

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best 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.

Canadiana.org 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.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.



THE WALK OF CINCINNATI.

# THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1847.

No. 12.

## MONMOUTH; OR, THE KING'S SON.\*

PY T. D. F.

It was long on that sad night before James could be soothed to calmness; he felt alone in the world; and as he wandered from room to room, where he had been wont to see his mother, it seemed as if his young heart would break. In vain were all words of comfort, till nature, overwrought and wearied, could bear no more, and he sank to sleep on his mother's death-bed, where he had thrown himself in passionate grief; then, with tender care, did they put him upon his own couch, and Hugh, who had always been his particular attendant, watched by him, dreading lest, when he awoke, he would again give way to his violent grief. But kind sleep is indeed the best friend and comforter to the young. To them it is rosy-lidded, and when they awake throws its softening hues over all the cares and sorrows of the preceding day; to the more mature it brings oblivion but for a time, and the anxieties and sorrows of life seem more fearful, after having for a short time lost sight of them.

This was James' first grief, and when he awoke in the morning he was calm and hopeful, and though he still shed tears, they were those balmy drops which are the fruits both so refreshing and soothing. His mother had told him that when she was gone, he would go to his father, and though he felt some resentment at the infrequency of his visits, and the little wish his father had shown to live with them, yet there was something fascinating and pleasing in the idea of going to court, and child-like his active mind occupied itself in busy imaginings of the court and camp, interspersed with soft remembrances

of his mother, which would make the ready tear roll down his smooth cheek.

That day a king's messenger conveyed him from the humble cottage to the palace.

—  
ERA II.  
—

ONE evening about ten years from the time of which our last chapter treated, a splendid revel was being held at the palace of St. James. It was in honour of the appointment of *Madame Querouille* to the rank of Duchess of Portsmouth.

This fascinating woman had been brought over by the Duchess of Orleans, at the time of her interview with her royal brother at Dover, in the hope that, obtaining an influence over Charles' heart, she would induce him to favour the French instead of the Spanish interests. And she succeeded but too well. In spite of honour, his country's weal, and the voice of his people and counsellors, the weak monarch became the tool of an intriguing woman, and yielded ignobly to all the demands of France, and his Queen had the mortification not only of feeling she had no place in her husband's affections, but of seeing her country dishonoured and slighted. But she was a true woman, and yielded not her dignity as wife or Queen, and though she could not put down the minion, whom Charles' fondness had raised almost to a level with herself, she forced her respect.

She had refused to be present at the revel where she knew the young Duchess would be, in part, if not nominally, the Queen; and she held a levee of her particular friends in her own private

\*Continued from page 503.

apartments. She was herself very fond of the national dances of Spain, and had introduced them at the court, and this evening her guests had danced the *bolero* with great spirit. As the dance was concluded, two, a gallant looking couple, withdrew from the others, and retreated to a recessed window, hung with rich and heavy folds of crimson damask, which, looped on one side, half shadowed the quiet nook. They had been the leaders in the *bolero*, and both seemed fatigued.

"We will rest here, sweet Coz," said the young man, a bold, fine looking cavalier. "I have somewhat to say to thee." And drawing her into the recess, he unlooped the golden cord which confined the curtain, and they were alone, for no mortal eye could penetrate the rich drapery, though the light streamed through with crimsoned ray; and never did it fall on a lovelier pair. The fair girl raised her hand imploringly, as she saw the young man thus shutting her in from the observation of those around her.

"Oh, James!" she murmured, "do not; we shall be noticed, and if my father should come into the ball-room and not find me, he would never forgive us for thus disobeying him."

"Mary, I must speak to you," replied the young man eagerly. "I have been so watched by your father's emissaries, that for weeks I have not spoken to you, and I have endured a perfect fever of the heart; I have been tormented with a thousand fears; and now the rumor of the arrival of this Prince of Orange fills me with a dread I cannot express. From all I can hear, my royal sire favours the alliance, and his wish is law with your father, so there is everything to fear. Oh! tell me, Mary, that you will resist their wishes, you will be faithful to the love we have so long cherished; if you are firm, your father will not oppose you, he will let Anne wed this prince, and that will make the political bond quite as strong."

"Oh! Monmouth, do not urge me to such a course; you know well I dare not resist my uncle's command; if he wills that I should marry Prince William, I must obey his behest. My father, too, though opposed to my marrying a Protestant, will, I fear, look upon this marriage, if proposed to him, as so desirable as to outweigh all objections; his ambition is boundless. He can now look forward, if he survives your father, to succeeding him on the throne."

"Then, Mary, with the almost certainty of the succession to the English crown, why the necessity of this foreign alliance? Why divide the interests of the country? Who so fitting a mate for the heiress apparent of England, as the son of the king? You know, Mary, that no blot can

be considered as resting on my birth. I have the certificate of marriage given by my father to Lucy Walters, and though, from some informality, it is not recognized as a legal tie in England, it is quite sufficient, in Scotland, to establish my position as legal heir to the throne. I have tried it there, Mary! All Scotland is for me, and I have but to raise my standard and to send forth the cry of 'Monmouth and his rights!' and an army large enough to force Charles to recognize me will soon be gathered. He has thought to bribe me by this paltry dukedom, and while I have your love, and the hope of winning you, Mary, I care not for any other ambition; but if my father forces you to this marriage, he will wake in my heart a now slumbering foe. I will instantly leave the court, rally my forces, and fight bravely for my honour and my rights."

"This is infatuation, James! You can do nothing; the Scots might rally around you because your mother was a Scotswoman, and known to be grossly deceived by your Royal Father; and with them the simple acknowledgment of the certificate of marriage, though a sham one, which he gave her, will legalize the union; and on this they may found the plea for espousing your cause; but it cannot hold. You will expose yourself to days of mortification and disgrace, and I pray and implore you, by the love you profess for me, by the attachment you should feel for your father, that you will give up all thought of such a rash enterprise."

"I will be all you wish, and do all you wish, dearest Mary, if you will but remain faithful to me,—I could bear and endure all things, if I but thought you would be firm, and refuse any of those foreign alliances if proposed."

"I dare not, I cannot promise, dear James; I cannot choose for myself. I know, and you do too, that, fondly as your father loves you, he will never acknowledge you as his legitimate son; your rank can never be higher than it is now, while I am the heir apparent to the throne. This will effectually prevent my uncle or father from consenting to our marriage, and I have not the privilege of maidens in a more lowly rank of life; I cannot, I dare not, be independent, and cold as the words may seem to you, James, I must speak them. We must give up all thoughts of one another; you must strive to find another Mary—one who can fill my place in your affection, and who, more happily situated than I am, can return, unreservedly, the treasure of your love."

"Cold—unfeeling indeed! you could never have loved me, Mary! You have deceived me! Fool that I was to trust to woman's love—fleeing as a breath!

We had grown up so together, every thought and feeling seemed so inwoven, that I could not think aught could occur to change you. And now the mere rumour of this proposed foreign alliance, has chilled every affectionate feeling. Not a word of tenderness do you utter, but coldly bid me give up all the hope which has given to life a charm. How mistaken I was in you,—I deemed you had heart and feeling."

"Hush, James! do not let any harsh words pass between us; let us not have that to add to the pain of our separation; you would spare your reproaches, could you know the effort it is for me to subdue my feelings; I trust you will never know the agony I have suffered in giving up the dearest wish of my heart.—But it is madness to indulge it longer."

"Mary, why is there such a stern necessity for our separation? If you will be firm, we can surely accomplish our union. You know my father loves me; he has always treated me like a child, and he must desire to see me in the position which, had Lucy Walters been Queen of England, I should have held; this can be done alone by my union with you,—and surely there is no one the people would prefer before myself: for you must see, dear Mary, the marks of affection and favour I constantly receive."

"Nay, James, indulge not the hope: my father has forbidden me, in the most positive terms, to think of a marriage with you, and I must obey him—I—."

"Hear me, Mary; if this is your resolve, I will instantly strike a blow for my rights; I shall leave for Scotland to-morrow,—and—"

"May it please you, gracious Lady, the Duke your father is uneasy at your long absence; he has asked for you repeatedly, and has even now sent to your apartments, to see if you had returned from the ball-room."

This was said by a young page, a personal attendant of the Princess Mary; he had drawn back the curtain just sufficiently to address her without attracting attention.

Mary looked agitated and alarmed. "Go, find the Lady Anne, Archer, and bid her come to me in this recess."

The page disappeared.

"Now, Monmouth, you must leave me; I shall incur my father's most serious displeasure, if he hears we have been together."

"I will not subject you to that, Mary," he replied,—*"may you be happy!"* He then opened the window, near which they were standing, turned hastily, seized her hand, pressed it fondly to his lips, sprang out—and ere Mary could speak the words of kindness which hovered on her lips, she

heard his foot on the ground, and, looking out, saw him speeding away through the garden walks. She hastily closed the window, but did not venture from her retreat, till she heard the voice of her sister approaching the place where she was, then gliding quietly out, she placed her arm within hers, and said:

"Oh! Anne, come with me to my room; I am ill."

"Mary, what imprudence have you been committing? My father has been looking for you; he missed you and Monmouth, and thought you were together; why is it, Mary, you tremble? Can you have been so infatuated as to listen again to him, notwithstanding the promise you gave my father?"

"Oh! reproach me not, Anne! I but saw him to tell him he must give up all hope of our union; and to reconcile him, if possible, to it. I was calm, Anne, though my own heart was almost breaking; he thought me cold, and unfeeling, for I would not let him see the suffering it cost me, lest it should encourage him to some rash act,—I should rather he would deem me heartless, than that he should do aught to incur his father's displeasure. But he is too noble; it is hard to submit to this separation. Then, too, it seems as if the interests of the country might be quite as well secured by my union with him, as by any foreign alliance. But come with me to my room; and then return, and tell my father I am ill—for indeed I am,—and have retired for the night."

They left the brilliantly lighted apartments of the Queen; and passing through a small corridor came to those set apart for the young Princess. Mary's "*femme de chambre*" relieved her aching brows of the heavy glittering coronet, and replaced the stiff brocaded drapery, by a light "*robe de nuit*," and then Lady Anne left her to her own reflections; and sad they were! She was a noble, generous, and loving woman; she had given her warmest and earliest affection to her Cousin Monmouth. His fascinating manners, eminently handsome person, and reckless generosity, won the love all of who came within the sphere of his influence, and from the time when he first came to Court, and found his little cousin a wee toddling thing, he had been her protector, and most devoted friend, and, year by year, the tie which bound them together had strengthened. The King seemed rather pleased by this juvenile attachment; he loved James fondly, and always treated him in every respect like his own son, and almost every one supposed he would ultimately acknowledge him as his legitimate son, and proclaim him heir to the throne, and perhaps he would have done so, had not the Duke of York,

with his insinuating jesuitical policy, obtained such power over the easily-influenced mind of Charles. He gained, by apparent subserviency to his wishes, such an entire ascendancy over him, that he extorted from him a promise never to acknowledge Monmouth, and to secure his own succession to the crown.

This, when known to Monmouth, excited his feelings deeply, but still he hoped some fortunate chance might occur, to win from his father's fondness what he deemed but an act of justice. That his mother had been deceived by a pretended marriage he knew; but he thought, could his father ever be persuaded to acknowledge the rite as having been performed, it would secure to him the succession; for the people of England were deeply prejudiced against the Duke of York. The policy he pursued with regard to France, his strong Catholic preferences, excited almost the hatred of the people, and they could not endure the thought of having him succeed to the throne. This would render them quite willing to overlook the *bar sinister* in the Duke of Monmouth's shield.

Such was the state of affairs when rumours began to be afloat that Charles was meditating a marriage between the young Prince of Orange and the Lady Mary. An ambassador had arrived from the prince, and he was himself daily expected; he was known to be of a noble, independent character, and also that he would not marry the Princess, however tempting the position in which it would place him, unless he found her capable of inspiring a warm attachment. She was kept as far as possible in ignorance of the intentions of her uncle, for he feared some difficulty in winning the consent of the Duke of York to a Protestant alliance, and thought it best to wait till the final arrangements were concluded, before he made it a subject of remark and question.

Great was the enthusiasm excited by the arrival of the Prince; he had already rendered himself dear to English hearts, by the warmth with which he had embraced the Protestant cause; all parties united in applauding him, and in expressing their approbation of the marriage. No measure, during Charles' ill-fated and unequal reign, had given so much general satisfaction. No one but Monmouth and a few of his most devoted adherents, opposed it at all. The day after the Prince's arrival, the young Duke had sought his father, and had implored him most earnestly, by all the love he bore him, by the memory of his mother, by the hope of justice to himself, to acknowledge him as his son,—to consent to his marriage with the Lady Mary! The king at first laughed at him, but finding ridicule and

railing of no avail, he sternly forbade him ever to speak of the subject again, and commanded his immediate absence from the court. Deeply hurt, the young Duke withdrew, and without a word of farewell, was soon on his route to Scotland.

The wooing of the Prince of Orange sped well; his character was such as commanded respect, and his manners were well calculated to win affection in a mind not pre-occupied. It was a great effort at first for Mary to reconcile herself to the idea of marrying, and thus placing an insuperable barrier between herself and Monmouth; but she understood her own position; she knew, as heir apparent to the throne, she had no right to choose for herself; she saw the advantage the country would derive from her alliance with William, and as its future Queen she determined to sacrifice unrepiningly her own wishes, and exercising the full strength of her naturally strong will, she put down every feeling of regret, and made no objection to the marriage when it was proposed to her.

The preliminaries were soon concluded, and in a month from Monmouth's interview with her in the palace, the Lady Mary left England, the bride of the Prince of Orange.

### ERA III.

LOUD pealed the bells from every church in the town of Taunton, sending forth a chime which proclaimed some joyous occasion; an air of excitement prevailed every where; the shops and places of business were all closed, gay streamers and flags waved from every window, arches of evergreens were thrown across all the principal streets. All at once a band of music, stationed near the gates of Merton Lodge, struck up a merry soul-inspiring tune; the gates of the lodge were thrown open, and a graceful procession passed out. First came a beautiful girl, the daughter of Sir Philip Merton; she held in one hand a richly bound Bible, in the other the ribands attached to a superb banner, which was borne behind her by two stout men; on one side of the banner were woven the arms of England, with the motto "Long live James the Second;" on the other, in compliment to the Scotch parentage of the young Duke of Monmouth, the thistle was entwined with the Monmouth and Orkney arms. Behind the standard walked some thirty young ladies, two and two, carrying garlands and bouquets of flowers, and they were followed by the magistrates and dignitaries of the town.

The bells continued their peal, and the music its enlivening notes; the procession passed through

the town till it came to the eastern gate. Just without it were the tents of the army the young Duke of Monmouth had gathered in his passage from Scotland, which country he had left with a determination to win for himself, what his own ardent wishes, and the crafty insinuations of his adviser Shaftesbury, had induced him to believe his rights. As soon as the messengers despatched from London had announced to him the sudden death of the king, his father, and the reluctance of the people to receive James, Duke of York, as his successor, he determined to advance his claim, and win, if possible, from the affections of the people, a position on the throne. He therefore summoned together his few followers, and proceeded to England. His fascinating manners won many to his standard, and by the time he arrived at Taunton, he had gathered quite an army. He was met when within a few miles of the city, by a deputation tendering to him the homage of subjects, and requesting him to honor their poor town, by entering and partaking of its hospitalities. He arrived without the walls at night, and the news spreading rapidly, immediate preparations were made for giving him a warm and heartfelt reception.

As the procession approached the place where the camps were pitched, an order was given to the troops to arrange themselves in a semi-circle; Monmouth, surrounded by his generals, placed himself in the front, and when the procession appeared he rode forward to meet it; when near enough to perceive that it was composed principally of ladies, he threw himself from his horse, and with his usual graceful and dignified manner, advanced to meet them.

The standard bearer planted the banner directly in front of him, while Lady Anne Merton, bending on one knee, placed in his hand the Bible and the ribands; and with few but well-chosen words, she saluted him as king, and legal successor to his father's crown, begging him to accept the banner wrought by the ladies of Taunton, with their most earnest prayer that it might ever wave over a victorious army.

Monmouth, with gallant grace, bowed over the fair hand which presented him the standard, and raising her gently from her lowly posture, he thanked her, and through her the people of Taunton, for their loyalty and ready recognition of his rights, and promised, when duly reinstated, to remember the people of Somersetshire. He raised the Bible to his lips, and swore upon it to be the guardian of the religious faith of his people, to preserve them from Jesuitical influences, and Catholic ascendancy. Then to prove they were correct in their choice of him as their

monarch, he drew from his bosom the certificate of marriage given by Charles to his mother, and read it aloud; he uttered many denunciatory threats upon the traitor Duke of York, as he termed him, who had usurped the throne, and caused himself, against the feelings of the people to be proclaimed James the Second, when he, the son of the beloved Charles, the grandson of the immortal Martyr King, was the only one entitled to that designation.

Shouts of applause, and "Long live King James the Second!" rang through the air; "Down with the Usurper!" "Away with the Catholic Duke!" and the enthusiasm rose to such a height, that the soldiers prayed to be led against the enemy's troops, which were quartered at no great distance from them. But Monmouth did not think his forces, who were quite undisciplined, numerous enough to be led against the picked British troops which had been sent against him. He therefore checked their ardour, and remained encamped at Taunton; every day adding something to his numbers.

But things could not long continue so; it was necessary, if a blow was to be struck, that it should be done immediately; and Monmouth was urged by his officers to press forward. He accordingly entered Bridgewater, Wells, Frome, and was proclaimed in all these places. So far he had proceeded without any interruption; but he found at Sedgemoor an army of three thousand men, under the command of Feversham and Churchill; they were most of them men who had been called over from Holland, to aid in putting down this rebellion.

The battle was commenced most vigorously, Monmouth's men fell with great force and energy upon the enemy, and shewed what enthusiasm and native courage could do, even unassisted by discipline; and for a short time they threw the veteran forces into disorder, and drove them from their ground; the fight was continued with hot and eager interest, till the ammunition failed Monmouth's men; then the regular troops rallied, and attacked them fiercely till they were obliged to give way. Monmouth looked with an aching and dispirited heart upon his falling and flying followers; finding it impossible to rally them, he put spurs to his horse and fled; but the over-wearied, though noble steed, could not long support him; he carried his master a few miles from the field of battle, and then fell dead under him, and the unfortunate Prince found himself unable to proceed. He well knew every effort would be made to discover him, and he trembled to think of the fate which would await him should he be found. Just at this moment he perceived a

peasant coming along the road; the thought suggested itself, that could he but exchange dresses with the peasant, he should escape detection and be safe. The man, not knowing Monmouth, was easily bribed by a few gold pieces, to exchange his rough and homespun suit for the showy velvet dress of the unfortunate Duke. The exchange had not long been effected; the peasant had just passed on his way, and Monmouth was resting on the trunk of a tree meditating his next step, when his ear, sharpened by his position, caught the sound of advancing troops. He knew it must be the enemy in pursuit of him. He glanced round for some place of concealment and could see none, but a low ditch by the side of the road; he hastily threw himself into it, and trusted to escape observation. Nearer and nearer sounded the tramp of the steeds; soon the ground above him shook and quivered with their tread, and he heard the voices of the riders,—their speculations where the “rebel” could be,—the oaths they swore that they would find him if he was still on the face of the earth.

They passed—and Monmouth breathed freely; he thought it best not to rise immediately, as something might call the troops back; he therefore remained quietly in the ditch, for an hour or more, then, with thankful heart, he was just preparing to proceed on his way, when the sound of troops from the contrary direction struck like a knell upon his ear; breathless he listened, and as they approached he found the troops had overtaken the peasant, and recognizing the dress, had seized him, and forced him to return and show them the place where he had exchanged clothes with Monmouth. It was not long before the keen eyes of the blood-thirsty soldiery found their unhappy victim; they drew him roughly from the ditch, bound his hands behind him, placed him on one of their horses, and bore him off in triumph.

---

ERA IV.

---

THE FINALE.

