

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

THE
LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. II.

JULY, 1840.

No. 8.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE PRIDE OF LORETTE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY E. M. M.

" All that's bright must fade—the brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made but to be lost when sweetest ;
Stars that shine and fall, the flower that droops in springing,
These are types, alas ! of all, to which our hearts are clinging.

" Who would seek or prize delights that end in aching ?
Who would trust to ties that every hour are breaking ?
Better far to be in utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see that light forever flying."

MOORE'S *National Melodies*.

It was early in the summer of 1799 that the magnificent harbour of Quebec became enlivened by the arrival of two noble frigates, the *Topaz* and the *Euridice*—the former bringing out Sir Robert Milnes, as Governor of the Canadas, and destined to take home General Prescott—the other intended as convoy to the merchant ships, the French revolution being at that period at its most fearful height.

Amongst the officers belonging to the *Euridice*, was Lieutenant Bouverie, a young and promising man, whose peculiarly winning manners rendered him a favourite, not only with his companions, but in every circle he entered. His was the lofty, gallant bearing of a hero, formed to win laurels and to wear them proudly—a countenance ingenuous and open as the day—a full deep blue eye, whose stern and rapid glance amid the battles din, would soften into an expression the most tender, when in the society of those he loved—generous, even to a fault—warm and ardent in his affections, and strictly honourable, yet was he impetuous, thoughtless, and a man of pleasure, rather than a man of God. Bouverie had left home a midshipman, at the early age of twelve years, and from that period, engaged as he had constantly been, amidst the perils and dangers of a sea life, surrounded by wild and reckless companions, he had pursued a career destructive and inimical to his best interests. No friendly hand had held up the lamp of religion to guide him in the Christian's track, or warn him from the dangerous rocks on which thousands have been snipwrecked and forever lost. Yet still a God of mercy had watched over and preserved him from the destroyer, and at the

time our tale opens he had attained his twenty-first year.

He brought with him to Canada letters of introduction to the principal families residing at Quebec, and in a short period after his arrival he had formed many acquaintances and a few friendships. Amongst the latter he classed Monsieur Montresor, an accomplished gentleman, who descended from the old noblesse of France, possessed all the higher qualities of the young Englishman, united to a depth of thought and a turn of mind, peculiarly his own. He had recently married the lovely Constance St. Barb, the only child of his father's most valued friend, and was residing with her for the summer months, in a beautiful and romantic cottage, a few miles from the city. He was pleased with the frank ingenuous manner of Bouverie, and soon conceived for him a sincere regard, which was duly appreciated and returned by the gallant sailor, whose happiest hours were now passed in wandering with his friend over the ground hallowed by the names of Wolfe and Montcalm, or in sketching the enchanting and stupendous scenery by which he was surrounded. Bouverie was by nature enthusiastic to an extreme—glorying in his country and his profession. Many times he had loved, but as yet his heart was unscathed by any deep or fervent passion. In the gentle and improving society of Madame Montresor he derived both pleasure and profit. As the friend of her Lorenzo, she treated him with that easy confidence which soon won his entire esteem. She was indeed calculated to inspire it, for highly gifted and intellectual as she was, she considered every talent

only intrusted to her that it might be improved and devoted to the service of her Divine Master. Consequently each day beheld her usefully employed in her various duties, and filling up her leisure hours, either in the culture of her flower garden, or in the study of her favourite authors, which she would carry to some shady nook in the grounds and con with avidity. In person she was small and delicately formed, with a complexion exquisitely fair—benevolence beamed in her soft eye—charity guided her steps, while peace and holy love reigned in her heart. Devotedly attached to her husband, he was in all things her director and counsellor, which gained for her a solidity of character and a vigour of mind rarely met in one so young. Such was Constance Montresor, when Bouverie first made her friendship; such she has remained amidst the lights and shadows of this changing life—delighting in the happiness of others—sympathizing in their sorrows—the faithful friend—the good Christian.

She admired and liked Bouverie, whose brightest qualities she had the penetration to discover, dimmed though they were by his faults, which she gently strove to restrain and keep in check; and frequently would she hold playful conferences with him, combating his prejudices, and winning him back from the delusive paths of error, into which his ardent imagination loved to wander.

Many pleasurable parties were made at this bright and fleeting season, all of which were enlivened by the presence of the military stationed at Quebec, and the officers belonging to the frigates. Lorette, the beautifully situated Indian village, distant about nine miles, was usually the favourite resort on such occasions. When beneath the friendly shadow of the magnificent trees, the banquet would be spread, while the gay song re-echoed through the woods, and light feet pressed the greensward in the festive dance.

A few weeks subsequent to the arrival of Bouverie, he was invited by Monsieur Montresor to accompany him and Constance to the village, upon an occasion of more than ordinary interest. This was to witness the inauguration of their friend, Mr. Roland, who had recently been appointed superintendent of Indians, and on whom they were going to bestow an Indian name, which they consider indispensable as an induction into office. The day named proved one of surpassing loveliness, and their drive to Lorette replete with delight, surrounded as they were by the most splendid scenery, combining every trait that could give perfection to the whole. The river St. Charles, meandering through a rich and fertile valley, extended for many miles. On the east of this rose the village, with its pretty church. High cultivation and beauty were everywhere perceptible—the scenery exquisitely varied by magnificent pine forests, surmounted by a stupendous ledge of mountains, the blue outlines of which were dimly seen in the distance. Lorette, standing on

an eminence, commanded an imposing view of the river, as it tumbled and foamed over the rocks and ledges to a vast depth, and prepared as it now was, for the celebration of a fete, it presented an aspect at once grand and most picturesque. On their arrival, Madame Montresor sprang lightly from the carriage, and gazing delightedly around her, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, with animation:

“Oh, my country! how I love thee, and pray for thy peace and prosperity! May no traitor ever pollute thy soil, or pour into the ears of thy happy people evil and wicked counsels to ruin and destroy thee. May the angel of mercy hover over thee, and the spirit of God direct the hearts of thy children, to be true to thee and to themselves. May no foreign foe dare to invade thee; but may the standard of Britain ever wave proudly over thy citadel, and her laws and her religion be our guides until death.”

“You are praying against me and my profession,” replied Bouverie, smiling at her enthusiasm, and leading her forward; “my voice is for war,” her brazen tongue is more musical to me than the melody of harp or viol. May her spirit-stirring sounds be the last that shall fall on my ear when I board the enemy’s vessel, and die amidst shouts of victory.”

“Alas, you speak with the feelings of a young and gallant officer,” returned Constance, raising her soft eyes to his, in melancholy earnestness, “and forget the hearths that are made desolate by such unnatural strife. While you behold the laurel, I see only the cypress, waving its dark and gloomy branches over the tombs of the brave, the beautiful and the beloved. At the risk of incurring your displeasure, I repeat, may God avert the horrors of war from the dear land of my birth.”

She smiled upon him as she added this, and proceeded with her party to join the gay group already ranged under a splendid marquee, which had been erected for the occasion. Bouverie warmly pressed her hand ere he relinquished it, and remained standing by her side with folded arms, as he watched with interest the scene which was at that moment enacting.

The Indian Chiefs, attired in full costume, profusely ornamented with feathers, their leggings composed of the brightest colours, with small tinkling bells attached to them, were assembled and holding a council. Apart from them were the military, glittering in scarlet and gold, their white plumes waving in the summer breeze, which added to the groups of well dressed persons of both sexes, formed a picture that was perfectly beautiful. Mr. Roland, their selected guardian, stood alone, waiting for the address, which it was customary to make on these occasions. After a considerable time one of the chiefs stepped forward, whose gigantic height and fierce countenance, as he raised his naked arm aloft, gave to him an imposing and formidable appearance, while in a tone deep and sonorous, he uttered these words:

"My father, we have chosen you, in full and perfect reliance that you will never betray the confidence we repose in your good faith towards us, your children—that your intentions will always show consideration and kindness, commanding our esteem and regard. We promise in return, that while the sun sheds her light upon the earth, and the moon casts her pale beams over the great waters, we will love and respect you—the good Spirit which we adore, will guide us in performing our duty—fulfil yours, and receive the name of Thadaconna. May you bear it in peace, till the dark mantle is thrown over you by the Angel of Death."

He paused, and remained standing proudly in expectation of a reply, which was made through the medium of an interpreter, as follows :

"My children, I accept with pride, the trust you have reposed in me. My aim shall be to merit it—though sprung from another race, and born in a far distant land, yet is my heart linked in amity with yours. Do we not kneel at the same altar to offer praise to that great Being, in whose sight the Indian is as dear as the White Man—for the salvation of both did he send his Son on earth, and he shall gather us together at the last day, from the east and from the west, and from every region of the globe—and those who shall have trusted in him, will He bring into one fold, under one shepherd. Until I die, will Thadaconna be faithful to his children."

A volley of musketry, accompanied by the repeated discharge of a gun followed this speech, and which closed the ceremony. The youths of the village, dressed in all their holiday finery, then prepared to end the day in dancing and gaiety, while Madame Montresor and her party retreated to the cottage selected for the purpose, where a splendid repast awaited them. Bouverie stationed himself near her, and appeared in unwooled spirits, talking and laughing immoderately, though occasionally he would receive a gentle remonstrance from his youthful mistress, who possessed great influence over him. His remarkably striking and handsome appearance attracted universal notice amongst the guests, many of whom cast on him glances of admiration, which he received with the careless indifference of one too much accustomed to meet such homage—yet to all was he polite and courteous, when they addressed him. Towards the close of the repast, a band of young Indians, headed by their chief, their hands linked together, entered the room, dancing and singing, and making significant gestures, as they moved round the circle, which was understood to be an invitation to go and witness their festivities—and as it would have been considered an insult to decline, Madame Montresor immediately rose, and accompanied by her friends, adjourned to the chosen spot, which was gaily adorned with garlands of flowers wreathed amongst

the trees. The Indians were at the moment performing their war dance, to music the most barbarous, composed of a rattle and a kind of tambourine. Their movements were monotonous—but their powerful athletic figures were displayed to advantage as they brandished their scalping knives and tomahawks, wildly tossing their arms above their heads. When this was concluded, a set for coiffons was formed, in which the women were to perform their part—a string of young girls then came forward to select a partner from amongst the visitors. Many of them were pleasing in appearance, but there was one who rivetted instant and surprised remark—she was rather taller than her companions, but slightly and elegantly formed. Her dark complexion did not destroy the matchless symmetry of her small and delicate features—but set forth yet more her brilliant teeth and her soft yet melancholy eyes—her raven hair parted from off her smooth forehead, was gathered up into a rich band, intermixed with the flowers of the magnolia—her petticoat profusely worked in beads of gold and scarlet, reached to the ankle, while the moccasins adorning her small and beautiful feet, were similarly ornamented—a deep crimson tinged her cheek on perceiving the notice she attracted, and she drew back while the one who held her hand advanced towards Madame Montresor, saying with a smile :

"J'ai pris avec affection pour toi—je veux être ton amie."

The youthful Constance gratified by her preference, accepted her hand and accompanied her to join the dancers. From the moment the beautiful Indian made her appearance, the eyes of Bouverie remained fixed upon her, as if suddenly fascinated by some spell—he followed the young party, and leaning his back against one of the trees, he watched her graceful movements as she glided through the mazes of the dance, in delighted admiration. Madame Montresor, equally interested by her appearance, enquired her name from her companion.

"Aulida is her name," replied the girl, gazing affectionately and proudly upon her; "she is my only sister, and they call her the Pride of Lorette; come hither, Aulida, and speak to the lady," she added to her.

Aulida immediately advanced, and answered the kind question of Constance, in a tone so sweet and melodious, that as she listened and gazed, she could have almost fancied her some bright and Heavenly visitant who had descended to earth on an errand of mercy, and would be briefly recalled to her native skies.

At the close of the dance, Bouverie approached her, and addressing to her a few words in French, tried to disengage her from Madame Montresor, and lead her away.

