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# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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## MARCO VISCONTI:

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, TAKEN FROM THE CHRONICLES OF THE AGE,

AND RELATED BY TOMMASO GROSSI.

### TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

THE tale, of which the above forms the title, is one of a style of which many instances are now to be found in the literature of Italy.

Till the commencement of the present century, Italian romances generally founded their principal pretensions to interest on the wild extravagance of their incidents, and the flowery texture of their narrative. The more unreal and improbable the adventures through which the hero was conducted, the more popular the romance; provided only that these adventures were related in language easy and graceful, although it might sometimes be overloaded with the ornaments of style. Many were mere chronicles of the puissant deeds of some imaginary knight, like Amadis de Gaul, or Palmerin of England; in others were detailed the exploits of some bandit, "gloomy and grand;" whilst, throughout all, few were exempt from that familiar strain of immorality, whose corrupt stain so disfigures the otherwise brilliant pages of Boccaccio.

The writings of Sir Walter Scott, which were of so much service in infusing a more sound and healthy spirit into the literature of Britain, were productive of little less influence in Italy, through means of their various translations. The consequence was the formation of a new class of fictitious narratives, wherein the spirit and style were in a great measure modelled on those of our distinguished countryman, and which have happily superseded these inane productions of which mention has been made. These are

generally founded on historical incidents, and, displaying diligent research and intimate acquaintance with past records, are, in most cases, highly illustrative of the manners and customs of the period in which the action of the story is laid. At the head of this class—for strict attention to what is technically called the *costume* of the piece, for vivid painting of incident, and for powerful delineation of character—ranks "I Promessi Sposi"—"The Betrothed Lovers"—of Alessandro Manzoni. Of the rest, the most popular are "Ettore Fieramosca," by the Marquis d'Azeglio; "The Battle of Benevento," by Guerazzi; "The Nun of Monza," by Rossini; and Grossi's "Marco Visconti." Few of these have been translated into our language, and of that in particular on which we are now about to enter, no version that I am aware of has yet been presented to the English reader.

In the present translation, while the narrative and sentiment of the Italian story are strictly adhered to, yet an effort has been made to present these in language less formal and awkward than could be given, if trammelled by a rigid adherence to that of the original.

The author commences with a dedication of his work to Manzoni, "with the reverence of a disciple, with the affection of a friend;" and I trust that the reader will find it, even under the veil of a translation, by no means unworthy of its connection with the name of the first romancist of modern Italy.

HCCOMEST.

## CHAPTER I.

On the shore of the Lake of Como, in Upper Italy; half-way between Bellagio and Lecco, lies, embosomed in groves of chestnuts, the small district of Limonta. From the eighth century till the abolition of the feudal tenure in Lombardy, it formed an appanage to the Monastery of St. Ambrose of Milan, the abbot of which, amongst his other titles, bore that of Count of Limonta.

Between this monastic territory and the district of Bellagio, rose, in 1329, a castle, even then reckoned ancient, which was in ruins about a century afterwards, and of which at the present day not the slightest trace remains. This castle, at the period above-mentioned, was in the possession of Count Oltrado del Balzo, whose ancestors, it would appear, had been formerly Lords Paramount of Bellagio, which was at this time, however, a free *commune*. Count Oltrado, although possessed of many estates in various districts of Lombardy, passed the greater part of the year at the Lake of Como, in the company of his wife and daughter, who, like himself, seemed enchanted with its splendid scenery and delicious climate.

Rich, illustrious, and powerful, both by birth and alliance, the family of Balzo had always been the natural patrons of the peasantry dwelling in their neighbourhood, who had learned, by long tradition from father to son, to regard their name with reverence and affection. Successor to so fair an heritage, Count Oltrado had been unable to retain it, and had fallen much in the estimation of the ancient clients of his house: not that he abused his power by oppression or injustice—on the contrary, he was of a kind and courteous disposition; but, living as he did in stirring and difficult times, the energy necessary to carry into execution his good intentions was not to be found in his timid and vacillating, though withal rather overweening, nature.

About this time, the Emperor Louis of Germany, surnamed the brave, had made a descent upon Italy—and having, of his own authority, deposed Pope John XXII., then residing at Avignon, by whom he had been excommunicated, caused to be elected in his stead Pietro di Corvaria, of the order of the Minors, who assumed the name of Nicholas V. Milan,—which had now for many years laboured under a papal interdict, issued through hatred of its rulers, the Visconti, who were powerful and zealous supporters of the Ghibelline party,—soon declared itself in favour of the anti-pope; and, the state being restored by him to its former privileges, the churches were re-opened in the cities and principal towns; while the few clergy remaining there resumed the exercise of their ecclesiastical functions, as in ordinary times.

In the country, on the other hand, particularly on the borders of the Lake of Como, the people maintained the cause of Pope John, and refused to open their churches to the priests despatched thither from Milan. Many among the towns-people also, looked upon the interdict as still in force, whilst in the country parishes Pope Nicholas was not without his supporters, and the quarrels which in consequence every where arose, were not always confined to words. Aicardo, archbishop of Milan, Astolfo, abbot of St. Ambrose, and others of the clergy who adhered to the French pope, were forced to fly into the other states of Italy, where they led a wandering and mendicant life, while their places were filled by others of the Ghibelline party.

Giovanni Visconti, a relative of the princes of that name, who had been installed abbot of St. Ambrose, sent to Limonta, as his procurator, a man of very indifferent character, who revenged the fidelity which the vassals maintained towards the abbot Astolfo, by acts of the basest cruelty and oppression. The poor Limontines solicited in vain the protection or interference of the timid Count of Balzo; and the procurator, Pelagrus, growing bolder by impunity, at length produced certain parchments, which he pretended to have discovered, and which purported to be a conveyance of the territory of Limonta, by Lothario Augustus of Lombardy, to the monks of St. Ambrose, in full lordship and possession. He then summoned the Limontines to appear at the Ecclesiastical Court of Bellano, to try the validity of this document, which, if allowed, would reduce them from the vassals to the bondsmen of the monastery. Cressone Crivello, a partisan of the Visconti, had seized the lands of the church at Bellano, on the expulsion of the former occupants, and as he had replaced the officers of the court, by creatures of his own, it was easy to divine which side the decision would favour. In this emergency, his neighbours had once more recourse to Count Oltrado; but neither their urgent appeals, nor the earnest entreaties of his Countess Ermelinda, and their daughter Beatrice, could rouse within him sufficient courage to undertake their defence, although his feelings were strongly engaged in their favour.

On the evening of the day when judgment was to be pronounced at Bellano, the falconer of the count was stationed on the battlement of the castle that commanded the widest view in that direction. Fair and far-spread as was the scene beneath, his eye wandered not over it, but was kept intent upon that point of the lake where a boat coming from Bellano would first make its appearance. For some time he looked in vain; but at last a small bark came in sight, and draw-

ing nearer, the falconer soon discovered in it the object of his watch, and hastened to apprise the count. He found him in a spacious hall, seated in a massy carved chair, and watching the motions of his page, who, resting on a cushion at his feet, was amusing himself with the gambols of a small greyhound that frisked around them.

The count was a man about fifty years of age, of a spare make and rather hank visage, whose expression denoted at once much timidity and nervousness, and much self-esteem. On his hand was perched a superb falcon, which seemed greatly to enjoy the caresses occasionally bestowed upon it—now bending under them with a low, quiet murmur—and now ruffling its feathers, familiarly pecking and nibbling at the hand that fondled it. As the falconer entered the apartment, the bird recognised the step of him whose care had reared it, and, shaking its wings with a joyful scream, seemed to invite his approach.

"Is the bark arrived from Bellano?" enquired Count Oltrado of the new comer, to whom his attention was thus directed.

"It was close at hand, my lord, when I left the ravelin," was the reply, "and by this time Michael and his son Arrigozzo must be on shore."

The count gave the hawk into the hands of the page, with orders to bestow it in the falconry, and in a few minutes he and the falconer, Ambrose, were joined by the boatmen from Bellano; the father, a stout, healthy old man; the son, a fine youth of five-and-twenty.

"Welcome, Michael," said the count to the elder of the two. "What tidings bearest thou—good or evil?"

"That is as it may turn out, noble sir," answered Michael; "but undoubtedly it is your lordship's wish to hear the events of the day?"

The master made a signal of assent, and the boatman went on:

"We were all assembled, my lord count, in front of the archbishop's palace, when the hour strikes, the bell rings, and out on the terrace comes an ill-favoured scoundrel, with half a score of scribes and pharisees about him—pulls me out a sheepskin or two—speaks me a long oration full of hard words, and ends by declaring that we Limontines—bless the mark!—had always been bond servants of the monastery. Aye, and maintained too, that in token of our servitude—as he phrased it—our heads were kept shaved, and that only lately was our hair allowed to grow. Heard ever any one a more rascally lie!"

"But," interrupted the count, "what proof of this did he bring forward? He did not surely bring witnesses to what I know never to have been the case?"

"Witnesses!" resumed the old man, "I warrant ye he did—scores of them—fellows who for the peeling of a fig would swear to the greatest lie the devil ever invented."

"Well, what followed?"

"Why, when the crafty old fox had finished, forth steps our own advocate, Lorenzo Garbagate, and tells them plump and plain that more—the vassals of the abbot, and not a whit more—that we never had been his bond servants, and never would be; and then, to prove his sayings, he brings forward his witnesses—all old men from the neighbourhood here. And then the judge——"

"Decides in your favour, I trust?"

"Not he; but he rises and says: 'Here are witnesses ready to swear one thing—there are others ready to swear the very opposite: I can yield credence to neither; let the cause be tried by the judgment of God.'"

"By the judgment of God!" echoed the count.

"Even so, master mine! And then the crowd fell to shouting and clapping of their hands, as if he had given a most righteous judgment. 'Let it be the ordeal of the red-hot iron!' cries one. 'Of seething oil!' roars another; but the abbot's advocate had settled beforehand on the ordeal by battle, and the ordeal by battle he sure it was."

"It must be then *cum justibus et scutis*, with club and shield!" exclaimed the Count di Balzo, with a sapient air; "for as the matter concerns peasants, the arms of cavaliers cannot be allowed them."

"Right, my lord; with club and shield it is."

"And who is the champion of Limonta in this cause?"

"Our champion, noble sir! methinks he will be somewhat difficult to find. Had you but seen the swarthy giant the monks have in readiness——"

"You have refused the challenge, then, like arrant cowards as ye are?"

"Nay, nay, I said not that. Here is Arrigozzo would have stood forward on the spot, had I allowed him."

"Aye, and others too," added his son. "Limonta has bold spirits enow, but they are all trammelled, like myself, with those who are more afraid for them than they are for themselves."

"And well for them they have," rejoined Michael. "I will take good heed you slip not the leash for the four days that intervene before the day of trial."

"But," exclaimed the falconer Ambrose, who had been an interested listener to this conversation, "may we not, too, hire a champion; I myself will give a hundred scudi, ere Limonta should be so hard bested."

"No, no," said the count, proud of his knowledge of the law of the ordeal; "that is the privilege solely of nobles, clergy, and religious communities. Limonta must find one of her own children to do battle for her, or her cause is lost."

"O, that my Lupo were here," exclaimed Ambrose, "or near enough to hear of our emergency in time. No hindrance should he have from me, and, my word for it, the abbot would not enslave us without a hard fight."

"Tell me," asked Michael, eagerly, "did not your son Lupo enter the service of Ottorino Visconti?"

"He did so five years ago, and has now risen to be his squire. They say the young lord has him in great favour, and moves not a step without him."

This answer seemed to re-energize the old boatman, who, turning to his son, enquired:

"Is the boat in good order for starting again, Arrigozzo?"

"We came on shore in such haste, father, that I left every thing on board; we have only to hoist sail and be off."

"To Como, then, without a moment's delay."

"Saw'st thou Lupo at Como?" interrupted the astonished fisher.

"No; but I saw his master, Ottorino Visconti," replied Michael, "and Lupo could not be far off. You saw him, too," added he, turning to his son, "when we were at Como on Thursday?"

"What; the young cavalier that accosted you as we were about to embark?" answered Arrigozzo.

"The same. My heart warmed to the friend of our poor young master, Lionetto—God rest his soul!—one who came so often to visit him in his last illness."

A shade passed over the brow of the count at the mention of his lost heir, and he said, in a softened voice:

"Hie thee to the buttery, my good Michael, and thou wilt find wherewithal to stay thine appetite, till thou reachest Como. Go with him, Arrigozzo, and thou, too, Ambrose. Tomorrow I trust again to see you, with Lupo in your company."

Scarcely had they made their obeisance and left the apartment, when a sudden thought struck the count, and, hastening to the door, he called after them:

"Michael! Michael! hark ye, Michael! let every thing be done as of your own accord, and let not my name be mentioned in the matter; you understand me?" The boatman made a gesture of assent, and Count Oltrado returned to his arm-chair, muttering: "By St. Barnabas,

but I had well nigh committed myself. What would the abbot have said, had I meddled in the matter? But I was ever thus rash and inconsiderate."

#### CHAPTER II.

On the following day, which was Sunday, the Chapel of St. Bernard, in Limonta, was opened, and mass said therein by a friar sent thither from Milan; for the priest of the parish had refused to exercise his ministry in time of interdict, and, frightened by the threats of the procurator, Pelagrus, had fled into concealment. Within the chapel there was none but the procurator and his family; while the space in front was filled by a crowd of Limontines, with many from Civenna and Bellagio, standing in scattered groups, and discoursing of the judgment of the previous day—of the barbarity and oppression of Pelagrus—and of the sacrilege, as they deemed it, then going on in the chapel.

Four or five rough-looking men-at-arms had at first gone from group to group, endeavouring, now by threats and now by persuasion, to induce the peasantry to enter the chapel, and take part in the service. Finding their efforts of no avail, they collected around the chapel door, urging those in the vicinity to shew their reverence by at least uncovering their heads; but, as the request was made in rude and insolent terms, so far from being complied with, it only increased the discontent of the crowd, which at last vented itself in hisses, groans, and insulting menaces.

On hearing this clamour, Pelagrus, who was on his knees near the chapel altar, turned round his head, and seeing, through the open door, the commotion outside, began for the first time to consider the possibility of his safety being endangered by his acts of oppression. The officiating priest, too, under various excuses, turned round several times, casting an uneasy glance on the irreverent multitude; nor would the comfort of either have been increased, had they been near enough to hear the opinions interchanged among the crowd. Strengthened and emboldened by mutual support, the name of Pelagrus was now mingled with the threats which they had hitherto lavished only on the men-at-arms, till at last, just as the mass was finished, they broke into cries of—"Set fire to the house—seize on the tyrannous villain—throw him into the lake—run him up to the next tree."

The procurator prudently put a bold face on the matter, and, calling his guard around him, proceeded, through the midst of the assemblage, to the monastery-house, which was situated about a stone's cast from the chapel. The mob pressed

on his steps with shouts of—"Down with the excommunicated heretic—tear the inhuman oppressor to pieces;" but, however noisy the uproar, the small band gained the procurator's residence without any open violence being offered them. But once safe within stone walls, the boldness of Pelagrus's bravos, which had been somewhat shaken by the mass of people without, again revived, and they began to think themselves disgraced by thus leaving the field to a rabble of peasantry. Mounting to a turret which rose on one side of the entrance, they commenced to mock and jeer at the multitude below, threatening soon to make them repeat their present insolence and presumption. Incensed by this renewed arrogance, those without, not content with retaliating in words, had recourse to stones and other missiles, which, however, fell wide of the mark, and only served to increase the flouting of their adversaries. At length one of these was struck sharply on the arm with a stone, and, smarting with pain, he lifted the missile and threw it furiously down, where, unhappily lighting on the head of a lad of nine or ten, who was amusing himself among the crowd, it crushed in his skull, and stretched him in a moment lifeless on the ground.

This act of bloodshed was like a spark fallen in a powder magazine; a shout of execration and revenge burst from the multitude; in the twinkling of an eye the gates were burst open, the men-at-arms who ran to defend it, knocked down and trampled on, and an impetuous wave of the populace rushed into the outer court. In an instant the monastery-house was full of disorder and confusion; doors and windows hurriedly shutting as if a sudden tempest had swept through the place—women, dishevelled and in tears, escaping along the galleries from the invaders—exclamations of grief and alfright—shrieks and cries for mercy; such were the sights and sounds of horror that filled what had once been the scenes of religious retirement.

The few unfortunates who were the cause of the outbreak had no opportunity of providing for their safety; a band of the assailants rushed up the stairs of the tower, and, seizing the unhappy wretches, hurled them headlong to the rocks below, from which they rolled, bloody and quivering corpses, into the surrounding ditch. Pelagrus and five of his satellites were caught, as they ran through the dwelling, stupified and overcome with terror, and bound together, to await the decision of their captors as to their fate. Some wished them to share the doom of their companions in the tower; others proposed to throw them, tied as they were, into the lake; but some one having mentioned the punishment

of "planting,"\* as it was called, the suggestion was readily adopted by the infuriated rioters, and mattocks and shovels being procured, they commenced digging the holes for that purpose in the consecrated ground annexed to the chapel.

In the meantime the miserable procurator had sunk on his knees, pale and livid—his hair hanging disordered over his forehead—his gaze fixed and aimless—his lips pallid and trembling—while, with faint and unsteady voice, he repeated almost mechanically; "A confessor! a confessor!"

"Ah! dog of an heretic!" exclaimed a young Limontine, who had taken a most active part in the tumult; "what has an excommunicated wretch like thee to do with confessors? Let this confess thee!"

So saying, he raised his heavy staff, and would have struck the trembling culprit to the ground, had not his arm been arrested by an old goatherd beside him.

"Stay thine hand, Stefano!" said the latter. "Would'st thou have us worse than Turks or Paynims? Let him confess his misdeeds; if he asks a confessor let him have one."

"But whom can we bring to him?" asked Stefano, a little ashamed of the violence he had betrayed.

"If there be no other, bring the friar who came here to say mass; he is still in the chapel, afraid to venture out."

"He! Is he not himself an excommunicated heretic, who can no more confess him rightly than I myself can?"

"True! Some other then—our own *Messere*,† for instance."

"But where shall we find the good man? Thou know'st he is in hiding from these villains here. And then, besides, he can confess no one until the interdict is taken off the country."

"At the point of death he can do his office—and has done it too. Dost thou not remember Tonn, down at the village, and old Giorgio, the miller?"

"But how can we call these wretches before us at the point of death, Andrea?"

"I maintain," answered the goatherd, "that any ecclesiastical court in Christendom would consider them at the point of death."

"I say that they would not," insisted Stefano.

Each view of the case found supporters among the bystanders, and the dispute was waxing loud

\* This mode of punishment, which was at that time in legal use for those convicted of great crimes, consisted in burying the culprit with his head still above ground, and thus leaving him to a lingering and horrible death.

† Master—a title then given in Italy to the priest of the parish.

and keen, when the voice of one of their leaders brought them once more in accord.

"Let us plant them," he cried, "as soon as the graves are ready, and no one will deny that, by the time the priest arrives, they will be near enough the point of death to allow him conscientiously to shrive them."

Shouts of "Agreed! agreed!" rung through the court-yard. "And now to seek the messere. Who knows where he is to be found?"

"Last night he slept down there in the house of the boatman," replied a voice.

"Here, then, boatman! Michael! Michael! No one had seen him that day in the crowd.

"I saw him set off with his son for Como yesterday," cried one.

"He must be home ere this," rejoined another; "I saw his bark but a short time since pass the point of Bellagio."

"I will go to his house," said the goatherd, "and gather what tidings I can of our messere."

The cottage of Michael was situated on the bank of the lake, at the mouth of a small stream called the Auccio, and about half a mile from Limonta, towards Bellagio. In this direction the old goatherd now hurried, but ere he had proceeded far, he encountered the object of his search, with the two boatmen, besides a third, who was Lupo, the son of the falconer.

"Holla! Andrea," cried the priest, as a turn of the road brought them in sight of each other, "what brings thee here in such hot haste, and what is this uproar we hear at Limonta?"

"Messere! messere!" replied he, almost breathless, "hasten, hasten on, for the love of the saints! no one but you can save them; the monastery-house is taken, and every thing sent to wreck and ruin; they threaten to murder, in cold blood, the procurator and his men; run on, for mercy's sake!"

They needed no further inducement to quicken their steps, the priest, a hale old man, still keeping at their head. Scarce was his brown cowl seen in the square, when a shout arose from all of, "The messere! the messere! here is the messere!" and running to meet him, they called on him, as if it were a matter of course, to confess Pelagrus and his satellites, as they were just about to make an end of them. The good man had need of all the authority of his sacred office, of all the reverence and affection he had gained during a life spent in the service of his parishioners, and of the further claim upon them which his recent persecution had given him, to turn the furious populace from their horrid resolution.

In this he was much assisted by the news which had spread through the crowd, of the

arrival of Lupo, ready to meet the champion of the monastery, on behalf of his countrymen.

Whilst they pressed around the son of the falconer, who was persuading them to cease from bloodshed, to remain quiet and trust to his championship, the parroco,\* entering the house of the procurator, succeeded in dispersing those who were within, and in having the prisoners set at liberty. When all was quiet in the first court, he proceeded to the second, while passing through which, his ear seemed to catch a plaintive cry from an upper window. Ascending in that direction a narrow wooden staircase, he found it to terminate at a small door, at which he knocked, but without receiving any answer, though a rustling within showed that the apartment was tenanted. Taking advantage of a chink in the door, he looked through, and beheld a woman, with hair dishevelled and hanging over her shoulders, who strained an infant to her bosom, while with one hand she strove to stifle its cries. In her the priest immediately recognized the wife of Pelagrus, and again, knocking gently, he cried:

"Open, Dame Margarita! 'tis I, the parroco. Open! all is now quiet."

The poor mother, terrified by the first sound of his voice close at hand, started so that her hand relaxed its hold, and the infant uttered a long shrill cry, which she had thus pent up for fear of discovery; but recognizing the voice of the messere, she drew a heavy bolt, and gave admission to her liberator.

"Oh! the Lord hath sent thee hither!" exclaimed the poor trembling creature. "May He reward thee for it! Not for me—not for me—but for this cherub in my arms!" And so saying, she seized the hand of the priest, kissing it and bathing it with her tears, in a rapture of joy and gratitude.

"And my husband?" she then asked, with a gesture and expression full of anxiety and fear.

"He is safe," replied the parroco. "But it would be well for thee to keep out of sight of the rioters. Go out here," and he conducted her to a small postern that opened towards the mountain. "Take the path that leads to the castle, and there pray the count, in my name, to receive thee for at least this night."

"Ah! I fear the count will refuse——"

"Well then, present yourself to Ermelinda; tell her—but no—there is no need to tell her anything; thou needest assistance, and I fear not the readiness of the countess to grant it. Go, and God be with thee!"

Finding all quiet within, the parroco returned

\* Parish priest.



to the outer square, where the crowd was still gathered round the son of the falconer, whom they had chosen by acclamation as their champion in the approaching combat.

"Much do this day's deeds grieve me, my children!" he thus addressed them; "both as giving to our enemies occasion of grievous scandal, and as showing in yourselves an unruly and unchristian spirit. To your homes! and while you pray for the success of our cause, forget not to entreat pardon for this your violence and outrage."

The request, or rather the command, of the priest, was promptly obeyed. The first ebullition of wrath and vengeance being now exhausted, each man seemed anxious to withdraw from the fatal spot, and, in the quiet retirement of his home, to hide, if possible, even from himself, his participation in the excesses of the day.

The procurator took immediate advantage of their dispersal to collect his retainers, and set sail for Varenna, without waiting for his wife and child, of whose flight the parroco had informed him. Dark and fiendish was his countenance, as he looked towards the receding shores of Limonta, and deep the vows of vengeance he uttered. But while at Varenna, he received from the abbot an angry letter, dismissing him from his service, and severely reprimanding him for his cowardice, in deserting his post, and flying from a few unarmed peasantry.