It was the 15th July, 1685. Sadness rested over London; the bells tolled a mournful cry, and hundreds passed forth from every nook and corner, at its sad summons; but not with the usual glee which characterises an English populace on the, to them, joyful occasion of an execution; the crowds marched on with a funeral pace, talking in subdued tones to one another, occasionally uttering deep, but low threats and murmurs; tears and groans mingled with the tramp of feet. The name of Monmouth, which ever and anon fell upon the ear, coupled with

expressions of affection and endearment, while that of “Tyrant” and “Usurper,” were liberally bestowed on James, showed the state of public feeling, and that needed but a head, a leader, to induce the rescue of the young Duke, who was this day to expiate on the scaffold, the crime of being born a King’s son, without a legitimate right to the name or title.

The execution was to take place at twelve o’clock; and the gun boomed forth its hoarse sound, just as the great City clock struck the hour of noon; an universal shudder ran through the crowd, collected in front of Tower Hill. At the same moment the Duke, attended by a Clergyman of the Church of England, and the Sheriff, ascended the scaffold, where stood the executioner, leaning on his weighty sword. At his appearance, shouts and expressions of attachment were uttered, but Monmouth mildly turned towards the people, and with a sad smile, begged them not to disturb his last moments with such expressions as rendered it harder for him to meet the fate, to which he had been condemned; he thanked them for their love, and implored them to cherish his memory, but not to render themselves obnoxious to the powers that be.

At the conclusion of his remarks, which were answered by the sobs of the people, he knelt a few moments in prayer; then, turning to the executioner, he begged him not to fall into the error he had done, when executing his friend Lord Russell, but to strike boldly and manfully, that a second blow need not be required.

This precaution served, however, only to increase the nervous agitation of the executioner.

Monmouth laid his head upon the fatal block; the signal was given, the executioner struck but such a feeble blow, he scarce opened the throat. The Duke raised his head, looked kindly, though reproachfully at him; then replaced his head upon the block. Again the executioner struck, but to no purpose. He threw down his sword, burst into tears, and clasping his hands, said it was useless—he could not perform the bloody office, and besides, Heaven had interposed to preserve the Duke.

The Sheriff sternly commanded him, on the penalty of losing his own life, to complete the execution; with a groan the tender-hearted executioner resumed his sword, and with two blows more, the head rolled from the trunk, and Monmouth, the favorite of the people, was no more.

---



## THE FOUR WISHES.

BY R. E. M.

"Father," a youthful hero said, as he bent his lofty brow;  
 "On the world wide, I must go forth, then bless me, bless  
 me now!  
 And ere I shall return, Oh, say! what goal must I have  
 won!  
 What is the precious gift that most thou wish'st for in  
 thy son?"

Proudly the father gazed upon his bearing brave and  
 high,  
 And the dauntless spirit flashing forth, from his dark  
 and brilliant eye;  
 "My son! thou art the eldest hope of a proud and  
 honoured name:  
 Then, let thy guiding star through life—thy chief  
 pursuit—be *Fame*."

"'Tis well, thou'st chosen well, indeed! it is a glorious  
 part;"  
 And his bright glance told the wish chimed well with  
 his own dauntless heart.  
 "Now, brother, thou'lt have none to share thy sports till  
 I return;  
 Say, what shall be the glittering prize that I afar shall  
 earn?"

"The world, alas!" said the laughing boy, on heroes poor  
 looks cold,  
 If thou art wise, as well as brave, return with stores of  
*gold*?"  
 "Thou speakest true," and he gaily turned, to a sister  
 young and fair;  
 Who with glittering gems was braiding a tress of his  
 own dark hair:—

"'Tis now thy turn, sweet sister mine, breathe thy  
 heart's wish to me,  
 And what'er it be, 'twill be fulfilled, ere I return to  
 thee."  
 The young girl blushed, as she whispered low, "I prize  
 not wealth or pride,  
 But, brother, to bless thy future home, bring back a  
 gentle *bride*!"

The merry smile her words had raised, fled, as with  
 falt'ring voice,  
 He asked of her, the best beloved, "Mother! what is *thy*  
 choice?"  
 "My son! my son," she murmur'd forth, "hear my wish  
 ere we part—  
 Return, as now thou goest forth, with a pure and guile-  
 less heart."

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Time sped on with rapid flight, and back to his home  
 once more,  
 The soldier came, but he brought not back the buoyant  
 step of yore!  
 The eagle eye was sunk and dim, the curls of glossy  
 hair  
 Fell carelessly round his care-fraught brow, once, once  
 so bright and fair;

His soiled and shattered crest he laid low at his father's  
 feet,  
 And he bitterly said, "'Tis all I have—is it an offering  
 meet?"

In the battle's front I madly fought, till dead on dead  
 were heaped,  
 I have borne with suffering, want and pain—and yet, 'tis  
 all I've reaped!—

Brother! thou told'st me to return, with the rich wealth  
 of a king,  
 This backed and dinted sword and shield, is all the wealth  
 I bring!—  
 Sister! I wooed a lady bright, with eyes like thine, and  
 hair;  
 I woke from my wild and dazzling dream, to find her  
 false as fair!—

Now, mother, unto thee I turn! say, say if thou'lt  
 repine,  
 When I tell thee that their cherished hopes have all  
 proved vain but thine;  
 Though folly may have marred, awhile, this heart since  
 last we met,  
 Still, mother, at thy feet, I swear, 'tis pure and guileless  
 yet—

No wish has ever ruled it since, thou might'st not calmly  
 see,  
 Nor hidden secret thought, that now I'd shrink to bare  
 to thee."

"Bless thee, mine own one, for those words! thrice  
 dearer art thou now,  
 Than if thine hands were filled with gems, and laurels  
 twined thy brow.

And dearer is thy still fond smile, though dimmed its  
 brightness be,  
 Than that of the fairest bride to glad our home with her  
 witchery."

With all a mother's gushing love, she strained him to her  
 heart,  
 And in that fond embrace, he felt hers was "the better  
 part."

## THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY R. E. M.

The tempest tossed the gallant bark,  
 Whilst she sped on her wat'ry way;  
 And the slight masts trembled in the blast,  
 As she dashed through the boiling spray.  
 The weary mariner, called from dreams—  
 Dreams of his loved and distant home;  
 Had to seek the cold and dreary deck,  
 To battle with the wind and foam,  
 Through hours of that long and fearful night,  
 He wearily kept his watchful guard,  
 His sheet the cold and chilling spray,  
 The slipp'ry deck, his pillow hard,  
 But the tempest lulled, the dark clouds fled,  
 And the mariner looked on high;  
 One bright and lonely star was there,  
 Like a gem in the azure sky.  
 Its holy rays to that gazer's view,  
 Visions of brightness seemed to ope,  
 That atoned for all his weary pains;  
 That glittering star was—"Hope."

The toil worn slave, in his dungeon dark,  
 Had no longer wish, or strength, for prayer;  
 When that star shone through his prison bars,  
 And quick dispelled his dark despair.

The sufferer tossed on his burning couch,  
 As fast he drew his labouring breath,  
 Looked up on the bright, and cloudless sky,  
 And madly called aloud for death.  
 But the planet bright that met his gaze,  
 Reproved his bold and daring vow,  
 As it soothed his keen and burning pangs,  
 And cooled his hot and fevered brow.  
 The watcher by the bed of death,  
 Whilst o'erwhelmed by dark despair,  
 Too mighty then for calmer thoughts,  
 Too fierce for humble prayer,  
 Scorning e'en friendship's loving voice;  
 For alas! that may not allay  
 The wild, deep grief, of him who mourns,  
 For the "spirit passed away,"  
 Beholds a halo gild that brow,  
 Light up those features, wan and white;  
 He looks to heaven, and sees 'tis then  
 The shadow of a planet bright.  
 Its light a holy influence sheds  
 On his sere and burning heart,  
 It breathes that from that loved form,  
 He is not for aye to part.  
 And bowing down in solemn joy,  
 For the haven it seems to ope;  
 He blesses the bright and cheering spell  
 Of the brilliant star of Hope.

## THE AUTUMN BLAST.

BY ULAD-DE-CANADA.

List! heard you not that wail,  
 Steal through these happy bowers,  
 Disturbing true Love's tale,  
 And all the slumbering flowers?

It was the autumn blast,  
 I know the tale it tells,  
 For oh! the gloom it cast,  
 Breaks summer's genial spells.

## 'T WAS NIGHT.

BY ULAD-DE-CANADA.

'Twas night, and o'er Catarqui's tide,  
 The modest moonbeam strayed,  
 And gently seem'd my bark to glide,  
 My heart so lightly played.

There, through the silent hours,  
 I've watch'd each blushing star  
 Steal out from Heavenly bowers,  
 To twinkle from afar.

Or while each lovely lambent streak  
 Of moonlight stole along—  
 To' where the rippling waters break  
 And undulate in song—

I've gaz'd on beauteous Helen's isle,  
 Reposing free from care,  
 And graceful as a seraph's smile,  
 Upon the waters there:

Her foliage-tresses waving wild  
 Above the radiant rim,  
 Lay mirror'd o'er in beauty mild,  
 And kiss'd the further brim.

That brim where gorgeous commerce shines,  
 And human passions jar;  
 Where Hope ambition still sublimes,  
 And fires to social war.

## NOW LET ME REST FOREVER.

BY ULAD-DE-CANADA.

WHEN pride depopulated the Heavens, Love created  
 woman to re-people them; and thus, is she not the  
 emblem and the emanation of Love?

A Poet there was, however, who felt so in his soul, for  
 her, who was the object of his heart's idolatry—and she  
 was one whom the fondest touches of nature graced  
 only to brighten insensibly away into the divine, as her  
 lovely and modest intellect would blush out in innocent  
 betrayal of its own bright inspirings. But a gloom had  
 been cast upon his name, obloquy had left her blight,  
 and scandal her bluish thereon, and whether it was this  
 or other sad accidents or misfortunes, or that she loved  
 another, the following is at all events, the monument of  
 his love, as given by himself:—

Now, let me rest for ever,  
 Here by thee, lonely sea;  
 The brightest lawn or river,  
 Were ne'er divine as thee;  
 For oh! I loved the 'wild sublime',  
 And now in death 'twere sweet to be,  
 Placed by the wandering ocean's brine,  
 Where Death's sad echo's self is glee.

And now farewell! and tell her,  
 The minstrel's dying prayer,  
 Was poured in blessings on her,  
 Who was his latest care;  
 That though she sent him from her, poor  
 And hopeless-hearted, here to die,  
 No sigh he breathed unto her,  
 But bore its blessing bright on high.

And thus by his friend,

Alone by the deep blue sea,  
 The minstrel poured his vow,  
 As he sunk into death away,  
 Where that willow weeps him now.

'Twas on a foreign strand,  
 And strangers mourn the lot  
 Of him who came o'er the wave,  
 To rest thus lone, forgot.

But a spirit is heard, they say,  
 As the murmuring night wind sweeps,  
 To pour the exile-lay,  
 Round that shore where the poet sleeps.

## TO MARY.

Oft tries in humble lines my Muse  
 To paint thy beauty's rays;  
 But charms that beam like thine diffuse,  
 Demand sublimer lays.

Thus the young lark, to cleave the skies,  
 Forsakes the fields below:  
 To hail the rising sun he flies,  
 That bids the mountains glow.

Strength fails him as he, mounting, sings  
 A tender twitt'ring strain;  
 Descending quick, on quiv'ring wings,  
 He seeks his native plain.

## LOVE'S TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

"O! how can'st thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms which nature to her votary yields;  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even;  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven!"

"She loved—she pitied—what's all else besides  
To the true heart of woman!"

"I WILL wait," said an old man, as he stopped under a grove of tall forest trees, "I will wait till all this splendour is past. Poor young creature! she will hear it soon enough." He looked towards the superb palace which shone out one blaze of light amid the darkness of the night. He saw the doors crowded with persons; and carriages rolled rapidly past him. He recognized the imperial equipage, by the light of the flambeaux borne around it. He drew nearer, and heard the sound of music and song. "No, no," he exclaimed, "I cannot enter yet." He turned back and sought the little inn where he had left his horse. There the happy peasantry were assembled. Unwearied with a long day of rejoicing, they were dancing, and singing, and laughing. The whole house rung with merriment. The old man entered one of the least crowded rooms: there he found a large party sitting round a long table, covered with fruit and cakes. They were all talking and laughing; all but one little girl, who had dropped fast asleep with joyful fatigue. Her arms were crossed upon the table, and her bright cheek rested upon them; her eyelids looked heavy with slumber, but her fresh rosy lips were partly unclosed, and her cheek was dimpled with smiles. The old man sat down beside her, and leaned his folded arms also on the table; but he did not sleep.

The palace of the Countess Florenheim was on that evening thronged with lordly company. Every splendid saloon had been thrown open: but among the beautiful forms assembled there, the young countess herself was the most admired. It might be that every eye looked in almost determined admiration upon one so gentle, and so distinguished by birth and fortune. But the young and innocent Bianca was very lovely. The usual expression of her large hazel eyes was eloquent tenderness, her features were beautiful,

and every movement of her tall and delicate form was by nature graceful: though her dress was adorned by jewels of immense value, its appearance was less magnificent than simple.

That day she had taken possession of her princely wealth; and for the first time, she appeared as the mistress of her own palace: her manner was perfectly dignified and easy, but, during the whole evening, the rich bloom of her cheek was heightened by a continued blush.

The empress remained some hours at the Florenheim palace, delighted with the appearance and conduct of the young and noble orphan. The parents of the countess had deserved and enjoyed the favour of their sovereigns, and Maria Theresa loved to distinguish their child.

Every guest had departed; and the young countess stood alone in her spacious and magnificent saloons. She pressed her hand for a moment over her eyes, for they ached with the glare of the tapers still blazing around her. She looked at the beautiful flowers which hung in fading garlands around the room, and sighed. With a true girlish fancy, she took down a long drooping branch of roses from the tall candelabra beside her; the blossoms were faded; she sighed again; her heart had not been in the splendour of the evening, and now she had leisure to attend to the silent thoughts of her bosom. She thought of her betrothed husband, and she could not help reproaching herself for having shared in any way the festivities around her, while Ernest Alberti was exposed to the dangers of war.

As the young countess was retiring to rest, the arrival of a person, who earnestly requested to see her that very night, was announced; she hesitated at first, but after a few moments' consideration, she consented to appear. She returned to the deserted saloon, and there waited till the man was introduced to her presence. She recognized

at once the servant of the Count Alberti, and dismissed her attendants. How often did she tremble, how often did she turn pale with horror, during that short interview! Ernest had fought with his general officer, against the positive commands of the empress; the general had been mortally wounded, and Alberti was disgraced; a high reward was set upon his life. He had, however, escaped, but his servant knew not whither.

Many months passed away, months of doubt and sorrow to the hapless Bianca. The young deserter was never heard of; and the festive magnificence which had flashed for a moment in the palace of the countess, entirely disappeared. All Vienna talked of her engagement with Ernest, and many pronounced the engagement to be dissolved. It was said, that the empress had herself forbidden the young countess to think of the disgraced Alberti. Bianca was certainly commanded to appear at court, and she did not refuse. Many of the young courtiers determined to pay more than usual attention to the very beautiful and very wealthy heiress. She appeared, but none presumed to insult her sorrow with their addresses: her real, artless grief, invested her with a dignity which no one dared to infringe upon. She did not attempt to conceal how severely the blow had fallen upon her; but her grief, though silent, and seeming to claim no interest, was quietly majestic. Calm and pale, she stood among the ladies of the court, an object of respect and admiration even to the empress herself.

A year passed away. The general whom Alberti had wounded was not dead, but he had met with so many relapses that his recovery was still pronounced uncertain. Bianca continued a quiet mourner, but now her alliance was sought by many of the noblest houses of Austria; gently, but firmly, every proposal was declined. For the first time, the empress interested herself in the suit of the prince, one of Bianca's enthusiastic admirers. The young countess did not repel the confidence which her sovereign sought; she disclosed with affecting earnestness the feelings of her heart, and the principles on which she acted: before she quitted the empress, she perceived that her feelings were understood,—she guessed that her principles were approved.

The mother of the Count Alberti was living; and still presided over the household of her son. The Countess Bianca was now a constant visiter at the Alberti palace; and a few days after the above-mentioned interview with the empress, the aged countess and Bianca were conversing almost cheerfully together: they were elated with hope,

for the petitions which had been presented in behalf of Ernest seemed to be successful. The empress had herself written to the Countess Alberti; the letter was in Bianca's hand. Suddenly a person entered the saloon: it was the old and faithful servant of Alberti; he told them news that almost overwhelmed them. The young count had returned; he had been brought to Vienna with a gang of desperate banditti; he was said to be the captain of men who were out-laws, robbers, and murderers.

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the old countess, and she gazed with a look of heart-broken sorrow on a magnificent portrait of her late husband; "is this to be the end of the house of Alberti? Your only son, my beloved Conrad, the child of our hopes, will he prove a shame to his father's name? It is well you are not here; it is enough that I survive to witness our disgrace."

"Ernest will never disgrace you," cried Bianca, eagerly. "We know him much better," she added, clasping the trembling hands of the countess, with tender affection; "there is much to be explained in this story. Dear, rash Ernest!" she faltered, leaning her head on his mother's shoulder, and burst into tears. "We know him better: he may be wild and faulty, but *he* will never disgrace any one."

"He never will, you are right," replied the countess; "I spoke hastily. I ought to hope, I ought to believe, better things of my beloved son. Daughter of my love, I was very wrong to doubt him for a moment; you judge him rightly. Bless you, bless you, my sweet Bianca."

Alberti has been indeed brought to Vienna among the banditti of Istria; every proof was strong against him. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel, and there seemed no hope that the sentence would be mitigated. Ernest himself told an improbable story about his not being connected with the banditti; but nobody listened to it, and he mentioned it no more. Bianca and his mother did believe him. The account was perfectly true.

Ernest had seen his antagonist fall, and he stood in stupified horror, with the bloody sword in his hand; a cold and sickening chill crept through his frame, and thought and memory seemed to forsake him. The friend who had accompanied him to the spot where the duel was fought, roused him from his reckless stupor: he conjured, he commanded him to fly. Ernest heeded him not, but rushed to the place where the wounded general was lying: he had swooned, and the ashy paleness of death was already on his countenance. Ernest flung himself on the ground and groaned with anguish. The general

revived, he beheld the young man, he called to him with a feeble voice, he stretched out his clammy hand to him. Ernest half rose from the ground, he drew near the dying man, and with downcast eyes he took the extended hand. Again the general spoke.

"I was in fault," he said; "I should have known better than to be provoked by a youth like yourself. Forgive me, Alberti. If you wish that I should recover, leave me. Fly instantly—I shall be anxious, I shall have no rest, I shall die, if I think that you are in danger. Leave me, I entreat you."

The young soldier obeyed: he kissed the cold hand of his general, and his friend hurried him away; he pointed towards the south, as if insinuating the direction Ernest should take. Once again, Alberti looked round: he saw the arm of the wounded man raised, as if to wave him away; his hand was on the rein of the impatient charger; he leaped into the saddle, and fled.

It was nearly sunset when the Count Alberti stopped at the entrance of a desolate valley. Immense masses of rock descended to the banks of a rushing stream, on one side of which a narrow path wound apparently up the valley. For some miles before he reached this spot, Ernest had beheld no traces of man. He looked behind, and the broad barren moor which he had passed over, marked out a uniform horizon, against the clear crimson heavens. The slanting rays of the sun spread in a thread-like blaze of golden glory over the plain. He turned again towards the mountains and waters. There all was dark and awful; the shadows of evening had cast even a terrific gloom over the valley; the loud and rising wind came rushing down it, and blew the foam of the torrent over his face. Ernest threw the reins on his horse's neck, and proceeded slowly along the winding path. The valley became narrower as he advanced, the rocks more precipitous, and the darkness increased. At last the valley appeared to be closed in entirely by one steep precipice, over which the torrent fell with a deafening roar. The charger stopped, and Ernest dismounted; he climbed the rocks beside him; the path which he had lost sight of, again appeared: it seemed to lead into a chasm of impenetrable blackness: he sprung forward, and felt the path firm and level under his feet. Returning to his horse, he led it after him, till they had reached what seemed to be the end of the cavern, for he saw the stars shining above him, and the ground beneath was spread with thick grass. The horse stooped down his head to graze, and Ernest unbridled it. The fugitive threw himself down among the rocks and slept.