"No, no," replied the soft voice of Aulida;

"this is Eusena's friend, and she shall be mine also; her smile is like sunshine upon the troubled waters, and touches my heart—I will not leave her."

"But will you not accept me as another friend," returned the enchanted Bouverie, taking her small hand in his, and pressing it.

"I am the truest for one so young and beautiful," said Constance, in a more serious tone than usual; "Aulida has chosen me as her guardian, and such I shall prove to her," and she drew her towards herself as she spoke.

"I humbly yield before your sovereign sway," returned Bouverie, in mock reverence, and turning lightly on his heel, adding in an under tone, "I shall exert my own at a more fitting time."

"He is not angry, I hope," enquired Aulida, looking anxiously after him; "I should be sorry to offend him."

"No, dear Aulida, he is not angry," replied Madame Montresor; "come let us stroll down this charming pathway."

As she spoke she led the way down a sloping bank, overshadowed by lofty pines and cedars, to a little romantic dell, where the rushing sound of a beautiful fall of water enhanced the pleasures of the scene, as it rose in a white feathery foam, and sparkled in the rays of the sun with dazzling brightness. She sat down upon a grassy bank near a picturesque mill, while Aulida and her sister placed themselves at her feet.

"Have you any parents," she continued, "and where do they live?"

"We have a good and kind mother, but she has known much trouble," replied Eusena sorrowfully; "she lost our father two years ago. He was killed while out hunting the moose deer in the forest, by a stroke of lightning—we live together in yonder cottage, and we try to make her happy."

"And you attend your Church regularly, and perform your religious duties, I trust, faithfully?"

"Yes, lady, and our good priest comes often amongst us," returned Aulida; "I strive to please the Great Spirit, and kneel to him in prayer when the golden sun sinks behind the mountains, and when he rises again over the forest trees at early dawn. We were both confirmed a few weeks ago, and Father Clement says we are to receive the communion in another month."

There was a simplicity in the words and manner of the young Indian, which forcibly struck Madame Montresor, who gazed on the beautiful creature with increasing interest.

"You must come with your sister to see me sometimes at Quebec," she said, after a brief pause; "you often go there, I presume."

"Oh yes, often," replied Eusena; "we carry our bark work thither to sell, and parties are sometimes formed to visit the frigates, when we dance, and are treated by the officers."

"And have you ever joined these, Aulida?" asked Madame Montresor in an earnest tone, and laying her hand on the head of the young Indian.

"No lady, never," replied Aulida; "our mother would not spare me."

"She is wise," murmured Constance, who would have said more, only they were now joined by Monsieur Montresor, Bouverie, and a few others of the party.

Constance rose, and drawing her husband aside, conversed with him in low tones, while her eyes were occasionally directed towards Aulida, who had also risen as Bouverie drew near her, saying:

"Yours is a very small heart, I fear—you can only find room in it for one or two."

"Ah, say not so," replied Aulida, raising her soft dark eyes to his; "all good beings I love—I never knew a wicked one, though Father Clement tells me there are many."

"How old are you, sweet Aulida," enquired Bouverie, intently watching her varying and lovely countenance.

"Fifteen years have passed from the earth since I was born," replied Aulida.

"And have you always lived at Lorette?"

"I remember no other spot—every tree, every shrub is familiar to me, and brings happy recollections of my childhood."

"And how do you chiefly employ your time?"

"I work the moccasins and ornaments of bark, and cultivate my little garden. Our days fly swiftly, I often see the long shadows, when I have scarcely thought it noon."

"You are then very happy?"

"Oh, very, very happy—sometimes our mother is sad, but when we tell her that our father is gone to the good Spirit, in yonder beautiful skies, and that we shall all follow him if we pray to God, then is she comforted."

Bouverie became each moment more fascinated by the engaging artlessness of the sweet girl—she was so completely unlike any thing that he had ever met before—that while her beauty fired his imagination, her innocence kept his levity in complete check. It would have appeared profanation to breathe a word of folly into the ears of one so pure and guileless. While thoughts like these passed rapidly through his mind, her eyes fell beneath his fixed and earnest gaze, and she seemed to stand before him as a reproving angel, in whose presence he dared not err. Such self command, however, belonged not to his nature—in a little time after he said:

"And has your young heart never responded to a more tender passion, Aulida? Have you shared it with none save your mother, your sister, and your priest?"

Aulida paused ere she replied to him, for she scarcely understood his words—then, with a smile the most ingenuous, she said:

"You have surely not been listening to me—did I not tell you that I loved all good beings. Father Clement says it is my duty to do so."

"Father Clement counsels wisely, doubtless," returned Bouverie, with an answering smile; "there is safety in numbers—my pretty Aulida, you have much to learn."

He turned away as he uttered this, while Madame Montresor and her husband, approaching Aulida, took the hand of her sister and followed them, as they again moved towards the scene of gaiety. At the request of Constance, she was conducted by the girls to a group of Indians, amongst whom sat their mother, who looked prematurely old for her years, as if care had touched her with a heavy hand. She received the salutation of Madame Montresor with apparent gratification, but was unable to hold much conversation with her, as she could only speak a very few words in French.

"Eusena, Aulida, good scholars, good children," she said in broken English; "they read, and sing hymns—me no noting. Eusena be married soon—Pocahontas fine youth—hunt and fish the salmon—he bring it home to us. Aulida no lover—she too young—she child, bless her sweet face." And she fondly stroked the cheek of her lovely daughter, as she gazed in maternal pride upon her.

"I hope you will allow them to visit me sometimes," returned Madame Montresor; "I have conceived a great interest for them both, and it would afford me pleasure."

Willingly was the promise given that they should, by the grateful mother, when Bouverie in the same moment drawing near, requested permission to lead Madame Montresor amongst the dancers. Aulida watched them delightedly, clapping her hands as she pointed him out to her mother, saying:

"One so beautiful must be good, he has offered to be my friend—shall I not call him so, my mother?"

"Pray the good Spirit guide you, my child," returned her mother; "many fair, blue eyes, kind looks, but black hearts—Pocahontas true—he best."

"Ah, but Pocahontas is Eusena's friend, he cares not for me."

"Father Clement, oh so kind friend to Aulida," persisted the mother.

"And as such I shall always love him," replied Aulida, warmly, "yet that need not close my heart to another."

She turned her eyes on Bouverie as she uttered this, and encountering his, the crimson rushed to her cheek, when he smiled and kissed his hand. He came to her directly he was disengaged, when a few kind words addressed by him to her mother, soon gained for him her good will, and on beholding him lead away her beautiful child, she murmured:

"He noble youth, he make good friend to Aulida—bless em both."

Aulida appeared to think the same, for during her stroll with him through some of the most romantic and sequestered shades, she presented him, at his request, with the magnolia from her hair, as a *gage d'amitie*, and which he, with his accustomed gallantry, placed in his bosom. On parting, the farewell he spoke sounded so melodiously in her ears, that his voice seemed to reverberate in a thousand echoes long after he was gone.

The gaities of the evening closed with the setting sun, when the Indians retired to their homes, and the visitors departed. The drive to Quebec was by moonlight—Bouverie threw himself into a corner of the carriage, and with arms folded on his breast, maintained a profound silence the whole way, while Constance expatiated on the beauty and artlessness of the "Pride of Lorette," praying that no blight might canker a blossom of such fair promise. She had marked with regret the attentions of Bouverie to the lovely girl, and though she had a high opinion of his honour, yet she trembled for her peace, and she determined within herself to watch over one so entirely ignorant in the ways of the world, and whose peculiarly attractive appearance, rendered her an object of constant notice and admiration. From such meditations she turned to admire the heavens, now one blaze of light, which was reflected on the waters in glittering splendour, and over the vast forests, "where gleam and gloom their magic spell combined." Her head rested on the shoulder of her husband, who fully entered into all her young and enthusiastic feelings, and it was almost with regret they beheld the heights of Quebec, and heard the bugles from the citadel, which told of the departure of a day so replete with enjoyment as this had been.

From this time the visits of Bouverie to the Indian village became frequent. Independent of the pleasure he received in the society of the charming Aulida, there was much in its immediate neighbourhood to amuse and excite his active mind. He would hunt the moose deer in the forests, attended by his guide, Pocahontas, who was an intelligent young man, or accompany him in his fishing excursions for the salmon on the lake, which were usually made on the darkest nights, these being considered the best for the sport. In improving his acquaintance with Aulida, he had no determined motive beyond the amusement of the passing hour. Her beauty and simplicity had fascinated him, and he never paused to reflect on the evils which might result to her from their frequent intercourse with each other, until he made the discovery that her young and artless affections were insnared by his attentions and display of tenderness. He then regretted his inadvertence, since to return them as she deserved was impossible, and to betray them was abhorrent to his honourable and chivalrous nature. Yet, though judging thus uprightly, he had

not the strength of mind to withdraw himself from her side : there was such intense happiness in sitting for hours with her in some romantic spot—in wandering together through the woods, or in skimming on the smooth lake in her light canoe, admiring all the sights and sounds of nature. From her mother he met no opposition. A few useful, and to her valuable presents, had raised him in her estimation to a demi-god, and simple-minded as she was, she beheld no danger to her innocent child in the winning society of the handsome stranger, whose respectful bearing, to his credit, had never been laid aside. The faults of Bouverie were of the head rather than the heart. Self control was to him unknown. He followed the bent of every wayward inclination, with a forgetfulness of consequences, which, when they arrived, would fill him with remorse and vain regrets, but produced no amendment. None needed more the outstretched arm of an Almighty power to restrain him ; but the hour had not yet arrived for this to be exercised, since it is the will of our Heavenly Father to lower us from our shrine of self-idolatry—to teach us our own vileness in His sight—our utter helplessness and inability to act well and wisely without his assistance ere He affords it to us, else should we ascribe the good to something in ourselves, rather than to his restraining grace, which is never denied to those who seek for it in prayer, earnestly desiring to obtain it.

Aulida looked up to Bouverie as to a being of a higher order, different in all respects to any she had hitherto been accustomed to associate with, and to have thwarted his slightest wish, she would have deemed the utmost ingratitude. Consequently, she cherished the feelings with which he had inspired her, without an idea that they could lead to aught but what was pure and bright and full of happiness, and with a devotion which belongs to woman alone. She had accompanied her sister several times to see Madame Montresor, and had gained from the rich stores of her pious mind many valuable admonitions, as well as tokens of her regard, for with Constance, “to do good and to distribute” seemed the study of her life ; and the interest she felt in the welfare of the beautiful Indian increased with the suspicions she could not but entertain of her danger, and which were strengthened by the palpable confusion in the manner of Bouverie, whenever the name of Aulida was suddenly mentioned in his presence.

One evening she was sitting alone in her verandah, intently engaged in the perusal of a volume which rested on her knee, when on raising her eyes she perceived Aulida approaching, and evidently attired for some fete, in all her holiday finery. In addition to her embroidered dress, she wore on her arms a pair of silver bangles, and through the knot of her luxuriant hair a small arrow, exquisitely wrought in the same material. Her smooth cheek was tinged with the roseate hue of health, and her

soft dark eyes sought the ground, as she stood before Constance, in that mild, meek attitude, habitual to her, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and her head slightly bowed over them.

“Ah, my pretty Aulida, whither are you bound, so gaily decked ?” inquired Madame Montresor, gazing on her in admiration.

“I am going with Eusena, and some of our people, to visit the noble frigates at Quebec, lady,” replied Aulida, with a heightened colour ; “and I thought I would come first and show myself to you.”

Constance started, and an expression of sorrow crossed her interesting features.

“Aulida, I regret to hear it,” she returned, in a saddened tone. “Such visits are fraught with peril, especially to one young and lovely as yourself. Think you Father Clement would sanction your doing so ?”

“Indeed I know not ; yet I cannot suppose it wrong ; my mother gave me her consent, lady,” replied the beautiful girl.

