissolved by the cold hand of death. The downward course we pursued together soon reduced us to absolute poverty. Something was to be done. Inclination was wanting to seek an honorable subsistence, and the dissipated life we had led, altogether unsuited us for it.

"We at length came to the conclusion of leaving France, and trying our fortunes in the Indies, and after waiting some time for a ship, we were at last told that one about sailing for those islands was then at the nearest port. We accordingly hastened there—went on board, and found all in the hurry and bustle of departure. We briefly stated our wishes to the master, to be received on board, not as passengers who were expected to pay, but merely as common seamen. He at first peremptorily refused to take us upon any conditions, assigning no reason for so doing; but as I proceeded to state our situation, I observed a sinister expression stealing over his dark countenance, while I enlarged upon our destitute condition. He eyed us all closely while I was speaking, and made several inquiries respecting our former mode of life. One of my companions answered recklessly and with more candor than I had thought proper to use, that we were desperate and ruined men, having lost all at the gaming table. Upon hearing this, the suspicious looks with which the captain had hitherto regarded us disappeared at once, and he immediately acceded to our wishes. I must acknowledge that the behaviour of the captain appeared mysterious to me, and had my situation been different, I should have hesitated a little be-

fore embarking with him. But as nothing unusual occurred, after sailing for some days, I had almost forgotten the circumstances altogether, when one day after we had lost sight of land I fancied I could perceive an alteration in the deportment of both officers and men, which again aroused my slumbering suspicions: these I mentioned to my companions, and we agreed to await the issue in silence.

"Shortly after the above determination, as we were sailing along under a light breeze, we remarked that a great change was taking place in the outward appearance of those with whom we had cast our lot. One hardy sailor would disappear below after another, and return in a short time armed to the very teeth, and decorated in a most fantastical manner, until at length the whole crew assembled upon deck, and what a transformation was there! In place of the orderly, well-regulated seamen, they appeared as ferocious a band of desperadoes as ever sailed under Captain Kyd, or any other bold outlaw. Many were the sly glances and winks directed towards us, of which we pretended to take no notice, until at length a whiskered bravo, a sort of reckless dandy, who from the first had taken us under his protection, approached us and said:

"Well, brothers, what think you of that gallant crew who are now decked out in their holiday garb, for the double purpose of giving you an opportunity of admiring them, and also to do honor to the day, which is the anniversary of the formation of our band of brotherhood? Pirates some call us, through envy of our life of liberty. None to control us, no master but our captain, no mistress but the sea—the sea—the deep, deep sea!

"Ours the wild life in tumult still to range,  
From toll to strife, and joy in every change."

"The oratorical pirate repeated the couplet with much gesticulation, and with what he considered a daring look, in imitation of the pirate crew in Byron's magnificent 'Corsair.' 'But now,' he added, I must give you a little insight into the nature of the profession of which it is our captain's intention to invite you to become members. In the first place we are all required to take a solemn oath—I see you smile, gentlemen, but recollect the old adage, and I can assure you that among the chosen spirits of which our fraternity consists, few have ever broken that oath; it is to aid heart and hand in any scheme, no matter how perilous, which the captain considers for the general good—to obey him in every respect without hesitation or comment. And now comes the most singular part of it, and I question much whether a similar one has ever before been ad-

ministered to a band of bold buccaneers—viz: never to shed blood when an object can be gained without it. You perceive,' he continued, 'that you will not be required to imbrue your hands in blood by joining us, or load your souls by the commission of any of those frightful atrocities which some of our brother rovers delight in; for although our crew acknowledge no law but the captain's will, they never fail to give quarter to a fallen enemy; the token of which is the broad red flag which floats from our mast—the ominous black one, with its death's head and hour-glass, which some of our profession adopt to proclaim their fiendish designs, has never disgraced our merry little *Mermail*. One thing more and I am done. In all our gains an equal dividend is scrupulously set apart for each—'

"Here he was interrupted by a message from the captain, desiring the three strangers to repair to his cabin. We hastened to obey the summons, and upon entering I was absolutely dazzled by the splendor, evidently displayed to produce its effect upon us. The table was laid for the banquet, and it was loaded with the most costly plate and crystal, which shewed they must have been fortunate cruisers. We found the captain there awaiting us; and he, like all in the ship but ourselves, was arrayed in a rich dress, which well became his fine, manly figure, and martial bearing. I could indeed scarcely identify the unpretending master of the merchantman in the being before me, so much had his garb and a certain air of command metamorphosed him. He smiled as he noticed our undisguised amazement at the transformation which had taken place. I then observed the same sinister smile which I had before noticed, and it gave a disagreeable expression to a countenance that would otherwise have been remarkably handsome. He was an Italian, of about thirty years of age, and from his manners and conversation must have received the education of a gentleman. He spoke English with fluency, as well as French and Spanish. But the former language was mostly used in the ship, although natives of almost every country composed this motley crew.

"After giving us time to recover from the astonishment into which the changed aspect of things had thrown us, the captain remarked, with a scornful smile curled his lip, that by this time we must have discovered 'That instead of walking the decks of a paltry French trader, we were ranging the broad ocean with a band, so bold and true,' he continued, proudly, 'that I can compare them to none but those hearts of oak who people the decks of one of the hoisted frigates, which the English call the wooden walls of their merry isle.' After this inflated compliment to

his lawless crew, he proceeded in a few words to explain the nature of the service which he invited us to join; the substance of which was much the same as we before heard, and he concluded by saying that if we preferred leaving the ship, he would put us on shore at the first port, for by taking the necessary precautions he could land at any with safety. 'And now, gentlemen,' added the piratical captain, bowing low with a grace which suited well the character he had now assumed; 'I shall expect the pleasure of your company at the approaching entertainment, and in the mean time you can consult together, and tomorrow I shall look for your answer.'

"We left the cabin and hastened to the most retired part of the ship. Our decision was soon made. For myself, had I sought a resting place for years I could have found none more in accordance with my feelings than the present; for here were no women—no music, to dishearten with its enervating influence. The wild roar of the fathomless ocean, and the discordant screams of the sea-birds were sounds which produced no harrowing associations. To my two companions all places were alike, while banished from their own chivalrous land, and they therefore decided as I did.

"We were at length summoned to the banquet. The great cabin was filled to overflowing with pirates, whiskered and mustachioed, so that little could be seen of their faces, except their fiery and restless eyes. A seat of honour was reserved for us next the captain, we were told; and after no little pushing and elbowing, we succeeded in reaching the head of the table. But judge of our astonishment when we beheld a lady, richly dressed, seated next the captain, whom, after we were seated, he introduced as his wife. Till this moment I had not the slightest idea that there was any thing in the shape of woman, save perhaps the green maiden of the sea, within a thousand miles of me, and I felt a shudder creeping over me while gazing upon her, although to another the sight of this young and beautiful creature would have produced any other emotion than that of fear. Indeed I never beheld a countenance that would have answered so completely for a personification of Byron's interesting Medora. Yes, there was the same pensive melancholy upon her Madonna-like features; the same dove-like eyes which I had always figured to myself as belonging to the devoted wife of him who

"Left a Corsair's name to other times,  
Lied with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

"Nor does the resemblance end here, thought I, while noting the fond looks with which she repaid the captain's anxious attention, and the smile

which illumined her countenance at a whispered remark from him.—'That he feared she would not enjoy the society of his rough companions! But see,' he added, directing her eyes down the long range of table, 'the poor fellows are striving to assume the manners they imagine would be most suitable to their gay garb, to do you honor. And do, my love!' I heard him add, 'do try to amuse yourself by studying the different expressions of their honest faces, while I perform the rather arduous duty of taking wine with them.'

"The entertainment passed off more quietly than I supposed it would, considering the variety of characters of which it was composed. The lady's presence was an obvious restraint upon them; but when at last the captain arose, and after handing her to an inner apartment, returned again, the hilarity so long restrained, burst forth. The wine circulated freely, and many were the rude songs and sea ditties roared forth with gruff and hoarse voices, that would have been mistaken for any thing rather than music. There were also some ludicrous attempts at modulating their discordant tones into the right key for a love song, in honor of the lady, but in this they generally failed.

"At a signal from the captain, they all arose at once and left the cabin. Some days after I learned the reason of their abrupt dismissal. Some of the crew had shown symptoms of intoxication, which it seems their regulations strictly forbade. If any one of this extraordinary crew was found in a state of intoxication, to unfit him for his duties, he was severely punished. And it must have been to this regulation so strictly enforced, that their success for so many years was mainly owing. We were about following our companions, when the captain signified a wish that we should remain. I took this opportunity of making known to him our determination, to which he laughingly replied that our decision did not in the least surprise him, as from the time he had been informed of our losses at the gaming table, it required no conjurer to foretell what would be the result of his proposition. He then expressed himself fearlessly upon the mode of life we had decided upon, and was proceeding in a low voice to relate some of the circumstances which had led to his becoming the chief of a lawless band, when he was suddenly interrupted by a strain of soft and delicious music, proceeding from the inner apartment, and presently a low but sweet voice warbled forth the following verse:

"His boat is on the waters—hark!  
I hear the splashing oar,  
'Tis tho' the wave be wild and dark,  
I'll venture from the shore;

Love hath a light for deep midnight,  
A compass for the sea,  
For him I'll fear not ocean's might—  
He is my all to me."

"At the first sound of the melancholy tone of the instrument, the captain paused abruptly, and as the words of the song fell upon his ear, his countenance, which a moment before had been glowing and animated, changed at once to the deepest dejection; and covering his face with his hands, he sat, long after the strains had ceased, silent and abstracted. There was no mistaking the songstress—for who but the lovely companion of the captain could have such power to move one whose deportment was in general so calm and dignified? After various ineffectual attempts to engage him again in conversation, and finding his answers were abrupt and disjointed in the extreme, I thought we should best show our sense of the delicacy due to his situation by leaving him, and we accordingly arose without a comment, and hastened upon deck, and as he never afterwards alluded to the circumstance, we, of course, could do nothing but imitate his silence.