When he awoke, the moon was shining brightly on the plain before him, and the wind had died quite away. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night, except a faint murmur of distant waters, and the ceaseless chirping of innumerable grass-hoppers. The plain seemed to be enclosed by mountains partly covered with dark pine-woods; but the black and deepened shadows which enveloped every spot not lighted by the silvery moonshine, prevented his accurate observation of the scene he gazed upon. He listened in vain, to hear if his horse were grazing near; he then wandered on, but forgot entirely that he was seeking his horse,—he forgot every thing but the thoughts most nearly connected with his own dreary sorrows.

"At this moment," thought he, "the blood that I have shed, may be crying up to God for vengeance."

In the heat of passion he had found a thousand excuses for himself; he had been among gay and thoughtless young men, and these seldom troubled themselves with reasoning, where a laugh or sarcasm convinced more easily. Alberti had often in his heart despised their silliness, but he had allowed his mind to be governed by their opinions, just because his passions and those opinions agreed; he had stooped to the palliation of crime, under the screen of worldly custom; he had become probably a murderer, and for what? because his temper had been provoked—for a trifle, that was not worth remembering. He was now alone, in calm, undisturbed solitude. He had leisure to search the very ground of his heart; and he did so. Calmly and clearly he called up all the excuses which he had framed; and with firm but grieving severity he condemned them all. He sought for the principle on which he acted, but he found that he sought for a shadow. He looked up into the boundless heavens above him, and the thought which he strove to fix upon his soul was:

"I am alone with God, and in condemning myself, I will not, dare not, encourage a single excuse." A rush of agonizing thoughts passed over his bosom; they confused and distracted him. He leaned his burning head against the rocks near him, their dewy coldness relieved its throbbing heat; he then felt how contrasted a creature he was to all around and about him; the magnificent stillness of the scene abashed him; he felt as if his presence were a pollution to its sublime solitude: the objects that he beheld, seemed to shadow forth their viewless Creator; they seemed to speak of His purity and grandeur; and he felt himself more a creature of sinful and lawless

passions, than he had ever done in the haunts of men.

Ernest was roused from his meditation ; his charger galloped past him ; he called to it, and the animal stopped ; but suddenly it started again : he looked for the cause, and beheld a party of men within a few yards of the place where he stood. The moon-beams glittered upon the weapons which they wore. Alberti had advanced into the full moonlight, and they perceived him ; he did not appear to notice them, but again called to his horse. The animal came up to him, but at that instant one of the men approached to seize it. Ernest lifted up his arm and struck the man down ; he wreathed the mane round his hand, and demanded loudly, but calmly, the reason of their interference. An insulting shout was the only reply he received, and they rushed towards him. In an instant, Ernest had leaped upon his horse ; the men threw themselves before him ; they commanded him to dismount, they attempted to drag him down. He swept them away with his arm, he urged on his charger, and bounded from the midst of them ; but another party sprang up before him. He had burst from them, his way seemed unimpeded, when he felt the whirr of a bullet, as it flew past his head. He heard again the report of a loud volley, and he was yet unwounded. At once his charger reared and snorted ; then his legs staggered, its head plunged forward into the earth ; it struggled in vain to rise, and rolled heavily over. Ernest heard not, cared not, for the crowd that gathered round him. He lifted up the head of his dying horse from the earth, and wiped away the foam and dust from his mouth and nostrils. The poor animal was dying ; the sweat streamed out from his reeking sides, and mingled with its spouting blood. Ernest saw an expression, almost human, turned for a moment on him from its staring eye. Once again, the faithful creature turned to throw out its quivering limbs, and to strike its head into the earth : it gasped, and gasped, and its head slipt away from the arms of its master. Alberti raised it again, but his loved charger lay motionless and dead beside him. The tears gushed from his eyes ; but he saw the men who surrounded him, who had for some minutes gazed on him in silence. In a frenzy of rage he started up, and strove to draw his sword ; it seemed glued to the scabbard, and at first resisted his efforts. Wild with fury, he wrenched it forth. The blade had already struck against another sword, when it riveted his look, for it was smeared with what he knew to be the dark blood of his general. The sight calmed him at once ; the sword dropped from

his grasp ; and he called out in a voice of horror :

"Enough, enough ! I have had blood enough !"

His antagonist started with wonder ; but suddenly a blow struck him from behind. He turned his head, and beheld a man drawing from his shoulder a streaming dagger ; he saw the face of the man ; he knew him. The man was a deserter from his own regiment.

"It is right that I should fall thus," he cried out ; and sank lifeless on the body of his horse.

Ernest unclosed his eyes, and found that he was lying upon a mat, in a spacious cavern, partly roofed in from the open sky, by a shelving rock at a great height above him. By the dim light, his eye could not measure the vast extent of the cavern. He endeavoured to rise, but the pain and weakness which he felt in his shoulder, reminded him of his wound, and he sunk back again. He listened ; but faint and indistinct sounds alone met his ear. At length, amid the black shadows which hung about the vault-like roof, at the farther end of the cavern, a light appeared : it shone out one red sparkle from the gloom : it moved downwards ; and he thought he heard the clanking tread of a person descending a flight of steps. Nearer and nearer the light came ; and he beheld a figure approaching. The moon, whose light had been gradually fading, had now set ; the first dun light of morning scarcely dispelled the darkness which succeeded. The man placed the lamp on a ledge of the rock, and drawing his cloak round him, stood leaning against the wall. The chill morning air rushed through the cavern, and almost extinguished the flame ; the man bent down over the lamp to trim it, and the light flared over the face of the deserter, who had stabbed Alberti. Ernest spoke to the man : he addressed him by his name. The man answered churlishly :

"Do you not know me ?" said Alberti.

"I know you ? not I : I only know, that I wish I had killed you ; or that the fellows who took the trouble of bringing you here, would have staid with you, and not sent me down to this dismal den, while they are drinking above."

"Bring your lamp, and look me in the face," said Ernest, in a tone of command.

The man brought the lamp, and held it carelessly before his face. He turned pale as he gazed ; and although Alberti was a helpless and imprisoned man, for a while he thought of him only as the officer whom he had served under and obeyed. He faltered out a few words of excuse, dictated by the feeling of the moment.

"There is no occasion for excuse, Michael," said Alberti ; "I do not think you would have stabbed me intentionally ; but I want no excuses."

I see what you are now, while I am here, a dying man perhaps. and in your power; but I ask no favour."

The man spoke not, as he stood without moving and in silence, at the feet of Alberti, who turned away and closed his eyes. Ernest looked round again, and the man was still standing before him.

"Will you answer one question?" inquired the deserter.

"Speak then."

"Did you come hither in search of me?"

"In search of you?" replied Alberti, in a tone of evident surprise. "No, alas! I thought not of you till this night."

The man did not raise his head, but said slowly, "I was sorry when I saw that I had stabbed my commander. I don't forget that I have met with much kindness from you, Signor; but now, I know that you came not here to take me, I would do anything to save you."

Alberti was proud, but he felt ashamed in the presence of the man whose hand had been raised against his life, who was a deserter, and a common robber.

"I am justly punished," he said; "I am more guilty than yourself. I have lifted my arm against my commander. I left him dying; perhaps he is now dead. I *too am* a deserter: at this moment I am pursued; and if I should be taken, my life will be forfeited for my crime. If you are inexcusable, what am I?"

The man took up the lamp, and walked hastily from the cavern. He returned in a short time, and with him came a young woman, whose countenance displayed a strange mixture of boldness and feminine beauty. She brought with her a basket of provisions, and with the assistance of the deserter, they dressed the wound in Alberti's shoulder, which had been before bound only with handkerchiefs.

For days and weeks, Alberti was kindly and constantly attended by the banditti. They heard his history from Michael; and his manners and martial appearance, all they observed about him, commanded respect, and even confidence. His wound was healed, and his strength was gradually returning, when the cavern was entered one night by a party of the banditti, among whom was the leader of the band. Ernest had been treated before with attention; but the request which the band then made, astonished him. They told him, that they knew he could not return to his rank, and to his former associates. They told him that they admired, respected, and could trust him. They were still speaking, when Alberti raised his eyes, and fixed them on the man who ad-

dressed him, with a look of calm, and almost stern surprise. The fellow looked down and hesitated; he had begun to speak in a tone which seemed to declare, that he was *conferring* a favour; as he continued, he felt that he was *asking* a favour. He proposed to Alberti, that he should take the command of their band.

"Never," replied Ernest, in a tone of resolute decision. A murmur of angry disapprobation passed through the band. He observed it, and walked into the midst of them. "Hear me," he said, "I am speaking to men, and I expect to be heard as a man. You have been kind to me, and I thank you heartily. I am still weak in body, but I have not learned to fear any of you. I wish not to offend you; but I will tell you the plain truth. I will never countenance your mode of life. It is perfectly true, that I am a disgraced man and an outlaw. I feel it. But I feel that, bad as I am, I might be worse. I pretend to no superior virtue. In my opinion I am the most sinful man among you; surely then I have gone far enough in guilt. I will not go farther. You have me in your power, kill me if you please; life cannot be very joyful to me in future. I have nothing more to say. I would not have you forget, that I am grateful to you; but remember, at the same time, that I know as little of fear as any man among you."

The men had listened to him in silence; and after a pause, the leader asked, rather impatiently:

"What do you expect from us, count?"

"Nothing," replied Ernest coolly.

"What would you do, were you permitted to follow your own will?"

"Leave this place and betray us," said one of them, "instantly."

"I could have answered that question more warmly," replied Ernest, with a look of calm disdain, (turning to the captain of the band): "had no suspicions been uttered by that man, I might have told you that the same principles which forbid my becoming your companion, would prevent my becoming your betrayer. I ask my freedom as a man, entitled, equally with yourselves, to the common right of air and liberty. I do not insult you or myself by entreaties. You may best judge if you can believe and trust me."

It is a fact, that Alberti was released a few days after the above interview; the captain of the band came to the cavern where Alberti had been kept, and told him that his freedom was granted to him. Ernest thanked him even with tears, and before he followed him out, he said:

"I was brought to this place senseless; I have never quitted it since that time. Bind your

cloak round my head, and lead me till I am at some distance from the entrance of these caverns. I will never betray you."

Ernest from that time had no intercourse with the banditti, but he still remained among the mountains which they haunted, never molested by them. Once he ventured from his retreat to a town at some distance from it; and he learnt there, that search had been made, and was still making for him, by the imperial command. With some difficulty he effected his return to the mountains of Istria. In the magnificent solitudes of woods and waters, he learnt to examine his own heart, and to meditate on the follies and faults which had diverted his mind from higher and more ennobling subjects. It was there that he was seized by the imperial troops. He declared in vain, that he had no connexion with the banditti which had been taken. He was brought with them, and as one of them, to Vienna.

The Countess Alberti, with her young and lovely friend, used every exertion to prevent the execution of Ernest; but the verdict appeared irrevocable. The day, the dreadful day of death was fixed, and they implored an audience of the empress: the aged mother, the betrothed wife, lay at her feet in speechless agony; they entreated, they clung to her in the delirium of their grief. Their gentle sovereign wept with them, she endeavoured to console them; but although her whole frame trembled, and her voice faltered with agitation, as she replied to their entreaties, her answer left them quite hopeless. They obtained, however, permission to see the prisoner once before his execution, and even this had been hitherto denied to every one.

An unforeseen circumstance saved the life of Alberti. The captain of the banditti, who had not been taken with his companions, heard that Ernest was condemned to die. He had been once a man of honor himself; and he gave himself up to justice, relating clearly every particular of the count's refusal to join his band. The sentence was changed. Was it a merciful change? the noble and gallant Count Ernest was condemned in the prime of youthful manhood to become a workman for life, in the quicksilver mines of Idria.

The first surprise, which made known to the aged countess her son's safety, was joyful; but her grief soon returned as she thought upon the dreadful termination which still awaited all her hopes for him. But Bianca was young and ardent, and the worst that could now happen was a joy to her. She devoted her whole heart, and every energy of her mind, to a plan which

she instantly resolved to execute. Since her childhood she had been a privileged favourite with Maria Theresa, but she now dreaded the opposition of her royal mistress to her intention. After mature deliberation, she decided that the most certain method of succeeding would be to confide her plan to the empress herself, before it could be told to her by any other person.

The Countess Florenheim was beloved as his own child by the good and venerable confessor of Maria Theresa. She went to him, and he listened to her kindly, and with earnest attention. He was accustomed to examine the principles of actions, rather than their effects; to consider whether they were really right, not whether they might be approved according to worldly opinions.

The Father Antonio left the countess in doubt as to his opinion; but a few hours after his departure, he again visited the Florenheim palace, and he brought with him a message from the empress. She commanded the immediate presence of the Countess Bianca at the imperial palace. The confessor declined answering any of Bianca's anxious questions: and departed, declaring his intention of seeing her when she returned from the empress.

The young countess ordered her carriage, and in a short time after she had received the imperial summons, she was admitted into the private apartments of her sovereign. She remained alone for a sufficient time to perplex herself with attempting to discover why she had been summoned to the presence of the empress. Maria Theresa appeared; she was simply dressed, and unattended; she smiled as she bowed her head to Bianca, and then sat down, fixing the full gaze of her eyes on the blushing countenance of the young countess. She spoke at once on the subject which the latter was most interested about.

"I have been conversing with the Father Antonio," she said; "you, Countess Bianca, were the subject of our conference. I have requested your presence; for, although I am your friend, I would now speak to you as your monarch; as such, I ask not your confidence. Tell me only, have you considered, do you know, that if you accompany the disgraced Count Alberti to the mines of Idria, you must literally share his fortunes? You will be, from the moment that you become his wife, simply the wife of an Idrian miner. Your title, your estates, all your rank and wealth will be forfeited. You will be forced to perform even the duties of a menial servant to your husband.

"Countess Bianca of Florenheim," she proceeded, "can you, dare you undertake such a



sacrifice? Are you aware that your mind may now be upheld by an uncertain enthusiasm? Have you thought upon the drear dull calm of poverty, and decaying health? Do you feel assured that when the first tumultuous feelings of self-applause have worn themselves out, when there are none around to wonder at your extraordinary devotion to Alberti, when your name will be almost forgotten in the circles where you have hitherto lived, quite forgotten indeed, by all but a few friends whom you will never behold again,—do you think you will then rejoice at the decision you have made? When perhaps your husband may be dying, in the morning of his age, with no attendant but a weak helpless wife, who may then be too ill even to stand beside him, then what will your feelings be?"

The empress repeated her question; for the words which preceded it had absorbed Bianca's thoughts. She pictured to herself the young and vigorous Ernest wasting away, dying in her presence; she forgot herself, and all but his sufferings. Slowly she raised her head, as the empress again addressed her.

"What will my feelings be? Ah! I can scarcely imagine what they will be. Sorrow, certainly sorrow, but only for him; that must be the pervading feeling at such a moment. Happiness," her whole face brightened with smiles as she spoke, "real joy on my own account, to know that I am with him *then*, to hope, to believe, that I shall soon be with him *for ever!*"

Bianca continued to speak, and it was evident that her mind had anticipated and dwelt on the miseries that awaited the wife of Alberti.

Maria Theresa listened to her with profound attention; she asked once again:

"Do you determine to follow Ernest Alberti to the mines of Idria as his wife, and to resign your rank and possessions?"

Bianca sunk on her knee, she raised her clasped hands, and exclaimed:

"I am but too favoured by God and my sovereign, if I may follow him. I resign my rank and my property with joy, with gratitude."

Again, once again, the empress fixed on Bianca an earnest and searching look, and appeared to think deeply.

"I am satisfied—I am *quite* satisfied," she said at length, and the sternness of her look disappeared; "I cannot countenance, but I shall not oppose your marriage."

Bianca had been comparatively calm before, but now she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed almost hysterically. Maria Theresa would have raised her, but Bianca sprung up

from the ground, her face beaming with delight, though the tears hung upon her cheeks.

"Oh! forgive me," she said eagerly; "your highness will forgive me. Do not mistake my tears for sorrow; I am so happy that I must weep."

The empress opened the door by which she had entered the room, and led the trembling countess into a small oratory.

"I must converse with you here, before we part," she said; and at once, her look, her voice, her manner, became expressive of the tenderest affection. "I have spoken as your sovereign, now listen to your friend. Here we should forget all distinctions of worldly rank. Here, my sweet Bianca, an empress may feel herself inferior to the wife of a poor miner. Tell me really, my dear child," she said, tenderly clasping her companion's hands, as she drew her nearer, and gazed with a look of affectionate inquiry in her face; "confide in your friend. Must you, will you, pursue this rash plan? What is the chief motive that determines you?"

"I love," she replied; and these two words, spoken as they then were, needed little comment to the heart of Maria Theresa; "I love Ernest for himself. I did not love his rank or his riches; he is still Ernest Alberti, he is still himself, and therefore I still love him. I can live with him in disgrace and misery; I can die with him! My words may seem like those of a romantic girl, but they are not idle sounds. I do feel that I am speaking to a friend. I open all my heart to you, when I tell you, that I see but one simple path before me, and that, in deciding to tread it, my principles confirm the decision of my heart."

"And I," said the empress, "yes, I confess that I understand and approve you. My child, you must leave me, or——"

Bianca sunk at the feet of the empress. She hoped, she implored for a moment. The words died upon her lips, when she beheld the calm, but changeless refusal expressed in the look of Maria Theresa, who said instantly:

"I have now only to bid you farewell. In this oratory I shall pray for you constantly. Think of me, not as your sovereign, but as your friend, and love me."

A missal lay upon the altar; its leaves were kept open by a rosary of pearls; the empress had left it there, it was the rosary she always wore: she pressed the crucifix suspended from it to her lips, and gave it silently to the young countess. Silently she kissed her cheek and forehead, and they parted.

That very evening Bianca visited the cell of Alberti; she had been there once before,—it was to receive his last embrace. Now she looked round on the gloomy courts, and smiled. Joyfully she passed on to the massy doors, which separated her from him whom she loved, and the grating of the bolts no longer sounded harshly. Ernest heard with astonishment the cry of delight, with which Bianca threw herself on his bosom. He looked in vain for explanation to his mother, and the Father Antonio, who slowly entered the cell. He moved not as she unwound her slender arms, and looked up tenderly, but almost reproachfully, in his face.

“My love,” she said, “I am very bold; but it was not always thus. Do you look coldly on me? Dear, dear Ernest! must I remind you of our long plighted affection? Are you still silent? Then I must plead the cause which has so often made you eloquent. I do not blush,” she said, “to make my request;” while a deepening blush spread over her downcast face, and completely belied her assertion. “Will you not understand me? Will you not recall the time when I should have waited like a bashful maid, to be entreated like all bashful maids? then you have often called me too reserved. But now,” she exclaimed, fixing her ardent and innocent gaze upon him, “a wife offers her hand to her husband. Dear Ernest! will you not take this hand?”

She smiled and held out her small white hand. He took it; he pressed it to his lips, and continued to hold it trembling in his own.

“My sweet Bianca,” he said, and as he looked at her the tears streamed from his eyes, “I was prepared for this. I knew that you would speak as you do now. It is heart-breaking to see you here, to hear you speak as I knew you would. I almost wish you had been less true, less like yourself. Ah! how can I refuse the slightest of your chaste favours! But I must be firm. We must part. My love, I will not speak of poverty, although the change would be too hard for you, a young and delicate girl, of high rank, accustomed to affluence and to ease. But, Bianca, you are a woman; and shall a tender, helpless woman be doomed to pine away in dark and horrid caverns, whose very air is poison?”

“Alberti,” said she, with eager earnestness, “have not the miners wives?”

“It may be so,” he replied; “but those women must be poor neglected wretches, injured to the sorrows and hardships of their life; they must be almost callous to distress.”

Bianca looked at him as if she had not heard him rightly; her tall figure seemed to dilate into

unusual majesty; her whole face beamed with intelligence as she spoke.

“And do you think, Ernest, that cold and deadened feeling can produce that fortitude, that patient heavenly fortitude, which the gospel, the spirit of God, alone inspires? Dearest, when I become your partner, the happy partner of your misery, I think not of my woman’s weakness; (and yet I hardly believe that it would fail.) No; I look to another arm for strength, to Him who now supports the burden of all His children’s sorrow. He will hear our prayers, and He will never forsake us. A miner’s hut may be a very happy home: it must be so to me, for my happiness is to remain with you. Would you have me wretched with my wealth and titles? I am pleading for my own happiness,—not so much for yours. Must I plead in vain?”