In the meantime Lupu had proceeded to the castle of Count Oltrado, where his arrival was expected, not only by his parents, but by all the other inmates, with the utmost impatience. They had already heard of his arrival at Limonta, and of his endeavours to calm the turbulence of the rioters, but no one went to meet him, though many wished to do so; for the count, at the first news of the tumult, had caused the portcullis to be lowered and the drawbridge raised, partly from a groundless fear lest their violence should be turned in his direction, and partly lest he should be compromised by any of his retainers taking part in the fray. On hearing of the flight of Pelagrua, however, he determined to be very marked in his reception of Lupu, and thus to do away with any evil impression which might be made upon the mountaineers of Limonta, by the shelter which he had granted, on the earnest entreaty of the countess, to the wife of Pelagrua. But to do him justice, this new terror only served to counteract and neutralize his former fear of the abbot, and thus enabled him to give scope to the warm and kindly feelings with which he was really animated, not only towards Lupu himself, but towards the cause of which he was now the recognized champion. Scarcely, therefore, had

the falconer and his dame released their son from their repeated embraces, and before he could receive the congratulations of half his old friends, who crowded round to his welcome; he was summoned to the presence of Count Oltrado, and there, to his astonishment, met with a more hearty and cordial reception than he had ever seen accorded to any one from the same quarter.

In a small sitting-room, in another part of the castle, was seated the Countess Ermolinda, reading the service of the day to her daughter Beatrice, and her maid Lauretta, the daughter of the falconer, and a great favourite with both. This she was accustomed to do every Sunday whilst the interdict prevented their appearance at the chapel, and although the Latin in which it was written would have rendered it a sealed book to most ladies of modern times, yet the language, at this period, was still much spoken in Italy, and was generally deemed a necessary accomplishment in those of high rank. The countess could not have passed her fortieth year: graceful in manner, tall and well-formed in person, her countenance showed an expression of noble courtesy; but her cheek was pale and wan, her eyes sunk and languid, and she appeared as if worn and subdued by care. Beatrice bore to her mother the most striking resemblance; there was the same grace of form, the same beauty of feature, the same sweetness of expression; look, voice, and gesture, all were the same; but all at the same time embellished by the sunny smiles of life's spring-time—all animated by that air of peace and contentment—that mild and mysterious fragrance that breathes from a mind yet ignorant of the troubles and tempests of life—scarcely even conscious of its own moods and feelings.

When she had finished, the mother closed the *Evangele*, and turned to the attendant, saying:

"Go to the western turret, Lauretta, and learn how it now fares with poor Dame Margarita."

The handmaid returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that the wife of Pelagrua had all her wants supplied—that she had recovered from the state of hysteric terror into which she had been thrown—that she returned her most grateful thanks to the countess, and only begged the farther boon of being sent with her babe to wherever her husband had sought refuge.

"Did'st thou tell her my arrangement, that she should remain here a day or two longer, and that the count himself should then take her to Varenna, on his way to Bellano?"

"I did so, and with this she expressed herself well content, repenting that she placed herself entirely in your hands, and that her prayers for you and your household should never cease."

"Heaven have mercy on her!" rejoined Ermelinda. "She was ever a worthy, timid creature, and deserved a better fate than to have such an husband. But"—she heaved a sigh, and again repeated—"Heaven have mercy on her!"

A gentle tapping at the door was now heard, and the count entered, holding by the hand the son of the falconer, whom he presented to his wife and daughter.

"Here is our good Lupo," he said, "who has come boldly forward to sustain the cause of the poor Limontines."

By Ermelinda and Beatrice he was kindly and courteously received; while Lauratta, on the entrance of her beloved brother, after so long an absence, could not restrain the impulse of her affection, but, running to meet him, locked her arms round his neck, and there remained for a few moments without uttering a word. At last, recollecting herself, she withdrew from her brother's ardent embrace, the paleness of the first surprise yielding to a rosy blush, and with a smile, half bashful, half pettish, she said, in a tremulous voice:

"Fie! how silly and foolish I am! My heart is swelling with joy, and yet these naughty tears will fill mine eyes."

### CHAPTER III.

ON the day fixed for the combat that was to determine the fate of the Limontines, the great square of St. George, in Belluno, was so thronged by those who had assembled from the surrounding country to witness the proceedings of the day; that a band of Crivello's soldiery had much difficulty in keeping clear a space in the centre, where the confused noise of saws, hammers, and workmen's voices, showed that the lists were in course of completion. On one side of the square the spectator commanded an extensive view of the lovely Lake of Como; while on the right rose the Archbishop's Palace, a handsome building of red stone, and opposite to it stood the Cathedral of St. George, a fine specimen of the mixed Grecian and Gothic styles of architecture, then prevalent in Italy. The gates of the latter stood wide open, showing within a straggling crowd of vassals, armed and clothed after a hundred different fashions; these had been collected by Cressone Crivello from all the towns, castles, and estates, of which he held the sovereignty, and whose possessors were bound, by the terms of the feudal investiture, to furnish him, when required, with a certain number of men-at-arms.

This call had been made on hearing of the outbreak at Limontu, for Crivello feared lest the mountaineers, who came to witness the combat,

might excite to revolt the people of Belluno, already impatient of his yoke. Aware, however, how little assistance was to be looked for, in case of necessity, from these auxiliaries, whose sympathies were all in favour of the Limontines, he had caused them to be collected together in the church, where their presence might suffice to awe the people, but where, at the same time, no intercourse could take place between them, which last was further assured by a band of forty lances that patrolled through the interior.

The large hall of the palace was filled with an assemblage of the nobles, knights, and castellains—the high-born dames and gentle maidens of the country around, who were conversing of festivals and tournaments, of new fashions and elegancies in dress, or arms, or courtly customs. Without the hall, a long chamber was thronged with pages, squires, and attendants, and beyond this again, the court-yard resounded with the trampling of horses, the baying of dogs, and the shouts of grooms and serving-men.

The other chambers of this vast edifice, along the front that looked into the square, were filled with folks of lesser note, who had obtained admittance, in the train of some seignior, or as the friend of some of the archbishop's household, or by a piece of silver dropped into the hand of the sentinel at the outer gate.

Among the crowd of ladies and cavaliers in the grand hall, paced the advocate of the Monastery of St. Ambrose, and that of the Limontine mountaineers. Both were clothed in long, violet-coloured silk robes, with red hoods, furred with ermine, whose long peaks hung nearly to the ground; but the advocate of the monastery was distinguished by the silver mace which he bore in his hand, and which was a mark of honour only accorded to those who appeared on behalf of bishops, monasteries, hospitals, and other religious bodies.

In company with Lorenzo Garbagnate, the Limontine advocate, walked Lupo's master, Ottorino Visconti—who had promised his squire to be present at the combat—a handsome cavalier of seven-and-twenty. As he is destined to play some part in this our tale, we crave the reader's patience while we relate a few particulars respecting him.

Ottorino, the son of Uberto, who was brother of the great Matteo Visconti, Lord of Milan, was this cousin to Galeazzo the First, who had died the year preceding the time of which we now treat, and of his three surviving brothers, Marco, Luchino, and Giovanni, all four being the sons of Matteo. Scarcely was the noble youth old enough to wear a corslet, when he placed himself under the tutelage of his cousin Marco

then in the prime of life, and celebrated as one of the ablest leaders in Italy. Under the eyes of this great captain, who soon came to love him as a son, he perfected himself in all the exercises of arms; from his hands he received his knightly spurs, and ever after followed his banner.

Our young cavalier was clothed in doublet and hose of crimson velvet, over which was thrown a sky-blue mantle, embroidered with silver; a heavy chain of gold hung round his neck, and in a bonnet, of the same colour as his mantle, was fastened by a jewelled stud, a thick white plume, which contrasted strongly with the jet-black hair that flowed over his shoulders, in rich natural ringlets. Bold and intelligent eyes sparkled in a face somewhat embrowned by his campaigns; of commanding person, and well-knit frame, he displayed a native grace and dignity in every movement and action.

The advocate, Garbagnate, had just been gratifying him with an account of the events at Limonta, and of the honourable part his squire Lupò had taken therein; then proceeding to speak of Count Otrado and his family, Ottorino asked him if Beatrice, whom he had known as a girl, were still at the Castle of Limonta.

"She is," replied the advocate; "and the fairest maiden between this and Milan."

"Is it true then," enquired the youth, "that she resembles her mother so closely?"

"She is her second self," answered Garbagnate.

"But you may judge of her yourself, as I understand she accompanies the count hither to-day."

"And at what hour does the ceremony commence?"

"At the sixth hour after sunrise, if nothing occur to prevent it, as I fear will be the case."

"What can occur?" asked Ottorino again.

"Is all not prepared?"

"All is prepared so far; but this confounded interdiction threatens to interrupt every thing. The parrot of Bellano has been seized by order of Crivello, because he refused to bless the arms, and protests that he will suffer death rather than incur excommunication."

"Why not get some one less scrupulous, then?" said Ottorino.

"And who do you think, my young friend, is willing to take this burden on his back? The priest of Limonta was here a short time ago, having accompanied Lupò hither, but when he heard how things were going, he slipped quietly among the crowd, and disappeared."

"It will be difficult —"

"But what is the cause of this commotion?" exclaimed the cavalier, interrupting himself, and turning towards the centre of the hall, where all

was crowding round some one who had just made his appearance.

"It seems some jester," replied Garbagnate, "come to amuse us in the meantime."

An opening in the crowd proved that the advocate was right, by showing them a man fantastically dressed in various colours, with rows of silver bells on his doublet, hose, and mantle, as well as on the long peaked cap which he wore. A lute was strung over his shoulders, whose chords he commenced to touch, accompanying the sound with laughter-moving gestures and contortions.

"Tremacoldo! Tremacoldo!" shouted the bystanders.

This was the name of a famous jester, well-known throughout all Italy, who attended all the fairs, who was found at all festivals, at all tournaments, and in every place where there was any public assembly; who knew a thousand different jokes—was never at a loss for a repartee—practised the newest sports—told the wittiest stories—sung the lays and sonnets of the most celebrated troubadours and minstrels of the day, and himself held among these no mean place.

"Tremacoldo! Tremacoldo!" cried many voices around him, "sing us 'The Lament of the Prisoner to the Nightingale.'"

"Give us rather," cried others, "the song you composed when you were caught by the robbers."

"Which will you have?" asked Tremacoldo.

"Give us both," replied a cavalier; "which you please first."

"List, then, gentles all! Fair dames and noble knights, listen to the song that was composed by the Countess Isabella of Inola, when confined in the Castle of Rezzonico, by the cruel jealousy of her lord." Having thus spoken, and after a slow and plaintive prelude on his instrument, Tremacoldo commenced the address of

#### THE PRISONER TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

"Cease, wand'ring warbler, cease thy strain;  
Forbear these melting tones of grief;  
Let soothing silence round me reign,  
To give my aching heart relief—  
Ah! hush! sweet minstrel of the air;  
Thou fill'st my breast with sad despair.

"And yet, sweet Nightingale, sing on,  
I fain would learn —"

But here the crowd around broke up and abandoned him, turning to a new spectacle that at this moment presented itself: this was Beatrice di Balzo, who entered the hall, conducted by her father. Whilst Ottorino warmly embraced his old friend the count, and bowed with knightly courtesy to the damsel, Tremacoldo, irritated at the new comers, advanced towards them, for the

purpose of revenging, by some bitter jest, the despite they had been the means of casting on him; for it was a curious feature of the times, that while those of noble birth were generally so proud and haughty to those of humbler fortunes, yet minstrels, jesters, and buffoons were a privileged set, from whom insolent and satirical remarks were tolerated, which would have caused bloodshed if received from an equal in rank. The jester came forward with the angry intentions we have noticed, but when he came within the circle that surrounded them, the grace and beauty of Beatrice soothed every incensed feeling, and rendered him gentle and respectful towards her, without causing him to spare those that had thus deserted him.

"I have always heard, my masters," he said, "that all birds of night are chased away by the approach of the sun; but never till this moment have I seen a flock of stupid owls so dazzled by his rays, as to fly directly towards his bright presence."

The maiden of sixteen was like a new-blown rose in all the freshness and fragrance of dewy morn. A long sky-blue robe, covered from the girdle to the knee with fine silver network, imitated the colour of her eyes, but was far from equalling their ethereal azure, their soft and chastened radiance. Her fair and silken tresses, shining like woven gold, hung in heavy masses down to her silver-embroidered girdle, and were crowned with a coronet of flowers, alternately of pure white and cerulean blue. With the native sweetness and ingenious candour that breathed in her countenance, there was mixed a slight shade of gentle haughtiness, so to speak, which served to give a more piquant expression to her lovely features.

As the fair Beatrice advanced up the centre of the hall, with her father on one side and Ottorino on the other, a low murmur of admiration accompanied her passage. She saw every eye turned on herself, and heard the whispered *plaudits* that greeted her, and as the admiring expressions of the surrounding cavaliers fell upon her ear, a deep blush overspread her cheeks. What, then, was her confusion, when Tremacoldo, bending on one knee before her, raised his bonnet, and in a loud voice proclaimed her "Queen of Beauty and of Love." The damsel, overcome with alarm and bashfulness, drew closer to her father, and begged him in a whisper to take her away, or at least to dismiss that man; but the count, whose vanity was much gratified by this triumph of his daughter, only replied, with a smile: "Foolish girl!" and leading her to a seat at the head of the hall, placed himself beside her, and signed to Ottorino to take the seat on her other side. When he had

replied to the greetings of the assembled cavaliers, he turned to the minstrel, and, excusing himself for having interrupted his song, prayed him to continue.

"I will sing something else," answered Tremacoldo; and, covering his face with one hand, he made two or three turns within the space left him, while the auditors disposed themselves around; then, raising his head, he began to sing the praises of Beatrice. After comparing the maiden to the lily of the valley, to the rose of Jericho, to the cedar of Lebanon; after exalting her above the loveliest sultanas of Egypt and of Persia—above the fairest princesses celebrated by the troubadours of Provence; he likened her to Madonna Laura, for whom the verses of Petrarch\* were then preparing a fame, still green and flourishing after the lapse of five centuries;—finally, turning towards the young cavalier, who was seated by her side, he sang of his noble birth, his kind disposition, his polished manners in the hall, and his approved valour in the field, and concluded by comparing the two subjects of his song—Beatrice, to the bright and lustrous diamond—Ottorino, to the golden casket formed to guard and protect it.

The minstrel had been several times interrupted by uncontrollable bursts of admiration; but at the close, when all restraint was removed from the increasing enthusiasm, thunders of applause shook the walls and roof, not only of the hall, but the adjoining chamber, round the door of which the attendants had gathered to listen to the lay. Ottorino rose from his seat, and taking from his neck the chain of gold which he wore, presented it, with graceful courtesy, to Tremacoldo, who, thanking him for his gift, wound it round his bonnet, then, suddenly throwing a somersault, he danced down the hall, playing a merry roundelay, and followed by most of the lords and ladies present.

At this moment, the Count of Balzo caught sight of the advocate Garbagnate, at the other end of the hall, and saying to his daughter—"Stay here, Beatrice; I will return directly," he hurried after him, to ask of the approaching ceremonial. The damsel, feeling herself thus alone—the cynosure of all eyes—rose, timid and blushing, from her seat, and advanced, attended by Ottorino, to a window that looked out on the square, where she found herself more retired and at ease. The presence, too, of the young cavalier—the friend of her father, the companion of her beloved and early-lost brother—he with whom she had at one time been on such terms of childish

\* The sonnets of this poet, though he was now only five-and-twenty, had already spread his fame throughout all Europe as the chief of Italian minstrelsy.

intimacy—she felt to be a welcome protection. At length, the so much dreaded crowd dispersed to follow Tremacaldo, who had commenced another song; but while her first confusion was thus allayed, another cause of embarrassment arose, in finding herself thus thrown on the protection of a comparative stranger. She, therefore, beckoned to the count, as he walked past with Garbagnate, to resume his place beside her; but he, who was deep in canons, decretals and papal bulls, gave a gesture of assent, and the next moment forgot all about it.

In the meantime Ottorino conversed with the maiden, with easy but respectful familiarity, of the days they had passed together in the Castle of Limonta, many years before; reminding her of their mutual pastimes, and studies, and enjoyments—of their pettish quarrels—of the little griefs and anxieties of that age, which ever wears a smile to those who look back on it from the ascent of years. These gentle reminiscences gradually re-assured the damsel, and when she turned round to look for her father's approach, it was no longer with that air of alarm and uneasiness which she had at first displayed. As for the young cavalier, a secret sentiment of pride increased the pleasure which he experienced in her society. Her beauty had been the admiration of all the assembly; the most distinguished youths present had striven in vain for a word or a look from her; while with him she now conversed freely, and without restraint, as with an old and valued friend.

Thus the first meeting of Ottorino and Beatrice after so long an absence—the confident dependence which she placed in him—the proud delight he took in her, all tended to increase the faint, but affectionate remembrance which each held of the other, and to sow in the hearts of both the seeds of that passion, which, at its first appearance, is so often saluted as fraternal affection.

At length a trumpet gave notice that the ceremony was about to commence; the jester ceased his pranks, and all hurried to take their places in the balconies. The Count of Balzo, amongst the rest, came to rejoin his daughter, who took her seat again between Ottorino and himself.

#### CHAPTER IV.

In the front of the cathedral, and on the opposite side of the square from the palace, stood a raised platform of stone, where pleas were heard by the Ecclesiastical Court, and judgments publicly delivered. Towards this the looks of every one at the windows, or on the flat roofs, or crowded in the square, were now turned, and shortly three persons, ascending the steps, came forward to the front.

"Who are these?" asked Beatrice of her father.

"He who has just sat down," replied the count, "is the judge; of the two who remain standing, that one on his right, with the silver mace, is the advocate of the monastery; the other, you know already—it is Lorenzo Garbagnate."

Again the trumpet sounded, and all were silent. Then the advocate of the monastery, turning to the judge, said, in a clear voice that was heard throughout the square:

"You declare that you sit here as deputy of the illustrious and magnificent Lord Cressone Crivello, to decide the cause between the Monastery of St. Ambrose and the men of Limonta?"

To which the judge replied, "I do declare it."

"Then," resumed the first, "I maintain before you that the men of Limonta are bond servants of the Monastery of St. Ambrose."

"And I," replied Garbagnate, "oppose to the demand of the plaintiff, a century's use and wont."

The judge now rose from his seat, and said, in a loud voice:

"Both parties have offered witnesses ready to make oath to their several statements, but we, in the exercise of our authority, as archiepiscopal and royal deputy, have decided that recourse should be had to the ordeal of battle by club and shield." Then, turning to the abbot's advocate, "You declare," he said, "that you here present Ramengo, of Casale, as champion for the Monastery of St. Ambrose?"

"I do declare it," replied he.

"And you," he asked of Garbagnate, "declare that you here present Tappo, of Limonta, as representing the men of his district?"

The Limontine advocate made a like reply, and then each of the two taking in his hand a heavy club, they exchanged them in token that the combat was agreed to. The two champions then appeared on the platform, amid the shouts of the multitude, and many formalities being gone through, of which the description would occupy us too long, one after the other took the oath that they did not come forward to this proof "trusting in any power of magical herbs, or spells, or charms, but in the sole aid of God, our Lady the Virgin, and the valiant knight St. George of Cappadocia." After this, both descended from the platform to proceed to the lists.

"If it were not for the interdict," said the count to Ottorino, "mass should now be said, which the two champions should hear, kneeling on the steps of the altar, and then the officiating priest would bless the clubs and shields. Now I should like to know how, without the benediction,

they are to have a combat 'by the judgment of God.' 'Tis against all the statutes."

"I have heard," said the youth, "that the parroco of Belluno has refused to give his ministry."

"And right, too—the canons would otherwise unfrock and excommunicate him in a week."

Seven or eight lances now opened a way through the crowd for the judge, who advanced, followed by the champions, the two marshals of the lists, and a trumpeter. When they had reached the centre of the lists, the judge took from an attendant a wooden shield covered with thick leather, and a large heavy club, and, presenting them to Ramengo, said :

"Receive thou the shield and club of attack, according to justice."

Then taking similar weapons he gave them to Lupo, with the words :

"Take thou the club and shield of defence, according to justice. And now God guard the right !"

He then proceeded to his seat at the side of the enclosure, between the two advocates, and the marshals were leading the champions to their stations, when a cry arose among the crowd—

"The arms are unconsecrated ! The weapons are worthless ; they must be blessed !"

The judge rose from his seat, but his words only served to increase the tumult.

"Your curate refuses to consecrate them."

"The curate is right," called out the peasantry.

"Force him to bless them ; burn him alive if he refuse !" cried the soldiers and the supporters of Pope Nicholas present.

The judge soon saw that the adherents of the curate were the stronger party, otherwise he might not have been very scrupulous in refusing the demand of the others. Neither would it have been altogether a new thing in these days to see a priest burned alive, or even flayed, for refusing, through regard for the interdict, to say mass, or perform some other of his sacred functions. Wishing, however, to effect a compromise, he proclaimed that five silver marks should be given to any one in holy orders who would consecrate the weapons of the combatants. Looks of enquiry passed through the crowd, but in vain.

"The curate of Dervio was here but a short time since—and the parroco of Perledo—and the messere of Limonta. Where have they gone ? Who saw them depart ?" No one could tell. At last, during a momentary lull of the uproar, a voice was heard to exclaim, "Tremacoldo !" which was caught up and echoed by a thousand voices. "Bring Tremacoldo here. Let us have Tremacoldo !"

"And here it is necessary to explain that Tre-

macoldo, the minstrel, who had shortly before sung the praises of Beatrice, was in fact a priest, and held a high rank, too—that of canon of Crescenago. We might be tempted here to disbelieve the assertion of our chronicle, however accurate we have found it in other respects, but the fact is corroborated by the records of the Council of Vienna, of the Council of Bergamo, held by the archbishop Cassone della Torre, in 1311, and of many other councils, and also by many papal decretals, all which expressly prohibit the exercise by any priest of the business of butcher, cook, innkeeper, mountebank, or buffoon. If such prohibitions were necessary in ordinary times, what could be expected during the prevalence of an interdict, when transgressors had to dread the loss of no ecclesiastical privileges—when they had no clerical immunities to forfeit—when, in short, there was no restraint for any one who had lost that of his own conscience ?\*

The cry still continued of "Tremacoldo ! Tremacoldo ! Bring out Tremacoldo ! Let the canon consecrate them !" and the minstrel accordingly issued from the palace, conducted by two men-at-arms, who opened a way for him to the centre of the lists.

The falconer of the count, who, as father of one of the combatants, had obtained a good place beside the barrier, made a sign, while the tumult was at its height, which brought Lupo to his side.

"Take heed, my son," said Ambrose, "that thou dealest not a blow till the weapons are consecrated. Thou knowest the suspicions that are abroad about that scoundrel there," pointing to Ramengo, who leant against the opposite barrier with his arms folded on his breast.

"Let thy mind be at ease, my good father," replied the youth ; "I have not forgotten that. My weapons were blessed this morning by our worthy parroco. Dost not a word of that !" and he returned to his post, leaving his father's heart lightened of a heavy load.

When the jester had been placed in the centre of the barrier, he turned to the judge, and addressed him :

"Sirkye, my lord deputy, I have sung all the morning, till my throat is as dusty as a miller's coat, and was just on my way to the archbishop's

\* The editor of the Neapolitan edition finds fault with the author for assuming the above-mentioned bulls and decretals, as intended to remedy past abuses, while, he maintains, they may be considered, with equal reason, as designed to prevent their recurrence altogether. But, it appears to us that the minuteness with which the various offences are particularised, (in one decree, for instance, priests are forbidden to keep an hostelry within the church), shows that they were formulated against what was already matter of open scandal.—F.

cellar, when I was caught by these myrmidons of yours, who swear they'll make a priest of me; now, I declare and protest, that jest, nor song, nor mass, shall come out of my lips, till a good cup of wine has run within them."

The deputy signed to an attendant, who entered the palace, and soon after issued with a silver cup and a large flask of wine, which he handed to Tremacoldo. Filling the cup to the brim, the latter swallowed the contents at a draught, then, heaving a deep sigh, he said:

"Truly the wine is good, and thirst makes it better; we shall see if it improves on acquaintance;" and, returning the flask and cup to the attendant: "There, my friend, fill it again, and have it in readiness for me. Now bring me the vestments, the missal, and the holy water."

Some of the soldiery brought from the sacristy the sacerdotal vestments, and choosing the richest of the stoles and scapularies, he put them on, and addressed the deputy:

"Your deputyship must excuse my jester's cap; it fits me well, and I could not do without it. Come, now, I'll make thee my clerk," he said to one of the men-at-arms; "take this holy-water-sprinkle—hold it decently, thou clumsy wretch, thou holdest it as 'twere a cross-bow. There, that will do! Proceed like that, and I'll ensure thee the next vacant canonry in Santa Maria Maggiore."