"But our curiosity was too strongly excited to remain equally prudent when we had an opportunity of obtaining information from others, which we shortly afterwards had. The dandy I mentioned as seeking us at the commencement of the voyage still took some trouble to make us feel how useful and pleasant a personage he could be, and from him we learned all we ever knew of the two. It seems the captain and his fair companion had at one time been betrothed; but her friends, in the lover's absence, had compelled her to wed one whose only recommendation was his vast wealth, and the young and fascinating creature was to have been thrown into the arms of age and infirmity, while her friends would have reaped a rich reward for the sacrifice she had been compelled to make. 'But,' continued the pirate, 'the triumph of the withered bridegroom and selfish relatives was short-lived, as our gallant ship was on the coast, and our bold captain mingled amongst the wedding guests, and whispered in the ear of the desponding bride:

"I am come, my fair lady, to take thee away  
From the pulsed old dotard, so with'rd and gray,  
The castle-hell tolls out so loud and so shrill,  
But my bold sailors wait on yon heath-covered hill."

The pirate concluded by asking if his commander had mentioned the subject to us, except merely to introduce her as his wife, and upon our replying that he had not, he said: 'Ay—ny, this is the only subject he avoids in his conversation with us. And now, gentlemen, you have all the information I can give you—so adieu!'

"We found, as he had warned us, the captain unusually reserved upon this one subject; and during the three years we were under his command, no allusion was ever made to it by any one of us, and we never saw more of her whom the sailors called the captain's little sea-nymph, except upon gala days, when she dined with the crew, and even then, as she was always at the captain's side, and his anxious and unwearied attention never for a moment relaxed, we, of course, had no opportunity of knowing whether she was happy in the wild and roving life she led. I should judge not, if the low and sighing voice, which I often heard in my lonely night watches, told a true tale. How could it be otherwise—setting aside the remorseful feeling, incidental to her situation? Was she not shut out from all opportunities of associating with her own sex, which a woman can never be debarred from, without feeling keenly the deprivation? No matter how fond she may be of the husband or lover, there are times when she would willingly exchange even his valued society for that of some early friend of her own sex. Such, I have little doubt, were the feelings of this frail fair one; and it must have been at her solicitation that the captain was induced to take the step he did, which was to assemble his crew upon deck a few days before the catastrophe which separated us all for ever, and there declare his intention to resign his command of the ship—to exchange a life of wild adventure for one of domestic peace and tranquillity.

"This design, which filled his followers with dismay, was never put in practice; as our evil destiny shortly afterwards threw us in the power of a British cruiser of superior strength. This time I was forced to acknowledge the proud vauntings of the captain, in comparing his gang of rovers with the brave tars of England, was not altogether so absurd as I then thought it. The struggle on this occasion was short and decisive; for although the captain fought with the intrepidity of desperation—ably seconded by the grim and determined crew—his and their exertions availed little, as the odds were fearfully against them. Night coming on, at length brought with it a respite, and enabled our reduced crew to assemble for consultation. What was to be done? Our ship was partially dismantled, and the decks were crowded with the dead and dying. The hurried counsels of each reckless outlaw, were all of a desperate kind: some were for blowing up the ship, others for sinking her, and all declared their intention of not being taken alive. It was better, they said, to take the grim king by storm—to surprise him by forcing an entrance into his dark dominions, than to be forced into his

presence while he was employed in preparing his ghastly train of attendants to wait upon the last moments of the condemned brigands.

"While those fierce discussions were going forward, the captain returned from below, where we had been for some time, and upon again mingling with the crew, their habitual deference to his opinion returned at once, and they agreed to be guided implicitly by him. To this he replied after a moment's deliberation, that it was his intention to make one struggle more for life—hopeless as it might appear; and as there was no safety in the ship, in her present disabled state, he should strongly advise our taking to the boats: the darkness would favor the attempt; he had little doubt that some, if not all, would be able to reach land, which he thought could not be far distant. Our numbers were found to be so much reduced that the two largest boats were sufficient to contain nearly all. But the two Spaniards and myself agreed to take the third one to ourselves, rather than overload the others. About midnight we were all assembled upon deck for the purpose of embarking upon our hazardous expedition, and every precaution was taken to elude the vigilance of the enemy. Not until every preparation had been completed for our immediate departure, did the captain go below for the lady.

"We were ordered in the meanwhile to remove or conceal as many of the horrible objects by which we were surrounded, as our brief time would permit; but there was still too much carnage upon those blood-stained decks to meet a woman's eye. As the captain appeared slowly and tenderly leading forward his trembling companion, all that now remained of his trusty crew crowded around him; and I could see by the dim and uncertain light that as those desperadoes, those men of blood, gazed upon the sweet face of the poor girl, and noted its troubled and mournful expression, so much in unison with their own feelings, many a fierce and blood-shot eye filled with tears, which the death of comrade or friend had failed to draw from them. Before stepping into the boats, the captain made a short speech, wherein he thanked us for the zeal and fidelity which he said we had displayed, and recommended us to keep together, if possible, and in the event of our reaching land, to seek the most retired parts of the country, as he had little doubt that strict search would be made for us, if we were, as he supposed, near a British Province. He then took the lady's hand to lead her to the side of the ship, where the boats were waiting, when she stopped abruptly, and motioning the captain to remain where he was, advanced to the place where the two Spaniards and myself were standing, and timidly extending her hand to me,

said, she could not part for ever from those who, from the time they had first entered the ship had always shown so much delicate consideration towards her, without bidding them a long farewell. As she pronounced the last words, her pale lips quivered with emotion, and her mild blue eyes filled with tears; but seeing the captain anxiously regarding her, the tears were hastily brushed away, as he advanced and said with emotion that he was almost inclined to remain and abide the event, rather than subject her to all the dangers of an open boat in such a night. Her reply was characteristic of the strong self-abandonment of love, and I saw her unsuccessful attempts to smile away his fears while whispering, 'Why can I not convince you, dearest, that all places are alike, so that you are with me?'

"But all her affectionate solicitude appeared to produce little effect, for after wrapping her graceful form in a boat-cloak, preparatory to starting, his hand absolutely shook with agitation, while he attempted to fasten it around her neck; so that he was obliged to resign his task to me; yet upon that very day I had seen this man point the gun when not the quiver of a muscle was perceptible. Our parting with those who for three years past had been our constant companions, in many a stormy sea, was sorrowful. A presentiment appeared to have taken possession of the minds of all that we were now parting to meet no more in this world; and the event proved that the forebodings were no illusion, for we three, who apparently valued life the least, were, for aught I know, the only and sole survivors. Yes, of the fate of our lawless but gallant comrades and the unfortunate lady, I am at this moment altogether ignorant. Whether they were engulfed in the raging waters on that fearful night, or languished on until famine claimed them as victims, I know not, for after leaving the ship the gale increased to such a degree that we were almost immediately separated from the other boats, and all hope of ever reaching land was abandoned. Indeed our preservation through the horrors of that dreadful night might be considered miraculous.

"The third day after leaving the ship, we reached land, but so exhausted by the various sufferings we had undergone, that the energies so necessary to our situation had completely deserted us, and it was only by the greatest effort that we could drag our worn out forms from the boat, for the purpose of procuring food, the small supply brought from the ship having been expended the day before. We accordingly repaired to the first cottage in sight; in which, upon entering, we found to our satisfaction none but women, who seeing our care-worn and dejected countenances, and hearing we were ship-wrecked seamen, rea-

dily supplied our wants, and from them we learned that we were in a British Province. This information hastened our departure, and we travelled through the less frequented parts of the country until we arrived at this place. As the situation was wild and solitary, it suited well the moody character and habitual gloom of the Spaniards; as for myself, the depths of the forest and the companionship of the rude lumbermen were more in unison with my feelings than the haunts of civilized life, and the deceiving voice of woman. In this mood we applied to you for employment. But here the Spaniards soon found they had miscalculated the effects of solitude upon minds constituted like theirs. The wild excitement of our former life was now wanting; and we therefore agreed to remain no longer than to supply ourselves with funds sufficient for a purpose we had in view. This purpose was to join some of those roving bands which we well knew were to be found about the West India Islands. But mark the result; that day which was to have beheld our departure to join those whose trade is blood, beheld, instead, the departure of the souls of the ill-fated Spaniards from their crushed and mangled bodies! Yes; thus were severed ties stronger than those of home or kindred!"

After the unfortunate young man had concluded his narrative, his sympathising auditor strove by every means in his power to reconcile him to himself, and to convince him that he had been more sinned against than sinning; but to no purpose.

The day after his melancholy confession he was missing, and on search being made, he was found suspended from a gibbet formed by the cunning hand of nature, by one magnificent tree stretching its huge arm across the space of about ten feet, and entwining itself in that of another, and thus forming a lofty Gallows Tree! In the manner of his death, his despairing conscience appeared to have selected that mode he conceived most suitable for the expiation of the crime he had committed.

They buried him beneath, and as the Indian hunter marks his gigantic head and foot stones, rearing their tall forms high above all the trees of the forest, he will start and shudder, little sympathy as he may be supposed to have, in an act which the philosophy of his own stern bosom teaches him to condemn. And to the traveller who seeks those unfrequented parts, the solitary gibbet of the suicide is still pointed out, as one who, unable like him of old, longer to contend with the fierce bitings of an awakened conscience—went out and here hanged himself!

Augusta, C.V., January, 1844.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. VI.

POOR POETS—CRABBE.

I propose to give you, at present, some thoughts on the poet Crabbe. Such a writer may have little that is pleasing to you, yet there are views of him which I think would have interest for you. Severe and tragic as he is, in general, he is not without gleams of hope and beauty.

Crabbe is the poet of poverty; of poverty in its length and breadth; in its repulsiveness and kindness; its selfishness and martyrdom; its commonplace and romance. Some may dislike his subject, but none can deny the force of his execution. He lays hold on attention with a vindictive grasp; you may feel pain—but you cannot be indifferent. Crabbe is the journalist of the heart in those pulsations that often beat it to pieces—but, which, before him, had none to note. He is the journalist of the heart in its fierce but homely struggles; in its naked, but devouring wants; in its absorbing, but *un-ideal* passions. It was natural that Crabbe should paint poverty. It was in poverty that he first knew life; and as he saw the reality and felt it—so he has drawn it! Some, though nursed in cold and storm, easily escape from first impressions; others never cast them off, but perceive existence coloured with them to the last: Crabbe was one of these. How soon, and how profoundly such impressions were made on him, a glance at his life will sufficiently attest.