It was not her language, it was the almost unearthly eloquence of tone and manner that gave to the words of the Lady Bianca, an effect which it seemed impossible to resist. When she finished speaking, her hand extended to Ernest, and her face, as she leaned forward, turning alternately to the aged countess and the friar, her eyes shining with the light of expression, and the pure blood flowing in tides of richer crimson to her cheek and parted lips, lips on which a silent and trembling eloquence still hung, they all sat gazing on her in speechless astonishment. A stray sunbeam had darted through the narrow window of the cell, and the stream of light, as Bianca moved, fell upon her extended hand.

When Ernest saw the pale transparent red, which her slender fingers assumed, as the sunbeam shone through them, he thought with horror, that the blood now giving its pure clearness to her fair skin, and flowing so freely and freshly through her delicate frame, would in the mine’s poisonous atmosphere become thick and stagnant: he thought how soon the lustre of her eyes would be quenched, and the light elastic step of youth, the life which seemed exultant in the slight and graceful form of Bianca, would be palsied forever.

Ernest was eager to speak, but the old priest interrupted him, by proposing that nothing should be finally settled till the evening of the fourth ensuing day. Then the Lady Bianca, he observed, would have had more time to consider the plan she had formed: and till then the young count would be permitted to remain in Vienna.

“I will consent; but on this one condition,” said Bianca, “that my proposal, bold as it is, shall not be then opposed, if, as you say, my resolution be not changed. You know, dear Ernest, that I cannot change.”

Bianca went, and with her husband, to the mines. The dismal hut of a workman in the mines of Idria was but a poor exchange for the magnificent palace of the Count Alberti, on the banks of the Danube, which was now confiscated to the crown; though a small estate was given to the venerable and respected countess during her life. But Bianca smiled with a smile of satisfied happiness, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she stopped before the hut which was to be their future home. Their conductor opened the door, but the count had forgotten to stoop, as he entered the low door-way, and he struck his lofty forehead a violent blow. Bianca uttered a faint shriek, her first and only complaint in that dark mine. The alarm which Bianca betrayed at his accident, banished the gloom which had begun to deepen on her husband's spirits: to remove her agitation, he persuaded himself to speak, and even to feel cheerfully: and when Bianca had parted away his thick hair, to examine the effects of the blow, and had pressed her soft lips repeatedly to his brow, she said playfully, as she bent down with an arch smile, and looked into her husband's face:

"After all, this terrible accident and my lamentations have not had a very bad effect, as they have brought back the smiles to your dear features, my own Ernest."

The miner's hut became daily a more happy abode; the eyes of its inhabitants were soon accustomed to the dim light, and all that had seemed so wrapt in darkness when they first entered the mines, gradually dawned into distinctness and light. Bianca began to look with real pleasure on the walls and rude furniture of her narrow room. She had no time to spend in useless sorrow, for she was continually employed in the necessary duties of her situation; she performed with cheerful alacrity the most menial offices—she repaired her husband's clothes, and she was delighted if she could sometimes take down from an old shelf, one of the few books she had brought with her. The days passed on rapidly; and as the young pair knelt down at the close of every evening, their praises and thanksgivings were as fervent as their prayers. Ernest had not been surprised at the high and virtuous enthusiasm which had enabled Bianca to support at first all the severe trials they underwent, without shrinking; but he was surprised to find that in the calm, the dull and hopeless calm, of undiminished hardship, her spirit never sank; her sweetness of temper and unrepining gentleness rather increased.

Another trial was approaching. Bianca, the young and tender Bianca, was about to become a

mother; and one evening, on returning from his work, Ernest found his wife making clothes for her unborn infant. He sat down beside her, and sighed; but Bianca was singing merrily, and she only left off singing to embrace her husband with smiles, he thought the sweetest smiles, he had ever seen.

The wife of one of the miners, whom Bianca had visited when lying ill of a dangerous disease, kindly offered to attend her during her confinement; and from the arms of this woman, Ernest received his first-born son; the child who, born under different circumstances, would have been welcomed with all the care and splendour of noble rank. But he forgot this, in his joy that Bianca was safe, and stole on tiptoe to the room where she was lying. She had been listening for his footstep, and as he approached, he saw in the gloom of the chamber her white arms stretched towards him.

"I have been thanking God in my thoughts," said Bianca, after her husband had bent down to kiss her; "but I am so very weak! Dear Ernest, kneel down beside the bed, and offer up my blessings with your own."

"Surprising strength seemed to have been given to this delicate mother, by Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and she recovered rapidly from her confinement; but when her infant was about a month old, Bianca began to fear for his health. It was a great sorrow for her to part with her own darling child; but she felt it to be her duty to endeavour to send him out of the mines, to the care of the old Countess Alberti. It was very hard to send him away, before he could take into the world the remembrance of those parents who never would behold him more—before his first smiles had seemed to notice the love and the care of the mother who bore him; but Bianca did not dare to think of her sorrowful regret, for it was necessary to use every exertion to effect this separation, so painful to herself. She knew that the wretched inhabitants of the mines were dropping into the grave daily; she knew that their lives seldom exceeded the two first years of their horrid confinement, and she panted with eager desire to send her pallid child to pure untainted air.

It was at this time that Ernest, as he was at work in one of the galleries, beheld a stranger, attended by the surveyor of the mines, approaching the place where he stood. Ernest turned away as the stranger passed, but he started with surprise, to hear the tones of a voice which he well remembered. He could not be mistaken, for the person spoke also with a foreign accent.

At first he nearly resolved not to address him ; but the stranger had not proceeded many steps, when Ernest stood before him, and exclaimed :

“ Signor Everard, have you forgotten me ? ”

The Italian, who had come there to examine the mines, did not, indeed, recognize at once, in the emaciated being who addressed him, the young and gallant Count Alberti, whom he had known at Vienna, one of the bravest and most accomplished men of the court. Who would not have been struck at such a contrast ? Who could have refused to grant the request that Ernest made ? He entreated Everard to remove his infant from the mines, and to deliver him to the care of the old countess.

The generous Italian did not hesitate to comply with his wishes : but his heart and soul were interested in the cause, when Alberti conducted him to the hut, and he beheld the pale and slender Bianca bending over her sick infant, like a drooping lily—preserving, in the midst of toil and misery, all the sweet and delicate graces of a virtuous and high-born female—and when her beseeching and melancholy smiles, and her voice like mournful music, pleaded for her infant's life.

The Italian left the mines immediately, to seek the means of the child's removal, but had no sooner reached the post-house nearest to the mines, than a person arrived there express from Vienna, anxiously inquiring if Alberti or his wife were still alive. A few hours after, another person arrived with the same haste, and on the same errand : they were, the one a near relation of Bianca, the other Alberti's fellow-soldier and most intimate friend. Pardon had at length been granted to the young exile, on the petition of the general officer whom he had wounded ; and Alberti was recalled by the empress herself to the court of Vienna.

The bearers of these happy tidings immediately descended into the mines. As they approached Alberti's hut, the light which glimmered through some apertures in the shattered door, induced them to look at its inmates before they entered. Though dressed in a dark coarse garment, and wasted away to an almost incredible slightness, still enough of her former loveliness remained, to tell them that the pallid female they beheld was the young countess ; and the heart admired her more—as she sat leaning over her husband, and holding up to his kisses her small infant, her dark hair carelessly parted, and bound round her pale brow, seeming to live but in her husband's love—than when elegance had vied with splendour in her attire, when her hair had sparkled with diamonds, and, in full health and beauty, she had been the one gazed at and

admired in the midst of the noblest and fairest company of Vienna. The door was still unopened, for Bianca was singing to her husband ; she had chosen a song, which her hearers had listened to in her own splendid saloon, on the last night she had sung there : the soft complaining notes of her voice had seemed out of place there, where all was careless mirth and festivity ; but its tone was suited to that dark solitude—it was like the song of Hope in the cave of Despair.

The feelings of Bianca, as she ascended slowly in the miner's bucket from the dark mine, cannot be described. She had unwillingly yielded to her husband's entreaties, that she would be first drawn up ; and with her infant on her bosom, her eyes shaded with a thick veil, and supported by the surveyor of the mines, she gradually rose from the horrible depth. The dripping damps that hung round the cavern, fell upon her, but she heeded them not. Once she looked up at the pale pure star of light, far, far above her, but immediately after, she bent down over her infant, and continued without moving or speaking. Several times the bucket swayed against the sides of the shaft, and Bianca shuddered, but her companion calmly steadied it ; and at last she was lifted out upon the ground. She did not look up ; she knelt in fervent but distracted prayer, till she heard the bucket which contained her husband approaching. The chain creaked, and the bucket swung, as it stopped above the black abyss. Even then there was danger, the chance of great danger ; it was necessary for Ernest to remain immovable ; at the highest certainty of hope, he might yet be plunged at once into the yawning depths below. Bianca felt this, and stirred not ; she held in her breath convulsively—she saw through her veil the planks drawn over the cavern's mouth—she saw Ernest spring from the bucket—some one caught her child, as, stretching forth her arms to her husband, she fell senseless on the ground.

There were many hearts that sorrowed over the departure of the young Alberti and his wife from the mines of Idria. The miners, with whom they had lived so long, had learned to love them, at a time, too, when many a heart had forgotten to love and to hope ; had learned from their kind words, but more, oh ! much more from their beautiful example, to shake off the dreadful bonds of despair, and daily to seek, and to find, a peace which passeth all understanding. Ernest and Bianca had taught them to feel how happy, how cheering a thing religion is ! Was it then surprising, that, at their departure, their poor companions should crowd around them, and weep with mournful gratitude, as Ernest distributed

among them his working tools, and the simple furniture of his small hut? Was it surprising that Bianca and her husband, as they sat on the green grass, with waving trees and a cloudless sky above them, while the summer breeze bore with it full tides of freshness and fragrance from their magnificent gardens, and they beheld the pure rose-colour of health begin to tinge the cheek of their delicate child, was it surprising that they should turn with feelings of affectionate sorrow to the dark and dreary mines of Idria?

I must not forget to mention, that Ernest and his wife were publicly reinstated in all their former titles and possessions. A short time after their return to Vienna, they made their first appearance at court for that purpose. At the imperial command, all the princes and nobles of Austria, gorgeously dressed, and blazing with gold and jewels, were assembled. Through the midst of these, guiding the steps of his feeble and venerable mother, Alberti advanced to the throne. A deep blush seemed fixed upon his manly features, and the hand which supported his infirm parent trembled more than the wasted fingers he tenderly clasped. The empress herself hung the order of the golden fleece round his neck, and gave into his hands the sword which he had before forfeited; but, as she did so, her tears fell upon the golden scabbard; the young soldier kissed them off with quivering lips. But soon every eye was turned to the wife of Alberti, who, with her young child sleeping in her arms, and supported by the noble-minded general who had obtained her husband's pardon, next approached. Bianca had not forgotten that she was still only the wife of an Idrian miner, and no costly ornament adorned her simple dress. Not a tinge of colour had yet returned to her cheeks of marble paleness, and a shadowy languor still remained about her large hazel eyes: but her delicately-shaped lips had almost regained their soft crimson dye, and her dark-brown hair, confined by a single ribbon, shone as brightly as the beautiful and braided tresses around her. She wore a loose dress of white silk, adorned only with a fresh cluster of roses (for since she had left the mines, she was more fond than ever of flowers). Every eye was fixed on her, and the empress turned coldly from the glittering forms beside her, to the simple Bianca. Descending from the throne, Maria Theresa hastened to raise her, ere she could kneel; and, kissing her with the tender affection of a dear and intimate friend, she led the trembling Bianca to the highest step of the throne. There she turned to the whole assembly, and, looking like a queen as she spoke, said, "This is the person whom we should all

respect, as the brightest ornament of our court. This is the wife, ladies of Austria, whom I, your monarch, hold up as your example—whom I am proud to consider far our superior in the duties of a wife. Shall we not learn of her to turn away from the false pleasures of vanity and splendour, and like her to act up, modestly, but firmly, to that high religious principle, which proves true nobility of soul?—Count Alberti," continued the empress, "every husband may envy you your residence in the mines of Idria. May God bless you both, and make you as happy, with the rank and wealth to which I now fully restore you, as you were in the hut of an Idrian miner."

TO THE  
MEMORY OF J. E. MILLS, ESQ.

WHO, while Mayor of Montreal, devoted his life to the alleviation of Irish misery, in that Emigrant lazaret beyond the City, in a swamp, by the Lachine Canal.

BY ULAD-DE-CANADA.

Here was a man, though Fortune bless'd,  
Sublimed by Heaven afar,  
Beyond all thought in life possess'd  
By those who mortal are.

His glory o'er the deep oppress'd,  
Such halo soft did throw,  
As they can tell, whom he caress'd  
By that Canal below.

Where on the cold and moistened sod,  
All typhus-torn they lie,  
With glassy eyes turn'd up to-God,  
As in that swamp they die.

Then wilt thou pilgrim, drop no tear,  
While wandering through this clime,  
O'er him whose love had known no fear,  
When sickness wild was thine?

Yes! Erin's exile, as he roams  
Along this land, in ills  
Derived from Erin's ruined homes,  
Shall drop a tear to Mills.

SONNET.

Poets of Italy, I love you well!

Whether you sing in your immortal strains  
Of wars and warriors, or you joy to tell  
Of gentle maidens and of faithful swains:  
Whether I list to thee, whose mighty pow'r  
Bade the dark house of Woe her guests display;  
Or thee, who in the solitary hour  
Hast won my ear with many a love-lorn lay;  
My heart is so deceiv'd, that it prefers  
E'en to the majesty of classic song  
Your wilder notes. Yet half the charm is hers  
Who taught me what you are. To her belong  
My thanks—to her my gratitude is due:  
I love you, for my Laura loves you too.

PORTION OF

## AN ADDRESS UPON THE DEBATING CLUB,

DELIVERED AT THE DEBATING CLUB IN CONNECTION WITH THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

BY P.

KNOWLEDGE in a general sense, is the great physical, and moral, and intellectual regenerator of mankind. It is knowledge which has gradually drawn out our race from barbarism and ignorance, up to our present state of civilization and refinement. It is knowledge which not only adds to our influence, our comfort and to our health, but it is also a constant source of pleasure while at home or abroad; for to her votaries nothing is void of interest, and they find equal food for contemplation in the dropping of a pebble, as in the fall of the thunderbolt; and the little ant is connected to them by as many intellectual ties, as is the mightiest beast of the forest. "Knowledge," in Mr. Mills' words, "is the distinguishing trait betwixt an European, and a savage; betwixt an Englishman, and the wildest Hottentot."

Knowledge holding then such an extended and powerful sway over the destinies of man, possessing as she does the great source from whence flow the principal causes of his health, comfort, and superiority, thus becomes one of the great objects of man's existence; I might almost venture to say that it should be man's greatest object, for in proportion as he acquaints himself with the laws by which our Creator has regulated mind and matter, so does he increase his capacity to praise and adore his Creator for that supreme wisdom and goodness which distinguishes him in his works. And man has little or no excuse, even in the most ignorant periods, for the non-performance of so important a duty, for our Creator has wisely and benevolently implanted more or less in the mind of every man, an intellect, by the exercise of which he is enabled to penetrate into the secret workings and properties of his own mind, and of external nature. If then, in past periods, little excuse could be offered for neglecting to improve the mind, how much less the excuse, how much more serious and reprehensible is that neglect at the present day, when the attainment made in the various branches of the arts and sciences are so widely diffused abroad for the benefit of the

people, and explained in a manner capable of being understood by the weakest capacity. An ignorance of the general branches of the arts and sciences, by the young tradesman or mechanic, now becomes a fit subject for opprobrium and disgrace. This age is the opening of a new era, when the working man shall fill his proper position in society, and when the importance and the nobleness of his calling shall be recognised and appreciated; that opening was effected from the progress which he has begun to make, and the recognition of his rights will be made by the world, in proportion as he carries on that progressive development by the exercise of his rational faculties. With this object in view, it behoves him to look carefully and earnestly around, and embrace every means that will assist him in the prosecution of so noble an object. It is my aim to show, that this object may be best attained through the medium of the Debating Club.

But, before I proceed further into my discourse, I would take the liberty to impress on your minds this fact, that knowledge is valuable only in so far as it is useful to us, and that to make it useful we must first make it practical; or in other words, that we can never obtain greatness in any branch of the arts or sciences, unless that greatness is created by self-reflecting or self-practical knowledge. This is perhaps trite, but it is very true, and moreover very important. But there is a class of persons, and I fear a large class, who are under the erroneous belief that knowledge is created by the mere perusal of books; they are satisfied with merely reading them, and they fancy there remains no more for them to do after having read them. To ponder upon the probability, or the improbability of what they have read; to scrutinize the extent of its value or usefulness, are matters with which they appear to have no concern. This neglect of the exercise of the judgment is attended with many serious consequences, for we thus, I may say, bastardize, and deprive ourselves of one of the greatest gifts of

our Creator, a gift, which above all others, man should be most careful in exercising independently, and thereby render himself better able to withstand the temptations, and to avoid the quicksands of life. To exercise his judgment upon all matters within his reach, is not only man's duty, but it is also man's privilege, and should also be man's pleasure, for it is in that exercise, that his powers, his perfection, and his knowledge is created. It would be far from me to detract one hair's breath from the value of books, but my regard for truth forces me to confess my firm conviction, that they are only useful as Elementary teachers, and that when we proceed further with them, they become both useless and pernicious. All a book can teach us, is what some other man knows, but it was that man's mind, assisted by his judgment, that taught him those truths, and made them valuable; and to know thoroughly ourselves, those truths require the teaching, and the inward conviction of our own minds. "To borrow the opinion of another," said Socrates, "was *not* to learn;—to guide ourself by the judgment of another is blindness." Nor can we, in retailing the doctrines of another, unaided by self-examination and conviction, feel that spirit of firm independence, inherent in every self-reflecting man; neither can we otherwise place ourselves upon a fixed basis; for it is alone by reflection, examination, and experience, that we can render ourselves able to withstand the Sophist and his theories, and thus rescue ourselves from becoming the child of uncertainty, the blind follower of a doctrine, or the sport of every conflicting wave and wind.

There is no place, I think, where the mind can be extended, and the judgment strengthened with more advantage, than within the precincts of the Debating Club. For there each appears lighting, and getting light, teaching and being taught; there mind clashes against mind, exposing fallacies, making discoveries, and verifying truths. There we may assuredly realise the immortal inscription at Delphos,—“Know thyself!”

Almost any person, however slightly acquainted with the objects, and the mode of proceeding in those Clubs, can form, at a glance, some idea of the beneficial influence a young man would experience from an attendance on, and a participation in their debates. It would expand his intellect, strengthen his judgment, purify his taste, and would tend much to elevate him above objects of a useless, or of a pernicious tendency. He would then leave the tavern for the Debating Club, and the wild extravagant romance, for a book of sound, moral truths. No longer would

his health be broken by midnight orgies, or his money spent for useless purposes. He would no longer be tempted to neglect the commandments of his Creator, but be led in the contemplation of his works to exclaim with the Bible, “Great and wondrous are thy works, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints, Hallelujah!” And further, it would occupy his time in a manner conducive to his happiness as well as to his interest and well being. “Time,” said an Italian Philosopher, “is my estate.” Time is indeed our only real wealth, our life, and one of the main sources of our power. Then how careful ought we to be, that we allow not a moment to pass us without receiving for it its full value. Young said truly:

“Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor. Part with it as with money, sparingly; pay no moment, but in purchase of its worth, and what its worth? Ask death-beds,—they can tell.”

Yes! when death stands at the door, how indescribably bitter and awful is the agony which Time's impending departure exercises upon the mind of its victim. In watching his earnest look, his gasping breath, and the incessant struggle of the body, we can only then form but a slight idea of Time's value. Shakspeare makes Richard to offer “A kingdom for a horse,” upon seeing the destruction of his army; but Elizabeth, in expiring, cried: “Worlds for *one* moment longer!”