“Ah, dear Aulida, your fond mother can refuse you nothing ; yet if she had reflected on the evil consequences which have arisen in more than one instance to your companions in these amusements, I think she would have paused ere she permitted her child to venture into a temptation where she cannot expect the protection of God to follow.” Aulida now looked very sorrowful, while tears sprang to her eyes. “I am grieved to distress you,” continued Constance, in the kindest tone, and taking her hand ; “but I should not prove myself your friend if I abstained from telling you the truth. You mentioned to me that you were going to receive the communion : is the scene of revelry you would enter a fit preparation for so sacred a duty ? will it not rather draw your heart and thoughts aside from your dear Saviour, whose sufferings and death you would commemorate. You weep, Aulida ? I trust that your conscience accuses you not ; that you have set up no earthly idol on the altar sacred to God alone. Alas ! if you have, poor girl, it will never repay you for the loss of that inward peace, that holy calm, which has hitherto marked your course.”

Madame Montresor gazed earnestly, seriously, but not severely, upon her, as she made this inquiry, while Aulida, unable longer to restrain her feelings, cast herself on her knees by the side of her youthful mistress, and concealing her face within her hands, sobbed aloud. For a little time she was unable to speak, at length she said :

“If there is sin in loving one good, brave, and oh so kind, then am I indeed guilty.”

“It is then as I feared, unhappy girl !” returned Madame Montresor, after a brief pause, and in a tone of the deepest commiseration : “Aulida, dear child, my heart bleeds for you, since you are yielding to an attachment, utterly hopeless in itself, and which can only end in misery and ruin. Tell me,

have you felt as happy and as free from care as the day I first beheld you at Lorette?"

"Oh, far, far happier, dear lady," replied Aulida, with enthusiasm, and looking up in the face of Constance, while a smile the most beautiful irradiated her features. "The forests, the rivers, the lakes, all seem more lovely in my sight; every flower has more fragrance; the very ground seems enchanted, and not a cloud has gathered over the village since the day he came."

"They will come to darken your young hopes, notwithstanding, my poor Aulida!" murmured Constance, sorrowfully. "You are standing on the brink of a precipice; you see it not because it is concealed by roses. When these are withered, and the thorns alone remain, then will your danger be visible too late. Let me beseech you, as you value your eternal salvation, to strive against feelings so insinuating, and pray for God's assistance in the struggle. Return to your mother, and seek Father Clement; confess to him the state of your heart, and he will help you with his holy counsels. Have you strength of mind for this, and to forgo the pleasure you had promised yourself?"

"Ah, lady, I shall offend him, and make him angry. It is by his desire I go," returned Aulida, very sadly.

"If you mean Mr. Bouverie," said Madame Montresor, in a grave tone, "I would ask you do you not rather fear to offend God, Aulida, and provoke Him to give you up to your own will? Be warned by me in time; rest assured you will thank me for advice which now seems so harsh, a little time hence."

"Aulida paused awhile, and appeared to suffer from a severe mental conflict, then raising her tearful eyes on her friend, she said:

"There is a power within me, which whispers, 'go yonder,' (pointing in the direction of Quebec), and how willingly I would obey the voice, I cannot express; but I am young, and may not know good from evil. I will pray the Great Spirit to send his angel to guide me back to Lorette. Lady, I obey you: I will return to my mother."

"God will bless and reward you for your dutiful resolve, dear Aulida," replied Constance, much affected. "Come to me soon again, as often as you like, and ever consider me in the light of your truest friend."

The young Indian bowed her beautiful head, and humbly crossing her hands on her bosom, murmured, as she turned to depart:

"Farewell; my thanks are all I have to give in return for your kindness, sweet lady. May the Holy Mother of God be with you always."

Constance watched her slow receding steps with affectionate solicitude. She had cast the first shadow in her path, and she could not forbear experiencing a slight pang of regret. "Yet was it not

the advice I would have given to the dearest sister," she said, rising to re-enter the house. "Could I behold that innocent-minded being rush into peril and not seek to save her. Oh, man, man, how thoughtlessly do you sport with the affections and the best feelings of woman to gratify your wayward desires. You flatter and caress to please yourselves, then cast off and forsake when it suits your fickle fancies, little heeding the pangs of misery you inflict, or the depth of that love you have called into life. While you return to your active pursuits and your amusements, careless and forgetting, the canker worm of disappointment steals into her heart, to wither and destroy it, ere the bud has opened into the blossom of her existence. Alas! poor Aulida! like the simple moth fluttering round the dazzling lamp, she knows not that those rays which appear so bright and fascinating to her, lure but to consume."

A few evenings subsequent to this, Bouverie rode over to the Indian village, with the intention of remaining until the following day, having engaged Pocahontas to attend him in a fishing excursion. He was willing to persuade himself that no other motive actuated him; but he had felt more vexed and annoyed at Aulida's having failed in keeping her promise with him than he liked to own, particularly as Eusena had accompanied her people to visit the frigates, and informed him that Aulida set out with them, but had paused on the way to call on Madame Montresor. On arriving at Lorette he perceived a group of young Indians amusing themselves by firing at a mark, while a few of the girls were sitting near, employed with their bark work, and occasionally uttering exclamations of delight whenever the target was hit. A loud shout announced the approach of Bouverie, who made known to Pocahontas the object of his visit, inquiring whether the evening promised to be favourable for their sport. It was dull and cloudy, and the Indian gave his answer in the affirmative. Bouverie then ventured to ask for Aulida, who was not among her young companions. Her sister Eusena directed him towards one of her favourite haunts, the little quiet dell, by the mill, where she had first conversed with him. Thither he pursued his way, and found her reclining in melancholy mood on the bank—her head resting in her hand—her soft dark eyes intently fixed on the murmuring waters. She heard not his light footsteps, until he gently touched her with his finger on the shoulder. She started round, uttering a slight scream.

"I have not frightened you, I hope, sweet one," he said, throwing himself on the mossy bank by her side, and pressing his lips on her polished brow. "On what were you thinking so deeply, Aulida?"

Aulida turned from him tremblingly. Ever since her interview with Madame Montresor, had she tried to banish his image from her thoughts, and to resume her wonted duties, all of which had been ne-

glected for his sake. She had, with floods of tears, confessed to Father Clement her heart's secret, and received from him a reprimand, severe in proportion to the fears he entertained for the well-being of one, who of all his flock interested him the most. He threatened her with heavy penances if she continued to hold communion with the wicked heretic, as he termed Bouverie. This announcement at once crushed every happy feeling in her young heart. She promised to obey the rigorous injunction, and imagined that she had strength sufficient for the task. While Bouverie remained absent she formed a thousand resolves, and felt sure she could adhere to them, but now that he appeared before her in all his manly beauty—now that she heard again the thrilling tones of his voice as they poured into her ear words of passionate endearment—Father Clement and his menaces were alike forgotten. Bouverie marked the changed expression in her lovely countenance, which had hitherto been illumined by smiles whenever she beheld him, and he gently demanded the cause, and why she had failed to keep the appointment she had made with him. He drew her fondly towards him as he spoke and kissed off the tears which were falling fast down her cheeks. Aulida owned to him the advice she had received from Madame Montresor, and the commands of Father Clement. Bouverie listened to her in silence, while a frown darkened his features. He felt angry and hurt at the interference, and his first impulse was to shew his power over Aulida, in defiance of the counsels she had received; but better thoughts soon entered the generous breast of the fiery young man, as he gazed on the confiding being by his side. He pressed her affectionately in his arms, then rising from the bank, he walked away to a little distance, saying, mentally: "Madame Montresor is right, and I am a villain, for trifling with the feelings of this poor girl, knowing that the result can only prove disastrous to her. God knows I would not willingly harm her; yet who dare answer for himself? A thousand times have I determined to absent myself; but there is a nameless witchery about her which overcomes my fortitude. If I show so little, what is to become of her?" Again he approached Aulida, who, looking timidly and anxiously in his face, said, in her peculiarly soft and harmonious voice:

"You are not angry with me?"

"No, my darling girl," replied Bouverie, raising her from her recumbent position, and straining her to his bosom; "I am angry rather with myself; can you forgive me, Aulida, for disturbing your peace, for being the cause of your first sorrow."

"Forgive you—oh what words for you to utter to me," returned Aulida, laying down her head on his breast; "you who have shown me so much kindness, and given to my mother so many generous presents, to make her comfortable in the cold, cold winter—while I live, will I pray the good Spirit to

watch over you—there can be no sin in that. Is it not strange, that before I beheld you I was taught to love every one, and now when I feel for you, oh how far more than I ever felt for another, I am told it is wrong—how can this be?"

"I am a bad casuist in such matters, dearest," replied Bouverie, smiling; "Father Clement could tell you, I have no doubt."

"Ah, I dare not ask him, he would part us forever—nay, if he knew you were with me even now, he would punish me severely."

"Then to avert this, dearest Aulida, I must come no more to Lorette," said Bouverie; "I should grieve to bring more trouble upon you than I have already done."

Aulida now burst into a passionate flood of tears. "Speak not such cruel words," she faltered, "what would I not suffer for your sake—to see you, to hear you—is not that a joy before every thing on earth to me. The sun has never shone since last you were here—in vain have I watched the blue mountains at early dawn, no ray of light has gilded their summits, or pierced through the black clouds hanging over them, and when I called you by name, echo alone returned it to me in a voice so melancholy, that I wept to think it was my own."

Bouverie, thoughtless and reckless as he had hitherto been, now felt sensibly touched by these artless expressions of affection, while he bitterly reproached himself as the disturber of her peace, which he must destroy still more, by preparing her for their final separation. He held her in his arms as they leant together against a favourite tree, whose spreading branches proved a

"Restless, rustling canopy,"

over their heads, and assuming a more serious tone and manner than he had yet used to her, he said:

"Remember, beloved Aulida, that my sojourn at Quebec is fast drawing to a close—soon will other duties call me away—my country far hence, demands my services, and I must obey her. Summon, therefore, your fortitude, since without any malediction from Father Clement, I must leave you, and forever."

Aulida gazed in tearful agony upon him as he uttered these terrible words; all colour forsook her cheek, while her lips quivered as she strove to answer him, but was unable. She gently disengaged herself from his support, then wildly clasping her hands together, exclaimed:

"Now has the precipice opened to receive me—now can I comprehend the warning of Madame Montresor. The roses are withered and dead, and the thorns are lacerating my heart. Yes, yes, I see it all—how dark, how dreadful it appears—where shall I hide me from its horrors."

She cast herself on the earth as she spoke, and buried her face in the long grass. Bouverie alarmed

at her vehemence and the wildness of her expressions, knelt down by her side, and taking her hands in his, strove to soothe and console her.

"Do not afflict me thus, my darling girl, by this display of grief—tell me what I can do to restore your happiness, and if in my power, it shall be done."

"Let me follow you over the great waters," cried the miserable girl; "leave me and I die."

"Aulida, dearest, you know not what you ask," replied Bouverie, raising her from the ground; "would you desert your country, your kindred, your aged sorrowing mother, all for the stranger whose duties would constantly call him from your side—then think how you would feel in a strange land."

At the mention of her mother, Aulida started.

"Ah, my mother, my dear, dear mother, how cruel to forget her," she faltered, covering her face with her hands, and weeping bitterly; "now know I why my love for you is sinful—it has made me cold and heedless of all my duties, therefore is the Great Spirit angry with me—see he has withdrawn his light from Lorette—all things are shrouded in gloom. Oh, how shall I regain His favour—must it indeed be in parting from you."

And she turned her soft melancholy eyes upon him while she made this enquiry—their expression touched him keenly, he caught her with ardour to his bosom, saying passionately:

"Aulida, I cannot stand such tenderness—I must take you from this place, else you will overcome all my fortitude. Come, dearest, let us return to your mother—you are too good, too lovely to become the sport of unhallowed wishes; you trust me, because you judge me by your own sweet self—I dare not trust myself—come, love, come."

Aulida staid but to wipe away her tears, then suffered him to lead her from the spot. Clouds were indeed gathering in the heavens, and the evening was fast closing in—they beheld lights gleaming in the cottages as they approached them. Bouverie accompanied her to her mother's door, when he hurriedly left her, with a promise that he would see her on the morrow, before his departure from the village.