He then fell to muttering some broken and disconnected sentences, tracing certain extravagant figures in the air, and making certain fantastic signs over the weapons, which were held before him, while his every motion was accompanied by the jingling of the bells beneath his canonical vesture. Taking the sprinkle from the hands of his warlike clerk, he asked for the holy-water, and was told that the font in the church was empty.

"Then we must be content with this blessed wine," he exclaimed; "it belongs to the archbishop, and will answer quite as well."

Taking the cup from the attendant, he dipped the brush into it, and besprinkled the weapons, accompanying the action with an indistinct muttering, and ending with a cuff to the soldier, as a sign that he should say amen.

"The dregs of the flagon are the clerk's perquisite," he said, giving the cup to his assistant, who drained it "to the health of the winner;" and then both retired from the lists.

Various had been the sentiments of the spectators during this extravagant scene. Some held that the benediction was quite valid, although given by such a mad-cap, and in so irregular a style, and were only scandalized by the buffoonery mixed up with the ceremony. Others contended,

with some show of reason, that he had thus turned the proceedings into a jest, to shield himself from the consequences of performing mass in time of interdict; but all united in laughing at his pranks, however irreverent and indecorous.

The two champions were now placed opposite to each other, one at each extremity of the lists. Both were clad in close-fitting dresses of deer-skin, with the wooden buckler on the left arm, and in the right the heavy oak-bludgeon. Ramengo of Casale was a man of thirty-five, or thereabouts; stout and strong-limbed, with broad chest and shoulders, thick bull-neck, short and sinewy arms, and shaggy red hair. Lupo—better proportioned in his limbs, and taller by half-a-foot, more light and active than his adversary—was still far from promising his Herculean strength. All looks were now bent on the combatants, all hearts beat with anxiety, and most present showed a favour for Lupo, gained not less by his prepossessing appearance than by the cause for which he now appeared. Looking up to the balcony, where the count, Beatrice, and Ottorino sat, he saluted them with a low inclination, and then turned his eyes to his father, with a glance which signified—"Be of good cheer; I am confident of success."

The trumpet gave the final signal, and the two champions advanced towards the centre, with slow and measured steps, each guarding his head with the targe, and holding the club ready for attack. When they came within reach of each other, Ramengo planted his feet firmly on the ground, a little apart, and thus awaited the assault of Lupo, who, circling around him, tried him with various scints; but the other, whose object it was to allow his eager and inexperienced adversary to exhaust his strength, contented himself with wheeling round on his right heel as on an axis—confronting every new movement—and catching every blow on his shield or cudgel with ready address, and with as cool and sedate a manner as if he had nothing to do with the matter. At length, Lupo, in aiming a blow at him, left his own side unguarded, of which Ramengo took immediate advantage, and swept his club round with an energy that would have told with deadly effect on the ribs of his opponent, had he not sprung aside with the agility of a wild-cat.

This narrow escape raised the fears of the spectators for the young Limontine, but he, excited by shame and rage, returned to the attack with such fury, that Ramengo was forced to give ground, and was unable to maintain his former cool self-possession—so rapid was the shower of blows—so impetuous the onset that thus bore him back. But, still wary and vigilant,

he took advantage of a false step made by the young man in his precipitation, and although Lupo saw his impending danger, and interposed his shield, yet the blow was given with such good-will as to break the stout buckler in two. Finding himself thus placed at such disadvantage, the young squire shook from his arm the now useless fragments, and, raising his heavy club on high with both hands, launched it with desperate energy at the head of his antagonist, who raised his shield to meet its force. But such was the strength with which despair had nerved the arm of the youth, that the target itself was beaten down upon the head of the opposing champion with furious and stunning vehemence.

The senses of the unfortunate Ramengo failed him—his eyes grew dim—strange sounds rang in his ear—his knees bent beneath him—he reeled and tottered for a moment, then falling headlong, lay stretched at full length on the arena, without a sign of life. But, whether by a chance movement, or a natural instinct of self-preservation, he fell with his left arm beneath his head, which thus rested on the shield instead of on the ground.

Poor Ambrose, during the whole fight, had followed every motion of his son with his eyes, with his person, and with every faculty of his mind; now sinking his head between his shoulders, and shrinking within himself, as if to escape from the blow which threatened his son's safety; now planting his feet firmly on the ground, drawing in his breath, and compressing with his grasp the barrier beside which he stood, as if, by this exertion of strength, he could give additional force to the stroke with which Lupo threatened his adversary. When at last he witnessed the unexpected, but complete overthrow of Ramengo, he raised his eyes to Heaven, with a look of gratitude, and would have lost all consciousness, but for the shouts of applause that at this moment burst from the multitude, and with an effort he recovered himself sufficiently to feast on the praises which were showered on his beloved son.

"Long live Lupo! Long live the son of the falconer! The Limontines for ever!" were the cries that saluted his ears.

"Thinkest thou, my lord, that Ramengo is dead?" asked Garbagnate, who had returned to the hall during the mock benediction.

"By no means," replied Ottorino, to whom the question was addressed. "The blood is issuing from his mouth and nostrils, but that will only help to revive him the sooner from his swoon."

"Then we must tell Lupo," rejoined the advocate, "to remove his head from the shield, and place it on the ground, or our opponents will

afterwards maintain that the cause is not decided."

It was, in fact, declared by the statutes, that in "the judgment of God," no combatant was to be accounted the victor till he had levelled his adversary with his head to the ground, or had driven him without the lists.

The Count of Balzo had heard this counsel of the advocate, and, partly to increase his reputation for erudition in such matters, partly because he really wished well to the Limontines, called out to Lupo, as if it were a thought of his own, to do what Garbagnate had suggested. But secretly had he enjoyed the praises bestowed on his forethought by the surrounding lords, when he remembered that this act would be likely to compromise him with the abbot, and, in his consequent trouble and anxiety, heartily repented his unauthorised appropriation.

Lupo had been well tutored by Garbagnate in all the necessary forms previous to the combat, but, thinking that the state in which Ramengo lay was sufficient evidence of his defeat, gave himself no further trouble with him, till apprised by the count of the omission.

"Lay his head on the ground!" he repeated. "I will soon place the matter beyond all doubt."

So saying, he seized the still senseless Ramengo by the girdle, threw him over his shoulder, and in this guise made the round of the lists; then halting at the barrier, and signing to those around to stand aside, he made a step backwards, and shot the poor wretch beyond the barricade, where he rolled among the feet of the spectators, like a sack of grain. This new feat of strength was received by the crowd with clapping of hands and shouts of "Viva Lupo! Viva Limonta!" and the multitude then dispersed, in most instances highly gratified with the issue of the day's proceedings.

The lords and ladies, too, had left the balconies from which they had witnessed the fight, and were gathered anew round Tremacollo, who appeared more at ease in his character of minstrel and jester than in that of priest, and whom they now entreated to resume the song that had been previously interrupted by the entrance of the count and his daughter. As we shall have occasion again to introduce the strain, we shall only notice that Beatrice was moved even to tears by the sadness of its tone, and the plaintive style in which the minstrel delivered it.

"Come now, Tremacollo," said a cavalier, when he had finished, "didst thou not promise in the morning to follow 'the Nightingale,' with 'the Robber.' Keep to thy word, and give it to us now."

"It is seldom that robbers follow nightingales,



noble sir!" replied the jester; "they find more music in the clinking of your purse. Still you shall have it. Fancy yourselves a parcel of banditti—(and, by my fay," he added in an under tone, "some of you are not far from it;) and here stand I in the midst of you. My companion," pointing to Ottorino, "has been left without a maraveli in his pouch, and now comes my turn. So I unslung my lute, bring my scrip\* under my arm—there were three good Ambroses of gold in the lining of it—and casting a pathetic glance at the bandit chief!"—here he made a frightful grimace—"I thus commence —"

"But stay," interrupted Ottorino, "that we may have the more interest in thy lay, tell us how it served thee. Did the chief leave thee unmolested?"

"I thank St. Nicholas! he did. Nay more, before I left their gracious company, my three Ambroses had become five. This then was my

## CANZONET.

"Would'st thou that a maiden e'er  
Listen to thine ardent prayer?  
Would'st thou have the saints befriend thee,  
And from steel and cord defend thee?

Then kindly list to what I say,  
And send the minstrel safe away.

"As the minstrel roves along—  
To cheer his heart—to raise his song—  
The scrip is o'er his shoulder slung,  
And at his side the lute is slung:  
Then touch not scrip nor lute, I pray,  
But send the minstrel safe away.

"Lands, nor goods, nor gold have I,  
Nor rich attire to please the eye;  
Nought have I within my scrip  
To fill the purse or tempt the lip;  
Then touch not scrip nor lute, I pray,  
But send the minstrel safe away.

"Half the world I've wandered o'er,  
Now on land—and now on shore—  
Never studding heart so wild  
As to harm sweet Music's child.  
Oh! be not thou the first, I pray,  
But send the minstrel safe away."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SECURITY OF POVERTY.

—SAFE poverty was ne'er the villain's prey,  
At home he lies secure in easy sleep;  
No bars his ivy-untattled cottage keep;  
No thieves, in dreams, the fancied dagger hold,  
And drag him to detect the buried gold;  
Nor starts he from his couch, agitated pale,  
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.  
Whilst he whose iron coffers rust with wealth,  
Harbours beneath his roof, deceit and stealth;  
Treachery, with lurking pace, frequents his walks,  
And close behind him horrid murder stalks.

G.V.

\* Scrip and lute were the distinguishing marks of the wandering minstrel.

## CANADIAN HUNTER'S SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The northern lights are flashing,  
On the rapids' restless flow;  
But o'er the wild waves dashing,  
Swift darts the light canoe.  
The merry hunters come—  
"What cheer! what cheer!"  
"We've slain the deer!"  
"Hurrah! you're welcome home!"

The blithesome horn is sounding,  
And the woodman's loud halloo;  
And joyous steps are bounding,  
To meet the birch canoe:  
Hurrah! the hunters come!  
And the woods ring out,  
To their noisy shout,  
As they drag the deer home!

The hearth is brightly burning,  
The rustic board is spread;  
To greet their sire returning,  
The children leave their bed:  
With laugh and shout they come,  
That merry band,  
To grasp his hand,  
And bid him welcome home!

Belleville, 1813.

## THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT.

A CANADIAN SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The air is still—the night is dark—  
No ripple breaks the dusky tide;  
From isle to isle the fisher's bark,  
Like fairy meteor seems to glide—  
Now lost in shade, now flashing bright,  
On sleeping wave and forest tree;  
We hail with joy the ruddy light,  
Which, far into the darkness night,  
Shines red and cheerily;

With spear high poised and steady hand,  
The centre of that fiery ray,  
Behold the skilful fisher stand,  
Prepared to strike the finny prey.  
Hurrah! the shaft has sped below—  
Transfixed the shining prize I see;  
On swiftly darts the birch canoe—  
The woods send back the long halloo!  
In echoes loud and cheerily!

Around yon bluff, whose pine crest hides  
The noisy rapids from our sight,  
Another bark—another glides—  
Red spirits of the murky night.  
The bosom of the silent stream,  
With mimic stars is dotted free;  
The waves reflect the double gleam,  
The tall woods lighten in the beam,  
Through darkness shining cheerily!

Belleville, 1813.

READING,

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

# CHARLES THE FIRST IN SPAIN.

## A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

BY E. L. C.

*Scene Madrid. The royal palace. In a richly furnished apartment the Infanta reclines upon a couch. A lamp suspended from the ceiling sheds a light upon an open book which she holds in her hand, and on which her eyes are fixed with an intent but vacant gaze. Suddenly, and with an impatient gesture, she closes it, and addresses a lady who sits beside her reading.*

INFANTA.

The day hath waned  
Without my seeing him; another  
Must pass on, another, and another,  
Ere we meet. Yet parted we in gloom—  
And I, in sad suspense, must wait to learn  
Whence come the clouds that darken our young hopes.  
Canst tell me, dearest Constance, if this morn,  
Duke Olivarez, with the royal train,  
Went forth to hunt at Bosquedelle?

LADY CONSTANCE.

I heard it said, your highness,  
That he plead some fair excuse, and went not,  
Though the king, chafed at his absence, —

INFANTA, *(in a low and disturbed tone).*

It is, then, as I feared!

Heaven heal this breach! or wo, deep wo is ours.  
*(She pauses a moment, and then asks, with hesitation):*  
Thou saw'st the goodly cavaliers depart—  
How look'd Prince Charles on his gay hunting steed,  
As forth he pranced?

LADY.

Nobly, sweet mistress—  
Yet his smile seem'd sad, as looking upwards  
To the balcony, where bright eyes sparkled  
On the group below, he sent his glance  
Quickly from face to face, in search of one  
He only cared to see, and yet saw not—  
Then, touching his plumed cap with royal grace,  
Spurred through the palace gates his gallant steed,  
And swept from sight.

*(The Infanta sighs, and remains silent).*

Your highness is o'er wearied,  
Counting that English task so patiently?

INFANTA.

In truth, I am—yet vain my toil—  
'Tis a hard language, never to be learned,  
Strive as I may, from mute and irksome books.  
How rude it looks upon this printed page,  
Strange as the mystic characters engrav'd  
On Egypt's ancient tombs. And yet it hath  
A pleasant sound, breathed gently from the lip,  
And boasts a meaning then, I find not here.

LADY, *(archly).*

Doubtless it doth. 'Twere vastly strange, your grace,  
If with such earnest meaning in his eyes,  
The prince's words bore none. And they, too, say,

Whose hearts are won by the gay English duke,  
That, with his youthful master, seeks the court,  
He hath an eloquence most rare indeed,  
And quite unknown, e'en in our land of song  
And chivalry. His glances speak. His lips  
Breathe music exquisite and soft—so say  
Enamour'd ones—and scarce a maiden  
Of the courtly train, how proud so e'er,  
How beautiful, but feels her bright cheek glow,  
Her young heart thro' it, if she be singled  
From the glittering throng by this gay stranger,  
Whom, his followers say, our foolish sex  
Have made to feel his power, till now he knows  
Both how to use and to abuse it off.

INFANTA.

So I should deem. He hath a bold bad look,  
'This courtly Buckingham; I like him not—  
And brilliant as he is, and beautiful,  
Which none gainsay, ill doth it seem to all,  
And most unwise, that he should be conjoin'd  
With England's prince, whose very bearing  
Hath a purity, a noble dignity,  
That should rebuke his reckless levity,  
And teach him to subdue the tone assured,  
With which he flings his sparkling words around,  
Unheeded of cold ears, and haughty looks,  
That from his freedom shrink.

LADY.

'Tis sad, your highness, in his sovereign's court,  
They raise no stately barriers round the throne,  
Such as in our proud Spain make numberless  
The idle forms of courtly life. Hence he,  
With the young prince, as a dear brother mates,  
And will hereafter sway him, as he doth,  
So rumour says, his royal father now.

INFANTA.

Not if I queen it there, I promise thee—  
I like our grave and stately self-respect,  
Far more than this young lord's irreverent ways  
And ill-tatt' speech. He sees I brook them not,  
Nor will receive the homage he would yield,  
And so he fears me, aye, and hates me, too,  
For once, he dared bend on my face his dark  
Bold eye, and utter praise, I slame to tell  
E'en thee—but burning blushes scorched my cheek,  
My brow, and ere I turned, my flushing eyes  
Declared the scorn I felt. I saw him frown;  
And from that hour have known him for my foe—  
Felt that he sought revenge, sought to oppose  
The prince's suit, and blight my dearest hopes.

LADY.

Are they so dear, sweet mistress? Scarce I thought  
'T would come to this, the day I vainly strove  
To soothe thy grief, when told the English prince  
Had reached our soil, a suitor for thy love.

Naught could I speak of peace, nor still the dread  
Of the dark thought, that thou wert doomed to link  
Thy shrinking hand with one, who scorned thy faith,  
And clung to fatal heresy himself.

INFANTA.

Ah, then we had not met—but captive now  
To his bland smile, his graceful mien and air,  
His gentle speech, fraught with true nobleness,  
I shame to think I bounded human good,  
And God's protection, to our ancient church.  
The mother though she be of that true faith  
I boast to call my own. Such souls as his,  
May, through false teaching, long in error stray,  
Yet find their blissful home in Heaven at last.

LADY.

A goodly mien, my princess, and fair speech,  
Have proved more potent than long homilies  
From wisdom's lips, in winning thy consent  
To this projected match. Yet, not abroad,  
Have the same causes wrought a like effect—  
Spite of his gallant air, and courtious speech,  
His outward reverence for the sacred rites  
Of our pure faith, which in his heart he scorns—  
This English prince is with aversion viewed,  
His suit denounced, and fearful auguries,  
Of vengeance dire, hurled from the Inquisition's  
Dread tribunal against our king, if to the arms  
Of a foul heretic, a child of Spain,  
A daughter of our holy mother church,  
Be rashly given.

INFANTA.

Go bid them to the winds  
Fling their vain fears! Ere it was lushed in death,  
Pope Gregory's voice sanctioned this union—  
Who shall then gainsay it? Who so bold, when  
At the pontiff's word, e'en the stern thunder,  
Seldom hushed at will, of the dread Inquisition,  
Sleeps in peace? Were there nought else to sadden  
Our calm sky, my heart were free from fear.

LADY.

It should be so, sweet princess; if there brood  
No danger where I said, all must be peace:  
And joy.

INFANTA.

Ah! may it prove so!  
Yet I fear, I fear! E'en as I speak,  
A baneful shadow spreads its broad dark wings  
Above my heart, shrouding each hope in gloom!  
I'll tell thee all—didst thou not note last eve—  
But no, thou wert absorbed by dearer thoughts,  
And why should I, with the sad hue of mine,  
Sully their brightness!

LADY.

Speak, gracious mistress!  
All my heart's dear thoughts belong to thee,  
Its best and dearest—and let joy be thine,  
Or grief enfold thee in its shroud-like gloom,  
I share thy gladness, and with tears deplore  
The sorrows I would heal.

INFANTA.

I know thy love,  
I know thy love, dear Constance, oft its zeal and truth—  
And soon, perchance, shall test it, as before  
It ne'er was tried. Since, 'tis an ordeal,  
Of true faithfulness, when friends stand fast

Through sorrow's wintry hour, biding with us  
The pelting of the storm, that crashes down  
Our spirits to the dust—they who have shared  
Our flush of summer joys, and sat with us  
On banks of thornless flowers, beneath bright skies,  
That never knew a cloud, but from their depths  
Of unstained azure, wept such nectarous dews,  
As steeped in fragrance, the green sunny paths  
Through which we roved. They, who can brook such  
change,  
From brightness to deep gloom, and yet prove true,  
Are treasures to be garnered in our souls—  
Earth cannot name their price.

LADY.

Trust me, your highness,  
Many such there be, who, self-forgetting,  
By the bleeding hearts of sorrowing friends,  
Have firmly stood, when their own sky was bright—  
And plucked the arrow from the gaping wound,  
And with soft hands, that had but dallied  
With gay summer flowers, stamined the red life-blood,  
And poured in the balm of heavenly sympathy,  
And holy love, till all at length were healed—  
And but the electric remained to tell  
Where the fell barb had pierced. Yet, wherefore, lady,  
Augurest thou such change in thy bright destiny?  
Change that will test, if that indeed it come,  
The love, the faith of those, who gaily served,  
While pleasures waited to attend their call,  
And will serve still, though joy desert thy train,  
If worthy of thy love.

INFANTA.

It matters not,  
Though all forsake me, if but one remain—  
That one, whose smile has wakened love's sweet flower  
To shed its fragrance o'er my raptured heart—  
Yet sad forebodings tell me of the blight,  
Destined to crush its cherished leaves to earth,  
And east its odours scentless on the air.  
Ah, if it perish, what a change will pass  
O'er all my life. Ever ever hushed will be  
Its harmonies, and in the cloister's gloom,  
If I may choose, henceforth I will abide,  
Till death unclasp my weary spirit's chain,  
And bids it seek the skies.

LADY.

It cannot be, your highness.  
That a change, thou hast had cause to mark,  
In the young prince! His every look—

INFANTA, (interrupting her).

Nay, nay!  
No change in him. But we, to other's will,  
Are doomed to bend—our parts in the dread game,  
Whose stake to us is life and happiness,  
Compelled to play, as they shall move the springs,  
Winners or losers, as they say the word,  
To whom a treaty signed, a dowry promised,  
Or a ransom won, is all the vantage gained.  
To thee, dear Constance, who from childhood's dawn,  
Hast been to me but as another self,  
To whom each thought, each half-formed wish was  
breathed,  
Ere in my heart it had assumed a shape,  
Or purpose tangible—to thee, dear friend,  
I blush not to reveal my secret heart,  
To tell how fondly it hath garnered up  
Its dearest hopes, its love in this young prince—

And how the hate it nursed before we met,  
 Changed, as by subtle magic, when his eye  
 First beamed on mine, so gently yet so bright—  
 Changed to affection, holy, pure, intense,  
 A living flame, filling with light divine  
 The secret chambers of my inmost soul.

LADY.

And, gentle mistress, may I crave the sign,  
 By which thou read'st, that this pure light, so soft,  
 So fraught with joy, is to be quenched in night,  
 E'er it hath shed its glory o'er thy life?

INFANTA.

There have been many councils held of late,  
 As well thou know'st, all in their issues secret,  
 And, I fear, untoward to our hopes,  
 Wherefore, I cannot tell—yet have I grounds  
 To dread the malice of this Buckingham.  
 Of this I'm certain, that some private quarrel  
 Hath occurred 'twixt him and Olivarez—  
 For last eve I marked them well—they spoke not—  
 Stood apart, and each on each cast glances  
 Full of hate; and both so proudly looked,  
 I could but augur evil to our cause,  
 From the deep enmity of those, who hold  
 The helm of either state.

LADY.

Methinks, my princess,  
 Thou must fancy this—thy fears deceive thee;—  
 Had aught ill occurred between the dukes,  
 We sure had known it. Such things pass not by  
 In silent disregard.

INFANTA.

Not so, not so;  
 I know it—saw it all. The prince, too, strove  
 To gain my ear, but for one passing moment—  
 All in vain. For ever by his side  
 Stood Buckingham; haughty and cold to me,  
 Yet with his unsubdued and reckless air—  
 His saucy speech sparkling with ready wit,  
 That won him still bright smiles, and flattering words,  
 From beauty's lips. And when he marked my mood—  
 How sad it was—he triumph'd, so it seemed,  
 And to the Count Del Castro talked aloud  
 Of the French Princess Henriette—whom late  
 They saw while at her father's court—praising  
 Most lavishly her charms of mind and face,  
 As well aware, I knew she had been named  
 For the young prince's bride.

LADY.

What said the prince, your highness,  
 To restrain this flippant lord?

INFANTA.

He seemed disturbed,  
 And many times his cheek grew fiery red,  
 And oft, with some light word, he strove to check  
 The overwhelming flood of the duke's speech.  
 Yet ever was he foiled—and then his eye  
 Blazed with a majesty, so stern, so dread,  
 That e'en the favourite quailed beneath its fires,  
 And turned in blank discomfiture away.

LADY.

And then the prince —

INFANTA.

Naught said he then,  
 Save by a speaking look, so fond, so sad.

Ah, its remembrance never will grow dim!  
 But soon he came again, for he was watched,  
 And sought me cautiously—and then he plucked  
 From out his breast, those lovely emblem flowers—  
 See, in that crystal vase, how fresh they bloom—  
 The blue forget-me-not, the snowy rose,  
 And the bright myrtle with its fadless leaf—  
 "These speak my hopes, my love, my truth,"  
 He said, as breathing on them with a tender sigh,  
 He placed them in my hand. Fast rained my tears  
 Upon his fragrant gift—he snatched and kissed them off—  
 Then whispered low—"A cloud hangs o'er us, love;  
 Yet falter not—hope on, hope firmly on—  
 And our true faith shall be triumphant yet."  
 And so we parted. And today I've heard  
 Naught to restore my peace, or chase my doubts—  
 Deep silence, like a spell, enchains all lips,  
 And every face a look of mystery wears,  
 That chills my heart.

LADY.