Having said thus much upon the value of time, I would now direct your attention to another of the advantages connected with the possession of an educated mind, which I feel sure every young person present, will acknowledge to be of the highest importance. All of us have felt, or will feel at some period of our lives, the influence of that tender, but often painful feeling, denominated Love, under whose influence so many poets have sung, and so many others have groaned. Now can anything look more pitiful and melancholy than the appearance of an unsuccessful lover. When I had once or twice the opportunity to watch their pale, their downcast countenances, the constant self-whispering, and the looks full of anguish and despair of those unfortunate creatures, I confess I could see nothing less than suicide before them. Well, I was naturally led to reflect a little after this, upon female taste in those matters, and the conclusion to which I have arrived at, is this: “That an educated mind exercises a stronger influence upon the affections of the fair sex, than an empty head though the owner be the possessor of thousands.” There are, undoubtedly, a few who are carried away by the glitter of gold, and the transitory influence of external appearance; but, to the honor of the

fair sex, I believe, if the question could be left to their decision this moment, that the majority would prefer Intellect though clothed in rags, to Ignorance in wealth. Now having, I hope, shown that our success in courtship depends as much, if not more, upon our intellectual capabilities, than it does upon worldly wealth or external appearance, I think I have almost said enough to make a diligent and an aspiring student of the dullest blockhead in the universe. The history of some of our great men has forcibly shewn the influence their superior minds exercised over the fair sex, both in matters of courtship and in a general acquaintance; and a similar influence, in a proportional degree, has doubtless been experienced by every man of education. However, I will take the liberty to relate a little anecdote in point, which happened to Tyrone Power. Well, Power had a very plain countenance, to which was added the disagreeable marks of the small pox. While he was at one time in a room amidst a company of fashionables, a lady among them, who had not seen Power before, expressed her surprise at the coarseness of his countenance, and wondered how other ladies could therefore express so much admiration of his company. That same evening Power was, it is said, introduced to this lady,—a few minutes after she was likewise heard expressing to a friend, the pleasure with which she had listened to Power's conversation; and lo! a short time from this, this very lady became his wife. Let us for instance watch an educated man in the social circle; we shall find him to be there, the pole star of attraction, that his words carry with them a greater force, and that his actions make a stronger impression upon those around him, than those of a less educated person. What lord or lady, while in company with Pope, could think his humped back a deformity—or would despise Johnson's conversation because of his coarse features, or his dirty hands—or that would listen with less pleasure to Goldsmith because he stammered? No, for the beauty of the mind is so great, and its influence is so powerful, that it spreads around the most ugly features or the most ungainly limb of the man of genius, a halo of symmetry and of beauty!

Having now briefly shewn the influence of conversation, when fed by knowledge, I shall next endeavour to show you to what advantage it may be cultivated in the Debating Club. It is practice, we know, which makes us perfect in almost all things, and so we should find it would in preparing ourselves to discuss a question chosen for debate. For to debate well on any subject we must first know it

well. At first we would very likely find a little difficulty to acquire freely, words expressive of our ideas, and also some trouble to connect those ideas together in a proper and in an intelligible form; but those obstructions would be sure to vanish away gradually with the exercise. I have known some young men that were unable to utter scarcely two sentences intelligibly, but after a connexion of two or three months with a Debating Club, and occasionally participating in the debates, they were able to express their ideas both lucidly and logically. Mr. Young, in his "Colonial Literature," says: "The Debating Club is an admirable school of tuition, and some of the first orators who have adorned the history of eloquence have made their *first essays* in assemblies of this kind. Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Samuel Romilly attended them for years, and if evidence were wanting to prove the *advantage* and *necessity* of such institutions, it would be easy to condense in their favor a long array of the testimony of men of the first eminence." Burns, the peasant poet, without any scholastic opportunity to acquire a polished and graceful style of conversation, was yet, we find, very remarkable for his skill in it. Dr. Currie, in his life, says: "A Scottish lady accustomed to the best society, declared with characteristic *naïveté*, that no man's conversation threw her so completely off her feet as that of Burns; and an English lady, familiarly acquainted with the most distinguished characters of those times, assured Dr. Currie, that in the happiest of his social hours, there was a charm about Burns which she had never seen equalled." This skill of Burns, in conversing, Mr. Lockhart attributed principally to his connection with a Debating Club at Tarbolton and at Mauchline, of which I shall speak more by and by.

And while married, the wife would be equally benefitted by those acquirements; she would assuredly feel a pleasure in participating in her husband's intellectual riches, and be able more or less to appreciate their value. What an unbounded, and what a noble field would be thus opened for their exercise and examination; and what a preventative also it would be to the broils and bickerings which unhappily too often darken the domestic hearth. Those advantages would extend likewise to the children. The great secret in training the child is in placing good examples before it; and let the child but once see his father occupy his evenings in reading and conversing upon moral and instructive topics, and I conceive that no surer means could be adopted to make that child imitate his father. The Debating Club has thus a stronger claim upon the attention



of the married man than upon the unmarried man, for the former has not only the moral duty to improve his own mind, but also to foster and direct the minds of his family. And a weekly attendance at the Debating Club would produce ample subjects for his examination and discussion among his family from week to week. Each week would bring with it a different object of interest and value to present them, either from Shakspeare or Newton, from Locke or from Gibbon; all the rich gems of ancient lore, and all the jewels which deck the modern throne of intellect would there await his call. Having such advantages, together with a proper degree of parental guidance in other matters, the child, as I have before stated, would be naturally led to follow in the footsteps of his parents, and thus the principal step would be reached towards the banishment of one half of the crime and misery in the world. It is ignorance, my friends, which crowds our station houses, which fills our jails, and swells so greatly the criminal calendar. Were mankind more generally educated, were they all initiated into the distinction between right and wrong, and capacitated to feel the moral obligation which lies upon them as responsible beings, I believe there would not be one half of the present amount of crime committed. Thus, as fathers, as men, as christians, we should feel ourselves bound to inculcate by every means in our power, those principles which would tend to make man better, bearing in mind the words of Rousseau, that: "Science in general may be compared to a coin of great value, but of use to its possessor, only inasmuch as it is communicated to others; it is valuable only as a commodity of traffic."

When I look at the Debating Club in a general point of view, I see in it a proportional amount of advantages for the inculcation of doctrines or ideas. The history of Great Britain, during the past age, possesses a very vivid example of the influence which Debating Clubs for political purposes, exercised throughout the country during that period. They were then the principal vents of public opinion, and it was almost solely through them that Horne Tooke, Goodwin, Muir and Palmer, obtained their popularity and influence. So great at last became the influence of those Clubs, that Mr. Pitt deemed legislative interference necessary, and he accordingly passed a Bill, by which their meetings were prohibited under a penalty of fine and imprisonment. Now setting aside the question of the amount of good or bad consequences which might have resulted from those Political Debating Clubs, at that period, I would merely remark, that it appears self-evident to me,

and I think would to all after a moment's reflection, that if those Clubs were able to exert the influence they did in enunciating political doctrines, they may be brought to bear with equal force in spreading around the seeds of knowledge.

But although Mr. Pitt, while Prime Minister, considered it necessary, for the preservation of himself and his party, to prohibit the holding of the Political Debating Clubs, yet he was not ignorant of their advantages in training the youthful mind to debate. It is supposed that the first speech he made was at one of those Clubs, at the Old Bailey in London; the first speech Canning made was at another Club in London; the first speeches that Burke made were at a similiar one, called the Robin Hood; and to those brilliant orators who first exercised their powers in those Clubs, I may add the names of Steele, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Wilberforce. Who can tell the influence those Clubs might have had upon the after career of those great men? We have also the names of many illustrious persons who were connected with Debating Clubs, devoted solely to literary subjects. Some of the greatest philosophers, orators, poets and historians of the present day, passed in their youth many a pleasant evening within their walls. In Edinburgh, one was established as early as 1764, and called "The Speculative," by a number of young men who were students of the University of Edinburgh, and in the list of members in this little Club, may be seen the names of Sir Walter Scott, of Robertson, Dugald Stewart, of Jeffries, Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Dudley. Many an orator, says a late writer, who has since delighted and edified mankind, was trained in the Speculative. I might mention that it was in this Society that Sir James Mackintosh discovered his oratorical powers, and decided, upon the suggestion of one of the members, to leave medicine, which he was then studying, for the bar. Among the published correspondence of Roscoe, the celebrated historian of Leo the Tenth, is the following letter, addressed to the Marquis of Lansdowne: "I have," said he, "for upwards of ten years, been a member of a little Society composed of about a dozen persons, and who attended once each week at each other's house for the discussion of literary subjects." This Society was obliged to be broken up upon the passing of Mr. Pitt's Bill, of which Roscoe, in the same letter, complains very sadly to the Marquis. Among the members was Dr. Currie, author of the Life of Burns, Doctor Rutter and Professor Smyth. Nor amongst the advocates and members who have adorned the history of

the Debating Club, must I forget the illustrious Lord Mansfield, and the poets Kirke White, Hogg and Allan Ramsay. Mr. Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, gives the following account of Burns' attendance at the Debating Society at Tarbolton, which may not be uninteresting to you: "Shortly before he went to Irvine, he, his brother Gilbert, and some seven or eight young men besides, all of the parish of Tarbolton, had formed themselves into a Society, which they called a Bachelors' Club, and which met one evening in every month, for the purpose of mutual entertainment, and improvement. That their cups were but moderately filled is evident, for the rules of the Club did not permit any Member to spend more than threepence at a sitting. A question was announced for discussion at the close of each meeting, and at the next, they came prepared to deliver their sentiments upon the subject matter thus proposed. There can be no doubt," continues Mr. Lockhart, "that Burns would not have patronised this sober Institution so long, unless he had experienced at its assemblies the pleasures of a stimulated mind, and as little, that to the habit of arranging his thoughts, and expressing them in somewhat of a formal style, thus early cultivated, we ought to attribute much of that conversational skill, which, when he first mingled with the upper world, was considered the most remarkable of all his personal accomplishments." At Mauchline, some time subsequently, Burns, with some others, formed a similar Society, and in one of his published letters, he speaks very affectionately of the many pleasant and profitable evenings he had passed at each of those Societies. Bulwer, in portraying the character of John Ardworth in his *Lucretia*, says of him—"He obtained a high reputation at that noble Debating Society at Cambridge, which has trained some of the most eminent of literary men." In a note upon this extract, he adds: "Among those whom the Union, (the name of this Debating Club,) almost extemporaneously trained for public life, and whose distinction has kept the promise of their youth, we may mention the eminent Barristers, Messrs. Austin and Cockburn; and among Statesmen, Lord Grey, Mr. Charles Buller, Mr. Villiers, and Mr. Macaulay. Nor ought we to forget those brilliant competitors for the prizes of the University, Dr. Kennedy, (now head master of Shrewsbury School,) and the late Winthrop M. Praed." And in presenting you with those testimonials in favor of the Debating Club, I would likewise take the liberty of adding a letter which the American Statesman, Henry Clay, wrote a few months since, to a young man at

New York, who was Secretary to a Debating Club there.

NEW ORLEANS, 29th Dec., 1846.

DEAR SIR.—I received your favor, informing me of the organization of the Young Men's Debating Society at New York, and in behalf of the Society, requesting suggestions from me, "as to the proper management, and best subjects for debate."

When I was a youth residing in Richmond, Virginia, a Society of young men, similar to yours, was established in that City, under the name of the Rhetorical Society. It embraced a great number of young men, engaged, or destined to various pursuits in life. Many of them became, afterwards, eminent and distinguished, and I believe they derived much benefit from the debates and proceedings of the Society.

The practice was to propose at one meeting of the Society, a subject for discussion at the next, and members were appointed, or voluntarily undertook to debate it, *pro* and *con*. But other members would sometimes mingle in the discussion, and after the close of it, the Society would pronounce its opinion.

I have not a distinct recollection of any of the subjects debated, but there can be no great difficulty in conceiving what would be profitable and suitable for such occasions. Questions such as these might be introduced: Is the acquisition of the dead languages desirable? Are the benefits or the evils from novel reading greater? What influence upon the custom of war has the invention of gunpowder produced, good or bad? What effect upon the peace of the world will the application of the power of steam have? Is there more or less corruption in the United States, than existed in the best periods in Greece and Rome? Is private or public education best? Which should be most an object of admiration and gratitude, a successful warrior, or a successful Statesman? Does a confederacy admit of an indefinite extension of territory, or are there limits which it may not safely transcend? Is free trade, or a system of protection for domestic industry, best for the United States?

These questions might be multiplied to any extent; but the specimens I have given may suffice.

I need not say that to speak on any of them well, they should be thoroughly examined, and studied. Without full preparation, there can be no effective, or eloquent public speaking.

Societies such as you have formed are, or may be, attended with great advantages, positive and indirect. They create a taste for study and reflection, and they form habits of easy and

graceful elocution. They preserve young men from dissipation and vulgar amusements, by substituting others which are more intellectual and refined.

Wishing your Society success and renown, I am your friend, and obedient servant,

HENRY CLAY.

With these great witnesses, with these convincing evidences, the Debating Club needs no assistance from me; those facts and proofs, plead more eloquently than my voice could utter, of its many valuable advantages, in training, and in nurturing the mind.

But methinks I hear whispered: "What use can it be for me to make the attempt? I shall never become either a Roscoe, or a Burns." I believe many a valuable but unexercised intellect has slumbered away its existence, and at last sunk into the grave, unknowing, and unknown, from having imbibed those unworthy, desponding impressions. Now, what would you think of a man, who had a journey to perform, which might become productive of much benefit to him, but who, instead of walking cheerfully onward, sat down at the commencement of the road, and exclaimed: "It will be no use for me to try, for I do not think I shall be able to walk it?" Would you not naturally say, that it should be his duty, as well as his interest, to make every attempt and exertion to accomplish this journey? Certainly it would,—and while we have so many encouraging instances, in where such exertions—although barred by many apparent obstructions on the road to knowledge—have been crowned with such brilliant success, I wonder that any one can be prevented from making the attempt, and that such foolish doubts would be allowed any longer to exist in the mind of the young aspirant. What should doubt or fear have to do with the student? His mind ought never for a moment to remain stationary or inactive; but constantly pressing onward, his mind ought not to be occupied so much with the difficulty of obtaining an object, as with the determination to possess it. And then, supposing that he should not attain the eminence of a Newton, a Mansfield or a Burns, there is nothing to prevent any one of us, by diligence and perseverance, from possessing a far larger share of knowledge than we could at first give ourselves credit for. There is a little secret too, which exercises an important effect upon the student's progress, and which I earnestly beg him to impress firmly upon his mind, which is: to allow no *little* incident to pass him unheeded, because of its apparent triviality, thus forgetting that the simplest trifle has produced some of

the greatest results; and that all great things are composed of a multiplicity of little things. A spider's web, we are told, saved Mahomet from the hands of his pursuers, and was eventually the means of founding an empire: We all know, I presume, that by an apple's fall, Newton discovered the laws of gravitation; and from the picking up of a pin, arose the riches and influence of the late French financier, Lafitte. And how many a humbler aspirant, upon the discovery of some long desired object, by some simple, and unexpected incident, has suddenly exclaimed with Archimedes: "I have found it! I have found it!"

There are again, others who object to improve their minds, because, as they say, they are *too old*, and consequently, it is also too late. If they mean by "*too old*," the uncertainty of life, then at that rate, we all may, from the youngest and healthiest, to the oldest and weakest, burn up our libraries, and order our coffins immediately; for I hope we all know that the rosier cheek, and the strongest limb, have no stronger surety for an existence beyond the present, than the feeblest invalid. If they mean by *too late*, that they anticipate from the natural course of things, but a few years more of existence; then, should they not feel it to be a solemn duty, to employ every spare moment during those few years, in exercising and enlarging their mental powers, because it is in proportion as we improve them aright, that we increase our capacity to worship and adore our Creator, through his numerous, and wondrous works. I do not think any one of us would fancy it too late to be cured of a painful malady, which had lain upon us for many years, because we might, in appearance, be upon the verge of the grave; nor indeed, would the unhappy criminal fancy a reprieve too late, because it was not placed in his hands until he had ascended the scaffold. But I fear the real truth is this,—that it is those who have no wish to find time to learn, that would forego an opportunity, upon the false and ungrounded plea of its being too late. It is never too late to learn! Dr. Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, did not think it too late at twenty, to commence the rudiments of an education; Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, did not think it too late at thirty, to commence the study of the Latin language; Cato the Censor, did not think it too late to learn Greek in his old age. The French mathematician, Paucton, was nineteen before he received any sort of an education, and he afterwards found he was not too late. Cromwell, who in every battle he fought was victorious, was forty-two before he entered the army,—and thus, we see neither was he *too late*. It is true

that youth has some superior advantages to acquire information, but I hope the facts I have just given will convince you, that age is not deficient of them.

I would here also, attempt to expose another detrimental impression which the young scholar is apt to imbibe. It is the supposition that the greatest merit exists in doing things quickly, and that, should he require a longer time than any other person to commit his lessons to memory, or in the arrangement and delivery of his thoughts, he will never, therefore, be able to shine either as a scholar or an orator. Quite the contrary, although Shakspeare is said never to have altered but one of his plays after the first writing, and that Sheridan wrote Pizarro, at Drury Lane, over port wine and sandwiches, on the morning of the day on which it was performed; yet with some few such exceptions, authors have taken unimaginable trouble and toil in the production of their works. Euripides wrote five lines, says Mr. Todd, while a cotemporary Poet wrote five hundred; but one wrote for immortality, the other for a day. I think it was Bembo, a Venetian Poet, that used to have upon his writing table, forty portfolios, through all of which, each sheet he wrote had to pass, but before they were placed in either of these portfolios, they had to undergo a fresh examination. Addison in each edition his Essays passed through during his life, made alterations. Bolingbroke was equally particular with each of his sentences; and we are told that Gibbon wrote the first chapters of his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, three times, before he discovered a style which pleased him. It is very foolish to suppose that in the world of intellect, great things can be accomplished without a corresponding amount of time and trouble, any more than in the physical world. Time, patience, and perseverance, are three of the greatest necessities of the student, for without them he will never be able to ascend in any branch of knowledge beyond mediocrity. "It is not an unerring sign of true genius, said a brilliant writer, to be slow in composition, and write little, or to finish with excessive labour." The higher and deeper the human eye penetrates into the physical world, the more it will discover objects for wonder and admiration; and we may be assured, that the higher and deeper we penetrate into our own minds, the more we shall discover, thoughts and ideas as innumerable as they are beautiful and invaluable.

## THE SOUL'S BELIEF.

Say not this life is all?  
Pines not the soul in Earth's ungenial air?  
Must all we love of virtuous and of fair  
Alike unnoted fall?  
The hearts most dear, to dust all moulder back,  
And no freed spirits tread a loftier track?

Must hopes of purer bliss,  
More high and holy than we meet with now,  
Stamp their bright signet upon manhood's brow,  
And love's first timid kiss  
Make the heart throb with angel joy alone,  
To perish when the clay to earth has gone?

Oh! can the chainless soul,  
That struggles on through toil and wo and strife,  
Onward and upward to a nobler life,  
Reach not the lofty goal?  
Catch glimpses of a glory it may win,  
Then sleep in gloom ere its bright course begin?

Vague dreams of childhood's hour,  
Filling the heart with awe, it knew not why,  
As if a spirit whispered, passing by,  
Youth's burning wish for power—  
To scan the mysteries that circle round,  
To tread the depths of Nature's endless bound—

And manhood's loftier gaze,  
Wearing the harness of a sterner fight,  
And struggling on, where through the lurid night  
Beams an immortal blaze;—  
Why—why—were these proud aspirations given,  
If the worn soul be barred from even hope of heaven?

All that the past hath taught—  
Its prophets, teaching a sublimer lore;  
Its god-like poets, heaping the bright ore  
From the rich mines of Thought;  
And high-souled men, who, in that darkened age,  
Dared in the cause of truth to breast its rage.

All that now lures us on—  
Pointing afar, where glory waits our call,  
Speaks to the soul, that when its clay shall fall,  
A nobler, brighter dawn,  
Shall beam around its steps, before untrod,  
Where with strong wing it sweeps still nearer God!

Darkness surrounds the grave;  
And to the blind and erring, doubt and fear,  
But the high hopes that light our pathway here  
Stream o'er the cloud-hung wave,  
And show beyond a more congenial clime,  
Where the soul's lofty power prevails o'er Death and  
Time!

## THE TALE OF A RECLUSE.

BY W. P. C.