At the appointed hour Pocahontas came to him to announce that he was ready to attend him. The murky night was peculiarly favourable for their intended sport, yet the spirits of Bouverie, depressed and agitated, felt no exhilaration in the idea of its enjoyment. He stepped into the canoe after the Indian, and sat a considerable time in silence and meditation, until he was roused from his reverie by the proceedings of his companion, and at length won to take some interest in the scene. On the bows of the frail vessel was affixed on a long pole, a grated iron basket, containing a fire of pine wood, whose brilliant light rendered the objects below the sur-

face of the water distinctly visible. Pocahontas guided the canoe, holding in his hand an iron spear, in form like a trident, ready to dart it into the salmon as they glided through the stream. The appearance of the young man was highly picturesque in his Indian costume—his dark quick eye all eagerness, while the light cast an almost unearthly hue over his swarthy, yet not unpleasing features. The surrounding romantic scenery was thrown into complete shadow, save when an occasional gleam would reveal the umbrageous forests to their view. They had been thus engaged for a considerable space, and their attention completely engrossed by the amusement, when the wind, which had been unusually hushed and silent, suddenly rose and sent forth a hollow moaning sound, waving the branches of the trees with fearful violence. Pocahontas pointed in alarm to the heavens, and as he did so, a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a low rumbling peal of thunder, foretold a storm. In an instant it fell in a deluge of rain, which, extinguishing their fire, left them in utter darkness, while the tempest rose to a height which was truly appalling. Bouverie immediately lent his aid to row their little bark to the land, but each time that they succeeded in nearing it, the canoe was driven back by the fury of the howling blast. Accustomed from a very early age to the dangers of a sea life, Bouverie felt perfectly calm and collected—both he and the Indian could swim, but enveloped as they were in such profound gloom, they scarcely knew the safest way to pursue, while to row against the current required incredible efforts. They were encouraged to persevere by the shouts of many voices, which at intervals now rose above the storm—they followed the direction, and in a little time beheld several dark forms running along the banks of the stream, hallooing and waving pine torches aloft. As they drew closer to the shore, another flash of forked lightning, succeeded by a terrific burst of thunder, rolled immediately over their heads, and struck on their startled senses. A sudden squall in the same instant upset the light canoe; one loud cry of horror followed, when all became again involved in darkness.

Bouverie now had to swim for his life, and powerfully did he buffet with the troubled waters, impeded as he was by his dress. He was within a few yards of the bank, when he felt himself seized in the grasp of his companion, who, faint and exhausted, was fast sinking. Gladly would Bouverie have assisted him, since to please him, had the young man thus endangered himself—and he strove with all his might to keep his head above the water—but vain were all his efforts, and inevitably must both have perished, had not two of the Indians plunged into the stream, and guided to the spot by the lightning's terrible flash, caught them as they were going down, and borne them to the land in safety. Bouverie lay panting and unable to rise for several minutes, until

a voice, which thrilled on his heart, calling him distractedly by name, brought him back to consciousness. He unclosed his eyes, and beheld Aulida kneeling by his side, and applying some restoratives to his temples. He half raised himself from the ground, and expressed his anxiety that she should have braved the terrors of such a night for him.

"How could I rest, and you in danger," murmured the affectionate girl, bending over him; "the howling storm awoke both Eusena and myself—we stole from our mother's side, trembling for our beloved friends—we opened the door of our cottage, all was dark and dismal without. Eusena said 'I will go and call some of our people.' She would fain have prevailed on me to stay behind, but oh, I could not—the sons of Unaconna obeyed our summons, and followed us to rescue you or to die. Alas, for me has the tempest fallen—I told you that the Great Spirit was angry—did you not hear his voice amidst the darkened Heavens?"

"Aulida, dearest, talk not thus, I beseech you," returned Bouverie, tenderly pressing her in his arms; "nor think of God as one so unrelenting and severe. See, your sister is approaching with Pocahontas, let us rise and retrace our way homewards, for you are pale with fatigue and alarm."

Now that the solicitude of Eusena for her lover's safety was so happily ended, she felt anxious and uneasy on account of her young sister, whose strength she knew to be little equal to cope with the exertions she had made. Fortunately the tempest had by this time rolled away to a distance, while the rain fell only in gentle drops.

"You are ill, dear Aulida," said Eusena, as she drew near, and beheld her apparently faint and exhausted, supported by Bouverie; "I fear the terrors of this night will prove all too much for you."

"Not now, my sister, that they are saved," returned Aulida, still trembling violently; "have you not been exposed to the same?"

"Ah, but I am strong, you are weak—Mr. Bouverie, pray take care of the child?"

"I will, rest assured," said Bouverie, tenderly leading Aulida forward, followed by the whole party.

She walked so slowly and so evidently in pain, that on pausing to inquire the cause, he discovered that the stones having cut through her slight moccasins, were lacerating her delicate feet. He immediately lifted her in his arms, and proceeded to carry her, while she, resting her face close to his, softly murmured:

"Oh, good and kind, what would I not give that is mine, if Father Clement would tell me it was my duty to love you."

"My poor Aulida," returned Bouverie, smiling; "beware how you tempt me to run away with you far from the threats of Father Clement. Nay, do

not fix on me those dear soft eyes, which so plainly tell me your thoughts—else tomorrow's dawn will surely see you gone from your native village."

"No, no, no—my mother," feebly murmured Aulida, whose sense of duty still feebly glimmered through her deep and fervent love for Bouverie; but alas, it was a flickering light which would soon have set in outer darkness, had not the strong arm of the Almighty been outstretched to save her.

On gaining the cottage of Korah, they were grateful to find that she had not been awakened by the storm, consequently was ignorant of the danger and exposure of her children. Bouverie dismissed his escort at the door, after liberally rewarding them, then entering with the sisters, he laid the exhausted Aulida upon a rude couch, composed of Buffalo skins. He dared not linger, as they were all completely drenched with the rain. Aulida returned the fond pressure of his hand, saying:

"Go to your rest—your cheek is pale—yet forget not the hymn of praise for mercies received this night."

He raised her hand to his lips with as much reverence as if she had been a duchess, as she uttered this. Worlds would he have given at the moment, could he have made her lawfully his own, and taken her far from her own wild and savage race, amongst whom she seemed to stand alone as a bright gem in some dark and rugged cavern. But the Lord had decreed a higher destiny for Aulida, a crown which faded not away—eternal in the Heavens. Bouverie turned from her, while a pang of remorse smote him to the heart. To gratify and amuse his hours of idleness, had he played with her affections, and bowed the lovely flower to the earth. Yet one solace still was his, he had not destroyed it—she might rise again—and when once he was lost to her sight, forget that he had ever been. On retiring to the quarters he had engaged for the night, he threw himself on the bed, where weary and fatigued he soon sunk into a slumber the most profound.

From this he was awakened on the following day, by the sweet voices of the Indians singing the morning hymn in the little chapel. This act of devotion in these untutored people, led him as he lay into a train of thought, which carried him back to the days of his childhood, when his young and gentle mother had sought to lead his mind to the knowledge and love of God—to the prayers he had been taught to repeat, while kneeling at her side—to all her affectionate admonitions on his first leaving home. Alas! how had they been slighted and forgotten amidst thoughtless dissipated companions. He tried to banish this painful reflection, but others followed in rapid succession, like wave over wave, to trouble and disturb him. He started from his couch, and hastily attiring himself, he

walked forth to inhale the fresh morning air, and to chase away the melancholy which was gradually subduing his usually light and buoyant spirits.

"Let care *avaunt*," he mentally said, "I will have naught to say to her wrinkled crabbed visage; it will be time enough to invoke the witch when the winter of age has frosted my brow."

Alas, it is this fear to judge ourselves, and to reflect on our past faults and follies that so retards our repentance—if we strove not as we too often do, to silence the whisperings of conscience, which is the voice of God's spirit—and would submit to temporary pain, how often would the career of folly be stemmed, and the muddy pools of sin glide into that pure source which conducts to the fountain of living waters. "If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged," saith the scripture, "but when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world."

All traces of the storm had vanished—the winds were hushed and still in their caverns—the forest trees scarcely waved to the light gentle zephyr, as it fanned them, while the leaves glittering with crystal drops, shone like diamonds in the rays of the sun. Bouverie stood entranced for a few moments as he gazed on the magnificent scenery which lay spread before him, and listened to the gushing sounds of the Lorette, whose waters, falling tumultuously from their rocky eminence, rose in the form of a splendid white cone, as a pillar of adoration to their glorious Creator. Curiosity then led him towards the Chapel, where the Indians were assembled with their Pastor. In Father Clement, Bouverie expected to behold a stern, severe looking personage, unprepossessing and repulsive—but he was surprised to find him, instead of all this, an aged man, of a peculiarly interesting appearance, whose mild and furrowed face wore an expression of the utmost benignity. The hectic of a moment passed over his hollow care worn cheek, on encountering the eye of the handsome Bouverie, who stood with folded arms, leaning against a column—but higher thoughts instantly succeeded as he knelt before the shrine, sacred to his Redeemer. The service was performed in the Indian language, and although not one word could Bouverie understand, yet was it touching to behold these children of the forest reclaimed from their dark and idolatrous rites, and worshipping the only true God in his own temple.

On leaving the chapel, he approached the cottage of Korah—Aulida's garden exhibited evident marks of the destroyer—many of her favourite shrubs and flowers laying broken on the earth. Bouverie gathered a white rose, ere he knocked for admission. Eusena met him in tears, and in answer to his eager inquiries after her sister, she informed him that she had passed a restless night, and towards morning had been seized with violent shiverings; that she

seemed very feverish, and disposed to wander in her mind.

"Good God! she is not seriously ill, I trust?" exclaimed Bouverie, in a tone of alarm.

"I hope not," replied Eusena; "but she is delicate, and our mother feels great uneasiness."

"She must have advice immediately," said the distressed Bouverie. "I shall return to Quebec, and send out the first that can be procured."

"I was going in there myself, to consult our good and kind friend, Madame Montresor, for Aulida has expressed a great wish to see her; something seems weighing on her mind. Ah, Mr. Bouverie, I fear she is unhappy on your account. Frequently has she called you by name, beseeching you not to leave her."

Bouverie struck his hand against his forehead. For him had she exposed her young and precious life to the tempest; for him, whose thoughtless encouragement of an attachment he knew to be so hopeless, her happiness and peace were wrecked. Bitterly did he rue his selfish conduct, which now appeared to him in its true light; but no time was to be lost in vain regrets. He placed his purse in the hands of Eusena, saying:

"Do not leave the side of our Aulida. I will see Madame Montresor for you, and, if possible, return myself to Lorette tomorrow. God bless you, till we meet again."

He turned away as he spoke, much affected, and encountered Father Clement, who was advancing towards the cottage. A smile of triumph sat on the pale emaciated face of the old man as he passed him, uttering these words, in a hollow sepulchral voice:

"The iron hand of death is far less ruthless than that of the seducer, who would destroy both body and soul."

"'Tis false, by Heaven!" cried Bouverie, wildly; and gazing sternly upon him, "Dare not tell me I would have injured that sweet and suffering innocent."

"So says presumption; but who has poured into her ears burning words of passion?" replied the priest; "who has drawn her heart aside from her God? *Avaunt*, proud heretic; carry your false tales of flattery to other ears; those of Aulida shall hear them no more." He entered the cottage as he spoke, while Bouverie, in a state of agitation, amounting almost to madness, mounted his horse, and dashed off with the speed of an arrow to Quebec.

* * * * *

Calm and lovely was the evening, and glorious looked the setting sun in the Indian village, as gradually he descended lower and lower behind the forests, gilding their tops with that mellowed tint, so suited to the mind of the meditative and devout. Yet peaceful and beautiful as nature thus appeared,

sorrow had cast her shadows over the spot, and darkened the home of Korah, for Aulida, her child, her beloved, the pride of Lorette, was dying.