George Crabbe was born in 1754, in Aldborough, a fishing and smuggling village in England, on the coast of the German Ocean. There he passed a most dreary youth, amidst most dreary scenes. There he mused along a bare and rugged shore; there he wandered through those fields which he has described with such oppressive truth; those fields, naked, barren, and desolate, with their sickly grass, their scanty crops, their flaunting and gaudy weeds. Having received an imperfect education, he commenced a medical apprenticeship with a vulgar apothecary, from whom, and two dowdy daughters, he endured all sorts of insult and ill-treatment. He finished his course with a better man, but he had undergone suffering and humiliation which seem to have been never forgotten. In the mean time he fell in love, and wrote verses in magazines. His father was a man of strong mind, and appreciated his son's talents; but his father became a sot, and began to frequent the tavern and to neglect his home. George was unsuccessful in his profession, and could not be a burden to his father. The elder Crabbe held a small government situa-



tion connected with the tax, at that time on salt, and the younger often assisted him as a common porter in carrying sacks from the vessels to the warehouse. At length, tired of being a burden and a drudge, he set out to London as a literary adventurer.

When Crabbe entered London, he had four pounds in his pocket; and there he stood in the midst of its millions. He entered it in a wherry, and was to reside in it in a garret. He carried his poem of "The Village" in his pocket, but it seemed likely to be as unavailing as the sermons of good Parson Adams; though it was not less appreciated by the author, and did not raise lower expectations. He solicited patronage, but solicited without effect. Lord North was deaf, and Thurlow was sour. With civil or cold refusal he was bowed away from the offices of publishers, and the doors of the rich, to seek relief in a country ramble, and sleep in a hay-stack. His means exhausted, his clothes in pawn, his credit on the wane, the terror of a gradual darkening above his head, well may his own lines be applied to himself:

"One taught in hard affliction's school to bear  
Life's ill, where every lesson costs a tear."

Crabbe, while in London, put part of his experience into a journal, and it may truly be called a "Journal of Misery." And still there is hope—there is resignation even in its darkest passages. "I did not," he says, "nor could I conceive, that with a very uncertain prospect before me, a very bleak one behind, and a very poor one around me, I should be so happy a fellow. I don't think there's a man in London with but four pence half-penny—I've this moment sent seven furlings for a pint of porter—who is so resigned to his poverty." "If," he says, in a moment of dark suspense, "I had but another shilling, I could get something tonight, to keep those gloomy thoughts at bay, but I must save what I have, in hopes of having a letter to pay for, tomorrow." And from whom was this letter? Why, from her, to whom in struggle and uncertainty, he had pledged his truth—to whom, amidst all his afflictions, he was faithful, and who, at last, was the sharer of his brighter fortunes, and the companion of his better days.

But, the crisis of his condition had now come. It was a question between fame and starvation; between poetic immortality and animal existence. In a lucky moment he was prompted to write to Edmund Burke. His letter was the voice of eloquent distress—such only as afflicted genius could utter; such as a great man could not read without emotion; such as the poet and the gentleman need not look back upon with shame.

The poet's son, his most excellent and affectionate biographer, says of him—"He went into Mr. Burke's room, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune, that by successful steps afterwards fell to his lot; his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned; his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and spacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power; a giant intellect who was in feeling an unsophisticated child; a bright example of the affinity between superlative talents and the warmth of generous affections."

If Burke had errors, we forget them entirely when we think of him in connection with Crabbe the poet, and Barry, the painter; both of whom he snatched from despair, to place them in a free position, where their wants might cease, and where their genius might be admired. Whatever opponents may urge, there was in that big heart of Burke a humanity that politics could never kill—a glory and a light as burning as ever shone over the nativity or the baptism of genius; there was in it a majestic and solemn philosophy, which lived amidst all colours and all sounds of beauty; which lived in a pure and noble imagination, and spoke in harmonies that might have suited the councils of the gods. There was in it a poetry which raised oratory almost into Miltonic sublimity, but which in a boundless discursiveness did not forget generous affections. While a marvellous eloquence can gain readers; while arts and letters have admirers; while the glorious English speech shall pour its manly tones over the sweep of continents, the thoughts of one who wrote and spoke it in all its majesty, will not be forgotten—nay, not simply, will they remain unforgotten—but they will be always felt—felt in their earnestness of Jove-like passion, felt in their dreamings of an Olympic fancy. Wherever a supreme genius commands, Burke's must compel admiration; but wherever the stories of Crabbe and Barry are made known, a blessing of gratitude will follow the memory of their friend—as the friend of genius, and the friend of mankind.

There is not much more of importance to be taken from the Memoir of Crabbe; not much at least, which tends to illustrate the structure of his genius. Burke received him into his home; introduced him to his family; treated him as a friend and brother; and procured him ordination in the Church of England. Crabbe, by the patronage of Burke, became Chaplain to the Duke of Rutland; he said grace before and after meat, as chaplains, from time immemorial had done before him; he married the woman of his early

choleo; got a living; looked for a better; wrote verses; transfused the romance of his life into his compositions; and in a good old age, with a poet's fame and a Christian's faith, he went the way of all the earth—surrounded on his death-bed by reverence, and followed to the grave by sorrow. He who had marked so often the births and deaths of the poor, laid down his bones in that equal dust where prince and pauper mingle together.

In the compass which I have assigned to these very discursive thoughts, I can do no more than touch a subject—give a hint to imagination, and leave the topic when I have only mentioned it. I can do in this way but slight justice to the genius of Crabbe; which is indeed, the most remarkable genius, perhaps, of modern literature. It is, probably, the parent of all that literature of low life, which, for good or evil, has recently inundated society. The special qualities of Crabbe's genius are marked and distinct. He is minute with a painful accuracy. He paints an object with a fidelity of detail which overlooks no trace that can render it by description as visible in "the mind's eye," as its reality would be to the body's eye. But his minuteness is not tedious, for he is as intense as he is accurate; and every touch he gives to his melancholy pictures, only deepens their tragic impression. With a phraseology entirely unadorned; with a versification that has ostensibly, the quiet monotony of quakerism, he enters into every passion of our nature; he arouses its fears, he moves its pity—drop by drop he fills the heart; until it pants to agony, or swells to bursting. This is a marvellous power of his. In his calm and clear narrative, without seeming to be moved himself he surrounds the fancies of his readers with the horrible and the terrible, the enchanting or the gladsome. He places them in the midst of the most gloomy external scenes, or he bears them into the tumult of the most fearful social passions. He takes away the roofs of houses, rich and poor, and he shews you the sorrows, the stripes, the calamities that work within them. He reveals to you the tears that bedew the cradle and the death-bed; the gladness that brightens the hearth, and the shadows that obscure it. He tears open the living breast—he displays for your inspection the palpitating heart, and you see the raptures that entrance, or the miseries that break it.

Crabbe, however, dwells more on the miseries which break the heart, than on the raptures which entrance it; and in this you perceive how different he is from Burns, who, as himself, is a poet of humble life. Both poets from the poor, they saw the poor in very different

aspects. Burns saw the poor in the completeness of their humanity—with their joys and their griefs; their laughter and their tears. Thus he saw them, and thus he pictured them. Crabbe saw them in darker phases; he saw them in crime and suffering, and thus he has drawn them. He saw them as disfigured by their harsher passions; he saw them as degraded by their lowest wants; but Burns saw them as they really are—creatures mingling together in queer extremes—the tragedy and the comedy of existence. They are both poets of nature; but of nature as differently modified as the conditions of society in which they lived. Burns and Crabbe both looked on the universe of God and man; but both saw it through different mediums. The one saw it in a heaven and stars, that seem congenial with kindred humanities; the other saw it amidst elements that seemed its enemies. The one, as he cast his eye over the marvellous ocean, regarded its sunny and its buoyant waves; the other dreamed over the wanderers on its solitary shores, or the victims of its midnight shipwrecks. *Universality* belongs to Burns; *Speciality* to Crabbe. Burns is melancholy—Crabbe is severe. Burns has passion in himself—Crabbe excites it in others. Burns and Crabbe have pathos—pathos, eloquent and irresistible; but that of Burns is kindly, that of Crabbe is terrific. Both lead you, at times, amidst gloomy visions—Burns, like the angel in the Apocalypse, where glimpses of heaven are still to be seen through burstings of the sky; Crabbe, like the spirit in Ezekiel, where most in view is a valley of death and desolation—where life, or beauty, or hope, or joy, falls but slightly on our saddened humanity. Crabbe is, properly, the Byron of low life; without his glowing idealty, without his overpowering passion, he has much of his intensity, and much of his despondency.

Crabbe is eminently original. It is true that he has got his manner from Pope, but he took his matter from no one. He did not invent a new versification, but he opened new regions of interest and of description. Different as he is from most of our modern poets, he yet belongs as much as any of them, to the era of our literature, which has cast off the artificial, and returned to the natural, our first and best faith. He belongs to that class of writers who seek for topics in the realities of life, and for inspiration in the depths of the heart; to that class of writers who gather illustrations direct from the works of God; materials, fresh, inexhaustible, and the property of all who have the vigor to grasp them. Our later literature, generally, has the characteristic of earnestness; but poetry, especially, has given itself lovingly to humanity. And poetry is the

divinest philosophy; an utterance from the inmost life; a breathing of the deepest thoughts and the most heavenly emotions; of the strongest passions and of the sweetest affections. Next to religion, the most consistent and progressive unfolding of man is in poetry. Forms of government pass away—systems of speculation are exploded—ages wear out institutions—but poetry continues, an everlasting expression of the Deathless Mind. Man does not grow by casting off the qualities of earlier life, but by advancing and enlarging them. Poetry is true to this order. Homer, with his fulness of unconscious mind and physical activity, is the great genius of his day, and impersonation of his age. Shakspeare is greater than Homer; not, perhaps, by his original power, but by the progress of his time. Nature had grown more; it had more to create struggle in the inward passions, and more to darken or to ennoble the contest. Wordsworth, intellectually, is not so great as Homer or Shakspeare; but, morally, he is the *type* of a higher progress. He looks at man in more ample and more enduring relations: Homer is the genius of action and adventure; Shakspeare of thought and passion; Wordsworth of spirit and immortality. Not genius merely—but the *religion* of genius is the soul of Wordsworth's poetry. The *spiritual* and the *immortal* are the relations by which he interprets all things. With these he wanders through the shadows of the past, amidst the glories of ancient Greece, or the graves of mountain church-yards; with these he questions the created of God and the destinies of humanity, and finds grandeur in the most lowly objects, and sublimity in the humblest guise. Poverty does not conceal from him *the man*, and in this he marks an important stage of moral progress. A poor man, even now, may not be better clothed or better fed than he was a *thousand years ago, or three thousand*; but he is of more value. He cannot be despised; he is felt to have a soul, and in that everlasting interests. The poetry of the poor is, therefore, of modern creation, for these august interests are of late recognition in literature. No materials for such poetry existed in the ages of antiquity, because, in the slaveries which crushed the ancient world, no materials existed for an extended fraternal sympathy. Modern civilization may, indeed, have produced suffering to many, but it imparts interest, at least, to the suffering it creates. Within the limits of a sea-port village; in the history of a country parish; in the woes of a work-house; in the separation of lowly families; in the agonies of pauper-widows; in the desolation of uncouth orphans; in tears that are never seen; in groans that are never heard—Crabbe found substance for those narrative-tragedies

which contain sorrows as oppressive as any that overshadow us in the miseries of kings.