ONE lovely day in autumn, wearied with the confinement of my room, I threw aside books and papers, and whistling to my dog, sallied forth for a long walk across the fields, and through the woods. The sky was clear, the air balmy and serene; and as I passed quickly from stile to stile, I heartily enjoyed its invigorating freshness. Engaged in the most agreeable reflections on country life, I walked on, scarcely regarding the distance I had already traversed. At length, becoming somewhat fatigued with my exertions, I sought the shade of a wide-spreading elm that grew hard by, purposing to rest awhile, and then retrace my course. Ajax, less exhausted than his master, chased the nimble squirrels, that ever and anon flitting from fence to fence, and tree to tree, chirped forth defiance of his utmost efforts. While watching my noble follower's movements, I heeded not the sound of approaching footsteps, till the dog himself turned around barking fiercely. Presently the figure of a man emerged from the bushes at a little distance, and advanced towards me. Ajax had evidently a strong inclination to spring upon him, but, obeying my signal, he crouched at my feet quietly enough, though he continued to regard the intruder with looks of suspicion.

I knew him very well; he was one of the oldest inhabitants of the country, somewhat singular in his manners, and by no means prepossessing in appearance. His habitation was a hut, built some miles from every other abode of man. There he spent his days and nights alone, except when chance brought some weary hunter to his door, or when necessity compelled him to visit the nearest village, there to purchase, with the produce of his daily toil, the simple clothing that he needed. No one knew whence he came, but for many years he had dwelt thus, throwing around himself an air of mystery, that lent a kind of veneration to the respect that others paid him.

During one of his visits to our village, I had it in my power to render him some slight service. Thus commenced our acquaintance. I found him a man possessed of varied information, and of a disposition by no means so harsh or misanthropic as I had imagined. How he had acquired a love

for the solitary life he led, I much desired to learn, but all my interrogatories on that head were evaded, as if the subject were too painful to be dwelt upon. I had never yet visited his residence, but reflecting now that it could not be far away, I rose with the intention of accompanying him thither. He greeted me warmly, and when I asked the permission I desired, hesitated not a moment in giving it.

Our way lay across a strip of woodland, where the dense foliage effectually precluded the earth from receiving a single ray of the sun, even when at its meridian. Beyond this, in the midst of a clearance, some acres in extent, stood old Abram's home—a solitary, gloomy, and desolate place for a human being to live in. The interior, however, contained some volumes of very ancient date, the solace doubtless of the recluse's leisure hours. An object on the rude table at once attracted my attention. It was the miniature of a beautiful young girl. The colors still fresh and lively, exhibited to advantage the antiquated style of dress, rendering the piece particularly interesting from its contrast with the fashions of a later day.

"Permit me to ask," said I, "if my question be not obtrusive, of whom this is a likeness?"

Such curiosity, I myself, if placed in his situation, would probably have resented as impertinent. But, knowing well that the history of such a man must needs contain a lesson of wisdom, I had determined to gain some clue to it, or, if possible, draw himself into its narration.

He did not, however, seem offended at all. A sad smile stole over his expressive features as he answered:

"To others than yourself, I should probably be silent on so sorrowful a theme, yet, if you would listen to a tale of terror, whose remembrance I would fain banish forever from my mind, your wish shall be gratified.

I seated myself near him, and he thus began:

"Many years ago, in a remote section of the country, lived a man named Willson, who, by some means that I never was informed of, had acquired an amount of wealth, that would, if generally known, have endangered the life of its possessor; yet an apparent frugality on his part deceived those whose rapacity might otherwise

have been excited. Three children sate by his fireside—Richard, Edward and Eleanor. As the fond father beheld the comeliness of each expand day by day, he neglected no means of making the mind equal in its attributes to the person. Assiduously did he endeavor to teach them the first principles of the many sciences with which he was himself acquainted. Forbidding all intercourse between his family and the neighborhood, he attentively watched the conduct of its youthful members, training them to the strict observance of every moral duty, and correcting promptly the slightest tendency to an infraction of its rules. I lived near to him. My father and mother died ere I had strength or experience sufficient to encounter the trials and difficulties of the world alone. Then did the kind Mr. Willson become my benefactor. He took me to his own home, clothed and fed me better than I had ever been before, and employed me in such light work as I could perform about his house. Seeing me diligent and attentive to my duty, he took pains also to instruct me in reading and writing. This instruction was indeed the greatest bounty that could have been conferred on me, for, from it I have derived the principal enjoyment of my later years.

“When I entered Mr. Willson’s house, all within spoke of union and peace. Under the happy discipline that he had established, forbearance and courtesy ensured contentment; while all felt that the true happiness of an individual springs from a contemplation of it in others. \* \* \* \* A few years elapsed, and what a change had taken place! The quiet of that happy home had been disturbed; the paternal injunctions had at length been set at nought. The companionship of the vicious is seldom slow in undermining even the firmest foundations of virtue. Ridicule has oftentimes been found an over-match for principle.

“I never have seen these truths more forcibly illustrated, than they were in the case of Edward Willson. His naturally good disposition rendered him attentive and obedient to his father’s instructions during childhood; but when, by reason of his age, that restriction began necessarily to be abated, he thoughtlessly courted the society of those whose morals could not but injure his own. His progress from virtue to vice was gradual. Well did his companions know that any sudden appearance of gross depravity would drive him at once from among them. It was therefore on some occasions with seeming deference that they listened to his remonstrances against their improprieties, while on others they encountered them with bitter sarcasm, such as placed the youth in

a state of doubt, whether it were not better for him to abandon, than continue, the advocacy of principles that were only deemed absurd by his associates.

“On one occasion, a convivial party detained the unfortunate young man beyond his usual hour of return. The family were in distress at his absence.

“‘Doubtless,’ said his father, ‘he is in company with some of the scamps of this neighbourhood, whom he has learned to love so well of late.’

“‘Fear not, dear father,’ returned the gentle Eleanor; ‘fear not—some unforeseen occurrence has detained him. He will soon be home.’ But even while she spoke in Edward’s defence, a starting tear told too plainly how she doubted her own words.

“‘Nay, Eleanor,’ replied her father sternly; ‘no unforeseen occurrence detains him—rather some drinking-party.’

“‘I cannot believe,’ said Richard, ‘that my brother has acquired an inclination for such scenes; the education that he has received, in common with myself, will ever keep us both, I trust, from indulging in iniquitous habits.’

“‘Has not Edward recently become intimate with Morrison and Watts, and other fellows, whose character is too dark for comment? They have already accomplished the boy’s ruin, or I judge them wrong.’

“Richard did not answer.

“‘Speak, sir; is this the truth, or is it not?’

“‘I will not deny,’ returned the son, ‘that he has sometimes been seen with those you mention, but excuse me if I do not think that circumstance at all warrants your conclusion.’

“‘Why not?’

“‘Because, sir, I have never witnessed any change in his deportment towards us—not the slightest.’

“‘But I have, Richard, if you have not; I have noticed his abstracted air, his forced smile, and incoherent conversation. A father’s anxiety is easily aroused, but not so easily allayed.’

“The poor old man buried his face within his hands, and groaned aloud. Richard started up.

“‘My dear father,’ he exclaimed, ‘be consoled; I will seek my brother, and bring him home safe with me. Abram will accompany me.’

“During this conversation, I had remained silent, my situation forbidding interference. But when the young man spoke of going in search of Edward, I rose and prepared to follow him. He whispered a word or two to his sister, who stood weeping at the door, and we left the house together.

“If I had ever dared to think of Eleanor

Willson, otherwise than as a humble dependant on her father's bounty should have done, that thought had never found utterance. I scarcely acknowledged, even to myself, that any feeling but gratitude prompted me to anticipate her slightest wish, or directed the alacrity with which I executed her commands. But that night, as I followed her brother forth, new hopes and anticipations dawned within my breast,—to be, alas! like every thing of earth, blighted and destroyed.

Richard rapidly led the way to an inn about a mile distant. We walked nearly the whole of it in silence, each being too much occupied with his own thoughts for conversation. At length as we drew near the house we sought, sounds of boisterous revelry burst upon us.

"Can my brother be there?" said Richard, as if to himself: 'Is it really that he, whom I have loved and cherished so well, has fallen thus! No, I will not believe it; it is false!'

"I trembled lest his faith in Edward's rectitude should presently be shaken.

"We entered the hotel, and were admitted through a side passage to the large hall in which the company was assembled. A large side-board effectually shielded us from view, while we had an ample opportunity of surveying the scene before us.

"Six or eight young men were seated around a table drinking, while at the head, as if presiding over the deliberations of the conclave, was Edward Willson himself. The shade in which we stood prevented my discovering on the countenance of Richard the marks of that painful surprise that he must have felt. A tall, dark person was proposing a toast—after a few sentences of profanity, he concluded by wishing 'Health to the noble chairman; freedom from that tyrannical old Turk, his father; and more of money than he would lawfully inherit.'

"Ere any had responded, Edward was on his feet. The wine he had taken was evidently beginning to exercise its influence, for his words were hurried and impetuous:

"Whoever drinks my health, obliges me; whoever drinks injury to my father, gives offence; and to him who dreams of my inheriting nothing, I will say that I entertain no fear of poverty, while a certain iron safe I know of will hold no more.'

"This rash speech caused a movement of surprise on the part of every one present. The dark-complexioned man I have mentioned rose again.

"Sit down, Morrison,' said Edward in a haughty tone; 'pray remember that I am ruler here.'

"By whose authority?' cried the other.

"By that of you all.'

"I dispute it sir; you have not my vote, and if you do not instantly resign your supremacy, I will take it from you. Tell me to sit down, indeed! Take back your words.'

"Not I, Morrison. I tell you to sit down. Will you obey?'

"Morrison in a towering rage advanced to the head of the table, and collaring the president, dragged him to the floor. This fellow had been Edward's chief destroyer, and, till now, he had appeared his firmest friend. A general scuffle ensued. Quicker than thought, my companion and myself rushed from our hiding-place to the assistance of the unlucky chairman. Then was the fury of all turned on us for our intrusion. For a moment Edward was forgotten, till, recognizing us, he insisted at once on the forbearance of his companions. Then glancing towards the open door, I observed two of the party leaving the room stealthily, but engaged as I was, so slight a circumstance was not remembered long. The landlord and his attendants were now on the spot; but ere his movement could be anticipated by any, Morrison had raised Edward in his powerful arms, as if he had been a child, and dashed him with all his might against the floor. His head came in contact with the leg of the side-board, and in that position he lay senseless, and apparently dead. But when we turned from the prostrate body, to seize the miscreant who had perpetrated the frightful deed, he had disappeared. Diligent, but unavailing search was made for him, while Richard and I, overpowered with grief, awaited in silence the result of a surgical examination.

"It was presently ascertained that although he might live some hours, or even days, nothing further could be hoped for. Consciousness had not yet returned to the unhappy sufferer, when, leaving Richard by his bedside, I set out to convey the sad intelligence to the father and sister who had anxiously awaited his return. While determining in the gentlest manner of narrating the tale, two men passed me, and walking on a little way, came back again, scrutinizing my person as closely each time as the partial darkness would permit. Slackening not my pace, however, I soon reached home, and, simply stating that Edward had been hurt by a fall he had received, I left the minds of my auditors in blissful ignorance for the present of his true condition. Mr. Willson started forthwith for the hotel, leaving me in charge of the house. It now wanted but an hour or two of daybreak; Eleanor, wearied with watching, and assured by me that she need

be under no immediate apprehension for her brother's safety, retired to seek the repose she needed. I recalled to mind the circumstance of the two men passing me on the road, and governed by an undefined fear for the safety of my benefactor, I opened an upper window, and listened eagerly for any sound that might be wafted on the night air. Words would but feebly express the intense anxiety I felt; perchance if you have watched as I did then, you may form some conception of it. As I hearkened, first came the sharp report of a pistol, evidently fired at no great distance—then a cry, and all was hushed as before. No time was to be lost in hastening to the spot from which the sounds proceeded.

"The old man lay by the way-side. A ball had entered his left breast, and life was ebbing fast. Ten minutes more and I had been too late. He knew my voice, and having in an earnest tone implored me never to desert his children, murmured a prayer to his God, and expired. Bitter agony was mine as I held in my arms the lifeless form of him who had been my best earthly friend. My burning tears flowed fast, but gave me no relief from the bitter anguish of my spirit. To be deprived of a friend by death in anywise is painful; but when it steals into our presence without a warning of its approach, and suddenly performs its fearful work, the heart receives a deep and dreadful wound that neither time nor skill can wholly cure. Assistance was procured as speedily as possible, and the forms of law, prescribed for such cases, executed.

"I will pass over the detail of the sad events of the few succeeding days. The grave had already closed over Edward, and seemed awaiting Eleanor. She, however, solicitously watched, at length arose from the couch of sickness, to which the distressing occurrences I have narrated had consigned her. But, alas! the health of the peerless one was not restored; but rather in that slight and fragile form had been sown the germ of an incurable disease. Consumption had laid its palsying hand upon the fairest and best of God's earthly creatures, and seemed in haste to lead his victim within the grasp of his ruthless master, Death. But why do I lengthen out the tale? 'Tis but to wring a heart well-nigh broken with its weight of sorrow and despair. She died, and when I turned away from the last resting place of so much loveliness and purity, all else on earth seemed hateful and loathsome. I fled from the abodes of men. Thus far I have dwelt in solitude; I have learned to bear with some degree of composure the recollection of so many ills."

"And what became of the surviving brother?"

I asked.

"Richard Willson," answered the old man, "possessed a constitutional temperament very different from mine. Excitement and action were necessary to his very existence. In the camp—and amid the din of battle, he sought to crush the power of memory; retirement would have maddened him. He fell ——"

"One question more," I continued; "What of Morrison?"

"I know not," he returned; "perchance justice has overtaken the offender in some distant land. May it be that the God of Mercy has forgiven his atrocious, high-handed crimes!"

"This picture then, is ——"

"Eleanor's; it was her dying gift."

## A SLEEPING CHILD.

Thou sleepest!—but when wilt thou wake, fair child?  
When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?  
When the lark's wing mounts, with the breeze of morn?  
When the first rich breath of the rose is born?  
Lovely thou sleepest—yet something lies  
Too deep and still on thy soft sealed eyes!  
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see;  
When will the hour of thy rising be?  
Not when the fawn wakes—not when the lark  
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark!  
Grief, with vain passionate tears, hath wet  
The hair-shading gleams o'er thy pale brow yet;  
Love, with sad kisses unfelt, hath prest  
Thy meek drooped eyelids and quiet breast;  
And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,  
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child, but thee!  
Thou art gone from us, bright one!—that thou should'st die,  
And life be left to the butterfly!  
Thou art gone, as a dew-drop is blown from the bough,—  
Oh! for the world where thy home is now!  
How may we love but in doubt and fear,  
How may we anchor our fond hopes here,  
How should even joy but a trembler be,  
Beautiful dust! when we look on thee!

## WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

To meet and part, as we have met and parted,  
One moment cherished and the next forgot,  
To wear a smile when almost broken-hearted,  
I know, full well, is hapless woman's lot;  
Yet let me, to thy tenderness appealing,  
Avert this brief but melancholy doom—  
Content that, close beside the thorn of feeling,  
Grows memory, like a rose, in guarded bloom.

Love's history, dearest, is a sad one ever,  
Yet often with a smile I've heard it told:—  
Oh! there are records of the heart which never  
Are to the scrutinizing gaze unrolled!  
Mine eye to thine may scarce again aspire,  
Still in thy memory, dearest, let me dwell,  
And hush, with this hope, the magnetic wire  
Wild with our mingled welcome and farewell.



## PARISH PERSONAGES.\*

### OUR BEADLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE, ESQUIRE.

#### CHAPTER XII.

ALLHALLOWS Parsonage was a quaint and ancient structure, and its antique peculiarities were the more conspicuous by reason of the modern buildings in which it appeared to be imbedded. The space which had been originally assigned for the house and offices, was at no period very considerable; but the allotment which had been intended by the founder for a garden, having become perfectly useless in consequence of the circle of houses by which it was surrounded, a former Rector had caused buildings to be erected on the land, and very judiciously applied the rentals towards the endowment of a chapel in a remote part of the Parish.

The house when viewed from the front, appeared much smaller than it really was; in form it seemed to be oblong, but in fact it was constructed after the model which may be illustrated by the letter T; the shaft, which jutted into the rear, being designed for the accommodation of the servants, having become an apartment sufficiently airy and spacious to dine thirty or forty poor people. There was also a dormitory above, divided into compartments capable of affording accommodation for ten beds; nor can there be any doubt but that at an earlier period in the history of the Parish, the virtues of charity and hospitality were dispensed in conformity with the old English interpretation of those graces.

Nor could blame be imputed to the Rev. Mr. Austin, that the primitive practice of his predecessors had grown into desuetude. The spring which had supplied the means, had been destroyed. A race of sturdy beggars had succeeded to the class of unfortunate poor. The property of the poor had been pilfered by kings and courtiers, and the people were taxed to support the mendicants who had been created by the insatiable lust of a monarch, and the unscrupulous avarice of a court. The blow, however, which was dealt at the church, fell upon the land, for those who had been the grateful pensioners of the clergy became the turbulent paupers of the state.

The Rectory had rather a dismal and forbidding appearance, for though it was built of red brick, and embellished with encaustic work of flint and oyster shells, still the rooms were low, and the windows, which were latticed, were of small dimensions. The neighbours who dwelt in the prim and priggish looking buildings in the vicinity, looked upon the old parsonage with aversion, and wondered how the good Rector could live in such an "orrid old place, with such windows," especially when they were aware that a sum of money had been subscribed by the Parishioners, but declined by the Rector, for the express purpose of rough-casting the house, and of substituting other sashes for the antique window frames with which the building was supplied.

For forty years had the Reverend Mr. Austin resided in this house. A few days only had elapsed after his arrival, when, upon the birth of his daughter, the young wife upon whom he doated was removed from him by death. The first funeral which he attended in the church-yard of his Parish, was when he followed to the grave the mortal remains of her who was his wife—the mother of his child. Poor man! his path of life was early overcast. Ten short months had scarce fulfilled their circuit, since he, a joyous bridegroom, had led her to the altar, whom he now deposited in the tomb. Sable trappings and dismal vestments had fast succeeded to the bridal array, and the pathway, strewn with flowers, the merry peal of village music, had been fast followed by the measured toll of the funeral bell; and the earth, as it fell with hollow echo upon her confined dust, seemed to mock the prayers and blessings which had so lately been performed to crown her wedded happiness.

No mortal tongue can tell the days of anguish through which the Rector bore his heavy load of life. No human eye was witness to his sufferings, for his sorrows were too precious to expose to the curious gaze of man. No doubt he wept, but his tears fell in secret. No doubt he sighed, but it was in the loneliness of his chamber. In appearance he seemed altered, and in manner too, he

changed, for, instead of being conspicuous for uncontrollable gaiety and exuberant playfulness, his character was chastened into solemnity while it was elevated by suffering; and in his intercourse with the world, he was remarkable for his considerate kindness and his habitual cheerfulness.

But time wore on—at the expiration of one year, his child, accompanied by its nurse, became inmates of the Rectory. Joyfully did he behold the unfolding beauties of his darling; patiently did he watch her youth, while he fondly participated in her infantine sports—and the young thing grew so like her mother! the lustrous eyes which in the parent so fondly looked on him in all the eloquence of requited love, appeared to be transferred to, and reflected in the laughing merry orbs of the fair young child; then, too, it had inherited its mother's dimple, around whose pretty dell the circling laughter appeared to linger, even when the music of her mirth had ceased.

The child, too, slept upon her father's arm; it was her mother's custom, and her father liked it well; and with the very dawn of morn the fair young cherub would awake, and with a thousand strange contrivances rouse her parent for the morning's romp; and her rosy glowing cheeks might have impressed one with the idea that the pretty prattler had bathed with Aurora in a vermillion cloud, and dyed her face with a sunbeam.

In the companionship of this child the Rector's grief became more supportable, and his gratitude was hourly increased to Him who gives and takes away, that He had not left him wholly desolate. He never thought of marrying again, for he felt that love, like life, has no second spring, and that he could have no interest in another like that which he cherished towards her whom he had loved in the dew of his youth; and besides, he found himself daily more and more wedded to the church of which he was a minister.