Madame Montresor sat by her side, as she lay extended on her bed of skins, holding one of her hands. The afflicted mother knelt at her feet, her face concealed within the folds of the blanket, which wrapped her withered form, stifled groans alone giving testimony that she was a creature of life, so immovably was she rooted to the spot. The weeping Eusena had placed herself on the opposite side fanning the flies from her sister, on whose seraphic countenance shone the expression of an angel, as she raised her soft and languid eyes to Constance, saying, in her own melodious voice :

“ You think, then, dear lady, that I shall be forgiven ? ”

“ I not only think it, my Aulida, but I am assured of it ; since none who truly and earnestly repent their past sins, and place their whole trust in the merits of their Saviour (we are promised), shall be cast out,” replied Madame Montresor.

“ Oh, happy, happy words ! ” murmured Aulida ; “ and they are written here ? ” laying her hand on a small Testament, translated into the Indian language. “ Yet remember, lady, how great has been my sin ? that if he had urged it, I would have left my mother, my sister, and my home, all for his sake. Can there be forgiveness for a thought so dark ? ”

“ The power of Christ is not limited, my Aulida, provided your contrition be sincere,” returned Madame Montresor, solemnly. “ He came not on earth to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. For these he died ; and unto these has he promised eternal life, if they only believe in his atonement, and show forth that belief in their works. ”

Aulida reflected for a few moments, and then said :

“ Hitherto I have only known God as a terrible Judge. I listened to His voice amidst the dark storm ; I beheld him in the lightning’s flash, and I trembled ; I feared to do evil from a dread of punishment ; but you, dear, kind lady, have displayed him to my view in his beautiful character of love and mercy ; and now I would strive to please Him and serve Him faithfully, not from terror, but because he has done so much for me. ”

“ And to bring you to this right mode of thinking, to save your precious soul, has he laid you low on this bed, my Aulida,” returned Madame Montresor, feelingly. “ He loves you, and desired to snatch you from the danger into which he saw you were heedlessly rushing, as a dear father would preserve the child of his affections from the fire or from the wreck. ”

“ And yet, dear lady, it is sad to die so young ; to be shut up in the cold black tomb from all that is lovely and beautiful ; from all who are beloved and

who love me,” said Aulida, feebly, while a tear stole down her cheek, now faded and worn with the ravages made by a few days high fever and intense mental suffering.

“ Look beyond the tomb, sweet Aulida,” said Madame Montresor, deeply moved, and in a tone of affection. “ On this side, sickness, sorrow, and death sway the sceptre in terrible majesty ; but there, where you are hastening, all is happiness—perfect and forever ! No more weeping ! no more separations ! ” The eyes of Aulida kindled, and her countenance lighted up with joy at these words. A slight shadow then again crossed her features, as she inquired, falteringly :

“ But will He ever come to that abode of happiness, dear lady. Oh ! how sad ! how very sad ! if he were to be shut without the gates of Heaven in darkness and despair. ”

“ I fervently hope in the mercy and goodness of the Almighty, that as He has drawn you, my Aulida, into the fold of the heavenly Shepherd, so will he, in his own good time, lead thither your repentant friend,” replied Constance. “ The grief he has displayed for causing you so much suffering, and his own self-reproaches, are saving signs. I shall not cease to bear him in my prayers before the throne of grace, that the work may be completed in his heart. ” Aulida pressed her burning lips on the hand of her amiable friend, and then said, in a voice scarcely audible :

“ Father Clement has permitted me to see him once again ; am I wrong for indulging in such a wish ? ”

“ It is too natural to receive censure, my Aulida,” returned Constance ; “ and indeed the sight of your sweet patience and resignation to the will of your heavenly Father may to him prove beneficial. ”

“ I am happy you think so,” murmured Aulida, faintly, for each moment she was becoming more exhausted. “ I hope he will not delay his coming till the long shadows have departed, for I shall soon follow them into darkness. Hark ! is not that his step ? ” as a quick, light foot was heard approaching.

A deep flush of agitation overspread her face, on turning her glazed and heavy eyes towards the door to listen. Madame Montresor lifted her in her arms, and supported her, while Eusena gently rose to unclose it. In the next moment Bouverie, pale and haggard from the want of nourishment and rest, entered the small room ; he glanced fearfully towards the couch, and staggering forward, fell on his knees by the side, clasping the hand which Aulida extended towards him, and bathing it with his tears. They had only met once since the fatal night of the storm, and when the fever of Aulida raged so high that she was not aware of his presence, although his was the name she continued to repeat, in tones of melancholy

earnestness, thrilling his soul with remorse and agony. He had not been permitted to see her again, although his visits to Lorette had been almost daily, until Father Clement, softened by his visible distress, was won to give a reluctant consent to his coming to bid her farewell, previous to her receiving the last rites of the church. Aulida now gazed on him with yearning affection, as she marked the strong emotion which shook his manly frame.

"Shed no more tears for me, my beloved," she faintly murmured; "you know not how peaceful how happy I feel, since I have listened to the blessed words read to me by this dear lady, and learnt from her the great goodness of the Lord. Remember that had I lived, we must still have been forever separated while on earth; alone and sorrowful must I have wandered through the woods and vales of Lorette. No more pleasure would have been mine, in watching the sun rise, in seeing the flowers blossom, or in beholding the stars. My life would have been winter, all winter, cold and sad. Now I go to my father, who is there," waving her hand above her head, "while you will return to yours over the great waters, and when you traverse the deep, you will say Aulida is there also; she is happy, I must pray the good spirit to guide me to her." Bouverie dared not raise his face to look on her as she uttered this, slowly and with difficulty, for her breathing became painful and distressing to witness, but his sobs testified what he felt. Conscious as he was that he had caused her untimely fate, his misery no words could express. Aulida on beholding it made yet another effort.

"Speak to him, dear lady," she said, addressing Madame Montresor, who was painfully affected by the scene; "you will have more power to console him than I, for my voice fails me; tell him not to grieve thus, tell him I would not linger here when once he is gone if even I might." These words seemed to rouse the unhappy mother, who, lifting up her head, gave one look on her child of unutterable agony, then laid it down again in silence. Aulida fondly stretched out her arms, gasping:

"Oh my mother—my own dear mother, yes, for your sake I would stay if the angel were not near to bear me through the valley of death. Alas! he comes, I am very faint, raise me, let me have more air." Instantly was she obeyed. When the evening breeze, which stole in, impregnated as it was, with the delicious perfume of flowers seemed to call back her fleeting spirit, and the gushing waters to bring other thoughts to her memory. She held up her finger in a listening attitude, while a faint smile shone on her features. "I should like to see that lovely spot once more," she whispered, "but no, no, no, better not;" she then drew a small silver cross from her bosom, and fervently pressing it to her lips, she placed it in the hands of Bouverie, who held her in his arms, adding, "keep this for my sake,

and for His who died for our salvation." Bouverie received it in silent reverence, and after kissing it put it into his bosom; while doing so Father Clement glided into the room holding up a crucifix and devoutly crossing himself, said in a solemn tone:

"Peace be with the dying, may all good angels hover near to guard her from the evil one! How fares my daughter?"

His countenance was the signal for the strangers to depart; one look of agony convulsed the features of Aulida, as she gazed for the last time on Madame Montresor and Bouverie. She clasped her arms round his neck, while he strained her in his embrace, with a tenacity as if he would not have her taken from him.

"May the good spirit of God guide you forever, my own beloved," she gasped with wonderful effort; "bless you, bless you, fare you well." Bouverie tried to address her, but his words were choked from the intensity of his feelings; repeatedly he kissed her, and had not Father Clement sternly and forcibly called upon him to relinquish the dying girl from his arms, never could he have had the fortitude. As he laid her gently back, a faint sensation stole over him and he lost all consciousness; when again he unclosed his eyes, he found himself in a carriage between his commiserating friends Monsieur and Madame Montresor, far from the Indian village.

On sending to inquire after the interesting Aulida on the following day, Constance learnt with regret, but not surprise, that she had expired towards midnight, calmly and free from suffering—the latest words which hovered on her lips being these; "Good, kind Madame Montresor, to teach me such precious promises, 'God is love', he has forgiven poor Aulida. Oh, happy, happy!"

About a week subsequent to this melancholy event Constance was sitting alone in a little favourite room, where she usually spent her mornings, her head resting on her hand, in an attitude of deep meditation, while on her sweet benignant countenance was expressed a chastened sorrow, as she gazed on the lovely scene without, and thought of dear Aulida, now laid low in her cold bed, where the light of the sun could never penetrate. "But her spirit is in Paradise, we may humbly hope," she mentally said, as a tear stole gently down her cheek, "why then should I regret her; yet she was so sweet, so lovely, a creature, so radiant with joy the first day I beheld her, that to see her so suddenly cut down and withered, is indeed most painful. May God forgive him who has been the unhappy cause."

While thus she thought, her servant entered to announce the mother and sister of Aulida. Constance immediately rose and hastened to meet them, as the old woman tottered into the room, supported by her daughter. On her arm hung a small basket which she laid at the feet of Madame Montresor; she

struggled within herself a few moments and then, in convulsive and broken accents, she said :

“ My child send you these, she grateful to her friend, she noting to leave her, but only her garden, she tell me bring em all afore she died.”

The poor old creature could say no more, for the most distressing sobs which heaved her bosom, and she sat down on the chair offered to her, rocking herself to and fro in that uneasy restless manner so expressive of intense affliction. Madame Montresor was inexpressibly affected by this simple testimony of Aulida's gratitude, as well as by the distress of her mother, and her tears fell copiously over the basket containing as it did the whole produce of her garden, her flowers and a few vegetables. She turned from these and exerted her every power to soothe and console Korah, who sat cowering within the folds of her blanket, unable to look up or to reply. Madame Montresor then addressed the weeping Eusena, inquiring in a low tone if she had seen Mr. Bouverie since the evening they had parted at Lorette.

“ He came on the night of my sister's funeral,” replied Eusena sobbing “ he beheld her consigned to the grave, but he spoke to no one. Long after midnight I saw him from our cottage window, still wandering like a spirit in the little burying ground, and leaning against the cross, with his face turned upwards, and his hands clasped as if in prayer; next morning, when I went to visit the grave of my sister, to strew fresh flowers over it, I found a beautiful magnolia tree planted at the head, while on a paper laying by the side were written these words in pencil, “ Eusena cherish this tree, in remembrance of Aulida and Bouverie.”

Constance prevailed on the mother and daughter to remain until the heat of the day had passed. She ordered refreshments for them, and when at length they came to take leave as the sun was declining, she pressed the withered hand of the Indian in hers, saying, “ Heaven bless and support you, poor Korah; let the reflection of your child's happiness prove your consolation, and remember that though she cannot return to you, yet you will go to her when your journey through this wilderness is finished.” The Indian mutely bowed her head, and raising her streaming eyes to Heaven, her lips made some movement as if she would have spoken; but her heart was too full and with a heavy sigh, she turned away and proceeded to her desolate home, followed by her daughter.

Until the departure of the frigates from Quebec, Bouverie was now almost constantly at the house of his friend Monsieur Montresor, who with Constance endeavoured to improve the religious impressions which sorrow had evidently made on his heart, by leading him to a truer knowledge of God's mercy, and forbearance towards his sinful erring creatures. They taught him that every dispensation had reference to

the eternal welfare of his creatures, every restriction he has commanded to their passions and appetites, every law he has given, still is intended to produce the same result; that he wishes them to be good, not to add to his happiness, but to promote their own; nor, without obeying his precepts, can there be evidence of that saving faith in Christ, which gives promise of everlasting life. They added that the fear to be too good, an expression so frequently used by the worldling, must be both presumptuous and absurd, when issuing from the lips of a fallen creature, whose every thought and intent of the heart, according to Scripture, is evil, only evil; that there were mistakes in religion they doubted not; but the fault rested with the creature, and not with the creator, who has denied nothing which may be safely enjoyed; that those who would shroud her bright image in gloom, and austerity, in harsh construction and an entire and churlish withdrawal from all social intercourse with their fellow sojourners on earth follow not the example set them by our blessed Saviour, who hid not his light from those who were in darkness, but went amongst them, scattering his pearls, and sowing the good seed in every spot he visited. That it is the abuse, and not the use of God's blessings, which is sinful in his sight.