Comfort, sweet mistress—  
 Ever, as thou knowest, with state arrangements  
 Come delay and doubt—and vexing trifles,  
 Raised by captious minds, oft hinder speech,  
 And wrap them for a time in mystery.  
 Pray thee, remember, Spain has pledged her word,  
 And England, freely trusting to her faith,  
 Already calls thee hers—her future queen—  
 Granting e'en now the title of her prince  
 To his fair bride. Doubtless, 'tis policy,  
 Intent to win some point of etiquette,  
 That, 'twixt the wary statesmen, casts a shade  
 Of sudden coolness—'tis a thing of nought—  
 Should raise no fear, as doubtless it will pass,  
 As it hath done ere now, when all seemed hopeless,  
 And the prince's suit, though warmly urged,  
 Met but a hearing which an idle tale  
 Oft told before, might win from weary ears.

INFANTA.

I pray thy words prove true. Yet he had doubts,  
 And dared not breathe them—doubts, too, that I saw  
 Had well-nigh mastered in his trusting breast  
 Its cherished hope—a hope he'll sternly crush,  
 Cost what it may of suffering and of grief,  
 If its fulfillment be the price of truth,  
 Honour, or justice, to his future realm,  
 Or his own soul.

LADY.

Pardon, dear princess,  
 Yet methinks thy mind feeds sadly on itself,  
 Nursing strange fancies to disturb its peace,  
 And wound its healthful tone. All the long day  
 Thou hast sat dreaming thus of things unreal;—  
 I saw it in thy silence, in thine eye,  
 Bent still on vacancy, e'en while it seemed  
 Chained to the senseless page of thy dull book—  
 Conning thine English task—now is it late,  
 Yet I at distance hear the revelry  
 Thou wouldest not join, because he was not there,  
 Whose absence makes the crowd a solitude.

INFANTA.

Ay, thou art right. Come, I will to my couch,  
 And dream perchance of him. I've wearied thee,  
 Sweet Constance. Call my maids—and seek thou  
 Gayer scenes.

LADY.

Nay, gentle mistress,  
Sleep not, till thou come from this warm chamber  
To the cool night air. 'Tis full of odours,  
The sweet ley breath of fruits and flowers,  
That silently exude, as the soft dews  
Steep them in fragrant tears.

INFANTA, (*ries languidly*).

I'll gladly come—  
Nature is always beautiful and fresh;  
And a sweet solace is her lovely smile,  
For the heart's wounds.

(*As she passes the vase of flowers, she pauses, and, bending over them, murmurs to herself*);

Forgot thee! never!

Tell him so, fair flower, with thy sweet name—  
Pure snow-white rose, breathe in his heart thy love;  
And thou, smiling myrtle, thy green leaf  
Shall fall to dust, e'er one fond thought of him  
Fade from my soul!

(*She goes out, followed by the Lady Constance*).

Scene—Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham.

PRINCE.

Is it not strange,

That ever thus they bar me from her sight?  
Save before countless eyes, I am forlorn  
One look, one word, with my affianced bride,  
This jealous etiquette annoys me much;  
And, since thy rupture with the Spanish duke,  
Raises a thought they mean to play me false.

DUKE.

Aye, doubt it not. Why else this long delay?  
We in the treaty have conceded all,  
Yes, all they claimed, where points of faith were touched.  
Yet mark the bold and braggart insolence  
Of this proud Olivarez, who, forsooth,  
Making a deadly breach ne'er to be healed,  
Or only by the sword, 'twixt me and him,  
Uttered this lying taunt, false as his heart,  
That I had flattered him thou would'st embrace  
Their popish faith! a base and damned lie!  
And so I told him, roundly to his teeth.  
And then he stormed, and swore by all the saints,  
And cursed his stars, that his high dignity  
Hindered his dealing with his naked sword,  
The justice, such insulting words deserved,  
On my bare head. While I, with bitter scorn,  
Repaid his rage, and bade him henceforth view  
In me, a foe, bitter, implacable,  
Intent, where'er I might, to wound his fame,  
And cast reproach upon his name and power.  
So, with these gentle threats, we bade adieu,  
Each full of hate, and eager for revenge.

PRINCE.

This fatal feud will prove a death-blow  
To my cherished hopes! Would thou had'st borne  
More patiently his taunt, if taunt it were;  
Borne for my sake, what I would cheerfully  
Endure for thine!

DUKE.

My prince, thou art unjust  
In this reproach! I shrink from naught,  
Save insult in thy cause—and were I to brook that,  
'Twould be a base indignity to thee,

Scarce less offensive, than if aimed direct  
At thy own person! Neither hath my threat  
Wrought any change in the fixed purpose  
Of this haughty duke. He rules the court,  
And hath been long resolved to baulk thy suit,  
Unless thou could'st be won, by their endeavour,  
To renounce thy creed. Why else this trifling  
Idly with thy hopes? this vain display  
Of welcome and good-will, while secret plots  
And intrigues are at work, still to retard  
The treaty's final close, and cheat thy hopes!

PRINCE.

I know not this; affairs go wrong, I own;  
Yet, as we hear, the Nuncio hath refused  
To yield the dispensation of the pope,  
Since his decease—but its renewal waits  
From his successor—and till that arrive,  
No sanction to the marriage can be given.

DUKE.

And what delays it, think'st thou, gracious prince?  
The sly manœvering of this cunning duke,  
Who laughs to see thee fathom deep in love,  
And trusts to lure thee by its subtle power,  
Within the bosom of the mother church!  
Therefore he writes—I speak not idle words—  
Writes to Pope Urban, these his secret thoughts,  
His hopes of thy conversion, if detained  
Still at Madrid, where all the church's rites,  
Her pomp, and pageantries, may touch thy soul,  
And win thee to her arms. So urges him,  
Under such fair pretence as he may coin,  
The promised dispensation to retain,  
Till this goal end achieved, the young infanta  
'Scapes the dangerous snare of merging her pure faith,  
In a lost heretic's mistaken creed.

PRINCE, ( *indignantly*).

Where learned thou this? If I could know it true,  
By all my hopes, I would depart this hour,  
Dissolve the treaty, and with scorn expose  
Their empty promises, their hollow words  
Of stately courtesy, so often urged,  
And with such earnest speech it seemed like falsehood  
In ourselves to doubt.

DUKE.

It would seem so,  
Should we declare our doubts, ere we can make  
Our surety doubly sure. If failure come,  
Let it proceed from them, and we in turn  
Will pay their broken faith, in such stern coin  
As war's loud cannons belch.

PRINCE.

This will not 'vantage us—  
Not win the hand which holds my captive heart.

DUKE.

Are there not others, bright and fair as she?  
Thou hast already for her love stooped low,  
Too low, in truth, as heir of a great realm,  
In crossing seas, to lay thy homage  
At this proud one's feet.

PRINCE.

I did so at thy instance,  
And on thee rest all the shame, if by the act  
I have demeaned myself, or brought reproach  
On England's future king. Yes, thou, despite  
Of all my father urged, inflamed my soul  
With the romantic wish to see and know

My bride elect—kindled the fond desire,  
To love whom I must wed, and to give birth,  
In the young heart I sought, to answering love.

DUKE.

I did—and thou hast sped in this thy wish,  
Hast seen and loved, and art beloved again—  
So thou dost deem—and rightly too, perchance—  
Yet 'tis my faith, the princess knows the plans  
E'en now at work, to bind thee to her church,  
And lends to them her favour and support.  
She hath been reared in bigotry's excess,  
And deems her soul in peril, through the love  
She bears to thee.

PRINCE.

She doth repent it, then—  
Such is thy thought?

DUKE.

Rather, she hopes,  
As she is bid to hope, by priestly craft,  
Thou wilt renounce thy heresy for her,  
And own the faith she owns.

PRINCE.

Her hope is vain—  
Not for her love, though precious to my heart,  
Nor for the throne of Spain, would I renounce  
The faith I prize far dearer than my life.  
If this be so—this be the secret cause  
Of the delay—with her approval too—  
Then, then indeed, 'tis time I should depart—  
My honour bids me go—honour and pride,  
Both wounded wantonly by such deceit.

DUKE.

Softly, fair prince—this is surmise as yet,  
Grounded indeed on strange coincidence,  
And rumour, not yet rife. We must have proof,  
Strong and undoubting, ere we hope to trap  
This wary Olivarez in his toils.

PRINCE.

Thou'rt moved by private hate—this should not be.  
Let us speak boldly—what have we to fear?  
And bid them end our doubt!

DUKE.

And this would be, to yield them the advantage  
They desire. They wish to end the treaty,  
So I deem, unless thou change thy creed;  
But, with their wonted policy, design  
To cast the blame on us. This must not be.  
We must wear patience written on our brow,  
And words of seeming faith upon our lips,  
Till we have bid their shores a glad adieu.  
Then let the rapture come; from us, from them,  
It boots not which; we'll sound forth to the world  
Their perjury, and from ten thousand  
Brazen throats, bid them beware how they again  
Our sleeping lion from his lair arouse.  
But let us part in peace, else they may chance,  
Should it so please them, to hold in pledge  
Thy royal person, till it be redeemed  
By ransom, that would drain our treasury,  
N'er over well supplied, as well thou knowest,  
With ingots of pure gold—and in sore straits,  
If now it is to lose the fair two millions,  
It had hoped to gain of Spanish coin.

PRINCE.

Ha! still gay word and laugh!  
Let life, and love, and honour, be at stake,  
Thou yet must trifle; naught can subvert bring  
Or serious thought to thy light nirthful heart.  
Yet, can'st thou hate as bitterly as one  
More prone to gloom, and dost, this Spanish duke,  
With all thy soul; therefore I'll not put faith  
In all thou say'st—not risk the loss of her  
I've learned to love, more than such hearts as thine  
Can comprehend, till I have sounded deep  
Her thoughts, her love—reading thereby, how far,  
Or if at all, she lends her sanction  
To the plot or plan, thou now hast named,  
And if for this, I'm banished from her presence,  
And condemned to a suspense, a doubt,  
Not long to be endured.

DUKE.

Treat with her, I beseech thee,  
As a prince demanding justice—truth—  
And not demean thyself to plead for love,  
Which thou art far less honoured to receive  
Than she to give. What can'st thou see in her  
To witch thee thus? She hath a cold proud air,  
And moves, as she would queen it o'er a realm  
Of abject slaves, rather than over men  
Born to be free.

Pardon, I pray, sweet prince;  
But much I marvel thou should'st her prefer  
To the bright Henrietta—she of France,  
Who charmed us, in our brief sojourn at court.  
Good heavens! the lambent lightning of those eyes  
Plays round me now; and then her shape, her air,  
Her sparkling wit, her lovely voice and smile!  
Surely some spell of magic stole thy heart,  
Or thou had'st owned her power!

*PRINCE, (taking the miniature of the infanta from his bosom).*

'Yes, this, your grace,  
This was the potent spell that kept my heart  
Safe from another's charms. It throbb'd beneath  
This lovely semblance, which in silence hung  
Upon my breast, and all its throbs were true—  
True to my plighted bride, whose calm, sweet face  
Has been the beauteous beacon of my hopes,  
Since first it met my gaze. Thy radiant princess  
May boast all the charms that Venus graced,  
But my infanta adds to these, bright gifts  
And rare—and thou hast failed to read aright,  
If in the lustrous depths of her dark eye,  
And on her brow, serene and beautiful,  
Thou saw not plainly writ, kindness and love—  
All gentle woman's gentlest attributes,  
Softening the grandeur of a lofty soul.

DUKE.

It is for love's fond eye that page to read,  
None else could meet that glance of pride unsent.

PRINCE.

It is no prouder than a woman, pure,  
Should wear. Not a low pride of rank or power,  
Or the poor baubles, that, with their vain show,  
Make up the pageants of a royal state;  
But pride that scorns all meanness—brooks not vice—  
That holds fair virtue dearer than the life  
Of outward sense, and a pure soul, a gem  
Of price unnamed—that for a crown immortal

Should be kept holy, unstained. This is her pride—  
Rebuke it, he who dare.

*DURE, (sincerely).*

A virtuous pride!

Whom, if it pleasure thee, fair prince, to wed,  
All must perforce admire. And yet I trow,  
Thy court will be as dull as a monk's cell,  
With such a piece of chastity and pride,  
To give its manners and its modes their tone.  
I pray thy royal father wear his crown  
For long years yet, if, when a change must come,  
It pin us down to forms and rules as quaint  
As the old buckram suits our grandams wore,  
So stiff and starched, no muscle had its play  
As nature meant, but moved with toil and care,  
Like wooden puppets, with their wire-strung joints,  
In mockery of grace.

*PRINCE.*

I sometimes deem, my lord,  
That all is mockery in thy reckless eyes,  
Which wears the show of goodness. Yet, I pray,  
Fret not thyself with vain and idle fears—  
Ere I shall reign, (God send it may be long!)  
Thou wilt have gathered wisdom and grave thought  
From passing years, and value less, than now,  
Thy idle gallantries and revels rude—  
But stand with sage demeanour by my throne,  
Still my dear friend, and more, my councillor,  
Faithful and tried—and loving, too, with heart  
Clustened and calm, virtue for its sweet sake.  
And my infants, then I trust, thy queen,  
With loyalty and truth, though thou dost now,  
Through some false glass, that thy clear vision warps,  
View her in error strange.

*DURE.*

'Thine is the error, prince;  
With mystic juices crushed from fairy herbs  
Thine eyes have been embalmed, and with the hues  
Of that ideal land thou dost invest  
This goddess of an hour. Ask but thyself,  
If England's royal heir does well to wait,  
A patient suitor for the tardy love,  
Which will be yielded or withheld, as they,  
Who, with the church's weapons, sway her will,  
See politic or not. For this she waits,  
And therefore holds thee in such blank suspense;  
And they will add indignity to this  
By her rejection, should thou fail to grant  
All they require—or pause, ere thou dost give  
Thy conscience to their keeping.

*PRINCE.*

I will know this—  
For ere another sun sinks to its rest,  
I'll signify my purpose to depart,  
And claim my bride; and if she be withheld,  
I from her lips will learn if she consent  
To this delay. If so, I will begone—  
Leaving her free to change—yet doubting much  
That earnest love, which suffers bigot zeal  
To quench its fervour, and make blind its trust.

*(Exit prince).*

*DURE, (ceasingly).*

Now, Olivarez!

Now for my revenge! We shall depart,  
But to proclaim the arts which thou hast plied  
To break this treaty—and then war will come,  
More welcome with its horrors, than the sway

Of this proud princess over king and realm,  
This mirror of a saintly chastity,  
Who'd freeze our laughing dames to icicles,  
And force the prince, if once he wed with her,  
To view me with her eyes of scorn and hate.  
This issue is not ill, thanks to my influence  
O'er this love-sick boy.

*(Exit).*

*Scene.—A private garden adjoining the extensive ones of the palace, and communicating with the apartments of the infanta. The prince standing in the shadow of the wall, over which he has just leaped. He looks cautiously around, and advances along the walk, to a thick copse of acacias, in the centre of which he paces.*

*PRINCE.*

Now are they bailed!  
Spain's grave majesty, her proud grandees!  
For here I stand a victor and alone,  
Despite their mandates, on this hallowed spot—  
Ay, hallowed is it, as each day goes by,  
With her sweet presence, till the very air  
Whispers of her. How fresh it is, and pure!  
Pure as an angel's breath—filled, too, with sounds  
Melodious as her voice—the song of birds,  
Hid in their leafy shades—the fountain's fall  
Trickling with silver sound o'er the smooth lip  
Of the full shell—the roving bees' low murmur,  
And the hum of golden insects, shooting  
Like bright stars 'mong the rich mottled flowers,  
Whose perfume is their life.

*(He looks earnestly forth from his concealment).*

Why comes she not?

I pray it be alone when she doth come.  
Yet if with hosts, I'll heed them all for her,  
I have an entrance forced to her sweet haunts,  
And here I'll plant myself, till I have spoke,  
And won her dear reply. If she be true,  
And can I doubt what those soft eyes have told?  
I'll leave with her such parting as shall keep  
My image bright. But hush! those sounds!

*(Voices are heard at a distance, and shortly the infanta is seen walking, thoughtfully and slow, towards the place where the prince stands concealed. As she comes opposite to him, he softly repeats her name. She starts, and, pausing, glances inquiringly around, then, leaning against the trunk of a tamarind, murmurs to herself):*

*INFANTA.*

'Twas aurent mockery!

Yet the very winds mimic his tones,  
Breathing my name in accents soft as those  
That from his lips passed like a gentle zephyr  
O'er my heart, and wakened rapturous music  
From its chords. Ah, they are all unstrung,  
Ne'er to respond to love's sweet touch again!  
Why should they? he proved false—who then is true?  
False, or he still would wait—endure a while—  
Yet, as they say, before tomorrow noon  
He doth depart! Could he have ever loved,  
Yet leave me thus?

*PRINCE, (discovers himself, and falling on one knee, carries her hand to his lips).*

He could and doth, my beautiful,  
More than this heart e'er told.

INFANTA, (*in trembling confusion and surprise*).

St. Mary be my aid!  
Is this a vision, or thy living self?  
No, no—it cannot be—and yet it is  
Thy voice—thy smile. How could'st thou enter here?

PRINCE.

By a stout will, aiding a fearless heart,  
Fearless through its deep love.

INFANTA.

I scarcely deem'd  
'Twould dare so much for me, nor ever thought  
To see thy face again, or hear thee speak  
Of hopes, now vain and dead.

PRINCE, (*reproachfully*).

Dost think them so?  
I heard thy doubts, and marvelled as I heard,  
How could'st thou wrong me by such evil thoughts?  
Thou for whose precious sake I've bowed my pride  
To sue, and wait—and still meet trifling word,  
And vain excuse, for terms unsettled,  
And thyself withheld—till duty, honour,  
Wounded self-esteem, bade me depart,  
Yet all unwillingly, as thou must know,  
Till thee, I call my own.

INFANTA.

Nay, naught I know,  
Naught, naught have heard, only that thou dost go;  
Forsaking me, and leaving still unclose  
The pending treaty; all, because thou art  
Unwilling to concede some trivial points,  
Touching the free enjoyment of my faith.

PRINCE.

This is most false. I have conceded all,  
That could give freedom to thy cherished mode  
Of faith and worship—more, far more, I doubt,  
Than my own church approves. Yet 'twas for thee,  
And my heart murmured not. But as excuse,  
Fast on excuse, still pleaded for delay,  
I was tormented by a thousand fears  
That daily grew, as it was whispered me,  
Thou shrunk from wedding with a heretic,  
And sought retirement till he should be gone,  
Or, for thy love, cast his false creed away.  
Unknowing of thy secret wish and thought,  
Since from thy sight I jealously was barred,  
I could not bid adieu to Spain and hope,  
Till I had learned from thy own lips the truth.  
Yet scorning to request, what well I knew  
Would be denied, I asked no royal leave,  
But boldly sealed you wall to join thee here,  
And read in those sweet eyes, the dear assurance,  
That I came to seek.

INFANTA, (*smiling*).

Thou chid me for my doubts,  
Yet hast confessed thine own more deep, by far.  
Mine were the fears, and not the doubts of love,  
Till told thou would'st depart so speedily,  
Myself unsought, our union unarranged—  
Without one word, one parting smile, to tell  
Of thy heart's truth. 'Was this not cause for fear—  
Ay, and for doubt?

PRINCE.

It was, in truth, sweet love—  
But now, east doubt, and fear, and care away—  
I have no room for such unwelcome guests,

Within my heart, in this brief hour of joy,  
I know thee true, and this is bliss enough  
After the racking past. And thou, beloved,  
Rememberest thou the emblem flowers I gave  
On that sad eve, the last on which we met,  
When something whispered us of coming ill,  
And filled our hearts with dread? Spoke they not truly  
Of my faith, my love? and did'st thou, fairest,  
Cherish them for me?

INFANTA, (*pressing her hand upon her bosom*).

Ay, even here!

Here they are garnered—faded, but yet sweet—  
They breathe of thee, and in thy absence shed  
Love's holy fragrance o'er my trembling heart—  
E'en as the land-flowers' rich and spicy scent,  
Borne o'er the billows, greets the shipwrecked wretch  
With dreams of beauty, blessed thoughts of home,  
And hopes of coming joy.

PRINCE.

My cherished one!  
I scarcely dream'd my fading gifts would lie  
Like precious relics in a shrine so sweet.  
Oh, may they prove a charm against all grief,  
And bring with their faint odours, thoughts of him  
Who pines afar, impatient for the hour,  
When once again, thy angel smile shall beam  
Upon his heart, cheering its rayless gloom  
With blessed light, no more to be withdrawn.  
What see'st thou, love? Wherefore that startled eye?

INFANTA, (*in a tone of alarm*).

I hear a step! List! doth it not approach?  
Let me begone. Ah, should they find thee here!  
Scarcely can I bear the thought!

PRINCE, (*gently detaining her as she struggles to escape*).

Oh, flee not yet!

'Twas but a fluttering bird on yonder bough  
That waked thy fear—all else is still,  
And we two stand alone, like our first parents,  
'Mid the shades of this fair paradise,  
This Eden bless'd! for ah, to me 'tis blessed  
As that, where human hearts first lived and loved!

INFANTA, (*in an accent of terror and entreaty*).

Ah, thou art rash! Beseech thee, hide thyself.  
I left my ladies in yon tamarind walk,  
And with them Count Merida. Should they stray  
Hither in search of me, thou, thou art lost!  
Fly, or seek shelter where yon dark trees make  
A midnight shade. None save my own attendants  
Enter here without the royal leave—  
And ———. List! heard'st thou a voice?

PRINCE.

No, trembling bird,

Only thine own sweet tones. Could I hear aught  
While they with silver sounds ravished my ear?  
Leave me not yet, for ne'er before had we  
An hour of such delicious privacy;  
And can'st thou cruelly dissolve so soon  
Our dream of bliss? Sit here, my beautiful,  
Here by my side, beneath these drooping boughs,  
They'll hide us safe; and here we will exchange  
Love's parting words—many and sad, alas!  
Yet brightened with fond hope, and tender joy.

INFANTA.

Must they be words of parting? No, not yet,  
Not yet, I pray, let thy lips breathe farewell.



We have but just begun to taste joy's cup,  
And shall we dash its nectar to the earth  
In wanton sport? Let love's fond pleading  
Sooth the thine injured pride, and win thy stay,  
It may be, to fulfill long cherished hopes,  
And bind by holy vows our plighted hands.  
Thou wilt not say me nay? 'tis a slight boon,  
The first my lips e'er craved; yet, if denied,  
The last, perchance, —

PRINCE, (*interrupting her with tender vehemence*).

Oh, say no more!

Thou know'st not how that sad and earnest voice,  
Those pleading words, those sweet beseeching eyes,  
Sink my resolves, and tempt me to forget  
What honour bids. I have borne trifling long,  
And should I still, for thy sweet sake, endure  
Indignity, suspense—shame would be mine,  
And soon bold voices would cast open scorn  
On England's prince, as one whom dotting love  
Had made forgetful of a noble pride.  
Then, too, 'tis said, and with much show of truth,  
This quarrel 'twixt the Duke of Buckingham,  
And thy proud Olivarez, renders now  
All present hope of an agreement vague,  
Therefore it fitting seems I should depart—  
And on the morrow, sweet, I sail from Spain,  
Leaving this hand, a precious token  
Of my quick return; for when I stand,  
With foot firm planted by my father's throne,  
With war's stern menace frowning from afar,  
And claim my bride, the claim will not be made  
Vainly as now. So with this promise, love,  
Abide awhile, trusting a heart too faithful  
To prove false—too fondly fixed, to rest  
Where thou art not.

INFANTA.

Go, if thou must—

Go, if thine honour bid, and though my heart,  
In the sore struggle to resign thee, break,  
I'll murmur not, but cling in voiceless grief  
To my despair.

PRINCE.

Trust, dearest, to my faith.

I but depart, to hasten on the hour  
Shall make thee mine. 'Tis vain to linger here,  
Shut from thy presence. I have gained it now  
By sealing barriers, such as jealous zeal  
Would rear between our love.

INFANTA.

Ay, higher e'en—

Till to surmount them would defy thy skill.  
They fear thy faith—my brother openly  
Confessed as much—and having read my love,  
Dreads lest its power should make thy errors seem  
But venial sins, whose subtle poison  
May destroy my soul. Were my heart free,  
Or e'en to thee averse, glad to the union  
Would they yield consent, nor feel a pang  
At the sad sacrifice of youth and hope  
To the ambitious Motoci of their schemes.