With these very desultory remarks, I merely introduce some *thoughts* on the poetry of Crabbe. If you will bear with me, I shall send you two or three other short papers on the works of this extraordinary author.

## I FEEL THAT ALL BRIGHT THINGS ARE SAD.

BY E. J. D.

I feel that all bright things are sad,  
Upon this weary earth—  
That all that makes us deeply glad,  
To sadness still gives birth.

'Tis sad to hear sweet music—sad  
The rapture it imparts;  
But yet its thrilling notes, how oft  
They pierce our listening hearts.

'Tis sad to read sweet poetry,  
The harmony too deep,  
Wakes a full, tender ecstasy,  
That makes us long to weep.

'Tis sad to look, when even best,  
Upon the summer sky;  
We gaze on its unclouded breast,  
And turn away, and sigh.

And love! not e'en from love's fond eye,  
Can perfect joy be had;  
Is not love's deep intensity  
Pervading, serene, sad?

There is in beauty, here below,  
A deep and lingering tone,  
Too solemn in its under flow,  
For laughing joy alone.

Oh, Heaven! far land of love and bliss,  
Oh happy golden shore!  
In thy sweet founts, unlike to this,  
Grief mingles never more!

## STRIKING A BALANCE.

CURRAN, when Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was going one day to a levee at the Castle. There was a great press of carriages; when, all at once, he was startled by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out at the coach window, crying to his coachman, "Stop, stop, the pole of the carriage behind is driven into us!" "Arrah! then it's all right again, your honour," said Pat, exultingly, "for I've just drove my pole into the carriage before!"

ANTIQUITY cannot privilege an error, nor novelty prejudice a truth.

# VALENTINE LITERATURE;

OR,

MEMORANDA FOR THE MONTH.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

Good-morrow 'tis St. Valentine's day  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.

HAMLET.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,  
The birds began to prate;  
Dame Durden a serving-maids and men  
They all began to mate.

'Twas John kissed Dolly,  
And Dick kissed Betty,  
And Tom kissed Molly,  
And Dorothy Draggyleg,  
And Kitty was the charming girl  
That carried the milking-pail.

DAME DURDEN.

As I am most anxious to guard against all mistake or misconception on this important subject, it is necessary, in the outset, to say a word or two regarding the mottoes which I have placed at the commencement of this paper. Let it not, then, be supposed, from my adoption of the first of these epigraphs, that I recommend all young ladies—and these exclusively—to take the initiative in the literary wooing of which I am about to treat: neither let those who read the second imagine for a moment that I mean to maintain, as altogether indispensable, that peculiar process which the great Lexicographer might perhaps have styled “labial approximation.” On the contrary, after a careful examination of the subject, I have arrived at the following conclusions:—*Imprimis*—That a clear stage ought to be yielded to all aspirants after the honours or pleasures of Valentineship; without prejudice either to masculine or feminine: *Item*—That it is by no means a necessary or indispensable requisite towards the attainment of these honours, that the several parties should come into more immediate contact than is warranted by the general tenor of their acquaintance; nay! that the proper etiquette of Valentine-writing is better preserved when the writer assumes, or at least professes to assume, an *incognito*.

In making choice of these epigraphs, I merely intended to shew the high consideration in which the rites of St. Valentine's day were held—as well by that Master Mind, whose mighty genius

may be traced in the pages of Hamlet, as by that Small Unknown, to whom, in more modern times, we have been indebted for that spirit-stirring lay of which Dame Durden is the heroine.

With these explanatory remarks, let me proceed to my subject:

Amongst the brightest tokens of the March of Intellect, now holding with gigantic stride its onward career, I esteem the increased appreciation in which those love-epistles popularly known as Valentines, have of late years been held. So much, indeed, has this been the case, that I almost fear the subject may be deemed too hack-niced; and yet, though many have been the dissertations on their origin, their moral effects, the pleasure derived from their receipt and perusal, and so forth, one topic connected with them has been almost entirely overlooked—I mean their literary merits.

Viewing Valentines in this light, we are first struck by the admirable variety of style which they present. They range from the most poetical of prose to the most prosaic of poetry, and, combining within themselves almost every species of composition, they are by turns didactic and dramatic, pathetic and humorous, descriptive, argumentative, mythological, historical, and sometimes even trenching on the scientific. This vast variety, both of matter and of manner, renders necessary some classification of these epistles; but unfortunately it increases in the same ratio the difficulty of the task. I must therefore crave

indulgence, should the arrangement of the 4 which I am about to attempt, seem either defective or erroneous.

Valentines appear naturally to resolve themselves into two grand divisions—AMATORY and SARCASTIC—each of which admits of a further distinction into *Declaratory* and *Responsive*. Disregarding for the present these last, I will proceed to the consideration of a few of the numerous sub divisions into which the primary classes of Amatory and Sarcastic may be resolved.

I. AMATORY Valentines are those wherein the writer paints his or her passion for the person to whom it is addressed, implores her or his pity on his or her forlorn condition, and beseeches her or his permission to assume (for the next annual revolution at least) the title of her or his Valentine, with all the privileges thereunto attached; or in which, should it be of the Responsive class, the writer conveys his or her acceptance of some such offer, which he or she believes himself or herself to have received, from her or him whom he or she addresses.\* I cannot more effectually display the great literary merits of Valentines, than by presenting a few genuine specimens of their principal varieties, weaving these gems of poetry into a sort of Literary Caricature, by a few connecting and illustrative remarks.

1. The most erudite of these divisions, although I grieve to say, one of the least employed, is the *Argumentative* form. Of this, the following, addressed by an elderly gentleman to a miss in her teens, may be taken as an example—

Though seventy winters o'er my head  
Have wing'd their rapid flight,  
Yet, young in years, I sit me down  
A Valentine to write.

Let not disparity of years  
My youthful fair one fright,  
A just comparison or two  
Will set the matter right.

I'll scribble both our ages down,  
In order as they run;  
How slight the difference between  
17 and 71!

Though thou may'st boast a perfect form,  
With charms unnumber'd grace,  
Such soft attractions all are mine,  
Though differently plac'd :

If Nature on thy glowing cheek  
Has hung the blushing rose,  
The crimson lustre beams as bright  
From my carlunche'd nose!

\*The constant recurrence of the conjoined masculine and feminine pronouns, in this definition of Amatory Valentines, may not seem very elegant to the critical ear; but it was absolutely necessary to employ both terms, in order to preserve that strict impartiality which is in every instance requisite in the Essayist, but which the present case so peculiarly demands.

Thy bosom, white as Alpine snow,  
And soft as cygner's down,  
But emulates the silver locks  
On my distinguished crown.

Then come, ingenious fair one, come!  
And own my equal charms:  
Come and confess the pleasing truth  
In my paternal arms!<sup>†</sup>

What reader, of any taste, can fail to admire the elegance of reasoning and felicity of diction, displayed in these beautiful and touching stanzas. She, who could resist such a tender and demonstrative appeal, must possess a heart of the hardest flint, and would remain unmoved by the most thrilling lays of Byron, Burns or Moore.

2. My next is an illustration of the *Metaphysical* or *Psychological* Valentine, and shows a keenness of investigation, and an intimate acquaintance with the springs of human action, such as would do credit to any Professor of Moral Philosophy:†

What is Love? Come tell me, pray!  
Which produces pain, they say,  
And a kind of pleasing smart  
Throbbing round the beating heart.

What is Love? I pray explain!  
Which produces such sweet pain;  
Love's a passion we define,  
"Seeking for a Valentine"

If then love this passion be,  
Dost thou ever seek for me?  
Dost thine heart to love incline?  
If so—be my Valentine!

The poet here conceals, at first, his thorough knowledge of the subject, under a delightful affectation of ignorance; but, as he proceeds, the veil is gradually withdrawn, till he arrives, by a beautiful climax, at the practical application in the last line.

3. Take now a specimen of the *Narrative* style. A lady thus addresses the chosen one of her heart:

I had my fortune, you must know,  
Told on the cards some nights ago,

†From a MS. of the last century in the possession of the author.

‡The procuring of proper and genuine specimens, to illustrate these remarks, has caused me much anxiety and research. With great trouble and some expense, I at length succeeded in obtaining two works (not to be found, I am afraid in any public or private library in Canada), which are declared by "the Trade" to be standard-reference on this subject. These are—1. "The New Valentine-Writer, or Mirror of Love," and—2. "Cupid's Bower, being a selection of the most fashionable Valentine verses, &c." From those manuals, this and all the following illustrations are extracted.

And what the woman said to me  
I think I should reveal to thee.  
She said that I should soon receive  
A letter which should pleasure give,  
Which letter, she assured me too,  
A man should send of comely hue.  
A man! Who can it be? On none  
Can I resolve but thee alone.  
But I forget—oh precious thing!  
She said the man had bought a ring.  
A ring! From this I understand  
The gentleman will seek my hand.  
Well, Sir, I leave it unto you  
To tell me if the news be true.