The Rector's daughter grew into womanhood, and she was the joy and delight of her father's heart. She married—having first obtained her father's consent and blessing; but her husband, who was the junior partner in a West India firm, had rather unexpectedly to repair to Jamaica, to see after some of the plantations in which the house was interested. Soon after his arrival in Kingston, his wife had a daughter, whom she named Annie. In somewhat less than ten years more, and within a few months of the period appointed for their return to England, her husband was suddenly seized with tropical fever, of which he died in a few days. The shock which the sad event occasioned his wife was extremely disastrous. Her state of health was extremely delicate, and the consequence was, that

premature illness immediately followed, from which it can scarcely be said she ever recovered. No time, however, was to be lost; her early return to England was recommended, and her own anxiety to join her father once more, tended to facilitate the period of her departure. At length, with her child for her companion, she sailed for England; but she never recovered from the effects of the blow which fell upon her in her weakness. It was thought, indeed, that the breezes of the Atlantic would invigorate her, but alas! they seemed to avail nothing; it may be that they were paralyzed when they encountered the succession of sighs which appeared to constitute the breath of the desolate widow—they could not reach her heart, or expel the atmosphere of grief with which it was pervaded.

But she arrived at the old Parsonage in time to receive her father's loving welcome—to listen to his blessing upon herself and her little one, and to die content in the assurance that he would care for her fatherless child.

Twenty-one years had elapsed since the grave which contained his wife was closed; now it was again to be opened, and the dead ones to embrace each other—the daughter was to return to her mother's companionship.

The absence of his daughter for a period of so many years proved a great blessing to her father, for it had a tendency to mitigate the severity of the loss, and the introduction into his family of a little child of ten years of age, enabled him to find some consolation in the trying and afflicting circumstances in which he was placed.

The Rector, as he gazed upon little Annie, was not altogether unimpressed with a feeling of wonder, that God should thus have appointed him on two occasions to the office of tutor and guardian of children, and yet he could not wonder that He who had so tenderly committed children to the care of his ministers, should also desire that those who were commissioned to "find the Lambs," should possess themselves of the faculty of finding them after the manner of Him who carried them in his bosom when they were weary, and who won them by his love when they wandered. It is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the Rev. Mr. Austin, who, as a young man, possessed a temper somewhat impetuous, and a will somewhat imperious, was not only humbled by sorrow and bereavement, but he was also disciplined by a knowledge of the helplessness and waywardness of those little ones when they had been left to his care, and upon whom he lavished his love; and who can tell but that those tendrils of a pure and holy affection, which, originating in the child, spring upwards till they

entwine themselves around the parent's heart—who can tell, we repeat, but that this coil of accumulating fondness, may, in the end, have been instrumental in restraining the vehement passions of earlier life, and have been the means of inducing a man who, it is confessed, was originally of irritable temperament, to control himself.

To be in reality a christian, we should learn to be a child. In pursuing this object let us study children.

We must, however, pass over nineteen years of time. The child, whose infancy the Rector had watched with fondness, had now become a woman, and with the exception of a short period of absence, occasioned by her residence at a boarding-school, she had been his only companion, and he wished for no other. Her virtues and her charities formed the best commentaries upon her character, and supplied a faithful index to the precepts and example of her parent.

Grief would smile and sorrow forget its misery in the presence of the "Rector's daughter," accoutred as she ever was in a panoply of kindness. While the virtues of Miss Annie were the theme of much eloquence, her beauty could scarcely have occasioned envy, for none could desire that a mind so pure should be enfolded in a form less lovely. The casket was suited to the gem. Few approached her without being impressed with her loveliness, and none ever left her without being convinced of her goodness. Warm and ardent in her affections, graceful and sylph-like in her movements, eloquent and animated in her conversation; who that came within the reach of her influence could be indifferent to her charms!

Beautiful in form, in face, in figure, was Miss Annie; her hair was a brilliant chesnut colour, illumined throughout with a golden tinge, as though the sun's ray in passing had lighted upon her head, and still lingered amongst her tresses. The sunshine which had settled on her head when an infant, seemed to abide with her as a memorial of her residence in the tropics. Her eyes were large, full and deep. Solemn, almost sad, when in repose, but when animated, who shall describe their eloquence! Her mouth and lips were beautiful, her chin was faulty, for it receded slightly, and yet her face and figure were well suited for the study of a statuary, while her complexion was as white as the marble in which he labours; and yet with all her beauty none had approached her with an overture of marriage—none supposed themselves capable of occupying a place in her affections so exalted as that in which the Rector was enshrined; and so completely indeed was her heart absorbed with the view of her grandfather's goodness, that had he not directed her aspirings

towards Him who is the only rightful object of supreme love, it is almost to be feared that she would have incurred the risk of idolizing her relation, and have lavished upon him those ascriptions of praise which are due to God alone.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is time, however, that we said something more precise of the Rector, who has already been referred to on several occasions in the course of these sketches.

There are few now living who knew the Rev. Mr. Austin, but he is still remembered for his goodness, and admired for the fidelity with which he clung to his Parish, though often invited to change the sphere of his ministrations.

On the day upon which old Jacob sought his library, the Rector appeared unlike himself, for it was not his nature to be gloomy, nor was it his habit to appear dejected or downcast. His high and spacious brow, which lone old age had spared from wrinkles, was on that day heavily marked and furrowed—his eye, ordinarily clear and bright, then appeared sad and desponding; the streaks of carnation in his cheeks, which, by their beautiful tracery, gave evidence of a love of temperance and activity, seemed fainter in their colouring and fewer in their outlines than usual; and it was evident, from his general demeanor, that the venerable man was oppressed by emotions of rare and unusual magnitude.

The state of the times and the condition of the country, must, and no doubt did, affect him; but he was also concerned at the state of the Church; he feared that future ages might antedate the misery and overthrow of the nation, to that era where the accredited ministers of the Most High were tempted by worldliness and indifference, to neglect the duties of their sacred embassy.

In the midst of Parishes crowded with inhabitants, he stood nearly alone, for with sorrow be it spoken, it was too much the fashion of the day for the clergy to degrade their calling, and cause the laity to undervalue the office of the priest; and it was their custom too generally, to turn with aversion from the society of any of their order who manifested an undignified or exuberant zeal. Thus shunned for his diligence, and avoided for his piety, the Rector could take counsel of none. Without any other advisers, he sought instruction and guidance in the Articles and Rubrics of the Church, and though encompassed by many who were disposed to cavil, he encountered none who had the courage to blame, till at length he was allowed, without molestation, to pursue his way in peace.

But while he was shunned and envied by the clergy, he was esteemed and beloved by the laity who were brought within the sphere of his influence; and his was a character that deserved veneration, for he was truly a physician of the heart. By study he was taught to teach, by observation he was led to practice; his manners were a reflection of his morals—he never had occasion to blush for his actions, for his practice was as pure as his precepts were true: though his living was a commentary upon his preaching, his discourses were not conspicuous for poetry; they were full of sincere earnestness and deep wisdom. He was never remarkable as a popular preacher, but he was affectionately beloved as a faithful friend, whose considerate heart could compassionate another's weakness, and rejoice in anything good as if it had been his own. In all the relations of life he was exemplary, and the tongue of calumny, though skilful to invent mischief, and ingenious to pervert truth, never attempted to defame him; simple minded and guileless himself, he was not prone to think evil of others. Whilst he partook not of the pleasures of the world, he would by his presence sanction the healthful games of children. Though he had no inclination to indulge the sports of youth, he would frequently be found the cheerful spectator of boyish pastimes. He was fond of children, and children, who have a great intuitive perception of character, regarded him as one who was worthy of their love; and upon Sunday, or holyday, in church or abroad, the child was happy who attracted his notice or gained his smile. And Youth, in the critical period of life, sought and found in him a safe adviser and a kind friend, whose solemn and faithful counsel gave an irresistible impetus to a wavering or a sinking resolution. Those in adversity sought him and found comfort, and he sought those in prosperity to warn them that until they had ceased to hoard they would not learn to live. At the house of mourning, beside the bed of death, he was ready with the offices of religion, to console the sinking spirit, to meet without alarm the agonies of dissolution, and he would comfort the bereaved survivors with the hope of a more blissful re-union hereafter with the friend whom they had lost.

His sacred office—as the office of the Minister of the Parish will, when properly sustained,—attracted towards him respect. His age induced veneration, and his long residence in the same place entitled him to the position of a seer. He knew every body, and he regarded them all as friends; when babes he had baptized them, when children he had catechized them, and when youths he had counselled them; very many he had united at

the altar in the holy rite of marriage. One generation he had buried, and though advancing years admonished him that the time was not remote when he too should lay his head beside those of his Parishioners who had gone before, still in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection at the last day, he was satisfied to take his repose amongst the people whom he had loved so well; to frame the connecting link between the generation which had passed away, and the one which was then hastening after him to the grave.

Religion with him never assumed a churlish or unloving guise. It is true that solemnity befitting the occasion, was impressed upon his manner when treating of eternal realities. He spoke not of eternal wrath as though it had no awful meaning belonging to it, nor did he on the other hand refer to the everlasting love of God, and the unending happiness to which it points, as though it were a quality, and a state of being, calculated to beget misery and despair. The Rector was solemn without being morose, cheerful without being flippant. His manner won confidence; men did not hold their breath in awe of his society, or think it irreverent and sinful to smile in his presence.

We have said that the Rector was sad, and so indeed he was, and the ineffectual result of old Jacob's inquiries, added to other disquieting emotions, occasioned his dejection. He thought of the poor pauper who had seen better days, and then he thought of his own dear Annie's helplessness when he should be removed from her. What wonder that the old man wept as he exclaimed, England has no home, no shelter for the fatherless! God help the friendless ones, and pity the bereaved; Oh! save and protect my own Annie in her orphanhood!

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE bells of Allhallows rung out their pealing tones of joy, and each fast following chime seemed to note with welcome, the arrival of the gathering crowd of worshippers, whilst it beat a harsh rebuke to those who entered there with any other motive than that which induced the Saviour of the world to become a sojourner among men.

The church, too, on that day was adorned with its goodliest apparel. The fir tree, the pine tree, and the box, together had mingled their eternal verdure with the still more beautiful green of the ivy, the holly and the mistletoe; fair hands had intertwined the foliage into garlands, wreaths and festoons of beauty, and the ruby bud of the holly seemed to vie with its emerald

setting, in beautifying the House of the Lord, and doing homage to the occasion which celebrated the advent of the Eternal SON. And thus the people whom he had redeemed, not only honored their Saviour's advent with songs of praise, but they also celebrated His appearance with signs of joy.

All sorts and conditions of men entered there; those whom untoward circumstances had kept long apart, or whose diversified age prevented sympathy. The old, whose thoughts are retrospective, were reverting backwards to the past—the young, whose aspirations being hopeful, were outstripping the future in the eagerness of their onward gaze. Age, leaning on his staff, would repair with a feeble step, and a funeral pace, to the appointed place of worship, fearing the while it may be, that before another Christmas dawned the spot which he then occupied in the Sacred Temple, would be filled by a successor; but youth, on the other hand, would with a light and blithesome motion, repair to the place assigned to him, forgetful it may be, that on the Christmas past, it was filled by one who had now been gathered to his fathers.

Many tablets had been placed by sorrowing friends in the vestibule of this venerable Church, on some of which were engraven many records. Many of those who had arrived too soon for service, walked up and down the well paved corridor. Some there were, who desired not that their eyes should fall upon the sad memorials of those who were no more; others again stopped, and read whose names were inscribed there; some admired the marble sculpture, and others criticised the monumental designs; others sighed, and looked sad, for they thought that their own names would ere long be added to the cold catalogue of the departed, and their own bodies, now animated by life and energy and love, would in a short space of time be buried beneath the spot where then they stood, and contribute to the support of the cold pavement whereon they then were walking.

Presently the merry peal was hushed; one bell alone for a brief space, continued to forewarn the outer world, that the period was near at hand, when the solemn services of the Christmas Festival were to be celebrated within those sacred walls.

If, however, instead of lingering in the vestibule, you entered the church, you might learn by perusing the lettering, now become dingy by time, that, notwithstanding the apathy and indifference which unhappily pervaded the minds of men during the last century, upon matters of religion, and the welfare of the church, the

parish of Allhallows was to a great extent spared from the contamination of the fashionable infidelity, and this result is to be attributed to the spiritual care and supervision of a Rector, so single minded and devoted as the Rev. George Austin.

Should you enter that church, you will not fail to observe, in the choice and beautiful decorations by which it is adorned, an evidence that even amidst the godless apathy which then pervaded the land, the spark of truth was not wholly extinguished, or the fire of grace entirely quenched in that body of men, to whom, as the accredited ministers of Christ, was entrusted the duty of building up His Church.

And amongst the laity, there were many true hearted and sincere men, who wished to evince their love to their Saviour, by their care of His Church, and to manifest their gratitude for His goodness, by their bounty to the poor.

The finely proportioned chancel, and the window of stained glass by which it was lighted, would command the admiration of the stranger, but he would not discover, except upon very close inspection, that in an amber pane at the bottom were inscribed the words:

“This Chancel was enlarged, and this window presented by an old Parishioner, when George Austin was Rector, and Thomas Wright and Henry Brooks, Churchwardens.”

The mellow swell of the organ would attract his notice, and upon turning his face to the gallery, he would observe that it was the gift of one individual.

Upon leaving the Church, at the close of the service, his attention would be directed to a shelf in the vestibule, upon which were placed thirty-six large loaves of bread; upon inquiry he would learn that an honest and industrious baker, who in his life time had prospered in business, had by his will bequeathed a sum of money to be invested, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of bread, which was to be distributed under the direction of the Rector and Churchwardens, “to necessitous widows or poor women, in their discretion, on every Sunday and holyday, after Morning Service.”

Another person had left a small piece of land, the proceeds of the rent of which were to be applied in the distribution of coal at Christmas, to such of the poor and indigent as the Rector and Churchwardens for the time being, might regard as fitting objects of charity; and the value of this bequest had increased so much in amount, that the Trustees were enabled to make an annual donation of coals to fifty families, sufficient to last for six weeks.

But the mellow swell of the organ arrested further inquiry, and the appearance of the Rev. Rector was the signal for silence and devotion.

The congregation was larger, and many, very many strangers to him, were in the company of the worshippers; ruddy faces were mingled with the pale cheeks of his hearers in goodly profusion. Friends from afar came to spend their Christmas with their kinsmen in town, and many who for years had been divided by distance, succeeded in their effort to unite under the roof of the head of their family, and celebrate the occasion in the old house at home.

There was one individual, who, from the place which he occupied, as well as from his ruddy, healthful countenance, attracted some notice. He was a handsome, bald-headed man, whose expression of face was more severe than intellectual, but who would undoubtedly command some notice in any place; but the attention of our Beadle and the Parish Clerk was more especially directed towards him, in consequence of the earnestness of his attention to the services of the day; and upon the commencement and throughout the Rector's sermon, they were induced to watch him more narrowly. Upon the reading of the text the bald-headed gentleman leaned forward, placing his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand. He heard the words, "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." He listened to the beautiful and touching passage, he heard its simple and appropriate application; and it was evident by the nervous twitching of his bald-head, that he was far indeed from being an indifferent hearer; but still the preacher discoursed of the forgiveness of injuries, the pardon of error, the love of parents and the duty of children, and the need that we all should learn to forgive if indeed we hoped to be forgiven; the bald-head sank into two open hands, and it was evident that a chord had been struck which vibrated through the frame of that strong man in a manner to which it was not accustomed. The day, the occasion, the service, the sermon, had all contributed their distinctive influences to thaw and soften the heart which money had made hard; and they succeeded—the molten barrier was destroyed by the flood tide of affection which was now asserting its strength. The breast-work of precious metals was over-leaped by the imprisoned love of earlier days; the accumulated savings of a life were forgotten in the recollections now again rekindled of happier days; the pent-up emotions of years seemed to have acquired strength by compression, and now, when emancipated from

their thralldom, to assert their hidden power, and roll onwards with accumulating force in search of the beloved object upon whom they might exhaust their fulness. Service ceased at length; the bald-headed gentleman, impatient of delay, hurried away at a pace greater than a walk—at times he ran—none knew whither; nor was it known whether it was joy, or hope, or dread, that gave eagerness to his countenance, and energy to his steps.

## COLD WINTER IS COMING.

Cold Winter is coming—take care of your toes—  
Gay Zephyr has folded his fan;  
His lances are couch'd in the ice-wind that blows,  
So mail up as warm as you can.

Cold Winter is coming—he's ready to start  
From his home on the mountains afar;  
He is shrupken and pale—he looks froze to the heart,  
And snow-wreaths embellish his car.

Cold Winter is coming—Hark! did ye not hear  
The blast which his herald has blown?  
The children of Nature all trembled in fear,  
For to them is his power made known.

Cold winter is coming—there breathes not a flower,  
Though sometimes the day may pass fair!  
The soft lute is removed from the lady's lorn bower,  
Lest it coldly be touched by the air.

Cold Winter is coming—all stript are the groves,  
The passage-bird hastens away;  
To the lovely blue South, like the tourist, he roves,  
And returns like the sunshine in May.

Cold Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the stream—  
And the bane of his petrific breath  
Will seal up the waters; till, in the moon-beam,  
They lie stireless, as slumber or death!

Cold Winter is coming—and soon shall we see  
On the panes, by that genius Jack Frost,  
Fine drawings of mountain, stream, tower, and tree—  
Framed and glazed too, without any cost.

Cold Winter is coming—ye delicate fair,  
Take care when your hyson you sip:—  
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he come on aware,  
And turn it to ice on your lip.

Cold Winter is coming—I charge you again—  
Muffie warm—of the tyrant beware—  
He's so brave, that to strike the young hero he's fain—  
He's so cold he'll not favor the fair.

Cold Winter is coming—I've said so before—  
It seems I've not much else to say;  
Yes, Winter is coming, and God help the poor!  
I wish't it was going away.

## THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

A STORM SCENE IN THE WEST INDIES.

"AND thus do all my visions of happiness vanish into air." I was sitting in the stern of a boat, on my way from the "Seabird" to the shore. A sigh was rising to eke out the above mental soliloquy, when a violent thump of the boat against the pier brought me to my senses, and my feet. I was standing up to my knees in water. By some mismanagement of the boatmen, their craft had taken in some barrels of the dirty element which generally fills the docks of Kingston, and I was left to put my own construction on the accident, whether to consider it a parting benediction from Father Neptune, on a sort of outlandish welcome to my native land.

With such a complete *dampner* upon both soul and body, I took the shore in no pleasant mood. All nature seemed to frown; and the dark faces that thronged the wharf, with their white eyes and glittering ivory lowered and gleamed upon me like alternate cloud and lightning. However, "Forward!" was the word, and I was soon one in a group that put motley out of countenance. Had I been spirited to the shores of Saturn I could scarcely have felt less at home. In the faces of the multitudes that thronged the market-place might be traced, in various combinations, all the hues of the rainbow. There also were features cast in every possible mould of form. There were the portly lips and unobtrusive nose of the Guineaman, the unwieldy proboscis of the German Jew, the snakish eye of the Spaniard. But among these there bustled one, with that firm, straightforward step and assured air which belong only to the "*terrarum domini*." There was no mistaking the son of John Bull. He was there, with the intellectual physiognomy, and the bloom of his native isle, which even the blasting heat of the tropics cannot destroy. The English complexion may with propriety be considered the finest in the world. I know of none equal to it, excepting, perhaps, their descendants of New England. It stands the extremes of climate better than any other. I have seen in Jamaica Frenchmen, Danes, and Dutchmen, with their faces completely bronzed by a few years' seasoning; while Englishmen, who had been equally exposed, seemed, from the freshness of their color, never to have looked a tropical sun in the face. The others may be as

fair at home, but their faces are certainly more easily spoiled. Philosophize upon it who please, I merely state the facts as I have observed them to exist. But to proceed.

My first impulse, on approaching this heterogeneous group, was to stop my ears. Such a Tower-o'-Babel scene I never imagined. In the discord of harsh sounds which rattled on all sides, it was hardly possible, at first, to recognise any of the tones of articulate speaking man; and afterwards it would have puzzled a philologist to tell which was uppermost, English, Spanish or heathen Congo. All, in fact, were run together into a barbarous *Lingua Franca*, enough to stun one, and of which the utterance would be fatal to the jaws of any but the dark and party-colored beings that used it. But, "Onward!" was still the word.