“ The day fixed on for the departure of the *Euridice* at length arrived, when with many protestations of regard and affection, Bouverie came to bid farewell to his valued friends. In taking leave of Constance, he placed in her hands a small packet, addressed to Eusena, which he begged she would present to her, as his offering, on her marriage with Pocahontas—when Madame Montresor hesitated to receive it from him, well knowing that his circumstances were by no means affluent, he replied with fearful agitation :

“ Refuse me not, I beseech you—good God, what were the wealth of worlds in exchange for that beloved being, of whom my thoughtless cruelty has robbed them.”

He turned away deeply affected, nor could Constance venture to say more—she pressed his hand between both hers as he left the room with her husband, who accompanied him on board the noble vessel, and then stole up to her own, there to offer her petitions at the throne of grace, that God might finish the good work already begun in his heart, and to shed tears of regret both for him and Aulida, the Pride of Lorette.

The extraordinary change in Bouverie from the gay light hearted young man he had been, could not fail being commented upon by his companions, who rallied him accordingly, endeavouring to throw ridicule over his *liaison* with a Squaw—but the stern cold manner in which he repelled their attacks, soon made them desist and leave him to himself. Often during the night watches would he pace the deck, and turn his straining eyes towards the far west,

then fix them on the stars in melancholy earnestness, dwelling on the words of Aulida—at other times he would be seen perusing with attention a small volume, the parting gift of Constance. Yet absorbed as he appeared to be, no portion of his duty was by him neglected—indeed, as an officer, he seemed more zealous than ever, and obtained the particular notice of his Captain, with whom he had always been a favourite. Soon after his arrival in England, he was posted to a line of battle ship, when the exciting stirring scenes in which he continued to bear a part, by degrees restored the vigour and energy of his mind, while they banished every melancholy retrospection. The rash yet gallant wish he had once expressed, was too truly realised, for at the glorious battle of Trafalgar, he fell covered with wounds, amidst the shouts of victory, which rose above the din of mortal strife in thrilling echoes. For awhile he lay neglected and forgotten, every heart being at the moment paralyzed by the death of the immortal Nelson, till his groans arresting the attention of one of his youngest companions, a fine noble boy—he was raised in his arms, while cold water was thrown over his pallid deathlike features. On tearing open his vest to give him air, the boy beheld a small silver cross attached to a black ribbon, completely saturated with blood, which was streaming over his whole person. He held it before the eyes of the dying sailor, who bowing his head, feebly murmured :

“Let it be given to my mother—tell her that her son died a Christian.”

In a few more brief moments, he had rendered up his spirit to Him who gave it.

The young midshipman dashed a tear from his cheek, as he laid him down again upon the deck, covering his body with a sail cloth, then sprang after his comrades to board the enemy's ship, shouting “Victory, victory.”

On the same night were the remains of the gallant Bouverie consigned to the deep, in solemnity and grief, which not even the loss of their great commander could entirely subdue, and while his ransomed soul returned to God, there shall his body rest until that awful day, when “the sea gives up the dead, and all shall stand before their Maker, and be judged according to their works.”

And though no sculptured marble rears its white column to his memory, though the caverns of the ocean form his grave, and the dark billows sound his requiem, yet in the hearts of those to whom he was dear in life, shall his name be inshrined—while his faults are by them forgotten as if “blotted out forever by the angel's tear.”

A WISE JUDGE.

A CERTAIN learned judge being asked what he would do if a man owed him ten pounds and re-

fused to pay him. “Rather than bring an action with its costs and uncertainty,” said he, “I would send him a receipt in full of all demands. Ay,” said he, recollecting himself, “and I would moreover send him five pounds to cover all possible costs.”

THE LAMENT OF THE DISAPPOINTED.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

“When will the grave fling her cold arms around me,
And earth on her dark bosom pillow my head ?
Sorrow and trouble and anguish have found me,
Oh that I slumbered in peace with the dead !

“The forests are budding, the fruit-trees in bloom,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
But my soul is bowed down by the spirit of gloom,
I no longer rejoice as the blossoms expand.

“And April is here with her rich varied skies,
Where the sunbeams of hope with the tempest contend,
And the bright drops that flow from her deep azure eyes,
On the bosom of nature like diamonds descend.

“She scatters her jewels o'er forest and lea,
And casts in earth's lap all the wealth of the year ;
But the promise she brings wakes no transports in me,
Still the landscape looks dim through the fast flowing tear.”

Thus sung a poor exile, whom Sorrow had banished
From Joy's golden halls, in those moments when care
Struck deep in her soul, and Hope's sunny smiles vanished,
And her spirit grew dark 'neath the scowl of despair.

But oh ! there's a balm e'en for anguish like thine,
And He who permitted the evil has given,
In exchange for this lost earth, an Eden divine,
Revealing to man all the glories of heaven.

Then hush these vain murmurs, arise from the dust,
Submit to the hand who the dark chain can sever
Of sorrow and sin :—God is faithful and just—
Oh seek but his face and be happy for ever !

FROM THE ITALIAN.

My Lilla gave me yester morn
A rose, methinks in Eden born,
And as she gave it little elf,
Blushed like another rose herself.
Then said I' full of tenderness,
“Since this sweet rose I owe to you,
Dear girl, why may I not possess
The lovelier rose that gave it too ?”

(ORIGINAL.)

GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WAS so elated with the unexpected result of my meeting with Dinah North, that it was not until I missed the fairy figure of my sweet cousin at the supper table, that my mind reverted to the conversation that had passed between us in the Park.

"Where is Miss Moncton?" I asked of Sir Alexander, in a voice which betrayed my agitation.

"She is not well, Geoffrey—she has a bad headache, or is nervous, I forget which, and begged to be excused joining us tonight. These little female complaints are never dangerous, so don't look so much alarmed—my girl is no philosopher, and this double parting affects her spirits."

I sighed deeply, and the Baronet burst into a hearty fit of laughing.

"I am likely to have a dull companion tonight, Geoffrey. Hang it man, don't look so dismal—I was a young man once, and a fine young man too; but I never could enact the part of a sentimental lover. Fill your glass—success to your journey—and a happy meeting with your sweetheart."

I longed to tell Sir Alexander the truth, and repeat to him my conversation with his daughter. But I could not bear to mortify his pride, and to drown my own miserable feelings, I drank deeply, and gaining an artificial flow of spirits, amused my kind host with a number of facetious stories and anecdotes, until the night was far advanced, and we both retired to rest.

My brain was heated with the wine I had drunk—I could not sleep—and after making several inefficient efforts, I rose from my bed, re-lighted my candle, and dressing myself, I sat down to my desk, and wrote a long letter to Margaret, informing her of my first meeting with Catharine Lee; the interest which her beauty had created in my heart, the romantic attachment that I had formed for her, and which, hopeless as it was, I could not entirely overcome. I assured her that I felt for her, the greatest affection and esteem—that had it not been for the remembrance of my first love, the idea that she loved me, would have made me the happiest of men. That if she could accept the heart I had to offer her, divided as I felt it was, with another, and I could establish my legitimacy, my whole life should be devoted to her. I ended my long candid confession by relating verbatim my interview with Dinah North, and begged, if possible, that I might exchange a few words with her before I quitted the Hall.

I felt greatly relieved by thus unburthening my mind. I had spoken the truth, without fear, and without disguise; and I knew that she, who was the mirror of truth, would value my sincerity as it deserved. The sun was scarcely up before I dispatched my letter, and hardly an hour elapsed, before I received the following answer:

"MY DEAR COUSIN GEOFFREY,

"Your invaluable letter has greatly raised you in my esteem. If we cannot meet as lovers, let us remain the best of relations and friends. To you, I can attach no blame, and I feel proud that my affections, though unfortunately fixed on an object beyond their reach, were bestowed upon one every way worthy of them. Let us, therefore, forget our private sorrows, and drown unavailing regrets in endeavouring to serve Philip Mornington, and his unhappy sister. "To bear, is to conquer our fate." Your sincere friend, and affectionate cousin,

MARGARET MONCTON."

"What a noble creature is here," I exclaimed, pressing her letter to my lips; "I am indeed unworthy of the possession of such a treasure."

Yet, I felt happy—happy that she knew all—that I had not deceived her; and with feelings of mingled gratitude and pleasure, I perceived that her countenance, though paler than usual, wore a tranquil, and even cheerful expression, as she joined us at an early breakfast.

"Why Madge, my darling!" said the Baronet, kissing her pale cheek; "you are determined to see the last of us. Is your early rising in honour of Geoffrey, or me?"

"Both," said Margaret, with her sweetest smile; "I never employ a proxy to bid farewell to my friends."

Several efforts were made at conversation during breakfast, but with little success. The hour of parting came—the Baronet was safely stowed away into his carriage—the noble horses plunged forward, and the glittering equipage was soon lost among the trees. I lingered a moment behind.

"Dear Margaret, I hope we part friends?"

"The best of friends."

"God bless you!" I said faintly, for my lips quivered so violently, I could scarcely form a syllable: "you have removed a load from my heart. To have lost your friendship, Margaret, would have been worse than the loss of name and fortune."

"Say no more on this painful subject, dear cousin—we understand, and I trust, appreciate each

other. If God wills it so, we may both be happy, though the attainment of it may not be exactly in accordance with our present wishes. Adieu, you have my prayers for your success."

I mounted my horse and rode slowly forward, my thoughts so occupied with Margaret Moncton, that I quite forgot my promised interview with Dinah North, until I found myself opposite the lodge. Fastening my horse to the rustic railing which fronted the cottage, I crossed the pretty little flower garden, and knocked rather impatiently at the door. My summons, though given in loud and authoritative tones, remained unanswered. Again and again I applied myself to the rusty knocker, till losing all patience, I lifted the latch and entered the house. All was still as death—the embers on the hearth were dead, and the culinary vessels scattered about the floor. The little muslin curtains, which shaded the rose-bound windows, were undrawn, and the whole aspect of the room, united to convince me that there was no inhabitant within. I called aloud "Dinah! Dinah North! Is any one at home here?" No answer was returned, and I proceeded to explore the rest of the dwelling—not a bed had been slept in since the preceding day. The contents of a small chest of drawers had been emptied, and some few articles of little value were strewn over the floor. It was an evident fact that the bird was flown, and all my high raised expectations resolved themselves into air. Whilst I was cursing the crafty old woman bitterly in my heart, my eye glanced upon a slip of paper lying on a side table. I hastily snatched it up, and read the following words, traced in a bold hand:

"Geoffrey Moncton, when next we meet, your secret and mine will be of equal value."

I crushed the paper in my hand, and flung it as far from me as I could.

"Perdition seize the old fiend!" I exclaimed, "we shall yet meet—I will trace her to the utmost bounds of earth, to bring her to justice!"

I left the house, and remounting my horse, pursued my journey to —

It was late on the evening of the second day when I arrived at the little village, over which my mother's father had exercised the pastoral office for nearly fifty years. The good man had been gathered to his father's before I was born, but it was not without feeling a considerable degree of interest that I rode past the humble church, surrounded by its lofty screen of elms, and glanced at the greenward, beneath whose verdant carpet, the rude forefathers of the village slept.

The rain had fallen softly but perseveringly for some hours, and I was wet, hungry and tired; and the neat little inn, with its gay sign-board, white-washed walls, and green window shutters, was hailed by me, as the most welcome and picturesque

object which had met my sight during the clouded portion of the day.

"Stay all night, sir?" said the brisk lad who took my horse; "capital beds, sir—good accommodations for man and beast."

"Yes, yes," I replied, somewhat impatiently, as I entered the passage of the inn; "where's the mistress of the house?"

"Here, sir; what's your pleasure?" said a pretty young woman, about thirty years of age, dressed in widow's weeds, and holding by the hand a curly-headed urchin. The mother and child would have made a lovely picture, and I forgot for a moment that I was wet and hungry, whilst contemplating it.