(*At this moment, footsteps, which unheard by them have been approaching, draw nearer—the voices are suddenly parted, and the Count Merida, with uplifted hands, and a countenance of dismay, presents himself before them.*)

COUNT, (*with agitation*).

Great heavens! can this be true?  
I've sought your highness through the garden walks,  
Nor dreamed of this!

INFANTA, (*coolly, and with trepidation*).

Nor I, my lord!

In faith, I knew it not, nor strayed apart  
To meet the prince. I found him here by chance,  
And paused to answer to his parting words.

COUNT.

Should it get wind, his foot had passed the bounds  
Of yonder wall, my life would pay the forfeit  
Of his rashness. I do beseech thy grace,  
Let not another moment find thee here,  
Thou wot'st not of the peril thus incurred,  
Or in thy valiant youth, views't it with scorn.  
But for my sake, depart!

(*Falls on his knees before the prince*).

I, an old servant,

Faithful found till now, shall sink o'erwhelm'd  
To a dishonour'd grave, if it be said  
That I, the guardian of Spain's royal flower,  
Betrayed my trust. Oh, spare me this reproach—  
That not my name—a name till now as spotless  
As thine own.

PRINCE.

Rise! rise, my lord!

It shames me, thus to see thy silver hairs  
Bowed humbly at my feet. I will begone,  
Nor shalt thou bear the shame, if shame it be,  
Of my rash trespass on these hallowed grounds.  
'Tis theirs alone, who, with injustice,  
That shall be repaid, force me to steal,  
With my affianced bride, a farewell brief.  
She knew it not—and thou art blameless, too—  
So on my head, should it be ever known,  
Let vengeance fall. I'll pay it in such wise,  
As England's prince, insulted and deceived,  
Is bound to show. Farewell, Count Merida.  
I haste away, but only for thy sake,  
Else would I linger still. Thy beauteous mistress  
To thy care I leave. Guard her with love  
That slumbers not, nor sleeps. Soon she'll be mine,  
And in her service still, there shall be found,  
So thou wilt follow her, an honoured place.

COUNT.

Thanks, gracious prince, I could ne'er wish to own  
A gentler sway. But, like these ancient trees,  
My fibrous roots, deep in this genial soil  
Have spread and twined, with such tenacious hold,  
They cannot be uprooted, save with their life.

PRINCE.

It shall be as thou wilt. Yet I have heard  
Of thy true love and zeal, long tried and proved—  
And thou shalt learn how dearly she is prized,  
By my remembrance of thy faithfulness.

(*He moves towards the infanta, who stands silently apart*).

Dearest, one moment, for a parting word,  
But let it not be sad—our hopes, our love,  
Should colour with bright hues, e'en our farewell,  
And let the thought, that when we meet again,  
'Twill be for ever, our sweet solace prove,  
Till time luste on that hour—a ray of light  
Athwart the troubled gloom, welcome as that  
Which to the silent cell of some lone captive,

Whose release is near, brings joyous promise  
Of the breezy air, and glorious sunshine,  
Soon to be his own.

INFANTA, (*in tears*).

Thou can'st not cheer me—  
Hope within my heart lies cold and dead.  
This is our last farewell!

PRINCE, (*tenderly*).

Nay, faithless one,  
I'll prove thy fears untrue; or, if our last,  
It is, that we shall meet to part no more.  
Oh, weep not thus. I would I knew some spell,  
By which my art could crystallize these tears;  
These precious tears, to wear like a bright chain  
Of orient pearls upon my heart. Why must I leave thee,  
sweet?

Oh, ever thus I'd clasp thee to my breast,  
Feel thy warm breath, and hear thy gentle words  
Fall like the wind-harp's thrilling melody,  
Upon my soul!

COURT, (*approaching them with a disturbed air*).

Voices resound from yonder wall,  
Your highness. Pray bid the prince depart,  
Ere they approach. Each moment they come nearer.  
If thou dost love him, madam, bid him fly!

INFANTA.

That adjuration hath a power, indeed!  
Go, go, I dare not keep thee, though I would  
Forever! Will wear this ring? Since it hath  
Been a gage of love 'twixt many a queen  
And her heart's chosen, so it shall be ours.  
Farewell! farewell!

PRINCE, (*placing the ring upon his finger*).

Blessings on thy sweet heart!  
We will exchange these pretty tokens, love.  
See, here is mine, this violet-coloured stone.  
Heart-shaped and clasped by these two golden hands,  
Weareth a hidden charm, as legends tell,  
To win for her whose finger it adorns,  
Love's every wish. It shall be thine, dear one,  
And by its spell, thou'lt know how true I am.  
Farewell once more. Good angels be thy guard,  
Till we shall meet!

(*He releases her from his arms, and disappearing among the trees, leaps over the wall into the adjoining garden. The count walks away to meet the ladies, who are a-leaning, and the infanta, in tears, sinks down upon the seat, which she had occupied with the prince.*)

#### THE PASSIONS.

ALL the passions, in themselves simply considered, are neither good nor evil. Love, hate, hope, fear, joy, sorrow, and the rest, as they are parts of our nature, are things indifferent; but when they are *fitly circumstantiated and ordered*, they become morally good, and serve many excellent purposes; but when they are misplaced and extravagant, when they command us and are our masters, they then become morally evil, and the most troublesome things in the world, both to ourselves and others.—*Dr. Calamy's Sermons.*

#### FOOTPADS FOLED.

At the close of the war between the South American Royalists and Republicans, the country was overrun by robbers, the most noted of whom, in Bolivia, were two named Castro and Gomer, who, pursuing their vocations singly, signalized themselves by the daring and successful nature of their exploits. One summer evening the servant of a land-owner, returning from market on his mule with the proceeds of sales he had been effecting, accompanied by a small dog, was accosted by a foot-traveller journeying in the same direction, whose conversation became so engaging as to induce the rider to slacken his mule's pace, in order to enjoy the company of so agreeable a person. On reaching, however, a secluded spot, his amusing friend suddenly seized the reins, and exclaimed in a commanding tone: "Dismount; I am Castro!" This was immediately complied with; but, undaunted by a name that had struck such terror every where, the mule-man quickly threw his poncho off, and, wrapping it round his left arm, drew his long knife from its case, and bade the robber defiance. The latter, nothing loth for a species of rencontre in which he always came off conqueror, immediately advanced, flourishing a knife that had sacrificed many a victim, and with his poncho-protected arm, raised shield-like in a defensive attitude before him, he closed upon his antagonist. For several minutes the combat was fiercely and skillfully carried on, without either being able to do more than make goodly cutting and carving of his adversary's poncho, when, during a breathing-pause, the attention of the mule-man was attracted by his dog barking about, and looking first at him and then at the robber, as if soliciting leave to join in the struggle. This was not lost upon the master, who, on a fresh onset taking place, exclaimed, "Seize him, seize him!" and in an instant the dog had the robber by the leg, which, distracting his attention, enabled the other to deal him a mortal trust—the fruits of the victory being a roll of gold coins in the vanquished's belt, sufficient to make the conqueror independent.—Gomer was not long in meeting a like fate. Insinuating himself in a similar way into the good graces of a mounted merchant, accompanied by a bloodhound, he took a fitting opportunity of knocking him senseless to the ground; but was immediately seized by the bloodhound. The master, on recovering from his trance, found the robber lifeless beside him, with the dog clutched so firmly to his throat as to require no little effort to make him forego his hold.—*Canine Anecdotes.*

## SCENES ABROAD.

BY ONE OF US.

No. II.

I PARTED from the reader at Chiclana, after describing my day's travel from Los Barrios, and with his or her permission, shall resume my journey towards Cadiz. It was quite dark as we entered the town, and I could barely remark that it was of considerable size, having tall houses and tolerable streets. We drew up at a delightful posada, on a large square. I call it delightful after having experienced the wretched accommodations of the day, and undergone the day's fatigues. It was, in truth, however, a goodly hotel, where a gentleman might pleasantly enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. The style about it, gave token of proximity to Cadiz,—far famed Cadiz. It seems that Chiclana is the great resort of the Gaditani, who go a-pleasuring on Sundays and holidays. It is about twenty miles distant, and an excellent carriage road intervenes. Refreshing myself by ablutions after my hard day's ride, I ordered the nightly meal, and blessed commerce and civilization most heartily, as I noticed the style of serving it up; so much in contrast with the barbarian aspect of things in the hostleries I had entered on the day's route. The never-failing chocolate appeared towards the close of my supper, in the usual tiny cup. Chocolate is a national Spanish favourite. Chocolate-makers and chocolate-venders are met with frequently, but the drinkers of chocolate are all who can afford it. Giving directions to be called at an early hour, I retired to my chamber, where I needed not to court repose. Blessed was he who invented sleep, I exclaimed, as I addressed myself to Morpheus, and the leaden-eyed divinity repaid my addresses by a prompt, cordial, and close-locked embrace.

I was awakened at early morn by the spirit-stirring sound of trumpets. I rushed to the window, unfolded the shutters, and there before me, and beneath me, in the vast square of Chiclana, was paraded a regiment of the Lancers of France. It was a beautiful sight: they were the first French troops I had seen,—and I gazed upon them with much interest.

I have already made the observation that the traveller seldom experiences more agreeable sensations than on catching a glance in distant lands of aught that has interested the mind in boyhood. I have repeatedly felt the most pleasing

emotions, from this source, when perchance, *mon compagnon de voyage* took no interest whatever in the scene. Hence it is that travel to the educated, is the most delightful of all modes of passing one's time, whilst to the uneducated, it is tiresome, irksome, and uninteresting.—It always pleases me to see the school-boy absorbed in such books as Cook's voyages, or books of travel, and history. He is laying up a store of very sweet enjoyment. Let a scholar be suddenly placed before the remains of the superb Parthenon, the Coliseum, or the wonderful Pyramids, his mind at once is fired by excitement and enthusiasm. He is silent for hours, lost in meditation;—and angry, if disturbed by a slipshod companion. On the other hand, an uneducated person would not miss a meal to view the splendid porticos of the once magnificent Palmyra. Yes, verily those who imitate in early life, the bee;—who lay up historic stores, are repaid for their labour a hundred fold. There was pleasure in acquiring the knowledge, there is delight in its realization. To return from this digression.

As I gazed from the windows of my hotel on the pennoned lances of the Bourbons, assembled on the spacious square of Chiclana, all my recollections and impressions of the French soldiery passed in review before me. From the earliest period, the warlike character of the French has been acknowledged. Chivalry had its rise in France. The boldest crusaders, the sturdiest soldiers of that fanatic force that won the sepulchre from the Saracens, were Frenchmen. And, since the days of chivalry, no nation has afforded so many examples of the knightly soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Of late years, the warlike fame of France has risen, if that were possible, yet higher. From the extreme south of Europe, from Egypt to frozen Russia, almost every field has trembled beneath the tread of her legions. The days of Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena have shed a lustre round the Gallic eagle which time shall not diminish. It will therefore be readily imagined, when I saw before me the troops whose ensigns had waved victoriously on the domes of every capital in Europe, (save one)—it will be easily understood, I felt much interest; and this was not unminged

with national pride; for I was well aware, disaster to France had generally been the result, whenever the banner of St. George appeared in hostile presence of the *tri-color*. The French cavalry have a superior appearance to the infantry. *There is a dashing style about them, which is not observable among the Fantassins.* The youth of better families seek that arm of the service. When the regiment was dismissed, a considerable number of the men dismantled, and it was curious to see the horses of several following them like dogs. I was reminded by it of what I had often heard of the German Legion. It was observed during the Peninsular war that the Germans in our service paid much greater attention to their horses than our own dragoons did; and, naturally, a greater affection subsisted between them.

Shortly after breakfast the nags were at the door, and Antonio and I were again en route. It was not long ere I caught a distant view of Cadiz, "Fair Cadiz, resting on the dark blue sea," as the Childe has written. The distinguishing feature of all Spanish cities consists in their being invariably white. Almost every house is painted white, or white-washed. This adds greatly to the beauty of a distant view. On entering them, however, the eye is disappointed. The streets generally are extremely narrow, the houses mean, and the pavements bad. From the two last sins, however, Cadiz must be absolved. The houses, none of them are mean; many of them, imposing; the pavements are good, and a strict cleanliness observed. The height of the houses in Cadiz is seldom less than four stories, so that on entering a narrow passage, (for some of the streets are no better), one instinctively looks up to see if all is safe.

From Chielana to Cadiz, there is an excellent carriage road, and it is much travelled over. We overtook and passed a coach or two, and a number of calesas—most antiquated vehicles they were, certainly. Golf-leaf, and painted flowers, and sculptured ornaments, had been profusely expended on them. The coaches resembled those of the Lord Mayors of London some two centuries since, as displayed in little boys' primers. They were, in truth, gingerbread concerns. Nor were the nags unworthy of the vehicles; no curry-combs had seemingly ever visited their coats; but, as a compensation, their toggery, in the shape of nodding honours of red and yellow worsted, was as fine as fine could be. The calesas were a similar appearance, but, of course, inferior to the aristocratic coach. Such, generally, are the carriages of Andalusia.

We soon came to the small arm of the sea which separates the island on which Cadiz is

situate, from the mainland. This island is not unlike in shape to a chain shot. Cadiz occupying the western extremity, and joined to that portion, termed the *Isla-de-Leon*, by a long and narrow isthmus. Having been ferried over, we soon entered the city of the *Isla-de-Leon*. It is a large place, containing, I should judge, full forty thousand inhabitants. We did not stop, but proceeded straight onwards. The principal street through which we passed is extremely wide; and such as entered it at right angles were also of good width. I noticed a number of handsome mansions in and around the town. Very probably the wealthy merchants of Cadiz have hereabouts their houses of relaxation. Among others, I remarked a palace of a place which Antonio informed me belonged to "Los Padres." It's a fine thing to be a padre in Spain, said I, laughingly—but I remarked in Antonio's glance much question of the right of a Pariah heretic to whisper a word, even in jest, about the holy men. Nor, in truth, is it very prudent to do so. Spanish knives are sharp, and few questions are asked when the grey dawn exhibits a ghastly corpse.

Quitting the *Isla*, we advanced along the narrow neck of land which joins it to Cadiz. A raised road, substantially built, occupies the centre. The other portions are perhaps covered by high tides. Large pyramids of salt on either side betokened the extensiveness of the trade in that article. Cadiz salt is frequently advertised in the newspapers of Montreal.

About half a mile or more from the city is a strong fort or outwork, called *La Cortadura*;—which, it struck me forcibly, would bewilder an advancing enemy amazingly. It extends across the neck of land, and effectually secures the city. I should think. The French have besieged Cadiz more than once, but they have taken care to give *La Cortadura* a wide berth.

We approached the gate of the city, called *la puerta de tierra*. My passport was demanded, and although a heavy shower came down, I was kept waiting a considerable time outside. There is no greater mark of bad government than these passports. It is only in free countries they are not in use. All over the continent of Europe, they are *de rigueur*. There was I, a free Briton from America, kept outside the dark walls of a fortress for nearly an hour, under a heavy rain, until my passport was examined; and denied shelter the while, as though I had been an enemy's army in my own proper corpus. I swore away in English at a terrible rate—but, happening to spy one or two of the Spanish soldiers making merry at my expense, I turned my swearing into whistling—and the conversion was all the plea-

samer. No circumstance could have tended more to make me appreciate my free condition as a Briton. It is in such a situation as that, that an Englishman sees the absurdity of the political hostility subsisting at home between those who differ in politics. What matters it, he then would exclaim, whether a man be a monarchist or a republican, of tory or charist principles, so that he be a freeman! If two Englishmen meet in the land of the slave and the stranger, they stop not to enquire their respective political creeds. They are too happy to meet. One cannot but look upon that passport business with scorn and detestation, as one of the inventions of vile and despicable tyrants, to enchain, and reduce to a state of degradation, beings whom God has created equals. Oh, Liberty! methought, incomparable boon! rapturous possession! Thy children cannot fully appreciate thee, 'till they have visited the soil of the slave. None can comprehend perfectly the glorious privilege of wandering over the green fields of nature, unmolested and unquestioned; of expressing the noblest sentiments of the soul without fear and without care; save those who have seen oppression, like a toad, ugly and venomous, sit slaving on multitudes of their fellow-men; the brave and the daring suffering under the lash of the myrmidon of a brutal tyranny. Much do I wish that those of my own Canadian countrymen, who of late years have made much noise about oppression and tyranny in Canada, could be transported for one brief week to the land of the bigot Spaniard, or of the equally bigot Mussulman. Then would they cease from their croaking, then would they choose other words than they do, to express their dissatisfaction with the Government; and, finally, then would they pour out their gratitude to God that an entire continent had been set apart as an asylum for the oppressed, the persecuted, and the trodden-down of the Old World.

The walls of Cadiz on all sides, save that facing the Cortadura, (already described), are washed by the sea. They are of vast height. Any one with half an eye, though he know nothing of things military, will see at a glance that, if properly defended, Cadiz is impregnable. The space of ground it covers is so small, that a very numerous garrison is not needed. The circumference is 7,500 yards. Britain has repeatedly directed her efforts against it. In the "golden days of glorious Queen Bess," her favourite, the Earl of Essex, got possession of it; but in those days, Cadiz was not what it now is. The Duke of Ormond, in the early part of the last century, failed in his attack—and our great sea-king, Nelson, bombarded it ineffectually. The French

have twice within thirty years sat in leaguer before it. That renowned commander, Soult, tried his best to take it. He cast those enormous mortars, (one of which now graces the park in rear of the Horse Guards), expressly to reach the city from the opposite side of the bay—a distance of about three miles. During the bombardment, men were stationed in the belleries of the churches, to give notice of each discharge. A bell was tolled, and "guarda" passed from mouth to mouth; so that when the implement of destruction fell, the townspeople had generally placed themselves in security. But a small number of shells were discharged daily; and these contained much less combustible matter than usual; from the necessity there was of giving greater weight to the shell to insure its carrying the amazing distance of three miles. There was necessarily less damage from the shelling. Then again, as the roofs of the houses were of stone, and the floors of brick, there was but little danger from conflagrations. However, Soult finally raised the siege, and made the best of his way to the north, with his army, to endeavour to arrest the conquering course of Wellington. Again, in 1825, the French, under le Duc d'Angouleme, sat down before Cadiz. Treachery caused its surrender, but there was some hard fighting previously. Every one must have heard of the Trocadero, about the capture of which the Bourbons never ceased talking; and perhaps talk yet, over their dejeuners and soupers, in their Austrian refuge.

The population of Cadiz, some seventeen years since, was estimated at 70,000 souls. It has probably not increased since. Old towns, in old countries, under old systems and old laws, don't increase rapidly, and they sometimes retrograde. Cadiz then boasted of twenty-eight churches and thirty-two public edifices.

The eye of Europe, has been on two occasions directed curiously and anxiously towards Cadiz. At one time that small nook was almost the only part of the continent which defied the proud Napoleon. The Central Junta of 1812 had its seat there; and that Junta was all that was then left of Spanish Government. Sustained by England, even that apology for a government had some weight. Cadiz was the eyenore of the eyes of all who hated the Corsican. All hope of emancipation was centred there. As long as there was resistance, there was hope; and news from Cadiz was as anxiously looked for, as, recently, news from Afghanistan. Again in 1823, the Liberal Cortes sought shelter there from the Serriles; French and Spanish. Ferdinand the Beloved, as once he was called in earnest, but afterwards in derision, accompanied

the Cortes to Cadiz; but not *de bonne volonté*. He was taken there, nolens, volens. A more detestable monarch never disgraced the throne of Spain, than Ferdinand. Cruel, cowardly, treacherous, he had not one redeeming quality. I made acquaintance subsequently in a Spanish American colony with a member of the Cortes of that day. He was one of the committee deputed to wait upon the king, and to communicate to him the resolution of that body, then at Seville, to retire to Cadiz; and, of course, to be accompanied by his royal self. His Majesty could not stomach the insolence of his faithful Cortes at all. Notwithstanding that he possessed a perfect dissimulation, and a control over himself such as Shakspeare has described, as the power "to smile and murder whilst one smiles," yet he broke out upon that occasion. His Majesty could not swallow, with his greatest efforts, the pill of democratic audacity; and yet, poor man, he was forced to swallow it. After declaring most positively and most royally he would not leave Seville, he turned on his heel and left the chamber; but on its being signified to him that go he must, he yielded as gracefully as he knew how. He was distinguished for low cunning. Instances were cited to me where he had welcomed individuals with courtesy and affected pleasure, whilst the most revengeful intentions were uppermost in his mind. Old Admiral Valdez, who steered the boat that conveyed the king from Cadiz to Port St. Mary's, when he again became *el rey absoluto*, took good care not to accept the royal invitation to accompany his majesty ashore, though blandly given; but pushed off as quietly as possible on his return to the city, and afterwards sought refuge in England. Ferdinand's brother, Don Carlos, the same who has within the last few years been the instigator of the bloody scenes in the North of Spain, is said to be a more insidious scoundrel than even he was. Verily those Bourbons are a fine family, and worthy of all imitation, more especially as workers of petticoats for Maria Purissima, in which occupation the royal Ferdinand passed his hours of leisure. In person, Ferdinand was very ungainly and awkward, being very broad across the hips. His countenance was an index to his soul. He was seldom or never without a cigar in his mouth, and a very disgusting mouth he had. During his forcible detention in Cadiz, he occupied the custom house, (*la diuana*), a very large and handsome edifice. He was affable in his manners, and familiar with any body; but it seemed to be entirely owing to absence of dignity, and not at all to generosity or goodness of character.

My abode among the Gaditani was fixed at

the English hotel, calle de San Francisco, kept by a Cockney, styled Don José Wall, and a very comfortable hotel it was. At the head of this street, is situate the spacious monastery of San Francisco, with its agreeable cloisters, its pleasant gardens, its refectories and kitchens, and other comfortable appendages and appurtenances.—Well I wot, the padres who there do dwell, have reason for contentment. Many a savoury olla-podrida has smoked on their table, and streams of val-de-penas, exquisite vinum, have flowed within their walls. Yet, to judge the Franciscans by their garb alone, one would scarcely fancy they had so many of the "creature comforts" at command. A sky-blue robe, girt at waist by a common hempen cord, is their uniform, their crania are crowned by huge white hats of dimensions so portentous, as to shade the broad-brimmed beaver of the honest quaker. One day, seeing a jocund looking friar standing at the gate of the monastery, apparently absorbed in all the delightful listlessness of having nothing to do, I took the liberty of requesting the honor of viewing the interior of the establishment. The request was acceded to in the most gracious manner. The countenance of the monk assured me, even before I asked, that it would not be refused. No trace of envy, malice or uncharitableness, was there on his features. Smooth and sleek, they gave token, that, if it depended on his will, the keys of St. Peter should turn in the lock whenever a knock was heard; and no questions asked, whether the applicant for admission worshipped the Lama of Thibet,—the "Great Spirit" of our Aborigines,—whether he acknowledged the infallibility of Gregory, or denied it. After a few civilities, and letting him know I was an Englishman, he marshalled me towards the church. At the door was a large show-box, containing legs, arms, heads, fingers, toes,—not of flesh and blood, but of beeswax. They were the offerings of those afflicted by disease in those parts, who had been cured through the agency of Saint Francis; and who thus manifested their gratitude. The church was as magnificent as gold-leaf could make it; gilt candlesticks were numerous, and all the ornaments usual in Roman churches. In a niche in the wall, its face covered with glass, reposes one of those shells of which I have already spoken, despatched by Sault on any thing but an errand of mercy. It was so full of impiety as to visit the sacred precincts of the monastery, but not being so full of gunpowder as shells usually are, it did not burst. It fell, and made no sign. Upon which, the good fathers took possession of the missile (not a missal), and it now is shown, a proof of the potency of Saint Francis, who prevented it exploding. From the church, I was

conducted to the *Pacios*, or squares, paved with marble slabs; beneath whose pillar-supported galleries, the studious theologian may imitate the peripatetic philosophers of Greece, and stroll about whilst administering priestly instruction. From the cloisters we went to the gardens; and then visited the kitchens and refectories. Every thing was pleasant to the eye. The inmates have a hospital, and well-kept and well-ordered it seemed to be. A dozen times during my visit, I had more than half wished myself a Franciscan; for it seemed to be the abode of contentment itself; but, leaving the hospital, I caught a glimpse of a lean, Cassius-looking padre, who seemed in any thing but a good humour with things terrestrial; and to be a good deal disturbed about things celestial. His emaciated hand held a rosary, and he was very busy counting the beads, and saying his *Ave-Marias*. He was evidently the slave of fear, and that, good reader, (*inter nos*, be it spoken), is a miserably imbecile thing. He was evidently imploring the Virgin and Saint Francis with forty horse power prayers. The sight of him showed me that all was not joy, and idleness, and happiness, even in that glorious abode; and so I made my way out, not envying the Franciscans' lot, giving the usual Spanish salutation to my amiable conductor, "May you live a thousand years."