How admirably every little circumstance here related, bears upon the object which the writer has in view; in strict accordance with the principles of Dr. Johnson, who asserts "that a principal excellence in works of fiction, is to render every incident of the plot subservient to the acceleration of the catastrophe." How finely and delicately too, is that object announced in the *argumentum ad hominem* of the last two lines—

"Well, Sir, I leave it unto you  
To tell me if the news be true."

4. In the annexed, which are of the *Circumstantial* class, examples are given of both the *Circumstantial Declaratory* and the *Circumstantial Responsive*:

#### FROM A FARMER.

If plough and cart can please your heart,  
With milking cows and swine,\*  
Come here to me; and you shall see  
I've lots—my Valentine!

Good corn my fields in plenty yield,  
My barns are filled with store;  
Fine sheep fit pens, and cocks and hens  
With chickens round the door.

Pudding and beef, provision chief,  
And up the chimney bacon.  
Sweet Valentine! if you'll be mine  
You'll never be forsaken.

#### THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Your plough and cart have won my heart;  
Pray, who could better wish  
Than corn in store, fowls at the door,  
And milk a well-filled dish?

Let other's fate be high and great,  
A farmer's wife be mine!  
I'll milk the cows and tend the house,  
And feed the grunting swine.

\* Does the worthy agriculturist here mean a new breed of swine characterised as "milking swine?" If so, the Agricultural Society of the County of Montreal will fall woefully in their duty, should they not appoint a Committee thoroughly to investigate a matter of such importance.

In summer day, I'll help make hay  
While bright the sun doth shine,  
Then come to me, and let's agree  
About it—Valentine!

We are here incidentally presented with an interesting picture of rural life. The *live stock*—the sheep, the swine, the cows, the chickens—transport us immediately to some secluded farm-yard, "far from the city's hum and busy haunts of men;" and the *still life*—the corn and the milk, the plough, the cart, the bacon and the beef—steal o'er our fancies with the memory of days long by-gone, like the almost forgotten scent of the cowslip and the primrose.

5. The subjoined verses belong to that truly poetic class, the *Ornate*. Image is heaped upon image in such rich profusion, that, less skilfully managed, they would almost surfeit us with their sweetness; but here, their introduction and arrangement are truly delightful, and the classic touch of Mythology in the second stanza lends additional grace to the whole:

Hark! through the sacred silence of the night,  
Loud chanticleer doth sound his clarion shrill,  
Hailing with song the first pale gleam of light  
That floats upon the brow of yonder hill.

Bright star of morn! ah leave not yet the ware,  
To deck the dewy frontlet of the day;  
Nor thou, Aurora! quit thy gloomy cave,  
Nor drive retiring darkness yet away;

Ere these, my willing hands, a garland twine,  
Ere yet my tongue indite a single song,  
For her, I mean to hail my Valentine,  
Sweet maiden, fairest of the virgin throng!

6. The following lines belong to the *Independent* class:

My person is handsome and jolly,  
My coffers are fill'd with gold,  
And I'm willing to purchase, dear Dolly,  
If you have a heart to be sold.

What signifies coaxing and crying,  
And cringing and making a rout,  
And talking a great deal of dying,  
And nobody knows what about?

For me, in good truth, I forswear it;  
If you'll have me, it's all very well;—  
If you won't—why, I'm able to bear it  
Without fear of their ringing my knell!

These stanzas breathe a manly spirit of liberty, such as burned in the breast of old Carew, when he indited, two hundred years ago, the song which thus commences:

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair—  
Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
Because another's rosy are?

The same independent spirit must have animated that friend of Joseph Miller's, whose epistle, offering the lady of his love his heart and hand, closed with the following business-like postscript: "Please return a speedy answer, as I have another lady in my eye."

7. For want of a better title, the specimen given under, might be classed, I think, as, ORDER, *Scientific--SPECIES, Bulnic* :

Dear youth ! to thee I dedicate my hours !  
I'll crown thy brows with amarantine flowers ;  
The hyacinth so sweet, the violet blue,  
And fragrant roses wash'd with morning dew ;  
Rich scented pinks, Jonquil and eglantine,  
Enwreath'd by Cupid, for my Valentine.

Who, on reading this, but must fancy himself roaming amidst some garden of Arunda—some fairy creation, where smooth and verdant lawns, begemmed with flowers, lie spread o'er the lowly sheltered vales, and gently rising hills; where labyrinth of rarest shrubs adorned with gorgeous blossoms, wind around; where the brilliant beauty of the myriad coloured flowers would dazzle the eye, but for the leafy shade that renders it supportable; where the air is loaded with richest perfumes, and where no sound reaches the ear, save the blithe love-carol of the linnet and the thrush, or the lulling hum of the bee, as he plies his busy task ?

8. The purport of the subjoined piece proves its title to the appellation of *Tragic* :

For three long months I've tried to hide  
What now I can no longer,  
Though silent grief has made me weak,  
My love I find is stronger.

And, if your mind be like your form,  
You cruel sure can't be,  
But deign to love a wretched man,  
Who lives alone for thee :

Or else, to end my life at once  
Is really my design—  
With pistol loaded and well primed—  
Your faithful

VALENTINE.

We can picture the unhappy wretch, seated in his solitary chamber, his brow wrinkled with care, his lips livid with passion, the fire of madness glaring in his eye. As he proceeds, he gloats with savage satisfaction on the murderous weapon before him, with which he purposes to end his woes—in this life; nay, such perhaps is his determined fury, that like the Irish gentleman during the French invasion, he may be writing with a pistol in one hand and a sword in another. The letter is despatched; a few hours of torturing anxiety succeed, till at length the answer arrives, which is to doom him to des-

pair, or make him, in common parlance, "the happiest of mortals." Such scenes of thrilling interest as this are surely not unworthy the effective use made of them, by those literary characters who have devoted themselves to Valentine writing.

9. The *Professional* Valentine forms a very numerous sub-division; but one specimen may suffice:

FROM A MALTSER.

My barley's fine, and strong's my kiln;  
In making malt none has more skill;  
And though my horse oft are blind,  
My love for you is not, you'll find,  
What though my granary is well filled  
As any maltster e'er beheld,  
Yet what is all this store to me,  
Unless that I could share with thee ?  
Come, then, and all my malt command !  
I'll put the keys into your hand ;  
My barley every grain be thine—  
I've chose you for my Valentine !

All must acknowledge this address as skillfully adapted to make an impression on the fair damsel to whom it is addressed. Her attention is first excited by the matters contained in the introduction, which seems to have been carefully modelled after the maxims of the most famous rhetoricians.\* She finds, in the second couplet, the possessor of all this wealth and professional skill, an humble suitor at her feet; as she proceeds, she discovers his love for her to be so intense, that his possessions have no value in his eyes without the charm of her presence, and that he but awaits her consent, to instil her uncontrolled mistress of the whole, himself inclusive.

Many other varieties of Amatory Valentines remain unnoticed, but these, I cannot doubt, will be sufficient to convince every unprejudiced mind of their immense diversity and great literary excellence. Taking leave, therefore, of this class, I will proceed to the consideration of the remaining division.

II. SARCASTIC Valentines differ from those we have already discussed, inasmuch as they are written, not with any view of making a favourable impression, or receiving a favourable answer, but solely for the laudable purpose of annoying as much as possible, those to whom they are sent. As may be readily imagined, the *incongnito*, which I have previously recommended, is of peculiar

\*"The object of the *exordium* or introduction, is to render the readers well affected to the writer and his subject, by the mention of any circumstances likely to conciliate them; or to rouse their attention by noticing the qualifications of the subject."—CICERO.

"To use too many circumstances ere one comes to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt."—LORD BACON.

importance to the Sarcastic Valentine-writer. Like the first class, they may be either Declaratory or Responsive; but they differ in this, that while the majority of the Amatory are Declaratory, by far the greater number of the Sarcastic *profess* to bear the Responsive character. This division presents a much less extensive variety of character than the former, and my extracts must therefore be proportionably few.

1. The *Professional* forms by much the largest of the sub-divisions of this class; the several trades and callings which ladies and gentlemen occasionally adopt, "as a means of amusing their leisure hours," affording wide and ample scope for the exercise of satirical dispositions. Witness the following specimens.

The first is addressed to an individual of that class known as Footmen—*vulgo*, Flunkies—and runs thus:

You are a nice man, I declare,  
To stand behind a lady's chair,  
Or hand round cakes and wine!  
But, Mr. Flunky! 'twill not do,  
Nothing I'll have to say to you,  
Or such a Valentine.

The quiet irony of this piece is inimitable. How playful, yet how cutting, the allusion to the "lady's chair!" and how mortally must the gentleman's dignity have been wounded by the mention of the "cakes and wine!"

Again, a lady, in reply to an Amatory-Declaratory from a Blacksmith, thus apostrophises him:

You stupid sump! though heavy blows you deal,  
My heart is harder than your hardest steel;  
Although, like Vulcan, you may forge your chains,  
What girl will wear them, if she lack not brains?

The cool contempt here shown is admirable; and no less so is the rebuff given in the subjoined extract, to a loving swain, who practises "the Butcher's killing trade:"

No, Cleaver, no! I match it ne'er can be;  
I am not fond of carcases, you see,  
Although a spark with brains might well allure me,  
Calves' heads don't suit my taste, I can assure ye.  
When I shall be to Hymen's altar led,  
I would not wish to mingle with the dead.

Even the brave defenders of their country do not escape these shafts of ridicule. Here is a satirical attack upon a member of the naval branch of the service:

When foes appear to bed you creep,  
Your fears in brandy there you sleep;  
The danger past, to land you steer,  
When you have nothing more to fear;  
A coward's heart I don't incline,  
Give me a valiant Valentine!

It must be noted here, that however the jealousy or dislike of the fair writer may induce her to asperse the character of the individual, she pays a just—perhaps an unintentional—tribute to the class in general. The vessel, she asserts, (the control of which, the person addressed cannot be supposed to have,) only turns towards port when the seas have been swept, and no enemy remains to dispute her victorious flag.