With the quickness of her sex, Mrs. Archer perceived that she had made a favourable impression on the stranger; and putting back the luxuriant curls from the white brow of her boy, remarked with a sigh:

"He's young to be an orphan, poor child."

"He is, indeed," I replied, kissing the little fellow; "and his mother far too young and pretty to remain long a widow."

"La, sir, you don't say so," said mine hostess, smiling and blushing; "and you standing here all this while in the drafty passage in your wet clothes. You can have a private room and a fire, sir."

"And a good supper, I hope," added I, laughing; "for I have ridden fifty miles today, and am both tired and hungry."

"You shall have the best the house affords, sir—pray walk this way."

I followed Mrs. Archer into a neat little room—a fat country girl was on her knees before the grate, striving to kindle a fire—but the wood was wet, and the fire obstinate, and the room looked cold and comfortless, and I enquired if I could not dry my wet clothes by the kitchen fire?

"Oh yes, if such a gentleman as you will condescend to enter our humble kitchen."

I did condescend, and soon found myself comfortably seated by an excellent fire, in company with a stout, red faced, jolly old farmer, and a thin, meagre, undersized individual, dressed in a threadbare suit of pepper and salt, who wore his hat on one side, with a knowing swagger, talked big, and gave himself a thousand consequential airs. This I discovered to be the barber, and great politician of the village, whom the farmer, for the sake of the news, was treating him to a sight of the paper, and a pot of beer.

Mrs. Archer went up to the maker of perukes, and whispered something in his ear. He answered by a knowing nod, and by staring me full in the face.

"Not an inch will I budge, Mrs. Archer—I have paid for my place, and my money's as good as another man's. No offence to the gemman—'a man's

a man for a' that.' That's what I call independence, neighbour Bullock !"

And his long lean fingers descended upon the fat knee of the farmer, with a smack, that rung through the room.

"Deuce take you, Sheldrake ! I wish you'd show it in any other way," replied the farmer, rubbing his knee ; " why man, your hand's as long and lean as a crow's claw, and as hard as your own block. One would think you had dabbled so long in soap and pomatum, and such like messes, that it ought to be as white and as soft as a lady's."

"It has got rough with handling such hard heads as yours, neighbour Bullock. That chin of yours, with its three day's growth of bristles, would be a fortune to a bricklayer, whilst it scarcely puts a penny into the pocket of the poor operator."

"Operator," repeated the farmer, with a broad grin ; "is that your new fangled name for a shaver ? Its a pity you did not put it on the board with the rest of the farrago of nonsense, by which you hope to attract the hairs off the chins of the simple folks."

"Do not speak so disrespectfully of my sign, sir—my sign is an excellent sign—the admiration of beholders, and if there's any taste left in the village, the genius that suggested it, will not go unrewarded."

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" roared the chewer of bacon.

"Mrs. Archer," said the offended shaver, turning to mine hostess, with an air of offended dignity, truly comic ; "did you ever hear a Bullock laugh like a horse ?"

"Dang it, man ! it would make a cow caper a hornpipe," returned fat-sides, "to hear such absurdity."

"What are you quarrelling about ?" said Mrs. Archer ; "what's all this fuss about Mr. Sheldrake's sign—it is something new I hear—something in praise of the ladies ?"

"Madam, I was always a great admirer of the ladies," returned he in the pepper and salts ; "having devoted all my life to their service."

"Well, if you call that ere powtery over your door, a compliment to the ladies, I'll be shot," said the farmer. "Now, sir," said he, turning to me ; "you are a stranger, and therefore an unprejudiced person—you shall be judge. Come, barber, repeat your verses, and hear what the gentleman says of them."

"With all my heart," returned the barber, and flinging his shoulders back, and stretching forth one arm, he repeated in a loud ranting tone :

"I, William Sheldrake, shave for a penny,
"Walk in ladies and gentlemen, there can't come too many."*

* These lines actually decorated the board over a barber's shop for many years in the town of Eungay.

This sally was followed by a hearty burst of laughter from us all but the poor author, who gazed upon us like a knife-stuck pig.

"You hairy monster !" said Mrs. Archer ; "what do you mean by shaving the ladies ?—you deserve to be ducked to death in a tub of dirty suds, for insinuating such horrid things against the fair sex. Beards, forsooth !" she continued, patting complacently, her pretty, smooth, white, dimpled chin ; "one would think we were all a set of Lapland witches. I wonder what our pretty young lady up at the Elm Grove, would say to your fine poetry ?"

"Miss Lee is a young lady of taste," returned Suds ; "as she rode past on horseback yesterday, I saw her point out my sign to the gemman who was riding with her, and they both said it was *capital!*—capital Mrs. Archer—that if that did not draw custom to my shop, nothing would. So now, neighbour Bullock, don't be envious of my superior talents."

"I did not think Miss Lee had been such a fool," said Bullock ; "but there's no accounting for taste. Who's the young dandy that's staying at the Elms just now ?"

"He's an ugly, mean looking fellow," said the barber ; "but people do say he's to carry off our handsome young heiress."

"Well, there's no accounting for taste, as neighbour Bullock said just now," rejoined Mrs. Archer ; "what is the gentleman's name ?"

"I've heard," returned the barber, "but really I quite forget. It either begins with an em or an en."

"That's a wide landmark to sail by," said the farmer ; "you might as well have added a P and a Q."

"Stop," said the barber, "I can give you a better clue—it's the same name as that fine Lunnun chap, who ran off with Parson Rivers' daughter, when I was serving my time to Sam Strap."

"I started from the contemplation of the fine well grilled beef-steaks that Mrs. Archer was dishing for my especial benefit, and turned upon the speakers an earnest look of enquiry."

"The deuce it is," resumed the farmer ; "that was Moncton, if I mistake not. Yes, yes, Moncton was the name—I well remember that, for it was the means of our losing our good pastor."

"How was that ?" said I.

"Why, sir, do you see—our minister was a good man, and a sincere Christian—but he had one little weakness, he loved his pretty daughter too well—wise men will sometimes play the fool, and its a bad thing to make too much of womankind. They always get the advantage, and our good old parson did spoil and pet Miss Ellen, to her heart's content. There was some excuse too, for him, for he was an old man and a widower, and had lost a wife and a fine young family, one after another, in consump-

tion, which made him so afraid of losing Miss Ellen, that he denied her nothing; and truly she was a pretty piece of God's workmanship, and very sweet-tempered and gentle, which beauties seldom are. I had the misfortune to marry a pretty woman, and I know it, sir, to my cost. But I need not trouble you with my missus, its bad enough to be troubled with her myself. Well, sir, as I was telling you, there came a mighty fine gentleman down from London, to stay with Squire Lee at the Elm Grove, during the shooting season—and he sees Miss Ellen at the parish church, and natural enough, falls desperately in love with her. I was a youngster myself at the time, and I remember feeling rather queerish, whenever I cast a sheep's eye into the parson's pew."

"But the young lady and her lover?" enquired I, rather impatiently; "how did they come on?"

"As young people generally do in such cases," replied the farmer; "from exchanging looks they came to exchanging words. The young man told her that he could not live without her, and the young lady referred him to her father—but here they met with a rebuff that they had not calculated upon. The character of Mr. Moncton did not suit the morality of the good pastor, and he not only flatly refused to give him his daughter, but denied him the house. Three days after this, the poor old man was running about the village like a man distraught—the fine London beau had run off with his child."

"Did he marry her?" I exclaimed, whilst in spite of myself, I felt the colour flush my cheek to a painful crimson.

"I never heard to the contrary," returned the farmer; "the loss of his child was too much for Mr. Rivers—it quite broke his spirit, and he did not survive the event many months. His death was a great loss to this neighbourhood—we have never had a parson who could hold a candle to him since. He was a father to the poor, and 'twas a thousand pities to see the good old man pining and drooping from day to day, after the spoilt child who forsook him in his old age, for the sake of being called a fine lady."

"You are too severe upon the poor girl," said the barber; "it was but human nature after all, and I don't blame her for preferring the company of a handsome young husband, to an old snuffy, superannuated parson."

"Did she never return to——?" said I, "to visit her father in his dying illness?"

"She did, sir, but came too late to see him in life; but she and her husband followed him to the grave, and barring the lady's grief, I never saw a finer couple."

"Do you know?" I said, hesitatingly; "in what church they were married?"

"No, sir, I do not; but Mrs. Hepburn, up at the Grove, could tell you, if you have any particular wish

to know. She was Miss Lee then, and she and the parson's pretty daughter were old friends and cronies."

"Thank you!" I replied carelessly, drawing my chair to the table as I spoke. "You have satisfied my curiosity."

The hopes and fears which this conversation conjured up, had the effect of destroying my appetite. It was in vain that my pretty hostess tempted me with a number of delicacies. The fever of mental excitement overpowered the mere gratification of the senses; and before I retired to rest, I had the mortification of beholding my loquacious companions doing ample justice to the savoury viands, from which I had risen with indifference. I sought impatiently the solitude of my own chamber, undressed, and flung myself into bed; but to sleep was out of the question. Catharine Lee, Margaret Moncton, and my dear mother, floated in a continual whirl through my heated brain. My mind was a chaos of confused images and thoughts, nor could I reflect calmly on one subject for two minutes together. My head ached, my heart, and pulse beat tumultuously, and in order to allay this feverish mental irritation, I took a large dose of laudanum, which produced at last the desired effect of lulling me into profound forgetfulness.

The day was far advanced when I shook off this heavy unwholesome slumber, but on endeavouring to rise, I felt my head so stupid, that I was fain to take a cup of coffee in bed, a spoonful of lime juice, administered by the white hand of Mrs. Archer, counteracted the unpleasant effects of the opiate.

On calmly reviewing the conversation of the last night, I determined to walk up to Elm Grove, and confide my situation to Mrs. Hepburn; who as a friend of my mother's, would scarcely fail to feel some interest, however slight, in the welfare of her son. I was so greatly pleased with this plan, that I immediately put it into execution, and gave myself no time to alter my resolution, until I found myself awaiting the appearance of the lady in an elegant drawingroom, which commanded the most beautiful prospect of hill and dale, in that most beautiful of all English counties.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. HEPBURN, was past the meridian of life. Her countenance by no means handsome, but its expression very prepossessing; she was a woman whose long intercourse with the world had given her a perfect control over herself, and beyond the general wish to please, little could be gathered from the immovable placidity of her features. After the first slight start of surprise, at the sight of a visitor so unexpected, and in all probability equally unwelcome, she asked me, in a cold, but courteous manner, to what cause she was indebted for the pleasure of my visit? I suffered my agitation so completely to

master me, that, for a few seconds, I could find no words wherewith to frame the most common place answer. Observing my distress and confusion, she begged me to take a seat, and placing herself on the opposite side of the table, continued to regard me with the most provoking *nonchalance*.

Making a desperate effort to break the oppressive silence, I at length stammered forth :

"I hope, madam, you will excuse the liberty I have taken in thus intruding myself upon your notice ; but business of a very particular and distressing nature, induced me to apply to you as the only person at all likely to befriend me in my present difficulty."

To this ambiguous speech, she replied with some asperity : That we were almost strangers to each other, and that she could not imagine in what manner, she could serve me, beyond mere pecuniary aid. That she had heard from Mr. Theophilus Moncton, the manner in which his father had been forced to expel me from his office ; and that she bitterly lamented, that she or her niece, had either directly, or indirectly drawn upon me the anger of Mr. Moncton ; but she had every reason to believe that the cause had originated in my own rash conduct, and that she feared no application from her in my behalf would be likely to effect a reconciliation with my uncle.

The colour burnt upon my cheek, and I answered with some warmth. "God forbid that I should ever seek it at his hands. It is neither to solicit charity, nor to complain to you, madam, of my past ill treatment, that I sought an interview with you this morning. But—but"—and my voice faltered, "I was told that you were, in youth, an intimate friend of my unfortunate mother ?"

"And pray, sir, who was your mother ?"

"Ellen Rivers !"