The establishment of "*Los Blancos*," another order of monks, whose dress is white, (as may be supposed from their title), is very extensive, and in height four stories. I did not enter it, but halted before the gate to copy the inscription on its walls:

PORTA CÆLI

CHARITAS

SPIRITUS IN AURAS ALTIUS VOLAT.

In front of the building is a very imposing column, crowned by a statue of the Virgin, holding an Infant Saviour. Speaking of columns, I may as well mention that, outside the Sea-Gate, (*In Puerta de la Mar*), there is another beautiful column in honour of St. François Xavier. Every thing one sees in Spain denotes the dominion of the church. Even the Sea-Gate has inscribed over it:

*Dominus custodiat introitum tuum,  
Et exitum tuum.—Psalm 120.*

My further reminiscences of Cadiz I shall delay till a future number.

THE mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.—*Spectator*.

## THE FATE OF WAR.

BY J. B. P.

I SAW him go, with a swelling heart,  
From the home of his early years,  
As he proudly grasped his father's sword,  
Yet wet with a mother's tears.

A sad smile played o'er his youthful face,  
As he turned from his home at last;  
And the hamlet poured its gazers forth,  
To bid him adieu as he passed.

I saw him again, on the battle field,  
At the head of a chosen band;  
But other drops now stained the blade  
He bore in his ardent hand.

That fair face, once a mother's pride,  
Was marked with the foeman's gore;  
And his war-horse pawed the bloody plain,  
As if proud of the load he bore.

I saw him again, when the field was won,  
And where was the soldier then?  
He slept with the brave, that sleep from which  
He ne'er shall awake again.

Long, long, may the childless mother weep,  
And the hamlet may long deplore;  
But, alas! to the home of his early years,  
That warrior returns no more.

Montreal, 1843.

## BURKE.

THE excursions of his genius are immense. His imperial has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every work of art. His eulogium on the Queen of France, is a masterpiece of pathetic composition; so select are its images, so fraught with tenderness, and so rich with colours "dipped in heaven," that he who can read it without rapture may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility. His imagination is, in truth, only too prolific: a world of itself, where he dwells in midst of chimerical alarms, is the dupe of his own enchantments, and starts, like Prospero, at the spectres of his own creation. His intellectual views in general, however, are wide and variegated, rather than distinct; and the light he has let in on the British constitution in particular, resembles the coloured effulgence of a painted medium, a kind of mimic twilight, solemn and soothing to the senses, but better fitted for ornament than use.—*Beauties of Robert Hall*.

## PAUPERS.

WHEN paupers evince any consciousness of neglect, they are instantly spurned; if they complain this time of a scanty dole, the next they will have none. *Though our donations are made to please ourselves, we insist upon those who receive our alms being pleased with them.*—*Zimmerman*.

## AIDA—OR HOURS OF ROMANCE.

(FROM THE ENIGMA'S PORTFOLIO.)

Sweet is the morning's twilight shade,  
Sweet is the flowery, cooling glade,  
Sweet is the stream that laves the grove,  
But sweeter far the voice we love.

Dear is the gale that bears along  
The distant melody of song—  
The music from the spheres above,  
And ah! as dear the voice we love.

Soft are the genial dews of even—  
Mild the cerulean blue of heaven—  
All Nature's brightest charms improve,  
Sung by the voice of those we love!

Young Aida was the happiest of maidens—soft peace hovered around her pillow; the delights of conscious innocence reigned in her bosom; and as she watched the fleecy, gold-tipped clouds, that dappled the azure vault of heaven, and the bright rays of the morning sun glancing o'er the fairy waves of the glittering lake, and amongst the green leaves of the clustering honey-suckle, the sweet scented flowers of the wild rose, and embowery acacia, that overshadowed the lattice of her rustic bower, drawing forth an atmosphere of aromatic odours—her young heart fluttered with unspeakable and new felt delights: yet not alone inspired by those objects of inanimate beauty, however various and soothing to the senses—for the gentle power that animates and pervades all nature—even love itself—exerted his all-flattering and wonder-working power in her heart; and she dwelt in thought on the dear looks of him, whose smiles cast the glow of sunshine over all nature in her eyes; and the soft whisperings of the morning zephyrs, wafting the perfumes of the groves and fields, and floating along, wantoning amid the unbound golden ringlets over her fair and cheerful brow, seemed like the accents of his manly and mellow voice in memory's ear. She fancied he still repeated those dulcet and never to be forgotten words, "I love thee, my Aida! and I have set thee as a seal upon my heart."

She warbled them in a low, half pensive tone to her little old fashioned guitar, that was fastened by a pale pink ribbon around her neck, and by its silvery sounds responded to the feelings of her gentle thoughts. Sweet instrument! which can well explain hearts stricken by woe, or enchanted by placid gaiety—but to loud mirth unwilling to lend its aid!

Sweetest moments of life, when love and hope lead ye along, as if on wings of the lightest gossamer, and over paths of roses. Fleeting, too fleeting are ye—but Aida moralized on ye then, and solitude prolonged your stay.

"Blest sunshine and sweet music!" breathed she, as her fingers obeyed her heart, and filled her pretty bower with the guitar's sweetest strains, and the blackbird and the thrush joined their chorus in the neighbouring bosquet.

"Blest sunshine and sweet music; and ye bright perfumed blossoms, how ye enchant the heart—ah, if the unfortunate and erring *Eve* enjoyed such bliss as I do now, how must she have incurred to leave her Eden fair; yet might she not despair, if assured by her sympathizing companion that he 'loved her, and set her as a seal upon his heart;' and this, my Eden, will I leave for him whose love I am, and whose dear image is on my faithful heart. But as hand in hand we go forth—the world all before us—it is not to tread a desert we depart, but the garden of life, whose flowers and fruits will present but a more extensive paradise; few clouds will darken the prospect, and even them, the mutual solicitude of two devoted hearts will soon cause to disperse, and render the horizon more resplendent; time will but add to our mutual felicity—and will surprise at the goal, two beings so devoted, so united in life and death as Theodore and his Aida. Oh, bright sunshine and sweet music! ye will hallow our graves as we sleep the calm sleep beneath the flowery sod, and gentle will be our descent—love will illumine our path! O! first of all delights, is that of being beloved!"

Such was the song of Aida—such is the song of youth—but need it be said, that with fleeting and fluttering age, the vision vanishes, even as the mist before the fervid noonday sun, or the bloom of flowers before the blighting blast of winter.

Let those who have traced the path of life avow—if their flowers have been turned to weeds, the golden ore of their morning feelings clogged with dross—their promising fruit to blight, by care, disappointment, and a thousand ills, that hid their heads, when they, like the inexperienced Aida, took a self-delusive view of the too fluttering scene.

They have but badly read the signs of the times, who do not perceive that a great moral revolution has commenced in the world, of which the increased influence of the press is at once a cause and an effect; a cause, for it has generated a spirit of inquiry, "whose appetite increaseth by that which it feedeth upon;" an effect, for the new wants that have been thus created, have opened new marts for the disposal of literary wares—demand, as usual, being followed by supply. In nothing is this more conspicuous than in periodical literature.—*London University Magazine*.



## THE ELOPEMENT.

BY THE AUTHORRES OF "TALES OF THE HEATH," "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," ETC. ETC. ETC.

Upon the table in her father's study, Matilda had left a note, addressed to that beloved parent, to explain the cause of her absence, and to implore his pardon for the only undutiful act that had ever cast a blemish on her life. She intreated him to pardon, and to permit her to return to that home which would ever be dearer to her than any other spot upon earth. Having performed what she considered would be an amelioration to the act she was about to commit, she quitted the apartment, but with painful emotion; her eyes bathed with tears, her limbs trembling with an agitation that almost forbade their use, and frequently obliged her to cling to some article of furniture for support. In a state of mind approaching the most painful indecision, if, even at the "eleventh hour," she should yield all her hopes of future happiness, to a sense of duty towards her beloved parent, and kind brother, the latter of whom, in her struggle of feeling, she had never forgotten. Her tearful eye rested on a clock, which stood over the stairs; she saw that the appointed hour for meeting, had within five minutes expired! She had no longer time for consideration—her affection for her betrothed surmounted every other impulse; she snatched up a little parcel, containing a trilling change of apparel, and throwing on her bonnet and cloak, hastened through the most retired walks in the garden to the spot of assignation, where Lisle had been waiting nearly an hour in anxious suspense for her arrival: he caught her in his arms, and without the exchange of a word, placed her in the post-chaise, which had also been some time in attendance. The horses were fleet, and the driver aware of the errand upon which he was engaged, and its consequent emolument, drove off at a furious rate, so that they soon lost sight of the "village and the little church," and all that could bring reminiscences of regret to the heart of Matilda, who, for some time, was unable to utter even a sentence of recognition to her companion, upon whose shoulder she reclined, and wept most bitterly. Already did her heart reproach her for the rash and imprudent step she had taken.

But the soothing and endearing attentions which the young Ensign knew so well how to administer, doubtless had a beneficial effect, for they proceeded on their route and were married.

The worthy Major returned at an early hour from the mess dinner, and as he rode up to the door, wondered that Matilda, as was her usual custom, was not already on the step to receive him; he, however, suspended all enquiry, supposing that he should find her in the drawing-room, busied in completing some fancy articles, on which he knew she had been engaged for charitable purposes, and which were to be sold at the Ladies' Bazaar, in the neighbouring town. Finding that the object of his search was not there, he called in a vociferous voice for Matilda. Alas! no Matilda answered; at length the old house-keeper, trembling with agitation, made her appearance, her countenance ashy pale, and choking with sobs that prevented articulation.

"Where is Matilda?—Where is my daughter?" vociferated the major, who plainly saw that he had something dreadful to hear. "Speak," he continued, "I cannot bear suspense."

"Indeed, sir," replied the faithful domestic, after many ineffectual attempts to speak, which were prevented by heavy sobs, to which tears had yet given no relief. "Indeed, sir, I know not where the young lady is; she did not ring for tea as usual, I therefore came up stairs to see if any thing was the matter, when I found the room vacant; I searched every apartment, but Miss Matilda was not to be found; John and I walked through the grounds, and went to Captain Brown's, supposing she might have taken a walk there, this cool evening, but they had not seen her. We had hardly left the captain's, when we met Dame Wells' boy, who told us he had seen Miss Matilda lifted into a post chaise by a very fine officer, and they drove off as fast as the horses could gallop.

"Impossible, impossible," replied the agitated major; "hasten, fetch the boy to me, I cannot believe that Matilda has left her home." Again he paced through the vacant chambers, calling loudly, and, alas! vainly, the name that was dear to him! At length, overwhelmed with contending feelings, he threw open the door of his study, and sunk in a state of exhaustion upon the sofa, the cushions of which were still moist with the tears, which, scarcely an hour since, had been so copiously shed upon them by Matilda, for there she had reclined her head, while breathing forth prayers for the happiness of that heart, which she

was about, by an act of her *own*, so deeply to lacerate. Nearly an hour had elapsed before the major could be roused from the state of stupor into which he had fallen, to one of consciousness. When he opened his eyes he found his friend Captain Brown, and his medical attendant, administering such restoratives as the case required.

"I have had a fearful dream," he said, his countenance as pale as death, and his eyes glassy and distorted. "I thought Matilda had deserted me, but thank God it was only a dream. Where is she?—Call her to me, that I may press her to my palpitating heart, and feel reassured that I am not robbed of my darling child—my precious Matilda!"

"Be composed, my good friend," said the worthy doctor; "your daughter is at present absent, but she will return soon: here is a letter," taking up that which had been left by Matilda on the table, "it appears to be the writing of the young lady, and doubtless will remove your fears, and also the mystery of her absence."

The major snatched the letter with impatience, and breaking the seal, read a confirmation of the facts. Dashing it from him, he exclaimed:

"Forgive her! No, never, never! Nor the rascal who has betrayed my confidence, and robbed me of my child; my dearest earthly treasure! May the bitter cup of poverty be his sweetest draught.—From me he shall never inherit one shilling!"

This was uttered with vehemence and violence of manner, that had never betrayed itself in the major before, while his countenance bore ample testimony of the powerful and contending emotions of his agonised soul! He again sank upon the sofa, wished his friends "good night," and upon the captain proposing to despatch messengers after the fugitives, he answered:

"No, no, they have wilfully chosen their own path, and must abide by it."

No persuasion could induce the major for several days to leave his study, nor make the slightest change in his dress. He saw no individual except the old housekeeper, who was nearly as heart-broken as himself, and from whose hand he received occasionally a little simple refreshment. During this period, at intervals his grief assumed an almost insupportable, and distressing character. He shed not a tear; but, the groan—the deep and solemn groan of despair and disappointment, emanating from the inmost recesses of the soul, fell on the ear with a sound that vibrated through the heart, and left a pang unutterable! The oft repeated sigh, too, was deep and mournful, it spoke the language of sorrow, too sacred for words,—too deep for tears! Yet, not a sound like complaint, or even reproach ever escaped him. Since

the fatal evening of her elopement, Matilda's name had never been mentioned by him, except on one occasion, when a letter addressed to her father arrived, entreating his forgiveness, and permission to see him: all of which was positively refused, with a peremptory order that she would never dare to address him more.

An event so decided, and so unexpected to the young couple, cast a dense shadow over their prospects; the elysium through which they had floated, was doomed to a sudden change; in the bright meridian of their hopes a cloud came and turned all to gloom; their short day dream of happiness was blighted by severe disappointment, and the rugged path of life for the first time appeared before them; they saw objects with more truth than before; they saw also that they had nothing to depend upon but their own exertions.

Lisle, at the time of his marriage, had obtained only a day's leave of absence from the colonel of his regiment; upon his return, however, he found his situation in the corps very different from what he had left it. Friends, whom his pleasing manners, and amiable disposition had gained, were now decidedly opposed to him, and with his name was coupled one voice, that of disapprobation, for every officer considered that his conduct had been highly censurable. The worthy major they all revered, and all deeply lamented the dishonorable act which had plunged him into such dire affliction. Under such circumstances, Lisle found that it would be necessary for him to leave his regiment; he, therefore, determined to sell out, and, as there was not a shadow of hope, that Major Delmar would ever deviate from his rash vow of never seeing his daughter again, and of withholding from her every expectation of fortune, he resolved to leave the country altogether, and with the proceeds of his commission emigrate to Canada, there buy a portion of land, and commence farmer.

This was a sad crisis for poor Matilda, who was about to quit, perhaps for ever, the soil of her birth, to be separated by the wide expanse of ocean from a beloved father, and fond brother, without the privilege of *hidding them adieu*, or the flattering hope of ever seeing them more! It was a reflection too torturing to be borne; her physical strength yielded to its influence; she was thrown on a bed of sickness, where she remained in a very precarious state for some weeks. Had she known the extent of her father's mental suffering, it is probable she never would have recovered; but that pang was carefully concealed from her, and she was led to suppose, that the beloved individual for whom she so deeply mourned, was in good health, although unrelentingly determined not to see her more. As soon

as she became convalescent, Lisle determined to hurry her away; he foresaw the melancholy consequences that might ensue, should the real state of her parent's mental suffering be made known to her. His grief had now assumed a more settled melancholy; the dew of agony was visible on his brow; his dress was neglected, his hair dishevelled; his vital energies crushed; grief had fixed its empire on his mind—his heart was broken, and in a few weeks after Matilda had sailed for America, he died! The only short interval in which his senses were perfectly collected after Matilda's departure, were devoted to making his will, by which he left all he possessed, with the exception of a few legacies, to his son, who subsequently obtained a commission in his father's late regiment. By command of his parent, Frederick Delmar had not seen his sister, or communicated with her, from the period of her marriage, although he had not failed to sympathise deeply in all that concerned her; his naturally cheerful and happy disposition, wore more the gloom of sorrow, his mind was like "a troubled sea tossed to and fro," seeking pleasure but finding none, save such as solitude or some favourite author afforded. He longed to discover the retreat of his sister, but all the information he could gain respecting her was, that she had embarked with her husband for North America.

About two years after Frederick had entered the service, a circumstance presented itself which held out a prospect that the wish nearest his heart would speedily be realised. The regiment to which he belonged was ordered to Canada; from the moment this information reached him, he began to resuscitate.

"I shall now," he mentally exclaimed, "discover the retreat of my beloved Matilda, and in contributing to her happiness, increase my own."

As a voyage across the Atlantic in a transport ship, crowded with soldiers, seldom affords any thing very interesting or amusing, especially when divested of such incidents as shipwreck, storm, or mutiny, neither of which occurred on the passage of our young friend, we will pass over that monotonous part of his life and meet him again at Quebec. Here with his regiment he was stationed, during which period he was not idle in making enquiries in quest of the beloved individual whom he so anxiously sought. He advertised in the public journals, visited the Upper Province, and many new settlements; but his inquiries, anxiously as they were made, proved fruitless; and Frederick returned to his quarters, dispirited and broken hearted. From Quebec, his regiment, in course of time, removed to Montreal; now a glimmering of fresh hope again

revived, but it was like the ray of the sun upon an April day, of transient duration, to be succeeded by renewed disappointment.

In utter despite of ever gaining the object he so ardently desired, Frederick sunk into a decided disrelish of all society, even that of his brother officers frequently became irksome; his military duties were never neglected; but, except when called by duty into public, he was seldom seen.

The colonel, who observed the bent of his disposition, proposed sending him on detachment; this offer was gladly accepted, and Frederick Delmar soon found himself snugly quartered at the "Isle aux Noix," a place admirably adapted for the full indulgence of solitude. But even this spot was not to him always sufficiently retired; if a party or pic-nic was in contemplation, he would be sure to make his escape, leap into his little canoe, cross the Richelieu, and wander about the almost impenetrable woods on the opposite shore, accompanied only by a faithful little spaniel, which he called "Lima," and which had been a pet of his sister's; and consequently a great favourite with him.

It was on one of those solitary excursions that our narrative commenced. We have already said the day was intensely hot, but we have not yet told that it had been appointed by the fair ladies of the island for a pic-nic, for which grand preparation had been made; and, as the band of the — Regiment had been engaged, a quadrille was of course anticipated. The rumour of all this gaiety had reached Frederick the previous evening, and he determined to make his escape, even before the sun had risen on the following morning.

As he rambled through the thick mazes of dense forest, the feathered choristers warbling from every spray, Frederick listened with delight, and participated in their joy, his ardent imagination fancied such moments the most hallowed, and least alloyed of his present life, and he determined to enjoy them undisturbed. He pursued his ramble through the most retired paths, avoiding every part that bore the footstep of man. At length he reached an open glade, through which ran a spring of water, pure as the crystal stream; Here he seated to refresh himself, for he had already wandered farther than he imagined, and perhaps as far as it was quite prudent he should go without a guide. He discovered a large stone covered with moss near the edge of the stream, upon this he determined to rest; and taking from his pocket some biscuits, shared them with his little playful companion, and afterwards bending down on the green sod, took a copious draught of the clear refreshing beverage, which the spring afforded. He then had recourse to his favourite

Byron, and had read some passages in the "Cor-sair," though with less attention and more tameness than usual; his mind became abstracted and wandered from the subject of the volume, to one of still deeper interest,—his sister became the object of his thoughts, "the polar star of his hopes and wishes." He could think only of her, and what might then be her situation, for he full well knew that the expenses of the voyage, and their subsequent support must have considerably diminished the little funds which Lisle had at his command when he left England. This was a bitter reflection; it filled him with a thousand apprehensions for her he so fondly cherished in his heart. He laid aside his book, and with a fevered imagination, hid his face within his hands and wept bitterly. From such reflections, however, he was roused by the distant bark of his dog, whose absence he had not observed, until the well-known voice met his ear; the sound continued, followed occasionally by an howl, then a bark again; evidently evincing that the animal was excited by some extraordinary cause.

"Alas! my poor dog!" exclaimed Frederick, "I am afraid you have fallen into the clutches of some hungry bear or wolf, not unfrequent guests in this part of the world."

While hesitating how to proceed in defence of his favourite, his apprehensions were lulled by the appearance of the little creature, who, no sooner saw her master than she ceased barking; but commenced wagging her tail, and panting violently, her countenance betraying an expression of joy, which the dullest mortal might have understood.

"What is the matter, my little fellow?—what have you seen?" said Frederick, caressing and patting her on the head, while he again seated himself, and resumed his book. Still, poor "Lima" was not to be quieted; she continued to bark, jumping upon her master's knee, licking his face, and evincing every demonstration of pleasure and impatience.

"There is," thought Frederick, "something extraordinary in all this, more than I can comprehend," and he rose with an idea that it would probably be wise that he should return towards his canoe. The sagacious animal watched her master's movements, and no sooner observed that he was moving off in an opposite direction to that which she wished, than she evinced the greatest disquiet, and ran from him whining most piteously. Frederick now discovered her object was that he should follow her; he did so, for about a quarter of a mile from the spot on which he had been reclining, when his attention was arrested by the sound of an axe; he proceeded on, and presently perceived a clearance in the wood, of about four or

five acres of land; the sound of the single axe still met his ear, but it fell as if from a trembling and nervous arm. Now the man himself was seen, he appeared young and slender, as if nature had not intended him for the rude occupation in which he was engaged. Still he worked on heavily, and perfectly unconscious of being observed. His dress also differed from the Canadian costume; his linen was as white as snow, and instead of the bonnet rouge on his head, it was bound round with a silk handkerchief. At a few rods from the scene of his labour, was a small log hut, divested of every appearance of comfort, except that which extreme cleanliness bestows. On one side was a plot of ground, laid out as a garden, and on the other, about half an acre of ground planted with Indian corn; in the rear was a pig-sty, near which stood a cow grazing, and a few poultry, completed the domestic scene.

"Alas!" thought Frederick, "this is perhaps, a sorrowful specimen of the disappointments of emigration; you poor fellow may have quitted his native land, and perhaps a comfortable home, under the fallacious hope of improving his condition. He has entered a new world, unacquainted with its climate and its soil. He sets out under the impression that a few pounds will purchase so many acres of land; which, being young and hale, he imagines he can cultivate himself: that in a few years he will become an agriculturist, and in a few more, a rich man. But scarcely has he placed his foot on the continent of America,—purchased his lot, and erected his log-hut, than he finds his mistake: the land must be cleared before cultivation can begin. Winter approaches, and with it severities which he had not contemplated, and which his physical energies are ill prepared to encounter. The sweet habit of sociability and neighbourly intercourse, which, hitherto, had cheered his comfortable hearth, is now lost; except in regretful remembrance. He finds himself without friend to sympathize with, or relative to cheer the monotonous hours of hard labour: residing in a hut, erected by his own hands, and surrounded by trees which he is aware must be felled by his own exertions, ere cultivation or profit can commence. He sickens at the prospect, and sighs for his own native land! Canada is a beautiful, an improving, and promising country, to the professions, the initiated agriculturist and the mechanic; but the gentleman of moderate means, who emigrates to America, with no other prospect but that of commencing farmer, is playing a game of hazard, by which, ten chances to one, he will be the loser." Such were Frederick's meditations, as he stood gazing upon the scene before him. His reflections, however, just or otherwise, were

soon interrupted by his companion, who evinced renewed impatience, by jumping upon her master, barking, and running to and from the log-hut. The young soldier followed, for he began to feel a certain curiosity to know something more of its inmates.