2. The next sub-division, the *Personal*, though less numerous than the last, yet affords some bright gems. The following couple seem to be well matched:

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

An Old Bachelor thus gives vent to his satiric temperament in a Valentine to an Old Maid:

Of stiff deport, demure of pliz,  
With airs so prim, a perfect quizz;  
With head oblique, and sideling eyes,  
And breast where disappointment lies.  
Thy withered countenance appears  
To wear the badge of many years  
Of sorrow, sad vexation, grief,  
Where love afforded no relief,  
In lean and lanken garb arrayed,  
I leave the poor neglected maid.

"Praise," it has been said, "requires some little admixture of censure now and then, to give it piquancy and prevent it from palling on the appetite." Mindful of this maxim, I had carefully marked out all the faults I could discover in the pieces I have already presented; but these, as the attentive reader must have observed, were so few and trivial, that I could not persuade myself to make particular mention of them. It is therefore with a feeling, I might almost say of satisfaction, that I find, in that last given, something upon which I can conscientiously advert. Not that I can take any exception to the mere language or composition—far from it! but I think the spirit and *animus* displayed is such as justly to merit reprehension. I have no intention of entering upon the *quæstio rerata* of Old Maidenism, but surely every thinking man must reprobate the unfeeling allusions to the sacred sorrows of the heart, and the rude manner in which the veil is torn aside from its fondest affections, as in the highest degree unmanly and ungenerous. We can have no sympathy for the treatment received by the offender in the lady's retort courteous, which, though less elaborate, is short and pithy. She hints that, Old Maid as she may be, he is a still Older Bachelor, and seems to imply a doubt as to whether he be not already in his second childhood:

How long fore my birth were you born?  
You'd better go seek for a nurse;  
Though you laugh all Old Maidens to scorn,  
I think an Old Bachelor worse.



And quite right too, say I! The first are not always to blame for having a right to that title, the second, with very few exceptions, are so.

Here is another specimen of the Personal, addressed to a Dandy:

If you should want a Valentin,  
A stay-maker may seek,  
She'll make your shape both slim and fine  
And buffet well your cheeks.

But I pursue a different plan;  
A milk-sop I can't bear,  
My Valentin shall be—a man,  
Who can protect the fair.

With keen sarcasm the lady insinuates, that for those outward attractions on which he so much prided himself, he is indebted to extrinsic aid, and ends with a bold charge of effeminacy of character, such as would unfit him for the protector of any woman of sense. So far all is clear, but no author is at all times free from obscurities, and one such is to be found in the fourth line of the first stanza. Whether stay-makers are peculiarly addicted to the manual exercise, whether the buffeting is part of the process by which his shape is to be refined, or finally, whether it is only meant that so despicable a creature would receive such treatment at the hands of any woman, is a question which I must leave for abler commentators to determine.

These two divisions, the Professional and the Personal, form the great bulk of the Sarcastic class of Valentines; and though there are several others, the National, the Provincial, the Characteristic, &c., they are so much inferior in number and importance, and generally also in execution, that I will pass them without illustration, rather than extend this review to an inconvenient length.

The same reason will prevent me from enlarging as I would have desired, on the variety and beauty of the pictorial embellishments, with which Valentines are so often illustrated. There now lies before me a valuable collection of these, which I may safely challenge any amateur of the Fine Arts in Canada to rival, whether as regards elegance of design or brilliancy of colouring. In the first point, they sometimes exhibit the magic sweetness of a Poussin, sometimes the savage grandeur of a Salvator Rosa; now imitate the sublime conceptions of a Michael Angelo, and now the vivid and life-like sketches of a Wilkie, or the laughter-moving caricature of a Cruikshanks. In the second, they occasionally display a subdued Rembrandt-like tone of colouring, but more frequently they seem to partake of all the shades of the palette, and to vie with the productions of Turner or of Etty, in the dazzling contrast and gorgeous magnificence of their hues.

It may readily be imagined how much additional effect is given to Valentines by such illustrations. A maiden, for instance, receives a Valentine, in the address of which, disguised though it be, she thinks she can trace the writing of the one from it would be most welcome. Perhaps at first, she only casts a passing glance at the embellishment and hastens to peruse the letter-press, but, that finished, she returns with renewed interest to the consideration of the picture. It represents, we shall say, some shady bow-er, luxuriantly entwined with roses which seem as large as cabbages; a winding pathway leads, through many a daisied field, to a piece of architecture, which, perched as it is half way to the top of the paper, we might presume to be "a castle in the air," had not the artist, by the skillful addition of a spire, proclaimed its real character of a church. In the foreground, a lady (the aforesaid maiden herself) with a brilliant blush crimsoning her cheeks, turns bashfully from a swain who, attired in bright green coat, red and yellow waist-coat, and white *continuations*, is kneeling at her feet, and having possessed himself of one lovely hand, seems in the process of devouring it, his glove and all! Overhead hangs a festoon of flowers, so large and massive that the strength of the purple doves who sustain it at each end is a matter of considerable surprise, and we almost expect to see it bring them fluttering to the ground, extinguishing in its fall the ruddy flame that glows on an altar underneath (very much after the antique) and in the midst of which is roasting a fine plump heart, transfixed with an arrow. Add to this a few stray Cupids suspended here and there on their butterfly wings, and the scene, it must be allowed, will afford food for reflection and speculation, long after the lines attached thereto have lost their interest.

"Take a different case. A "nice young man," quite an Adonis—in his own estimation—is favoured with a missive, which the distorted scrawl on the back, and the seal, impressed with key or thumb, at once announce a Valentine.

"From whom can it be?" such are his meditations. "Emily Grant looked very often at our pew last Sunday; but then William Herbert sat with us, and they are to be married next week; it cannot be she! Perhaps Lucy Deach? She danced with me twice at old Mrs. Marston's hop, and was just going to accept my escort home, when that forward fellow James Smith popped in and carried her off. And then, when I called on her yesterday, she shuffled away a letter she was addressing—it looked very like this one—and when her cousin Mary looked at me, and whispered to her, she blushed most bewitchingly. O, it must be Lucy! Let me see what she says!"

But alas! no "bower of bliss,"—no flock of fluttering Cupids meets the eye of the astonished swain; but a huge, brown, hairy head, such as of yore mischievous Puck placed on the shoulders of aspiring Bottom the carpenter! Its bristly locks are crowned with a tapering hat, set jauntily on one side; a stiff collar, confined at the throat by an apple-green neckcloth of the nicest tie, sends its projecting corners far o'er either cheek: *the body that pertains to it is clad in array such as would not disgrace the most exquisite plate of monthly fashions.* A self-satisfied grin rests on its features, and it seems, through an eye-glass stuck knowingly in the right eye, steadfastly to reconnoitre the bewildered dandy, whose despairing glance now falls on the pithy couplet at the foot—

"Well, brother! how d'ye do?  
I'm an *as*—and so are you!"

Art, thus applied to "point a moral," and to render ridiculous the frivolities of mankind, certainly deserves the encouragement and kind consideration of every philanthropist.

I now take leave of this subject, satisfied if I can in some degree awaken the public mind to a due sense of the literary and artistic merits of *Valentines*; and hoping that these remarks may induce some more able and experienced critic to enter fully on the wide and fertile tract, in which I have now humbly, though zealously, broken ground.

#### FROM THE EXILE'S PORTFOLIO.

"When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things."

"For now we see through a glass darkly."

Con. xiii.

It is in vain that we endeavour to retain the feelings of childhood—we cling fondly to them, but they one by one, glide away insensibly from us, nor can the imagination always second memory, so as to give us the enjoyment of re-awakening affections that then constituted our unconscious elysium, when bliss was ours, without any effort for seeking it. Life, in its progress, will, by expanding, alter our minds; struggle as we will against the cruel change. We remember some forty years ago, the constant source of delight it was, to consider the various fanciful arrangements of the *clouds*, as we would repose upon a favorite mound, the luxuriant herbage of which concealed us, thousands of nature's embroidered flowers perfuming the air—the sylvan bower enclosed by the *Acacia*, le *Tremble*; and

oderiferous *Sapin*. There, as we lay, fixing our admiring eyes upon the heavens above, hours of happy indolence would glide on in tracing all sorts of images, and forming romances to suit their gentle movements, and longing, O for the wings of the dove! or to wander like the gnat butterfly, (the fabled emblem of the freed spirit,) into, among their happy regions.

Now, would we apply ourselves to the same contemplation, we find, after a moment's forgetfulness, the mind awakes from the dream of *appearances*, and becomes deeply engaged in seeking the *causes* of them—the effects of the winds on their variations, &c.; the glorious rainbow too, excites the same study, and although it is one fertile in scientific science, the sigh that is given to the wondering admiration of childhood—the holy confidence its beautiful form and combination of colours inspired, at that confiding season, make it doubtful whether its lovely appearance then or now, was productive of most pleasure.

Yet there is one change that takes place in our nature, that brings positive loss—the transition from open confidence to prudent caution—in childhood we love every one; universal benevolence reigns. When youth has passed, we become strict discriminators. We feel our affections yearning to find a friend who can apprehend and return them, whose tastes are similar, who sees with our eyes, whose friendship would stand the world's scorn, and all its temptations as firmly, as unshrinkingly as we know ours would—disappointment but too often attends the search; we are again and again thrown back upon ourselves, with our world of feelings and treasures of thought. This is a loss,—but this is *human life*—and we feel, too, that we are hastening towards the goal of that life—we are almost conscious of the brushing of the tremendous wings of that incomprehensible TIME, as he rushes past us—and we mourn that he has carried with him our sweet and precious hopes, thoughts and sensations that never can return.

Oh, Life! Time! Death! and Eternity! Mysterious dispensations of the Almighty Creator—what subjects for deep, and awful, and holy meditation, are ye! How well doth it behoove the immortal spirit of man to enquire into your meaning—with the Christian's faith to support and cheer.

#### ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE is of two kinds; that of the heart; which is called divine; the other external, and merely the organ of conceits, thoughts and sophistry.

## THE HEART OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

A BALLAD.

BY E. L. C.

From minister proud and convent,  
The heavy bells swing slow,  
And the solemn knell thung far and wide,  
Peals forth a nation's woe.