"The sun is yet high," said my faithful Robert, "and massa must cross the Blue Peak and the Wag-Water afore dark."

Robert was a noble fellow, and a Koromantyn of the Gold Coast. Tall and straight as his country's palm-tree, his form was faultless as Apollo's. Unlike most of his race, his countenance was expressive and commanding; and a lofty forehead, tattooed curiously like a piece of embossed velvet, proclaimed him a chief in his own country. But, notwithstanding his high descent, Robert was a slave, and what memory he retained of his fall was buried in a gravity which was seldom disturbed, and a devotion to the interests of his master the most exemplary. With him he had crossed the seas repeatedly, and once with me when a child; and now, at the end of fourteen years, he stood before me like the spirit of my infancy, "kindling thoughts that had long slept," and unchaining ideas which had been congealed, but not annihilated, by the frosts of years. It is remarkable that time commits less ravages in the face of an African than of a white man. Robert did not look an hour older than when he jumped into the Flint River to save me from the jaws of a monstrous alligator, that was dropping down the stream to catch me as I was bathing; and that checkered forehead—there was but one such in the world—I should have known it in Timbuctoo.

"The sun is yet high, massa," said he, point-

ing up, and then significantly northward, where the barrier of the Blue Mountains rose like a perpendicular wall to the heavens.

"Ay, my boy," said I, springing on my little Creole pony, "and which way lies our path?"

"Yon," said he, still pointing to the gigantic chain, which completely hems in the barren plain on which Kingston stands; "Yon, and massa must ride sharp to pass the Wag-Water afore the rain fall, and the river there come down."

I looked every way, and to my unpractised eye from that plain there seemed no outlet. On one side was the summer sea, glittering like gold, and tossing up its glad little billows, as if to woo me back to its bosom, where I had been so happy; on the other, heights that seemed eternal as the heavens, and inaccessible as the thunder-clouds that frowned from their summits.

"But are we to go under or through those same mountains?" said I; "for certainly there can be no getting over them."

"Water Valley on t'other side," was the laconic answer.

I shrugged my shoulders, and took refuge in a very comfortable apothegm. "What man has done, man can do." Then turning my nag's head towards the object of my fears, and putting him to a brisk trot, I pushed resolutely on.

"The rain there come!" cried Robert, glancing his understanding eye at the tremendous array of clouds, that even then were muttering audibly from their mountain thrones; "the rain there come, and massa must ride sharp while the road smooth."

So saying and giving my dull pony several vigorous cuts, we dashed furiously over the plain, raising a cloud of dust that reached a mile. But at the end of eight miles, when the breath was nearly shaken from my body, this rapid motion was arrested, and the Blue Mountains, clad in the livery of eternal summer, arose directly in our path. In an atmosphere that glowed like Sahara, we had crossed a plain parched and barren, marked only here and there with a cocoa-nut tree or a clump of prickly pear. But here was a soil which the sun visited but to bless, and to draw forth from its bosom beauty and fragrance. Man's approach was permitted, but his dominion unknown. It was the realm of the evergreen forest: and every tree, with its gaudy blossoms and drapery of vines, seemed dressed for some gala-day in nature. Springs, bursting from places beyond the sight, came dancing down in music to freshen the scene and sprinkle the leaves with pearls. And then an air came around, fresh and pure as the wind of Eden, and Oh! it was a luxury to breathe.

It is astonishing with what facility our feelings accommodate themselves to our situation, and catch their tone from surrounding objects. From Kingston I had regarded this mountain passage with a species of horror; and, to say the truth, with the unrivalled beauties of the road there was blended much of the terrific. I had traversed, without shrinking, the edges of numerous precipices, which overlooked chasms of fearful depth, though the descriptions of similar passes in the Andes have before now thrilled me with the sensation which one feels when he dreams of falling from a height. And even now, in remembering the dangers of that perilous journey, I feel more apprehension than when a single bound of my horse might have carried me five hundred feet down the mountain. I had unconsciously nerved myself to the task. My feelings rose as I ascended. I stood upon the highest point of the road, and was master of an horizon three hundred miles in diameter, but it was not vaster than the thoughts and wishes of that moment. Lifted above the petty fears of men, I stood upon that green pinnacle with a feeling of triumph, chastened with something so calm and hushing, and yet so longing for wings. The world, bright and blooming as the garden of God, was at my feet, and yet I wanted to soar away, for the blue deep of heaven was above me, and the south sea heaved and beckoned as if there might be more of undiscovered beauty beyond the bend of its waters.

I was standing on a rounded promontory that shot out from the main body of the peak. To the south lay an illimitable ocean, the capital and the mountain district we had traversed, while to the north stretched the long line of Cuba, like a blue mist. The clouds had discharged their contents long before we reached this point, and new ones were forming in the deep ravines below, and covering the dizzy depth as with a veil. The sun was now getting low, and the voice of Robert, like the bell of clock, was again heard.

"Massa has pass the Blue Peak," said he, pointing to the cloud-capped summit that rose immediately on our right, "and here is the Wag-Water."

Three springs, leaping in beautiful cascades from the impending hills, went murmuring into a deep and thickly-wooded dell, that wound far northward through the gaps of the mountains. Their united streams form the Wag-Water, a river celebrated for the rapidity of its current and the terror of its floods. Through the bottom of this valley, which is visited by the sun's beams only for a few hours of the day, the Wag-Water pursues its sullen and turbulent course: and



along the sides of that valley the road from Kingston to the northern shore is cut, crossing occasionally bold projections of the hills, and then traversing, for a considerable distance, the bed of the river. The stream is generally fordable; but such is the formation of the land that it receives nearly all the water that falls on the western side of the peak, and within the tremendous gorge through which it flows; and as every body knows how it rains in the West Indies, it will not appear incredible that a shower of an hour should often render it impassable. Then woe to the unwary traveller who is caught low in the valley; for the return of the recoiling sea at an earthquake is scarcely more sudden and irresistible. To a stranger no intelligible warning is given, till a succession of turbid waves sweeps the horse and his rider beyond the reach of hope.

The last rays of the sun were gilding the eastern heights, but in the deep shadows of the valley it was night. We had forded the river twenty times with ease, and were now descending to the last and deepest pass, where it issues through a tremendous "notch" into the rich cane lands of the northern shore. Some rain had already fallen, and the powers of the air appeared to be congregating their forces over the peak for a second onset.

"The rain there come!" cried Robert, glancing an eye of apprehension at those ominous signs, "and Spaniar' Pass two mile ahead!"

Just then the clouds were rent, and three continuous sheets of flame streamed forth. The awful thunder of the tropics followed, and every mountain-side along the valley echoed it, till it died away over the sea.

At this precise moment we had reached a high bank, which commanded a full view of the stream. Our beasts stopped as if stunned. I was for spurring onward, but Robert checked me.

"Massa can't ride with the Wag-Water," said he, and he held up his finger like one listening intently.

A low murmur in the air was just perceptible. It seemed to have no local habitation. It rose from the river, but, the moment the attention was fixed there, anon it came from the hills, till every leaf of the aged forests seemed to have found a tongue, and to be uttering a supernatural whisper of warning. These ominous sounds were soon concentrated in the upper part of the gorge in which we were journeying. It grew louder every moment, and nearer.

"The river there come down!" cried Robert, in a voice of awe, and, amid the crashing of trees and the trembling of the earth, the Wag-Water,

swollen out of all proportion to its former self, rushed by in its power.

The feelings produced by the scene were most solemn. My thoughts were forcibly directed to that passage in the life of Moses, where the Lord passed before him and proclaimed his name. And to a mind disposed to interpret the sublime revelations of the Deity's presence, in scripture, as only awful exhibitions of his power in the phenomena of physical nature, what could have been more impressive than a scene like this? When rocks are torn from their beds, and trees uprooted, what would man have been upon the bosom of the flood, had his miserable destiny thrown him in its way? A reed, a bubble, well might be the symbol of his impotence.

There is nothing more sublime in its movement than water. We can see it in the floods of our rivers, when the treasures of the snow are poured into them, and the fetters of the frost removed. We can see it in the ocean. I have seen it there such as the mariner may not witness in the course of a life. But he that is a stranger to the wonders of the tropics has not yet seen it in a form of peculiar terror, nor felt a set of emotions the most singular imaginable. Our lightning flashes; but, there it streams, and every burst of thunder seems to rend some aerial reservoir, and the rain descends with the violence of a water-spout. Then, to a spectator on the plain, as the river, in the expressive phrase of the country, 'comes down' through the gaps of the mountains, it would seem that the caverns of the earth were broken up, and the waters, which had been prisoned there since the flood, were again sent forth to waste and to destroy.

"The night is getting dark, Robert," said I, "and the flood slackens fast. Let us move on to the ford."

He again looked around with a distrustful air, and stood listening. He seemed to hold some secret communication with nature. Another peal of thunder came rolling from the peak like a signal gun.

"More rain there come," cried Robert, "and massa must ride hard to reach the pass afore the river."

We reached it, and, though the waters still leaped and roared like a thousand bulls, I was determined to cross.

"I try the stream, sir," said Robert. About one third of the way over, was what seemed a chalky rock. "That is the 'guager,'" said Robert, pointing to it; "if a man can see t'other side of it, massa can cross."

He then dismounted, and went steadily in, the

water leaping off from his side as it is seen to do when a ship is making great head-way.

"I see him face," at length, cried he; but he had scarcely spoken when he was whirled swiftly round, as a child might be when taken by the shoulders by a man. "I see him face," said he, coming out of the water in a hurry; "but the stream strong, and massa can hear the river there coming."

I could not deny the evidence of my senses, but I was still five miles from home, and impatience got the better of discretion.

"The night is getting dark," said I, "and I have no idea of sleeping here, in the woods." I was dashing into the stream when he checked my horse.

"If massa will go, I go first," said he, pushing his mule ahead, and striking well up the stream, in order to allow for the drift of the current, or leeway, as they say at sea.

We had made good one-third of the passage, and could both look the witch in the face. Our beasts were staggering under the immense pressure of the stream, but were not yet beyond their depth. Trained to the mountains and the torrents, nothing could be surer-footed. This, and the trust I had in my guide, inspired me with confidence, notwithstanding the novelty and danger of my situation. Suddenly the roar from the upper gorge was redoubled, and the earth was swept from under my horse's feet, like a quicksand. The affrighted animal, finding itself at the mercy of the stream, uttered a cry, the like of which my ears had never heard. It went to my heart like a death-note, and joined to the deafening roar of the water, created in my bosom an indescribable sensation of horror. But above the din of the element was heard the voice of Robert:

"The river there come down! wheel! massa, wheel!"

With a desperate effort I turned my horse while I could. A few plunges, and he gained a foothold, and finally the shore.

I was bewildered with terror. At length, I turned to speak to Robert, and, to my infinite dismay, I found myself alone. I started and screamed, but in vain. The weight of the flood was passing at this moment, and, as it swept round a point below, something was dimly visible upon it, like a man standing upright. But it was gone like a dart. Again I screamed, but soon felt the sickening conviction, that Robert was gone down with the flood, and I left in that strange solitude alone. My poor Robert! I sat down, and wept like a child. I took my horse by the bridle, and without thinking what I did, wandered back up the mountain. Some vague

idea of finding succour was in my head. The foliage was dripping with dew, and the path gloomy as darkness and harrowing thoughts could make it. The owls hooted from the trees, and the cold lizard and the yellow snake rustled among the underwood. I looked up and then downward. The moon was up, and the misty mountain-tops were glittering in her light, like nebulae in the sky; but it would be hours before her beams would reach that valley, where all the demons of the flood seemed unchained for a nocturnal revel.

I toiled on, and reached the summit. Surely the genius of the place must have led me thither to witness the sweetest and most wonderful scene that eye ever beheld. I will speak of it as it seemed to me then. I stood upon an island in an ocean of molten silver. An archipelago of enchantment was around me. There were its waves, heaving softly, as if a wind from the blue islands was moving upon it, and imagination was not slow in peopling the scene with "forms of life and light." Then, as if at the waving of a magician's wand, the fairy ocean was broken up, and a change passed upon the scene. A congregation of Titan kings stood around, surrounding one who seemed the sire of their race. His aged head was bared to the holy influence of the moonlight; and a girdle of silver in which a lunar Iris was weaving its fairy hues, was cast around his middle. I looked down upon the valleys, apparently dark and fathomless gulfs, save where a devious line of vapour marked the course of the Wag-Water, or a lagging cloud, dappling the darkness of some mountain-side, was slowly rising to catch the moonlight. Silence was mistress of the scene. Still, however, a hollow murmur would come at intervals from below, as the pæan of the flood rose and died away upon the breeze.

The hours rolled away like a trance. Daylight streaked the east. The *genius loci*, like the habitant of another world, threw down his wand, and the visions of the night vanished. Then came back, like a damp mist upon the spirit's flow, the rush of worldly cares. My guide was lost, and I a stranger in the wilderness. I had had enough of solitary contemplation, and waited not for the sun. I descended as rapidly as I could to Spanish Pass, crossed without difficulty, and, after surmounting another height, came upon the cane-fields of the northern shore. I knew my ground at once. With a kind of instinct, I struck off to the right, where a semicircular sweep of hills embosomed the dearest valley in the universe.

Oh! the emotions of that moment! Home of

my infancy, hail! receive the wanderer to thy bosom! Once, that little nook was my world. My thoughts never stretched their wings beyond its sheltering hills. But time and passion, what a change ye work upon the heart! How many hopes had expired! What wishes had sprung up, and, in spite of the frosts which passed upon their vernal buds, had shot their roots deep, and attained a vigorous growth! A change seemed to have passed over my home also, and still it was the same in each loved feature. The old wingless windmill stood its ground still, but seemed some twenty rods nearer the house than fourteen years ago. The same was true of the sugar-house and other buildings. All were drawn more closely together since last I saw them, and the negro hamlet, the *Ultima Thule* of my childish rambles, stood within sixty yards of the rear of the great house. The grove of cocoa-nuts was there, and the brook still ran merrily between, with its tribute to the Wag-Water; but the trees were mere dwarfs to their image in my memory, and the cascade, where the river, as I used to call it, leaps down the mountain, hung like a white riband in the air, beautiful indeed, but nothing wonderful.

The delusion was strong but not lasting. Reason was forced to admit the conviction, that the change was altogether in myself. All were there, as they stood fourteen years before, neither grown nor lessened. But the mind in that interval had grown; and these objects, pictured on its tablets, like names cut in the bark of young trees, and which spread and extend with their growth, had grown also. Hence, they occupied now precisely the same space with regard to the whole as at the time of these impressions; and, on comparing notes, therefore, I confess I was disappointed. The picture far exceeded the original in size and vividness of colouring. Miles were shrunk into rods, rivers to brooks, and what I would have quoted an hour before as a paradise vast and beautiful, was indeed a very pretty valley, but much like other earth. Why, then, are not all early impressions, in a measure, erroneous? and, if so, all which the mind receives before it reaches its maturity? In fact, it is this exaggerated view of things which creates and nourishes the buoyancy of youth. The world appears larger and fairer than it really is; toys afford the mind business, and all beyond, to its little capacity, is wonderful, vast, strange; till, arrived at maturity, the mirror shows things in their proper colours and true dimensions—at least, so man, in his imbecility, too often thinks, forgetting that there are objects as far superior

to the pursuits of men, as the business of life and the structures of art are to the puerile gratifications and baubles of a child, and that there are minds which view the eager pursuit of mankind after wealth and fame with as much indifference or pity as we can bestow on the infant's rattle; nay, that the time is coming, when we shall wonder how they could possibly occupy so large a space in our minds.

I drew nearer to the house. Objects were now recognized, of which I was unconscious till that moment that there was any image in my memory; and had I been required an hour before to sketch a map of the place, I should not have put them in. Still their image must have been there, but drawn as with those chemical solutions, which are invisible till exposed to the heat. Or, to change the figure, there are ideas which enter our minds and fall asleep there, and are never waked but by the presence and touch of the object whence they spring, or, like the sensitive plant, by the waking of a neighbouring sleeper. Thus fruits were presented to me, which for fourteen years I had not seen, and whose names I had forgotten. Yet by tasting I knew them in a moment for old acquaintance. Their flavour was a familiar to my mind as if I had eaten them but yesterday, and with the greatest ease I picked out the favourites of a child of some five or six years.

The sun was just rising from the sea, when I entered Water Valley. Half a dozen horsemen were seen riding briskly up the opposite height, by a path which ran direct to Spanish Pass. I had followed the main road, which made a sweep round the foot of the hills, and entered the valley on the north.

"Poor fellows!" thought I, "you are gone upon a bootless errand." I tapped at the gate. To my utter astonishment, it was opened by Robert. The old fellow really smiled.

"Eh! massa, me get home fust."

In fact he had very coolly kept his saddle, and drifted with the flood till it crossed the plain of Aguaita, five miles below, where his mule first found a foothold. The old fellow, as he came down the stream, must have formed no bad representation of the god of a tropical river, where, from analogy, we must suppose that even spiritual essences must be rather dark-favoured.

## A WORD ABOUT THE GARLAND.

ANOTHER year of the GARLAND is completed—the ninth since it was first laid before the public, an aspirant for their favor. Since then, we have done what our power permitted to make it an acceptable offering. How far we have been successful it is not for us to judge; but whatever that success has been, we are well aware is attributable to the many eminent Contributors who have reduced our own editorial labors to the narrowest limits. To them we have a debt of gratitude to express,—and we are sure that our readers will be pleased to learn that from nearly all, promises of continued aid have been received. We anticipate also, the addition of several writers hitherto almost unknown in connection with the GARLAND, but whose assistance we are certain, will be most valuable. We therefore trust that the next and future years, our progress will be onward, until our Magazine has won for itself a reputation second to none on the Continent. To this end our ambition has ever pointed, and we shall not now relax in the efforts we have hitherto been making to arrive at it. When we began we were well aware that we had undertaken a somewhat doubtful task, and we had before us many examples shewing how fruitless had been even well directed efforts. But we have got over the first stage of life, and have entered upon the second vigorously; and aided as we have hitherto been, and sustained by public favor, there is now little danger but that our Magazine will continue its onward career.

Full of hope, then, for the future, we announce the conclusion of our year, and the arrangements for the next, which will have its commencement in January. In thanking,—which we do most cordially,—those whose countenance has enabled us to proceed so far, we may assure them that we shall in future so endeavor that the GARLAND shall be more worthy of their kindness,—and we rely upon them for continued support. But year after year, we trust new additions are made and making to the friends of Canadian literature, and we may therefore with confidence expect additions also to the list of readers of the GARLAND. This is “consummation most devoutly to be wished,” and all those who assist us in reaching it, will be

entitled to, and receive our warmest thanks—th more especially as an impetus will thus be given us towards the fulfilment of our desire—a desire which we hope many share equally with ourselves—for there are few who are not interested in the progress of a healthy literature in the Province. It has been well said that “the love of literature is perhaps the most remarkable and characteristic form in which advancing civilization presents itself. From being the absorbing passion of the few, it becomes, with the progress of education, the delight and favorite occupation of numbers,” and we may add that the effect it produces upon the minds of men is incalculable. Its “more special tendencies,” in the words of an eminent religious writer, are “to soften the disposition,—to melt down rancorous feelings—to encourage benevolence of sentiment, and a ready sympathy with generous conduct.” If all this be true—and who can doubt it?—we are certain that it will be unnecessary to say much to induce those who have at heart the welfare of the country, and who desire to see its literature flourishing and respectable, to give to our humble efforts the little support we look for—and in return we promise them a pleasant and agreeable monthly visitor, in the pages of which they will find little which is not calculated to please as well as to instruct,—and nothing which will offend them.

In the next number, with which the New Year will commence, a variety of beautiful tales will be laid before the reader. One of them is by Mrs. Moodie,—another by the clever and favorite author of “The Stepmother,”—and a third by a lady well known in the literary world, as the author of “Tales of the Olden Time,” who during the present year has liberally contributed to our pages. Besides these, Mr. Picken, so favorably known as the author of the “Ballads of the Rhine,” will favor us with some equally beautiful ballads on a new subject, for which we anticipate very general admiration. A number of other writers also have sent us their contributions, so that we anticipate beginning the year with vigor, which it shall be our duty and our task creditably to maintain.

648224