The woodman had continued so intently upon his occupation, that he had not observed a stranger near, and Frederick reached the humble habitation unremarked. The door was partly open, and presented a small sitting-room: in the middle of which stood a rudely constructed table, made from the maple tree, and highly polished, near which, were two stools, formed of the same material; in one corner of the room was a sort of stand, or block of wood, on which lay several sheets of music and a lute; in another corner of the room, stood a guitar, over which hung a telescope and some charts; on the other side was suspended a sword and a fowling piece; there were also, some two or three shelves, which formed a bookcase, on which were arranged a few volumes of well bound books; on the table was a handsome writing desk, a work box open, a gold thimble resting on some slips of muslin, and a baby's cap, which appeared to have been the recent employment of some female. The floor was constructed of roughly hewn logs, covered with a very coarse kind of carpet, but everything bore the marks of extreme neatness. Another smaller apartment led off from the one of which we have given so correct an inventory; but as this was partly obscured from view by a half closed door, Frederick could only observe a neat looking bed, with furniture of the purest white, and toilet table, on which lay such articles of dress as convinced him its inhabitant was of the fair sex, and not of the lowest order.

"Alas! I am right," thought he, "it is the abode of disappointment and poverty; but not less, that of elegance and neatness. Vulgar minds would not require the materials which ornament this secluded hut."

Finding that several successive raps at the door were not answered from within, he retired with an intention of addressing the woodman, for so he designated the labourer we have already mentioned; as he approached the spot, he saw him seated upon the root of a lately felled tree, bearing on his knee an infant, and supporting with his arm a female, who was evidently struggling with violent emotion, and whose sobs mournfully met his ear. Upon a nearer approach, he saw with astonishment, that the female was caressing his faithful "Lima." Conviction, quick as lightning, darted across his mind.

"It must be—it is—it is my dearest Matilda!" he vehemently exclaimed, and in a moment he

met the fond embrace of that beloved sister whom he had so long, and so anxiously sought.

Sorel, January, 1843.

## A SKETCH FROM SCRIPTURE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

The setting sun still smiled o'er Syria's plains,  
And decked with golden hues the earth and sky,  
And Salem's gates and lofty towers shone bright,  
And proudly rose her massy walls on high;  
While sparkling fountains played 'mid cypress groves,  
Glittering like diamonds in the sun's warm rays,  
And Cedron's brook wound slowly through the vale,  
Reflecting blushes from the roseate sky.  
Here, too, Moriah's lofty brow was seen,  
Exalted far above the hills around—  
"The mountain of the Lord," to which, 'twas said,  
"All nations were to flow"—the destined site  
Of the proud temple reared by David's son;  
And where of old Jehovah tried the strength  
Of Abraham's faith. And here Siloam's pool,  
With its clear crystal waters, flowed along  
The mountain's base, with murmurs soft and low.

A battle had been fought—Philistia's sons  
Sought to o'erthrow once more the shepherd-king,  
Whom God had called to rule the Israelites,  
But vain their boasted might; their strength was naught,  
The Lord alone the victory had won!  
And David, wearied with the battle's heat,  
Retired to seek repose—not in rich tents,  
'Mid luxuries our modern heroes boast—  
But in Adullam's cave, (which, once before,  
His refuge proved, when Achish sought to slay).  
He threw his armour down, and faintly leaned  
Against the broken rock, while drops of sweat  
Oozed from his pallid brow—a burning thirst  
Seemed to consume his vitals—and his mind  
Wandered to Bethlechem, which gave him birth.  
The Philistines possessed this much loved spot,  
Whose hills, crowned with the olive and the vine,  
A quiet shade cast o'er the plains below—  
And cooling streams rushed down their rocky beds,  
Singing glad songs of praise to Nature's God.  
And David longed, and said: "O, for a draught  
Of the pure spring that flows by Bethlechem's gate!"  
Scarcely uttered were the words, when there arose,  
With eager haste to please, his favourite chiefs;  
And the three mighty men broke through the host  
Of the astonished Philistine, and bore  
Quick to their monarch's hand the wished for draught.  
Then Israel's king arose—a crimson glow  
O'erspread his tined brow, till now so pale—  
He took the cup, and poured it on the ground!  
And then, with eyes upturned to Heaven, he cried:  
"Be it far from me, Lord, to do this thing!  
The life of man was risked to slake my thirst—  
I may not use an offering of such cost;  
But to the Lord I freely sacrifice  
The precious draught I dare not drink—it is  
The price of human blood!"  
Montreal, 1813.

SOLITUDE.

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who like  
nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.  
—Zimmerman.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. I.

For the first time in my life, I have been today, in an American Cotton Mill. I went through it, and surveyed both its *living*, and its inanimate machinery. I have been through mills of most huge dimensions in England, of which this one seemed to me, a bright and elegant miniature edition. The gigantic vastness of an English mill is more imposing, but the superior cleanness of an American mill is more pleasing. Hordes of children pant wearily in an English mill; in an American one, but few children are employed. Fewer men, also, are engaged in American Cotton Factories. The principal operatives, therefore, in American Cotton Factories, are young girls. They come to these factories from all parts of the country in New England; are daughters of farmers; many of them well educated, and most of them of excellent character. After a few years of hard work, they return, and marry on the strength of their earnings. In the mills they are decently dressed, and on holidays, they are the gayest of the gay. In looks they are generally pretty; in appearance, healthy; in demeanour, modest and retiring. One evil in American Factories corresponds to a like one in those of England: and that is long hours of labour. Here I find that work commences with the light, and closes, at the present season, at six. In summer time it commences at five in the morning, and closes only at seven in the evening. An hour and a half each day, I believe, is allowed for meals. I have, myself, a theory against factories, in their most mitigated operations; but as, with our civilization, so many fellow creatures are likely to be engaged in them, I trust that facts may prove my theory false. That much may be effected to render such labor consistent with all that is best in the development of human nature, the literary productions of the Lowell Factory girls evince; and where much has been done, there may be more. Girls from England and Canada, I found, had been enlisted into work in the mills here; and, although the managers discovered that some of them were rather rebellious creatures, others were highly appreciated, for peaceful and docile industry. Factories, I know, *must be*, and as they *must*, let them be as consistent with the happiness of their laborious workers, as every human effort can make them. But as it is, there are few modes of occupation that give me less pleasurable emotions, than these immense combinations of throbbing engines and throbbing hearts. Our civilization has its foundation in terrific sacrifices, for all our material enjoyments—our systematic comforts, there are

piles and piles of victims, one grade treading down another, and standing on it—from the pinnacle of privilege and pleasure, down to the depths of hopeless ignorance and ceaseless toil.

“Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery thou art a bitter draught,” and, in my opinion, slavery to machinery is not the least bitter draught in the cup of servitude.

While waiting in the sitting parlor of the hotel, previous to supper, an elderly man of very marked appearance was my only companion. His face was oval, of beautiful contour; his white hair combed back from a forehead of noble height, his eye benignant, but piercing. His conversation—for we had conversation—was calm, intelligent, singularly correct and elegant in phraseology. I am not given to the superstition that you may know a remarkable man by his forehead or his nose—and yet I was impressed by this man. I had, one way or the other, an idea that he was *somebody*. We went together to the supper-room. He ate very slightly, and then left the table. A gentleman, who remained after him, asked me, “Do you know who that is?” “No,” I replied; “but I have been peculiarly struck by him.” “That,” said my fellow-guest, “is Mr. Audubon.” “What! Mr. Audubon, the celebrated American Ornithologist?” “The same.” I spoke most sincerely, when I replied, “there is no man in the United States, whom I am more pleased to see than Mr. Audubon.” On our return to the parlor, Mr. Audubon gratified us by shewing some magnificent prints of a grand new work, he is about to publish, on the Quadrupeds of America. It would be vain for me to try to give you, by description, an idea of the vigor and the life which appear in these drawings—the grace of their positions—and in many instances, the exquisite comiery of their looks. When Mr. Audubon had kindly done all this, he set out to travel in the stage coach for hours in the night, through a deluge of rain, and roads compounded of mud and ice. Mr. Audubon is one of the most distinctive instances of the union of enthusiasm with patience,—of genius with labour. His devotion to his favourite pursuit has been as unremitting as it has been fervid; through travel, fatigue, danger, he has still preserved the glow of his soul and the tenor of his way. Years ago in England, Professor Wilson and other men of poetic fire, admired the enthusiast of the woods, with his black hair, and his bold front—such was his character; it has not since changed;—true, his locks have grown hoary, and wrinkles have crept into his face; but his eye has not become dim, nor his natural force abated. With other attributes of genius he has its disinterestedness. By his first great work, he lost twenty-five thousand

dollars; there is a smaller edition, by which his friends hope this loss may be refunded. Yet, although pecuniary loss ought not, in this case as others, to be the fate of genius, to say nothing of toil and trouble, still, what noble compensation in high thoughts and a living name! Such compensation, at least, Mr. Audubon has; but the world should not make that his all. Have you ever read Professor Wilson's eloquent article on him in Blackwood? If not—read it.

The next morning, being considerably fatigued, I was late for the common breakfast—and with whom think you did I get mine? Why, with three judges of the Supreme Court, and a bar of the most eminent lawyers in the state,\* and among the most eminent in the nation. They were here in special session on an exciting case of murder. I went with them into court; remained there all the forenoon; came out, dined, and then again returned. The matter, of course, will be to you scarcely worth relation, except that it was my first time of being present at a capital trial in America—and there may be some small interest in the vividness of new and contrasted impressions. Although in a country town, the courtroom was more neat, more clean, and more comfortable than any that I have ever seen in Ireland or England. The judges went from their lodgings in the order of age, preceded by the sheriff, and took their seats gravely on the bench. Let me tell you, that, notwithstanding all my early associations, I did not miss the parade or the robings. Indeed, I think my feelings were more solemn without them. There was something, indeed, that almost awed me in the spectacle of three plainly dressed men, having a controlling influence on the life of a fellow creature, sustained in their authority by the free opinion of those around them, and the sense of justice; having no other grandeur than that which lies in learning, wisdom, integrity, and years. Nor was the audience less impressive to me, in its decorum, silence, and submission—obedient to the predominant sentiment of law, by which alone a community can have either civilization or security. The progress of evidence developed complications of crime. A man was killed who had made one of a gang to tear down a house. The house had been subject to some odium; the inmates had fled; a lawless band, it would seem, was made a ruffian the less, by one who was as great a ruffian as himself. Having continued through the day, the scene appeared to me specially dramatic by candle light. The three judges, with their serious faces, seemed yet more solemn in the dim gleam of the tapers. The members of the bar, not engaged in

examination, are listening with fixed attention, or musing in concentrative abstraction. The prisoner sits within a railing exactly opposite to the bench. He is a man respectable in station, and fifty years of age. As the candles faintly glimmer over his features, they seem sad, thoughtful, worn, and not ungentle. I could not avoid thinking what a contrast that face now presented, in the hour of retribution, to its hour of passion; how different that despondent eye, from that which had been shot with glaring vengeance;—how different that arm, relaxed in weariness, from that which was nerved to plunge the murderous dagger in a human heart. And this man, who unshined the fountain of his brother's life, had home and kindred, and, doubtless, all the affections that belong to such relations; and these were at this moment around him with most devoted anxiety. Three brothers sat outside the dock. The prisoner was the eldest; and the arrangement was an ascending progression from a fine young man in the bloom of life, to the individual whose fate they awaited. His son-in-law, a beginner, as I understood, in the legal profession, was indefatigable in aiding the counsel for his defence. Scarcely is there any evil, which leaves us solitary in this earth of kindred humanities, and scarcely is there any sin so dark, as to rob us of sympathy, from some heart that has bonds with ours.

There is no place in which human passions are so revealed as in a court of justice: in political assemblies they are but partial; in those of worship, they are suppressed; on the stage they are only feigned; in the court alone, they are various, and they are real. I must except the lawyers, for they have the simulation of actors without their art. But for the rest: observe the audience. Take your place near the bench, and look up towards the opposite gallery. Contemplate that dense mass of countenances, of every age, and each with characteristic and earnest expression. There is one man about the middle of the group; he is so crushed by those behind, that he has to lean his elbows on the front rail, and place his face between his hands. His coat is a rusty drab and patched, his cuffs are greasy, and the face between them is a study for Cruikshank! See when he closes his lips, how the wrinkles converge towards his mouth; each wrinkle contains a grin, but no one of the grins has a streak of humor or of light. See him, now, when he opens his mouth—in the fore part of it, two upper teeth are wanting—his widened face is grotesque, but not funny—it is odd, but you cannot laugh at it—it is one of those countenances in a thousand, which fixes your attention, not by attraction but compulsion—which you do not exactly fear,

\*Massachusetts.

which you do not exactly hate—which does not command your esteem, nor yet move your contempt—which, beholding once, you can never forget; but which you never desire to behold again. Then where, as well as in a court of justice, will you observe suspense, grief, terror, despair, so truly, so tragically, depicted?—this scene of all the passions in their consummation and retribution,—the winding up of those doings, whose ways are misery and whose end is death.

Scenes similar to this, and yet different from it, in other lands, passed across my memory. One especially occurred to me, of a trial at which I was present, in the south of Ireland. It was a trial for murder. This was now the night of the third day. Even the bench and the bar were but feebly lighted, and the body of the court had only such a glimmer, as a wretched tallow candle here and there afforded. The jury have retired. The judge, a venerable old man, has folded his crimson robe around his breast, and reclines back exhausted. The lawyers are some engaged in low whispers, others are in postures, of listlessness and fatigue. The prisoner—what of him! There he is, unhappy creature! behind an inner railing. A policeman stands on each side of his barrier, and from each side the rays of a flickering candle pass athwart his features—and what features! Look at them—his low forehead, with no stamp of thought—his eye, with no dawn of speculation—his hard, weather-tanned cheek—his mouth large, coarse, thick, which speaks nothing but the animal. And there he stands—stolid, unmoved, impassive—now, his poor unmeaning face turns towards the audience, now to the judge—then towards the jury box; never with any concern—except, that it had occasionally a look of stupid and puzzled wonder, which appeared to say: what's all this about? Then, the audience. The old man, whose son was, perhaps, next day for trial, and the stalwart peasant from the fields, waiting to be a witness for his brother or his neighbour. The elder matron to leave the town, it may be, childless, and be dragged down with her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. The young maiden—a few weeks since, blooming as summer's freshest rose, now pale in apprehension for her brother or her betrothed. These, surrounded by a mass of faces, stamped with want, with suffering, or with vice—all intent, fixed, eager—formed a spectacle as wild and gaunt as the gloomy and sublime *Salvator* ever fancied or ever painted. An hour passes away—eyes wander from the accused to the door that conceals the weighers of his destiny. It stirs—the heart leaps—it opens, and they come forth in solemn order. This dense silent crowd have all now but one soul, that soul but one thought—and that

thought an awful suspense. The question is put: Guilty, or not guilty? The answer is: Guilty! Had the prisoner changed colour, had he shed tears, had he evinced any intelligent heroism, I would have been relieved! But no! the poor, forlorn, mindless victim, did not seem to think that these matters had any relation to him. The judge placed the black cap on his head, addressed him in gentle and moving tones, and then pronounced the sentence, that made every heart quake and every knee tremble. Exhortation and sentence were alike in vain; they found no response of either compunction or dread—they did not enkindle or moisten the leaden eye which still stared unheeding. Seldom is the terrible doom of the law pronounced in an Irish court, without the echo of breaking hearts, to whom the victim of the law is dear. But about this unfriended and outcast man: there seemed no shelter of kindred affections. Had I heard the sobs of a father, the shrieks of a mother, the mad lamentations of a wife, my pity would have been softened by a touch of comfort—but this uncheered, unbroken desolation upon the lot of a brother, in my humanity, did not so much move me as oppress me. Miserable, unimpressed, dogged, he retired with the officials to his prison, and in a few days that miserable creature was hanged; the life was taken which he had been never taught to use; and the gallows became the sovereign remedy for the ills of an unprotected infancy, a neglected youth, and a guilty manhood.

Thus I have given you the incidents and impressions of a day, which forms somewhat of a rambling medley, but if the record affords you the least pleasure, it will not have been made in vain.

January 1, 1843.

#### LOUIS PHILIPPE AND NAPOLEON.

LOUIS PHILIPPE has now held the monarchy of France for about the same number of years that Napoleon possessed the empire, and his stability appears to have increased with time; even before he went to Russia, Napoleon complained that the reins were slipping from his hands, but he did not perceive that the cause was furious driving. Louis Philippe holds them sufficiently firm, for like a careful driver, he never lets the steeds get into an unmanageable gallop. Yet nine-tenths of the world believe that Napoleon was a greater statesman than Louis Philippe, just as there were people in ancient Elis who deemed *Salmones* the best charioteer in the city."

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute for exercise or temperance.—*Addison*.



# FLORAL SKETCHES.

No. I.

## THE VIOLET.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

Here's flowers for you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer.

Winter's Tale.

In former times, before Botany had become a regular and scientific study, every lady who held a distinguished place in the neighbourhood in which she resided, was a herbalist; and, though possibly, not so minutely acquainted with the botanical structure of flowers as her descendants, she was better skilled in the knowledge of their medicinal qualities, and culture. One of the apartments on the first suite of rooms was devoted to the purposes of a dispensary, and was fitted up with stills, alembics, a small furnace, presses, shelves, &c.; it was called the still-room, and even to this day one of the housekeeper's attendants in great houses, bears the quaint appellation of the Still-room Maid. The office of this damsel was to attend the housekeeper, or, more generally, her mistress, when occupied in the simple chemical process of distillation, to supply the furnace, mingle the ingredients of the medicines to be dispensed, assist in the important business of preparing conserves, jellies, decoctions, &c.

Very delicate were the perfumes prepared by these maidens, and excellent the simple waters, whether for the toilet or as stomachics, that were concocted in the still-room; most healing were the precious ointments, and soothing the fomentations supplied by the Ladies Bountiful of those days, for the relief of the suffering poor. What cool and refreshing wines, drawn from the fragrant balm, the honeyed cowslip, or the luscious elderberry, supplied the place of our modern fiery compounds; these even the very fairies might have sipped from their acorn cups, without fear of inebriety—so delicate, so pure, and perfumed was their quality.

While bending over the silken flowers which they traced with their needles, the young females of those days could discern the various healing or aromatic virtues for which the original flower was famous; could tell you its time of blossoming, the soil it loved best, and of what country it was

a native; illustrating their subject by quotations from Milton or Shakespeare, or the still earlier and quainter poets of former times. Perhaps, though knowledge has increased with such rapid strides in these our enlightened days, our modern belles, if more scientifically, were not more happily employed than those who roamed the woodland dale or heathy moorland, in search of the fairest and earliest blossoms, from which to extract the healing balm that was fondly intended to alleviate the suffering of their fellow creatures.

But while science unfolds to us her lifted page, the simpler branches of knowledge need not be disregarded. Merely to load our memories with the learned names of trees, and plants, and flowers, is after all but a barren and unsatisfactory acquisition; which, while it adds little in reality to our store of practical knowledge, is apt to make us pedantic. How many youthful pupils turn away from the study of botany with disgust, pronouncing it a dull, dry science, equally uninteresting as unprofitable; yet, what can unfold to the female mind sources of purer, more intellectual, yet simple enjoyment than the floral world?

Every flower artist, if she wishes to excel in her art, ought also to make herself acquainted with the growth, culture, and structure of the flowers she essays to portray: an intimate acquaintance with the natural history of her favourites, will add a far greater interest to the subject she selects for her pencil: from the delicate tinted rose to the modest violet, or humbler daisy, she will find something to repay her for her attention, and to call forth her admiration; something that will add fire, and life, and spirit to her labours.

The following sketches were written with the view of affording both information and amusement to the female reader, and, by uniting the lighter labours of the florist with the graver

studies of the botanist, render both pursuits more interesting and agreeable:

### VIOLA.

We begin with the violet, the sweet spring violet of England, as our favourite of all the vernal flowers. *Viola Odorata*, the sweet violet, is the most distinguished member of a numerous family of plants designated by the Latin word *Viola*;—the first part of its name may properly be considered as its family name, the last (*odorata*) as expressing its peculiar quality.

*Viola Odorata* is often called in English the March violet. Although you may occasionally, in warm seasons, gather its blossoms, in sheltered situations, through March, yet it is not till April, that month of wild flowers, that its blossoming time becomes general.

The whole plant, plucked from the ground, is from the root to the blossom, singularly elegant, and worthy of attention, more particularly as a study for the pencil. It is observed in the greatest perfection, when growing in a light, vegetable, or sandy soil, duly shaded, for it loves to hide its beauties in deep dells and forest glades. The root runs along the ground, extending itself by light fibres, from which it throws up a thick general stalk—from the heart of this stalk arise groups of leaves and flowers. The leaves are of a perfect heart shape, scalloped round with great regularity, fringed with minute silver hair, and veined with a delicate net work, which may better be observed by holding up the reverse of the leaf to the light.

The blossom may be considered as approaching to that termed by botanists, papilionaceous, butterfly or winged form of flower, of which the pea bean, lupin, vetch, acacia, broom, trefoil, and mimosa, will serve as illustrations.

The outward appearance of the violet is familiar to every one, yet among its many admirers, possibly there are but few that have examined the structure of its blossom with the minute attention it deserves. Let me now recommend it to the young botanist, with the assurance that it will well repay his or her trouble.

The stalk, with its delicate floral leaves and calyx, is of a fine olive tint; it is united to the calyx with a graceful bend, and the latter is beautifully adapted to the irregularity of the blossom. The flower consists of a pair of upper petals, a pair of side ones, and one broad curved petal below. The upper pair are of the deepest tint and purple, the side pair and lower one, are somewhat paler, and veined with many exquisite pencillings of a redder shade, which may be observed by placing the flower in such a point of view that the rays of light may fall upon it.

The two side petals are finished with two velvety knobs, of a fine orange or deep yellow colour; in these knobs the odour of the violet is supposed to reside, though I am disposed to think the perfume is dispersed through the whole blossom, as is the case in the damask rose, and many other flowers, a single petal of which will convey the delicious fragrance of the flower. In some plants the odoriferous qualities exist in the leaves, in others the fork or rind, while in many it is confined to the flower alone.

The nectarium, or receptacle for the honey, terminates in a curled horn behind, which forms a peculiar feature of this elegant flower, though it is not confined to this tribe alone, being common to many others, larkspur, monkhood, fumitory, &c. According to the Linnæan classification, the violet belongs to the class Pentandria; five anthers meeting in the centre of the flower, forming a small orange coloured cone over one pistil, which marks the order to be that of Monogynia.

The only violets which belong to that called *Odorata*, are the deep purple spring, or March violet, the pure white, the reddish purple, and the double garden purple, all of which retain the exquisite odour of their sweet original.

The inodorous varieties of the violet are numerous and beautiful. Among these we enumerate the large blue wood violet; this delights in mossy woodlands, and under shady trees on light sandy banks, in close lanes and hollows; it grows low to the ground, on rather a short footstalk sometimes slightly clustered; the outer side of the flower is all but white, next to this comes the pale blue dog violet, the red-veined, and the white veined with blue; these last are chiefly summer flowers.

Canada presents us with several sorts of scentless violets during the spring, and till late in the fall may be gathered different shades of pale, and bright blue, small white flowering violets, the lower petal marked with deep purple veintings, the leaves very small and growing close to the ground; the capsules of this latter sort, are spotted irregularly with purple, and instead of drooping, stand upright above the foliage; besides these there abound several varieties of yellow violets, some of a pale yellow, others of a deep yellowstone, also pale green. The flowers of the yellow varieties for the most part spring from joints in the stalk, accompanied by buds and leaflets—the capsules or seed vessels of these plants, are covered with a hoary soft down, that looks like some white bud rather than a seed pod—the *brimstone* is the tallest I have seen, growing from six to eight inches from the ground; in rich mould, it blossoms freely from May, or

June, till September. The leaves of this violet are larger, of a bright green, and less decidedly the heart shape than any of the British violets.

The heart's-ease, with all its different shades of colour and form, belongs to the tribe *Viola*. The heart's-ease has one advantage over the violet, that its blossoms seldom quit us; even beneath the snows of winter it flourishes. I have seen a plant of the small deep blue heart's-ease bloom thus for eighteen months; during that period I never sought the plant without finding a blossom to reward me.

The culture of the heart's-ease is simple; it may be propagated by roots, or slips, or seed; but to have fine and perfect flowers, the soil should be very rich light mould, and the plants of different varieties, set far apart, or the colours will be mixed, the blue and yellow forming streaky shades, very derogatory to the beauty of the original.

Shakespeare alludes to the heart's-ease, or pansy, as it is often called by the old poets. In his *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell—  
It fell upon a little flower, before milk-white,\*  
Now purple with love's wound, and maidens call it  
"Love in idleness."

Milton calls it—

The pansy freaked with jet.