For brave King Robert Bruce  
Hath laid him down to die;  
His valiant heart is waning cold;  
Closing his eagle eye.

No more in the tented field  
Where Scotland's banners fly,  
The victor's sword for her he'll wield,  
Or swell her battle-cry.

He hath ruled her fair realm well,  
Bravely her battles fought,  
And to her annals lent a page  
With deathless glory fraught.

But now around his death-couch,  
Barons and chieftains stood,  
And each stern eye was wet with tears,  
Though theirs no melting mood.

And in silence sad they gazed  
Upon that kingly face,  
Where love, amid death's deepening shades,  
Beamed forth with tender grace.

For the monarch's icy cheek  
The breath of his first-born fanned,  
And close within his stiffening grasp,  
He held his first-born's hand.

And oft as the solemn chant  
Of dark-stoled priests around,  
Arose for the peace of the parting soul  
Through the chamber's vault profound,—

He lifted his glazing eye  
Up to that tearful face,  
With a look which told, death's sharpest pang  
Was in that farewell gaze.

And anon he whispered words,  
Tender, and sad, and low,  
Yet while they fell, a beaming light  
Brightened his pallid brow.

And a vivid flush lent life  
To the wan and sunken cheek,  
And once again the lion king  
Aroused himself to speak.

With a strength that seemed from heaven,  
Uprouse that glorious form,  
Erect as when it towered aloft  
Above the battle storm.

And a kindling fire there shone  
In the dim and fading eye,  
As thronging to his soul there came  
Memories of deeds gone by.

Deeds of heroic daring,  
When o'er him proudly flew  
Proud Scotia's banner, and he led  
Her gallant host and true.

Led them along the border  
To meet the English foe,  
And battle till their rights were won,  
Or their brave hearts laid low.

But again there passed a change  
Athwart the monarch's face,  
And the heaving of his mighty heart  
Told what thoughts within had place.

While his restless eye roved quick  
O'er dark brows bending there,  
Till drooped the lid, and a bright tear fell  
On the boy's clustering hair.

With a smile he brushed it off—  
"No gems like this," he said,  
"Should gleam amid the shining curls  
That grace this princely head.

"It was born to wear the crown  
My hand in battle won!  
Scotsmen! remember Bannockburn!  
And guard your king!—my son!

"From treachery defend him  
Whose hand shall rule the realm,  
And if he be a Bruce, he'll die  
Grasping his country's helm!

"Ye have followed me in strife,  
Ye have pealed my war-cry loud,  
When these falling limbs were ead in mail,  
Which soon must wear a shroud!

"Ye have stood and never quailed,  
While duty was undone,  
Ye have to me been liegemen true,  
Be such unto my son!

"I bequeath him to your love,  
With this my latest breath,  
As ye have stood around my throne,  
So stand by his till death!"

With a faltering lip he paused,  
And scarce could be repressed,  
The grief that struggled to escape  
From each mailed chieftain's breast.

And with deep and solemn oath,  
On bended knees they swore,  
With loyal zeal to serve his son  
As they'd served the sire before.

At their words a flush of joy,  
Dyed with faint hue the cheek  
Which death had paled—and once again  
King Robert strove to speak.

When, as hushed by sudden spell  
Each labouring bosom grew,  
And every eye its watery glance,  
On the dying monarch threw.

For his sight was falling fast,  
And feebler waxed his frame,  
Yet he called with earnest lip and word,  
"On brave Lord Douglas' name.

Prompt to perform his bidding,  
The good knight forward sprang,  
And with loud clang, as down he knelt,  
His iron harness rang.

There was music in that sound,  
Sweet to the hero's ear;  
And with a kindling look he feigned  
To poise again the spear.

But his arm sank powerless down,  
Its clay of strength was o'er;  
Alas, that Scotland's champion bold  
May wield her sword no more!

"List to me, gallant Douglas!"  
Then spake the dying king:  
"For in my breast one enkerking thought  
Wakes with a serpent's sting.

"Thou know'st what foes I've conquered,  
How tolled my realm to guard,  
For thou hast been in arms my friend,  
In peace my love hast shared.

"And a vow thou wot'st I vowed,  
That when my wars were done,  
I'd rest not in inglorious ease  
'Till Our Saviour's tomb was won;—

"Till the Infidel had bowed  
Beneath my conquering blade,  
And the banner of the holy cross  
Waved, where Our Lord was laid.

"But my sands are running low,  
And ere tomorrow's sun,  
I shall lie stark upon my bier,  
This good work left undone.

"Then brave and valiant Douglas,  
I claim thy plighted word,  
To do my will, when by earth, no more  
This mortal breast is stirred:

"When at life's turbid fountain,  
The golden bowl is broke,  
And the silver cord that bound it there  
Is loosed by death's swift stroke—

"Then by thy stainless knighthood,  
By thy unsullied name,  
Do thou this service for thy king,  
The last which he will claim.

"Ere in earth my corse be laid,  
Pluck forth my silent heart,  
And with odorous myrra and spice embalm  
This perishable part.

"And then with a goodly train,  
Equipped for war or peace,  
Set forth, and bear the relic safe  
Beyond the rolling seas.

"And say to all who greet ye,  
That to Our Saviour's tomb,  
Ye bear the heart of Robert Bruce,  
To leave it there till down;

"That his body might not lie  
Within that hallowed space,  
Ere his soul could know no joy, nor rest,  
'Till there his heart had place.

"Swear that thou wilt obey me;—  
So, then I die content,  
Since the goodliest knight in all the land  
Fulfills my last intent."

Then spout with pain and weakness,  
The royal Bruce sank down,  
And death-damps glittered on the brow  
Where once had shone a crown.

And the latest sight he saw,  
Were stern eyes running o'er:  
And the latest sound that reached his ear  
The oath Lord Douglas swore.

And with true faith to the death,  
That oath the brave knight kept;—  
Encased in gold the sacred heart  
Of him the kingdom wept,

And forth with a gallant train,  
And noble armament,  
Sweeping the seas for Syria's shore,  
With the precious relic went.

But by adverse winds assailed,  
He steered his course in vain  
For the Holy Land; his fleet was driven  
To the far coast of Spain.

There, with the good Alphonsus,  
Grenada's king made war;  
And the crescent 'gainst the cross uplifted,  
Indignant Douglas saw.

At that sight his bosom burned,  
And where the hosts engage,  
He led his brave chivalric band,  
A fiercer fight to wage.

Full gaily streamed their pennons,  
And loud their war-ery ring,  
And the banner of the sacred cross  
Its folds on the free air flung.

Foremost rode gallant Douglas,  
And flaming in the sun,  
Shone the good sword that many a field  
Of victory had won.

And upon its trenchant blade,  
Two guardian hands enfold,  
The emblem of the Bruce's heart,  
In blazonry of gold.

Like his own mountain torrent,  
On the Infidel he fell,  
And the stroke that clove both helm and casque,  
Peeled many a pagan's skull.

But the tide of battle turned,  
When from cave and glen there poured,  
To aid the unbelieving foe,  
A wild barbarian horde.

Far before their fierce array  
Spain's Christian warriors quailed,  
But Douglas bowed not to their might,  
Nor plume, nor standard vailed.

With the lion-heart of Bruce  
Reposing on his breast,  
"Twere shame before a pagan foe,  
To bow his lofty crest."

And on he rushed unmounted,  
O'er piles of prostrate slain:  
"Though round him winged arrows flew,  
Thick as the autumn rain.

But valour nought availed him  
Against that countless host,  
And earnest voices bade him turn,  
Ere life and hope were lost.

"A Douglas!" was the cry  
Which answered to their prayer,  
As he raised aloft his shining sword,  
And waved its blade in air.

Then unclasped he from his neck  
The chain of linked gold,  
Whereby the casket hung, which held  
The heart of Bruce the bold.

And in his stirrups rising,  
He threw the reile far—  
"Now, pass thee onward, noble heart,  
As was thy wont in war;

"Pass on!" he cried—"pass onward,  
For far as thou shalt live,  
The Douglas, thou all else forsake,  
Will follow thee or die!"

Then his armed heel he struck  
Deep in his courser's flank,  
And like a bolt from heaven he plunged  
In the foe's thickest rank.

For an instant back they reeled  
Astounded and dismayed;  
But round them turbaned heads fell fast,—  
Why should their wrath be stayed?

Then a thousand leaping blades  
Struck at that noble life;  
Alas! for Douglas, brave and true,  
He sank amid the strife!

And his honoured corse, when found,  
Held fast with one cold hand,  
The casket to his breast—and one  
Still grasped the battle-brand.

And to the land they bore him,  
Whose boast he was, and pride,  
And there where slept his vallant race,  
He mouldered by their side.

But the heart of royal Bruce,  
In Melrose Abbey dim,  
Was laid to rest by holy hands,  
With solemn mass and hymn.

## MORNING ON THE COAST OF CARAMANIA.\*

BY DR. BASKINS.

Ho! what a lovely scene!—the blue waves break  
Along the winding shore where spring's young flow'ers  
wake;

How verdantly above the azure tide  
Yon sylvan shore o'erhangs the waters wide;  
While birds of dazzling plumage 'mong the trees  
Pour their sweet songs upon the morning breeze.  
How soft the swell of incense-breathing ocean,  
Where white-winged harks rise full with life-like motion  
While busy boats with glittering streamers gay,  
And crews of many-coloured garb hold on their way,  
Sporting like sea-birds 'mid the sparkling spray,  
Turbans and caftans, yellow, red, and green,  
Intensely bright beneath the sun are seen;  
So warm, so rich, so radiant to the eye,  
As tho' the rainbow shed those colours from on high.  
See, with what graceful coyness, yon shiv'ring sail  
Sweeps round, and broadens to the fresh'ning gale.  
The tall polacca, with its snow-white wings  
Like a proud swan with airy motion springs;  
And rules the waters with so gentle sway,  
The waves all smile, and on their breast gladly her form  
convey.

In terrac'd tiers, rank upon rank above,  
Houses flat-roof'd o'erhang yon tufted grove;  
Where Mosques their slender minarets display,  
With domes that glitter in the morning ray;—  
The Lycian hills are gilt with gold of day,—  
All gloriously the skies unfold their blue  
And paradisaic plain, of heavenliest hue;  
In many clouds the circling mists ascend,  
The silvery streamlets from the mountain lend;  
While from the brow of yon o'erhanging height  
The foamy torrent falls in masses white.