The violet is easily cultivated, either by parting the roots in the spring, or the seed sown on a bed of light mould. Left to the hand of Nature, we have them multiplied without our thought or labour, and so quickly do they increase, that the seeds of a single plant, on a grassy bank or lawn, will, in the course of a year or two, set it thickly with the loveliest and most delicious of our flowers. It is a matter of curiosity to observe the capsules of this plant. When ripe, they burst with a sudden spring, and fling their contents to some distance on the sod, where their own weight sinks them into the ground. The infant plants soon appear, with their tender round leaves, among the grass, or on the parterre.

Those who in childhood delighted to rove through the woodlands and meadows in April, when the grass is studded with violets, daisies, and cowslips, will think of Milton's

Violet-embroidered vale,

Whom the love-lorn nightingale,  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.

The *Viola odorata* retains its fragrant scent even when completely withered. Beaumont and

Fletcher, in a little poem addressed to a young maid weeping, say :

Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain  
Make not fresh or grow again.

Many, indeed, and beautiful allusions have been made to this modest blossom by the older poets, in all ages and countries, wherever this gem of spring's dainty wreath has been scattered.

The Persian poet, Sadi, likening his mistress's eyes when weeping, to dewy violets, is exquisitely tender :

When I beheld thy blue eyes shine,  
Through the soft drops that pity drew,  
I saw beneath those lids of thine  
A blue-eyed violet dropping dew.

The violet ever scents the gale—  
Its hues adorn the fairest clime;  
But chiefly through a dewy veil  
Its odours breathe, its colours shine.

Our own Byron appears to have appropriated this idea in one of his *Hebrew Melodies*, the first stanza of which runs thus :

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear  
Came o'er thy eye of blue;  
And then, methought, it did appear  
A violet dropping dew.

Sir Walter Scott has also some elegant verses on the same subject, which begin :

The violet in her green-wood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazel mingle,  
May boast herself the fairest flower,  
In forest, glen, or copse-wood dingle.

From the pen of Sir Walter Raleigh we have a sweet sonnet, the first part of which runs thus :

Sweet violets, love's paradise, that spread  
Your gracious odours, which you conceal'd hear  
Within your paly face,  
Upon the gentle wing of some calm breathing wind,  
That plays amidst the plain.

\* \* \* \* \*

You honour's of the flowery meads, I pray,  
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,  
With mild and seemly breathing straight display  
My bitter sighs that have my heart unloos'd.

*England's Helicon.*

Mrs. Hemans flings violets in our laps wherever we meet with her sweet poems. She has always some beautiful reference to this favoured flower, to render its beauties yet more interesting to us. In her *Voice of Spring*, she says :

"You may trace my steps o'er the waking earth,  
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth."

Also, in her beautiful poem, *Bring Flowers* :

Bring flowers, bring flowers, o'er the hier to shed  
A crown for the brow of the early dead;

\* The wild white heart's-ease, very common in clover fields in some parts of England.

For this in the woods was the violet nurse,  
 For this through its leaves has the white rose burst :  
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
 They are love's last gift—bring flowers, pale flowers.

We shall close this by a little poem lately  
 published, seeming written after the manner of  
 the older poets :

## TO EARLY VIOLETS.

Children of sweetest birth,  
 Why do ye bend to earth,  
 Eyes in whose softened blue  
 Lies evening's pearly dew:  
 Has not the early ray  
 Yet kissed those tears away,  
 That fell with closing day?

Say, do ye fear to meet  
 The hail and driving sheet,  
 That gloomy winter stern  
 Flings from his snow-wreathed urn?  
 Or do ye fear the breeze,  
 So sadly sighing 'midst the trees,  
 Will chill your fragrant flowers,  
 Ere April's silvery showers  
 Have visited your bowers?

Why come ye, till the cuckoo's voice  
 Bids hill and vale rejoice?  
 Till Philomel, with tender tone,  
 Wakening the echoes lone,  
 Bids woodland glades prolong  
 Her sweetly tuneful song?  
 Till skylark blithe and linnet grey,  
 From fallow brown and meadow gay,  
 Pour forth their jocund roundelay?  
 'Till cowslips wan and daisies pride  
 Brooder the hillcock's side,  
 And opening hawthorn buds are seen  
 Decking each hedgerow screen?

What though the primrose, dressed  
 In her pure paly vest,  
 Came rashly forth  
 To brave the biting north;  
 Didst thou not see her fall  
 Straight 'neath his snowy pall?  
 And heard ye not the west wind sigh  
 Her requiem as he hurried by?  
 Go, hide ye, then, till groves are green,  
 And April's clouded bow is seen,  
 And suns are bright and skies are clear,  
 And every thing that does appear,  
 Proclaims the birth-day of the year.

Westover, Douro, C. W.

## THE SAILOR BOY.

BY J. N. P.

The stripling has left his native glen,  
 To roam o'er the trackless ocean,  
 For he longed to mingle with valiant men,  
 'Mid the blue waves' wild commotion.

He had read of a Nelson, a Dumens, a Howe,  
 The laurels of victory wearing;  
 And the crimson rushed o'er his sunny brow,  
 As he thought of their noble dying.

He lov'd to roam by the ocean's bound,  
 When the billow was proudly swelling,  
 And the wave was dashing its foam around  
 The sea-birds' rocky dwelling.

His mother saw, with a mother's fears,  
 Her loved one's gallant spirit;  
 Yet deemed it pity affection's tears  
 Should check his dawning spirit.

And he left them all—his own dear cot,  
 With the flowers around it springing,  
 And the sisters who cheered his happy lot,  
 With the voice of their sweet glad singing.

Long, long he tarried, for war's red flame  
 To slaughter its thousands was giving;  
 But still to the mother the tidings came,  
 That the son of her hope was living.

And years had circled away, before  
 Sweet peace to her hopes was granted;  
 But his were accomplished—the hero wore  
 The laurel for which he had panted.

And he came at last, in a summer's night,  
 His heart with affection swelling,  
 As the sunbeams threw their last faint light  
 On his mother's humble dwelling.

The spell of her voice has o'er him passed,  
 And he sprung to the porch to hail her;  
 And tears, oh, blessed tears! fell fast  
 On the breast of the welcome sailor.

Oh! language vainly would express  
 The youthful sister's joy,  
 Or the mother's, who wept in thankfulness,  
 As she gazed on her gallant boy.

While he gaily unpacked, with his own dear hand,  
 The gifts which his love had brought them,  
 To prove that though wand'ring in other lands,  
 The sailor had ne'er forgot them.

The silken garb, and the sparkling gem,  
 From Indian climes brought over;  
 Though costly, were only dear to them,  
 That they came with the happy rover.

But the widow's throbbing heart beat high,  
 As she watched his looks the while;  
 For his father's glance was in his eye,  
 And he smiled with his father's smile.

And tear-drops trembled on her cheek,  
 Yet bending beneath the rod,  
 She whispering said, in accents meek,  
 "Thy will be done, O God!"

And her own hand spread his couch that night,  
 And smoothed his downy pillow;  
 And the sailor's dreams were calm and bright,  
 For he reck'd not of battle or billow.

And the widowed mother, in that lone hour,  
 Knelt down in grateful joy,  
 To bless that God, whose gracious power  
 Had guarded her sailor boy.

Montreal, 1843.

## THE LOST CHILD FOUND.

CAPTAIN A. and Lieutenant C. of the gallant—the regiment, after passing through all the perils of the Peninsular campaign, at last “turned their swords into ploughshares,” on the regiment leaving New South Wales for India, and became settlers on the fertile banks of the Hunter, at a sufficient distance from each other to be able to hold friendly communion, and fight their old battles over again. Both were married, and being equally blessed in the choice they had made, and the joyous offspring that surrounded them, these, together with the prosperous nature of their undertakings, realized to them all the pleasures of an earthly elysium. The family of Lieutenant C. consisted (at the time I speak of) of a son and daughter; the former about four years old, a boy of a peculiarly fearless spirit and original cast of mind, nothing being capable of intimidating him, and no passing event worthy of being treasured up escaping his acute but silent observation, even at that early age. Fond of solitary strolls he would often wander out of sight of home without its being noticed; but not returning one day at the usual meal-hour, servants were sent in quest, but without avail. On the alarm, consequently, being given, all the household spread over the country, cooicing (a colonial halloo taken from the natives) and prying into every place where it was supposed the little wanderer might have retired to sleep. A fruitless search, however, continued until long after night-fall; the distracted mother, exhausted with crying, retiring to a sleepless couch, and the agonised father pacing to and fro the verandah, endeavoring to console himself with hope for tomorrow—knowing there was nothing to fear from the climate or wild animals, and that with hunger and thirst he might bear up for some time longer, even if he fell in with no river-bend or water-holes, or met with no *acacias*, from which to pick a meal of gum—a particularly favorite *bonne bouche* with all the Courteney children. While ruminating over the distressing events of the day, a happy thought struck him—that as his lost child was last seen when surrounded by all the household dogs, barking and frisking about him, therefore some one of them, by remaining in his company, might eventually be the means of his recovery; and on mastering the pack, great was his joy on discovering that a favorite spaniel was absent, although the pleasure experienced on this account was somewhat damped by knowing that the boy had a peculiar dislike to the dog, always driving it away when it attempted to fawn on him. Still, however, buoyed up with hope, the anxious parent continued pacing with hurried step the verandah, pausing eagerly at every forest-sound that broke

upon his ear, which imagination would ever and anon convert into a dog-bark; when, toward midnight, something more allied to the latter was heard in the distance, which, though gradually appearing nearer and nearer, was still deemed only a delusion, until the spaniel suddenly burst into view in the moonlight, and, leaping upon its master, by bark, whine, wagging of tail, and running for a little distance off in the direction whence he had come, endeavored to induce him to follow. The household was not long in being summoned; and, after accompanying the trusty guide for four miles through the woods, the wanderer was at last delightfully pointed out by him, lying composedly over a river-cliff, enjoying the leappings and friskings of the funny tribe in a moonlit pool beneath; so little conscious of fear, or the risk he had himself run, as to exclaim, on his overjoyed parent seizing and addressing him, “Oh, pa! only look at these pretty, pretty fishes!”

## IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

It is related of the celebrated Earl of Chatham that he performed an amount of business, even minute, which fills common improvers of time with utter astonishment. He knew, not merely the great outlines of public business, the policy and intrigues of foreign courts; but his eye was on every part of the British dominions; and scarcely a man could move without his knowledge of the man and of his object. A friend one day called on him, when premier of England, and found him down on his hands and knees, playing marbles with his boy, and complaining bitterly the rogue would not play fair; guiltily adding, “that he must have been corrupted by the example of the French.” The friend wished to mention a suspicious looking stranger, who for some time, had taken up his lodgings in London. Was he a spy, or merely a private gentleman? Did he go to his drawer, and took out some score of small portraits, and holding up one which he had selected, asked, “Is that the man?”—“Yes, the very person.”—“Oh! I have had my eye on him from the time he stepped on shore.” All this was accomplished by a rigid observance of time, never suffering a moment to pass without pressing it into service. No one will try to improve his time, unless he first be impressed with the necessity. Remember that, at the very best calculation, we can have but a short time in which to learn all, and do all that we can accomplish in life.—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

## THE MIND.

Our mind may or may not be engaged with our own consent, but our affections are never engaged without it.

# THE LAND OF THE STRANGER.

BY S. M. REEVES.

WITH EXPRESSIONE.

ANDANTE.

In the land of the stranger if e'er thou shouldst roam, Tho' thy pathway with joys be en-

wreath'd, Should the song and the strain thou hast once heard at home by the lip of the

stranger be breath'd, They will come o'er thine ear like the storm in the night, Tho' the

smiles of the' gay may surround They will wither thy joys and their echoes will blight The  
thee,

mirth and the re-vel-ry round thee; For re-membrance is like the compass that guides The

wandering mariner forth, Tho' the ship <sup>may</sup> be <sup>and</sup> lost by winds by tides, The needle points the north, <sup>still to</sup>

## 2d VERSE.

For remembrance will last amid sorrow and care,  
Where'er we may happen to roam;  
Tho' the eye beam a smile on the beauty that's here,  
The heart is still ling'ring at home:  
Thus the smile that illumines the pale cheek the while  
Like flowers in the hands of the dead:

Whose blossoms but mock, with their warm sunny smile,  
The pale cheek whose roses have fled:  
And the smile that beams o'er the wanderer's cheek,  
Mocks the ear that is dimming his eye;  
For his heart's far away and his tongue cannot speak,  
And the smile withers down to a sigh.

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

When first elate with youthful dreams,  
I wandered from my Scottish home;  
Mid early hope's delusive beams,  
I thought 'twas sweet the world to roam;  
But now again I stem the main,  
My native shores appear;  
And through the tide, fast dashed aside,  
I speed my fleet career.

I left my bowers—the sporting rills,  
That bright and clear around them played;  
I left my glens and heathery hills,  
And fast and far regardless sped.  
But in that bower one breathing flower  
Yet chained my spirit there;  
From her away, how could I stray?  
For she was faultless, fair.

My bounding vessel spurned the tide,  
My coursers' hoof th' unstable sand;  
I viewed the haunts of wealth and pride,  
And roamed where polar wastes expand.  
But still the tear, unbidden here,  
Would dim my glazing eye,  
When her dear name, the loved one, came  
Across my memory.

And wakeful dreams of Scottish vales,  
In fancy's visions rose the while;  
The hills, the glens, the summer gales,  
The trees, the flowers, and her loved smile.  
The quiet lake no winds awake,  
The dew the rose-bud laves,  
When day is done, and low the sun  
Hath kissed the golden waves.

By many a lovely vale I've been,  
Where princely domes majestic stand;  
And plume-clad hosts of warriors seen  
Defile in many a gallant band.  
By many a cold and dreary wold,  
I've seen the brave and free;  
But dear to fame is Scotland's name,  
O'er every land and sea.

And many a form of love I've seen,  
Where sunny south winds fan the vine—  
Where spring eternal glads the scene,  
And skies forever cloudless shine.  
But oh! though bright with heaven's own light  
Might beam their laughing eyes,  
My bosom's flame they could not claim,  
For *aur* had all its sighs.

But now my native hills I hail,  
Their snowy summits wild and bare;  
Beyond them lies my own loved vale—  
What joy or woe to meet me there!  
The stately trees wave in the breeze,  
My bowers of bliss I'll view;  
And she so bright, their life and light,  
Ah! can she still be true?

## SUPERSTITIONS.

There was not in later times, perhaps, that boundless faith in spells and transformations still subsisting in the East. But in the earlier ages, and in the gloomy mountain-recesses of Arcadia, events equally strange were supposed to have happened.

Thus Lycæon having sacrificed an infant to Zeus Lycæos, and sprinkled the blood upon the altar, immediately became a wolf; and it was reported that any one who performed this dreadful sacrifice, and afterwards by accident tasted any of the human entrails, when mingled with those of their victims, forthwith underwent the same transformation. Thus we find the gloomy legend of the Breton forests existing in the heart of the Peloponnesos, where there can, I fear, be little doubt, that human victims were habitually offered up. Another ancient superstition, which found its way into Italy, was, that a person first seen by a wolf lost his voice; whereas if the man obtained the prior glimpse of the animal no evil ensued.

The belief in ghosts, coeval no doubt with man, flourished especially among the Greeks. Hesiod entertained peculiar notions on this subject, which some suppose to have been borrowed from the East; that is, he believed that the good men of former times became, at their decease, guardian spirits, and were intrusted with the care of future races. Plato adopts these ghosts, and gives them admission into his Republic, where they perform an important part and receive peculiar honours. When they appeared, as sometimes they would, by day, their visages were pale and their forms unsubstantial like the creations of a dream. But, as among us, they chiefly affected the night for their gambols, and in Arcadia particularly, would appear to honest people returning home late, in cross-roads and such places; whence they were not to be dislodged but by being pelted, apparently by pellets made from bread-crumbs, on which men had wiped their fingers, carefully preserved for this purpose by the good folks about Phigalea.

The most remarkable prank played by any ancient ghosts, however, with whose history I am acquainted, did not take place in Greece, but in the Campagna di Roma; where, after a bloody battle between the Romans and the Huns, in which all but the generals and the staff bit the dust, two spectral armies, the ghosts of the fallen warriors, appeared upon the field to enact the contest over again. During three whole days did these valiant souls of heroes, as the Homeric phrase is, carry on the struggle; and the historian who relates the fact is careful to observe that they did not fall short of living soldiers either in fire or courage. People saw them distinctly charge each other, and heard the clash of their arms. Similar exhibitions were to be seen in different parts of the ancient world. In the great plain of Sugdu, for example, spectral armies of mighty courage, but voiceless, were in the constant habit of engaging in mortal combat at the break of day. Carin likewise possessed a favourite haunt of these warlike phantoms. But here the apparition was only occasional, and all its evolutions were performed in the air; which was the case in England, as we have been assured by very old people, before the breaking out of the American war.—*St. John's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks.*



## OUR TABLE.

## THE ABBOTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

We have already had occasion to notice the People's Edition of the Waverley Novels. Since then we have had the privilege of examining four of the parts of the "Abbotsford Edition," and, highly as we were pleased with the elegant sample accompanying the prospectus, we were hardly prepared to expect a work of such surpassing beauty as that now before us. The parts to which we refer embrace the larger portion of the first of the author's novels—that from which he took the name by which he has been so long known to the reading world.

Of course, of a book so universally read as this has been it would be superfluous now to speak. It is only of the outward seeming, and of the illustrations, that any thing can be said. The four parts to which we refer have no less than ninety-one engravings—on steel and wood—the latter being equal to the very best specimens which, in that branch of art, have hitherto been produced—the former it seems impossible to excel. We may mention a few of the subjects which struck us as being particularly beautiful. Among these are, in the first part, a view of "the Highland Hills," and the vignette of "the Hunting Party." In the second part, the greatest attractions in our eyes are the portrait of Colonel Gardiner, "Davie Gallatley," and "Baron Bradwardine." In the third we especially noted a fine view of "Holyrood House," "the Highland Banquet," and a very striking sketch, entitled "the Stag Hunt." In the fourth a life-like portrait of Charles Edward is given, with several other elegant engravings.

It appears, from a notice by the proprietors, that in a very important point this edition will be much superior to any hitherto published. We extract a paragraph in explanation:—

"For this edition, the real localities of the author's scenes have been explored; the real portraits of his personages have been copied; and his surviving friends and personal admirers, as well as many public bodies and institutions, have literally placed whatever their collections afforded at the disposal of the eminent artists engaged by the proprietors."

We observe that among the painters and engravers almost every name of eminence in Britain appears, giving assurance that, numerous as the illustrations are, they will be of the highest order. All these attractions, added to the actual value of the works, should secure for it and for its publishers a very extensive patronage. The Canadian Publishers are Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, gentlemen who, by their enterprise, have contributed much towards the formation of a

literary character in Canada. To the cover of the *Garland* we refer for the terms upon which the edition is published.

## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT—EDITED BY BOZ.

AGAIN we have the author of the "Pickwick Papers" in his own proper sphere, furnishing to the world a monthly dish of unmixed enjoyment. The first number only of the new work has yet appeared, and, of course, it would be altogether premature to express any opinion upon its merits. It is probable, however, the author having had some time to digest his ideas, that the new work will be of a better order than some of his later productions, which rather injured than increased the reputation he had won from the publication of the *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, and one or two others of his extraordinary productions. The hero of the piece is an old invalid, whose temper has been soured by contact with some of the meaner spirits with which the world is crowded. He is a real or pretended misanthrope, despising and hating all his race, or endeavouring to persuade himself that he does so, though there are symptoms apparent that the whole of the milk of human kindness in his breast has not been turned to vinegar. He has adopted, as a companion and associate—he will not admit of friendship—an orphan girl about the age of "sweet seventeen," with whom he has entered into a somewhat original compact, namely that neither of the twain shall ever use towards the other any thing approximating to a term of "affectionate cajolery." He gives her a handsome annual allowance, to terminate, however, with his death, so that she may have no object in desiring to see him released from the miseries of his disconsolate lot. Besides these, there are many original characters, not the least striking of whom is a species of "Oily Gammon," named "Pecksniff"—a kind of practical commentary on Talleyrand's celebrated "maxim," that language was given to mankind to enable them to conceal their thoughts. This worthy gentleman is the honoured sire of two exemplary maiden daughters, whose names, "Mercy" and "Charity," are in themselves an indication of the peculiar bent of the old gentleman's genius. He has apparently been a disciple of Mr. Squeers, the Yorkshire schoolmaster, whose fame he is, to all appearance, intended to obscure. In the language of the author—"his genius lay in ensuring parents and guardians, and pocketing premiums."

With these materials an interesting book may with certainty be counted on, and one in which the original "Boz" will shine out anew. We are safe in predicting for it a popularity inferior to

nothing he has before written, and that will be enough to satisfy him, or he must be very difficult to please.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS—BY  
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY is one of the most generally admired of American authors. There is a delicacy and chasteness about every thing emanating from her pen which is sure to win the admiration of those who enjoy the pleasure of perusing it. This last and newest of her books will add to the reputation she has already won, as indeed it should do, for it differs essentially from any other "book of Travels" which has recently been given to the world. Mrs. Sigourney has been on a visit to England, and she has published the impressions created on her mind by what she saw and heard. But, instead of jotting down all that was unpleasing to her, she has remembered that America was not England—that the people of the two countries were educated in different schools—and she has given only those things which occurred to her as subjects for "Pleasant Memories." Though lacking the masculine efforts of many travellers who have preceded her, her book is decidedly a more pleasant one than theirs, for it is one which may be perused without giving birth to an angry thought. In times like these, when so many are endeavouring to sow discord and dissension between America and England, this book will be invaluable. It is one which we should be happy if every Canadian would read, and being so, we have much pleasure in recommending it to their perusal.

HISTORY OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ARTS, ETC.,  
OF ANCIENT GREECE—BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

THE history of Ancient Greece is a subject second in interest to no other. The world is familiar with it, as, of right, it should be, for to no other country does the world owe more. But with the manners, and customs—the every day life, if we may so speak—of the Ancient Greeks, many are comparatively unacquainted. The book before us will remedy this, and enable the reader to enter the domestic circle, and watch the formation of those glorious characters which have shed their lustre over all succeeding generations and times.

The object of the work, as described by the author, was "to open up, as far as possible, a prospect into the domestic economy of a Grecian family; the arts, comforts, conveniences, and regulations, affecting the condition of private life, and those customs and manners which communicated a peculiar character and colour to the daily intercourse of Greek citizens. For, in all

his investigations about the nature and causes of those ancient institutions which during so many ages constituted the glory and happiness of the most highly gifted race known to history, he found his attention constantly directed to the circumstances of their private life, from which, as from a great fountain, all their public prosperity and grandeur seem to spring."

Mr. St. John, however, has not confined himself to the plan he laid out for himself to follow. He has entered into a history of the original inhabitants of Greece—presented a clear and faithful geographical sketch of the whole of the Morea—furnished faithful descriptions of the ancient cities of Athens and Sparta—besides gathering together a multitude of matters in which no one can fail to feel a deep and enduring interest. The book is written in the easy and "popular" style which, at the present day, is so much in fashion, and, with the real attractions it possesses in the matter it contains, it must become a general favourite wherever the language of England is spoken, and the character of the Ancient Greeks admired.

LETTERS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS—WITH AN  
INTRODUCTION, BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

WITH the life of the ill-fated Mary of Scotland there are few who are not acquainted—few who have not sympathized with her many sorrows, however strongly they may have condemned the errors into which she fell—the crimes of which she was accused. Time has softened, if not obliterated the memory of the latter, while her virtues and her griefs are still vividly remembered. Her letters are full of interest. They speak the woman as she was, and afford an insight into her character which can in nothing else be found. The introduction, by Miss Strickland, the authoress of the lives of the Queens of England, is written in the style peculiar to that eminently gifted lady. For this alone the book deserves perusal, and we take pleasure in cordially recommending it to the readers of the *Garland*.

THE AMARANTH.

We have frequently noticed with commendation this neat and excellent monthly, published at St. John, New Brunswick. It is the only magazine published in that Province, to the literature of which it does much credit. The January number of the present year shows that the spirit of improvement is at work, and if it meet with due encouragement, we are assured that the improvement will become more marked. We take the liberty of recommending it to the friends of literature in Canada, being convinced that it well deserves support.