How fresh the hour!—'tis as the dawn of Heav'n!  
Surely its balm was as a forest's giv'n,  
Of that bright, benighted, everlasting morn  
That dawns upon the soul to nobler life new-born.

Frankford, C. W.

## THE EVENING STAR.

Why ask me, fair and gentle maid,  
Friend to my soul and song,  
Who chief in elegance arrayed,  
Adorns the festive throng?

When Venus dwelling in the sky  
Amid the starry choir,  
Turns on the rapt uplified eye  
Her peaceful orb of fire,

And looks down from her vaulted brow  
A queen above the rest,  
How canst thou fail untaught to know  
The loveliest, brightest, best?

\*The Ancient Lycia.

# GALLOP.

ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. H. WARREN, OF MONTREAL.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a piano (Pia) part on the left and a violin part on the right. The piano part is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The violin part is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score begins with a piano dynamic marking (*Pia*) and a hairpin crescendo. The first system includes a *ff* marking. The second system includes a *Pia* marking. The third system includes a *for* marking and ends with a *Fine* marking. The violin part features various ornaments, including grace notes and trills, and includes dynamic markings such as *v* and *ff*.

GALLOP.

TRIO.

*Piu*

*p*

*sva.*

*Piu*

*for*

## THE MANIAC.

A TRUE STORY.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind; it was my delight in the long summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, which seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall slender female who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face; she was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing; and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me, as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying; and I know not that I could have stirred from the spot; but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and altogether she looked like a lovely woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not on my return speak of this beautiful appearance, nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot, that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly at me, and silently passed on; and though she was so near to me that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learnt (this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman; not young, though she had kept her young looks; for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R—, and

conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and pronounced that he should be carefully and severely attended. And well she kept that promise, for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the first opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked brightly and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute, and how many fresh flowers were brought to one whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself, and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this, to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honour of her guest's recovery;"—"And it is time, lady," said he, "for that guest so tendered and so honoured, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you: may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which, even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward?" To his mother no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart, she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate; but, when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond enquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her, sweet and gentle, and delicate always; but reason returned no more. She visited till the day of her death the spot where she first saw that young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her.

## GALVANISM.

FIFTY-TWO years ago, an Italian priest, Galvani, preparing some frogs for his frugal meal, observed, as doubtless many thousands had observed before, that the muscles of the animals quivered as the nerves connected with them happened to be touch-



ed by a metallic substance. He lived in an age of chemical and electrical discovery, and he traced by successive experiments the principle of a phenomenon, for which, simple and indifferent as it seemed, he could not account by any law of nature. The investigation led to the development of that amazing power, which, from the name of its discoverer, is called *galvanic* electricity—a power which, in the hands of Sir Humphry Davy, analyzed substances, though simple, into previously unknown metals; which within fifty years has supplied telegraphs in some places, superseded steam in more numerous instances: superseded the printer's, engraver's, and sculptor's labour; which (the least honourable of its triumphs) enables the engineer at a safe distance—a distance of miles if necessary—to spring mines, or enables him, as in the case of the *Royal George*, to violate the peace of the great deep with tremendous explosions, himself remaining all the while in perfect security.

The last of the achievements of this mighty power is so wonderful, that, although a little beyond our present purpose, we cannot forego the opportunity of mentioning it for the gratification of our fair readers. It is electrotype *painting*. A drawing is made—no matter how simple—no matter how complicated: the task of copying and perpetuating it is the same to the marvellous agent employed; and from this drawing alone, without any recourse to etching ground or *brin*, a perfect copperplate is obtained in a few hours, at the cost of a few shillings—a copperplate, if we may so say, copied by the hand of nature, certainly by a natural operation, and therefore more exquisitely faithful to the original than the most accomplished artist could execute.

#### TURKISH JUSTICE.

At Antioch, in 1767, the pasha of the Province was walking alone in the bazaar, in order that he might be incognito: he observed a dealer in furs who appeared sorrowful, and whose stock in trade consisted only of an immense quantity of foxes' tails. "What is the cause of your sorrow?" asked the pasha. "Alas, master," replied the dealer, "you see your servant cruelly cheated by an Armenian, who has sold me these foxes' tails very dear, assuring me that I should have a very advantageous market for them. But I have been three months without selling one, and I am now ruined." "By the beard of the sultan, my master," replied the pasha, "I will cause thee to sell them at a high price, if thou dost as I command thee. Thou shalt not sell a single tail for less than 300 piastres, and in a few days thou shalt not have one left." Next day the pasha ordered the whole

corporation of Armenian merchants to be summoned to appear immediately before him, requiring at the same time, under the most severe penalties, that each of them should have the tail of a fox sewed to the button of his robe, as a mark of disgrace for the scandalous manner in which they traded. There was soon a crowd of buyers at the shop of the dealer in furs, who sold all his furs very dear, and who would not give one to the man who had cheated him under an exorbitant price.

#### A REPAST IN A TURKISH HAREM.

THE evening repast is generally taken in the harem. The wives serve their *sidi* (master) with a refinement of cares and attentions which would be considered base and servile in the West, they are so contrary to our manners. The Orientals, who eat with their fingers, always wash their hands before and after the meals; among the rich, three slaves bring the water-basin and the towels. It is the wives who perform this duty in the harem; one of them arrives first with a richly embroidered napkin, which she holds closely folded in her hands, and then, bending down with her knee on the ground, she throws it unfolded on the knees of the master. Another carries the water-basin and the vase to receive the water; kneels before him, holding the basin within his reach, and pours the water, a drop at a time, on his hands. A third afterwards presents him a new napkin to dry himself, and sometimes sprinkles rose-water on his beard. The master sits alone, or with one or two of his wives whom he chooses to invite, whilst the others use their best endeavours to divert and amuse him, by singing or playing on some instruments. The Mussulman ladies of a certain rank disdain to dance, and leave that exercise, which they consider ignoble, to the *almes*, who make a trade of it.

#### RIVALRY.

A MOST amusing attempt to depreciate a rival, arising from a rankling jealousy—that of the pocket—is recorded of Richardson the itinerant showman, when, at one of the great northern fairs, he beheld crowds of people hurrying to an opposition booth to see a white-bearded patriarch, who was asserted to be a hundred and eight years old. "Here's a precious humbug!" exclaimed the indignant Thespian. "Here's a fuss to see a fellow only a hundred and eight years old! Why, if my great grandfather had lived till now, he would have been a hundred and thirty-seven!"

## OUR TABLE.

HISTOIRE DU CANADA, SOUS LA DOMINATION  
FRANÇAISE—PAR M. BIBAUD.

The first volume of this History has been some time before us. A perusal of it has confirmed the anticipation we expressed regarding it. Mr. Bibaud has brought to his task a most commendable zeal, and untiring industry. He has carefully studied the various memoirs and documents which have been submitted to the world, connected with Canadian history, and sifted with a judicious hand the doubtful and untrue from the authentic. The result of his labours is a book that may be almost implicitly relied upon by the student of our colonial annals. Beginning with the voyages of Cartier, and closing with the termination of the power of France in the Province, he has passed over no event which it is of importance to be acquainted with, and he has so condensed the whole that it is contained in one neat and convenient volume of about four hundred pages. It is a book which every Canadian should be perfectly acquainted with, as furnishing a most valuable record of the early struggles through which his country passed, and its gradual progress from a mere wilderness to a populous and important country. The second volume will begin with the establishment of the authority of England, and will be continued almost to the present time. We would very sincerely recommend every reader who is familiar with the language in which it is written, to possess himself of a copy, and carefully to peruse it.

## THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

The first number of a monthly periodical with the above title, has just been published, under the editorial management of Mr. Wm. Evans, a gentleman honourably known for his zealous and persevering efforts to induce the adoption of a better system of husbandry in Canada, and, as a necessary consequence, to advance the general welfare of the Province.

In all countries, the subject of Agriculture is an important one—in Canada it is beyond all comparison the most important. It is the only source from which the country can be expected to increase in wealth—every thing else being secondary to, or dependent upon it. It is therefore with no ordinary pleasure that we welcome a periodical which may be so extensively useful in rendering more effective and profitable this branch of our national industry.

The number before us, containing sixteen

large octavo pages, is full of information, scarcely a line of which might not be read with interest and profit by any Canadian farmer, whatever the extent of his knowledge of his calling may be; and we hesitate not to say, what we candidly believe, that any agriculturist, who carefully reads the years' numbers, and applies the hints he will find in them, as far as his means permit, to practical uses, will derive more advantage in one season than will pay the subscription of five shillings, for a dozen years.

## THE MONTREAL MEDICAL GAZETTE.

AWARE of the importance of periodical literature in making known the discoveries and improvements of the age, several professional gentlemen have determined upon the publication of a monthly journal, the object of which is to furnish a general view of the progress of Medical Science. The journal will be published in the English and French languages, and will be strictly confined to the discussion of useful subjects. It will be a most valuable publication, and we have no doubt, will be extensively patronized by the profession whose interests it is particularly designed to serve.

We are under the necessity of announcing to friends and correspondents generally, that it will be necessary, in future, that all letters intended for the GARLAND should be prepaid, unless they contain remittances, when, although we should prefer receiving them free, we will not particularly regret the necessity of paying for them. We have come to the conclusion that it will be absolutely necessary to decline inking from the Post Office all unpaid letters, the expense of a very extensive correspondence being too great for the GARLAND to bear. We trust that this will not be deemed at all unreasonable, as the expense of a single letter is to the sender a matter of small importance, but the postage upon the number we receive during a year would amount to a very serious item in the expenses of the publication, which requires the strictest economy in the management, to enable us to produce a work creditable to the Province, and worth its subscription price.

If at any time, through neglect or mistake of ours, it is necessary to incur the expense of postage, the amount paid will be placed to the credit of the sender.

Of course we do not expect unpaid Agents to incur any expense in writing to us on the business of the GARLAND, and when they have occasion to write, without prepaying, we will thank them to place their initials on the outside.