"Good Heavens ! is it possible ?" exclaimed the lady, her calm face suddenly lighted up with an expression of intense interest. "You, Geoffrey Moncton, the child of my first, my dearest, my ever to be lamented friend. You must be mistaken ; I was told that you were the natural son of her husband."

"Oh, that I could prove that he was her husband !"

"Who dares to doubt it ?"

"Alas ! madam, this same honourable uncle of mine who seeks to deprive me of the only advantage which I received from a niggard destiny. Robert Moncton has branded the name of my parents with infamy, and destroyed every document which could have proved his villainy."

"You astonish me, Mr. Moncton. Be calm, let us go at length into these matters, and if I can in any way assist you, I will do it most cheerfully."

Encouraged by this change in my favour, I briefly recapitulated to Mrs. Hepburn the manner in which I had been treated by my uncle and his

nephew, from the hour I first entered his house until the moment, in which he basely deprived me of the only advantage I had received at his hands, in destroying my articles.

Mrs. Hepburn, was exceedingly shocked during this narration, and often interrupted me, in order to express her indignation. "And this monster, is the man who bears such a fair character to the world," she said ; "the friend of the friendless, and the guardian of innocence ? Oh, Geoffrey Moncton ! you make me afraid of the world, of myself, of every one. But what have you done for a livelihood since ? And what brings you to Devonshire ?"

"I am living at present," I replied, "in the family of Sir Alexander Moncton, who has behaved like a father to me. It is at his expense, and on his instigation, that I am now here, in order to find out some clue by which I may trace the marriage of my dear mother, and establish my legitimate claim to the title and estates of Moncton, after the death of my excellent friend. If I fail in this object, the property devolves upon Robert Moncton and his son."

"I see it—I see it all," replied Mrs. Hepburn ; "but I fear Mr. Moncton has laid his plans too deeply for us to frustrate them. I feel no doubt as to your mother's marriage ; I can even tell you the church in which the ceremony was performed."

"God bless you !" I exclaimed, seizing her hand, and warmly pressing it between my own ; "you are my good angel ! you inspire me with a thousand pleasing hopes."

"These will not, however, prove your legitimacy," replied Mrs. Hepburn, smiling ; "so restrain your ardour, young gentleman. I have a letter from your mother, written the morning after her marriage, describing her feelings during the ceremony ; and expressing the remorse she felt at disobeying her father. She mentions her old nurse as being the only witness to the ceremony, and remarks on the sexton giving her away, as a bad omen. The register of her marriage is, I fear, destroyed. The parties who witnessed it, are in all probability, long ago gathered to their fathers, but the very circumstance of the register being destroyed, and this letter of your mother's, will, I think, be greatly in your favour. At all events, a day's journey will enable you to reach —, and examine these matters for yourself. I feel confident of your legitimacy, and long to introduce you to my niece, who always speaks of you with interest, and refuses to credit the many things advanced by your cousin against you."

"Is he here ?" I exclaimed eagerly.

"He has been on a visit for some weeks at the Grove. Mr. Moncton is anxious to promote an alliance between his son and my niece."

"And Theophilus ?"

"Of course, is the most devoted of lovers."

"Execrable villain !" I cried, "and his poor

wife dying at the Hall of a broken heart. Can such things be, and the vengeance of Heaven sleep?"

"His wife? Surely you do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Theophilus Moncton is a married man?"

"I scorn insinuations, madam. I proclaim it as a fact—which I dare him to his face to deny."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Hepburn, sinking back in her chair, and gasping for breath; "Heaven has preserved you from an awful fate. How have I tried to combat with what I considered your unreasonable prejudices against this marriage. How I congratulated myself this very morning on the possibility of overcoming them. Oh! Geoffrey, doubly our preserver—you have saved us all from misery."

But when I related to Mrs. Hepburn, the circumstances connected with his marriage with Alice Mornington, the death of her infant, in consequence of his barbarous treatment, and her attempted suicide, her feelings completely overcame her, and she wept violently. This painful interview was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Lee and Theophilus Moncton, from the garden. So completely was I absorbed by my feelings, and the distress of my companion, that I never noticed the intruders, until Miss Lee exclaimed in a tone of alarm:

"Mr. Geoffrey Moncton and my aunt in tears! Good Heavens, what can have happened?"

Mrs. Hepburn rose hastily, and with a strong effort succeeded in mastering her emotion.

"Catharine," she said, "you will be glad to welcome an old friend in Mr. Geoffrey Moncton. To you, Mr. Theophilus, he is the bearer of heavy tidings."

"Has anything happened to my father?" said Theophilus, with a look of intense and hungry enquiry, which for a moment overcame his first glance of deadly aversion and contempt.

I read the meaning of that look, and answered with a scornful smile:

"The bond of kindred between your father and me, is broken forever—of him and his affairs I know nothing. Would to God! I knew as little of you and yours."

"Scoundrel! what do you mean?" exclaimed Theophilus, his pale cheek flushing with rage; "is it to traduce my character, to insult me, before these ladies, that you dare to intrude yourself into my presence. What message have you for me—what brings you here?"

"With you," I said coldly, "I have no business, nor did I ever wish to see your face again. My steps were guided here by that Providence which watches over the innocent, and avenges the wrongs of the injured. Here we are, met face to face, and I will tell you that which will make even your heart, callous as it has become, feel some slight remorse for the past."

"This is fine language," he said, bursting into a

scornful laugh; "I suppose you have been studying on some provincial theatre, since you were expelled from my father's office. But go on—let us see how well you can act your part."

"Theophilus Moncton," I replied calmly; "bad and unfeeling as I know you to be, I pity you, and would rather be poor, friendless, and despised, than the rich and accomplished heir of Moncton. If you have any heart left, how will that heart bleed, when I inform you that your child is dead! dead from the effects of your brutal unkindness. That this arm rescued your miserable, but still beautiful wife, from a watery grave."

"Liar, 'tis false! I call heaven and earth to attest my innocence! Ladies, do not listen to this vile calumniator. He has a purpose of his own to answer, by basely traducing my character to my friends. Let him prove the truth of his assertions, and bring witnesses more worthy of credit than himself, before you condemn me, on his bare assertion."

"I fear, Mr. Theophilus, the proofs are too strong against you already," said Mrs. Hepburn; "Sir Alexander Moncton is a person of credit—your wife is at present under his protection, and your father is already acquainted with the circumstances under which she is placed. What can you say to this?"

She spoke in vain, Theophilus had disappeared—we looked in silence upon each other. Miss Lee was the first to speak.

"He is convicted by his own conscience—I thought him cold and selfish, but I never dreamed that he was a villain. Oh, Mr. Geoffrey, what an awful tissue of guilt you have unveiled. And the poor young woman, his wife, what is her name?"

"Alice Mornington."

A faint cry broke from the lips of Catharine—I sprang forward, and caught her in my arms. She had fainted.

Mrs. Hepburn rang the bell for her female attendants, and in the confusion and bustle of removing Miss Lee to her apartment, I took the opportunity of retiring from the scene.

"What new mystery does this involve?" I said half aloud, as I sauntered down the thick avenue, which led from the Grove to the public road; "why did the mention of that name produce such an effect upon Catharine—she cannot be acquainted with the parties? Her agitation might be accidental—'tis strange, very strange."

My reverie was abruptly dispelled, by a loud voice calling upon me to stop—and pale and haggard, his hands fiercely clenched, and his eyes starting from his head, Theophilus confronted me in the narrow path.

"Stop, Geoffrey Moncton, this meeting must be our last!"

"With all my heart," said I, coldly folding my

arms, and gazing stedfastly in his countenance, transformed as it was by furious passion. Never shall I forget the expression of his face. It had lost the character of humanity—livid, convulsed, every feature swollen, and quivering with malice and despair—it was dreadful to look upon. How often since, has it haunted me in my dreams. The desire of revenge had overcome his natural cowardice; in the mood he was then in, his puny figure would have been a match for a giant. Yet, from my very soul I defied him.

“Geoffrey,” he said, “I seek no explanation of your conduct—we hate each other.” He gnashed his teeth as he spoke. “I have ruined you, and you in return, have done your best to crush me. You shall not triumph in my disgrace—we will fall at least together.”

He sprang upon me unawares—he wound his thin, sinewy arms round me. I was taken by surprise, and before I could raise my arm to defend myself from his ferocious attack, I was thrown heavily to the ground—and the last thing I could distinctly recollect was his long bony fingers grasping my throat.

The night was far advanced, when I recovered my senses. The room I occupied was large and spacious; the bed on which I was lying, such as wealth supplies to her most luxurious children. One watch light, with shaded rays, scarcely illuminated a small portion of my ample chamber, leaving the remote corners in intense shade. A figure in a long, loose, white wrapping gown, was seated at the table reading—her back was towards me, and my eyes were too dim to recognize the person of the stranger. I strove to raise my head from the pillow—the effort wrung from my reluctant lips a moan of pain. This brought my kind nurse instantly to my side—it was Mrs. Hepburn, but I no longer recognized her. Recollection had failed me, my senses were again wandering.

Many days passed unconsciously over me. Nearly three weeks elapsed before I was able to bear the light, or ask an explanation of the past. Mrs. Hepburn and Miss Lee were my constant attendants, and both appeared to vie with each other, in rendering me any little service; had it not been for the care and attention of these excellent women, I might never have lived to record these adventures. As I recovered strength, Mrs. Hepburn informed me that the game-keeper had watched my encounter with Theophilus Moncton, from behind a hedge; and prevented further mischief, by bursting suddenly upon the scene. That Theophilus resigned his advantage with savage reluctance, and the man found me perfectly insensible, and at first imagined me to be dead. I had fallen with the back of my head against the trunk of a large elm tree, and the violence of the blow had caused a concussion of the brain.

“These circumstances, Mr. Geoffrey,” continued Mrs. Hepburn, “have convinced us of the truth of your statements, and of your cousin’s villainy. It would have been dreadful for a girl so amiable as our sweet Catharine, to have been sacrificed to such an unprincipled man.”

“And could Miss Lee really entertain a regard for Theophilus Moncton?” I asked, while something of a regretful sigh rose to my lips.

“She never loved him,” replied Mrs. Hepburn; “but she might have yielded to our earnest importunities to become his wife. A deep and early disappointment has rendered poor Catharine indifferent to the voice of love.”

I know not why, but I felt so humbled and mortified at this speech that I turned upon my pillow, to conceal my face from the observation of my kind and affectionate nurse. Could it be true that I had loved a dream—had followed, for so many weary months, a mere phantom of imagination. I had flattered myself that I was not indifferent to Catharine Lee; I had even dared to hope that she loved me. What visions of future happiness in store for me, had these presumptuous hopes foretold. What airy castles had I erected upon this sandy foundation, and was I doomed to behold them perish in my grasp? In spite of myself my bosom heaved, and my eyes became dim—but I proudly struggled with my feelings, and, turning to Mrs. Hepburn, I enquired with apparent calmness, “if any letters had arrived for me?” She said she did not know, but would send a servant to enquire at the post-office. I felt restless and unhappy, and feigned sleep, to be left alone—and when alone, if a few tears came to my relief, to cool the fever in my heart and brain, the reader who has ever loved, will forgive my weakness.

I could not forgive Catharine Lee for having loved another, when I had been so true to her. Margaret Moncton rose before me in all her simplicity and truth—yet had I not slighted her pure disinterested affection, for the love of one who loved me not. One whose life I had saved at the imminent peril of my own—whose image I had worshipped in the innermost shrine of my heart. Alas! for human nature—this was more than my philosophy could bear.

From these painful and mortifying reveries, I was roused by the light step of Catharine Lee. Beautiful as an angel, she stood by my bed side, and in accents of the tenderest concern, enquired after my health, expressing the greatest pleasure at my approach to convalescence. To look in her sweet face, and entertain any feelings but those of respect and admiration, was impossible, and I answered with a deep sigh.

“You are out of spirits, Geoffrey,” she said, sitting down by my bedside; “your long confinement to this dull room affects your mind. It is hard to

be debarred the glorious air of heaven during such lovely weather as this. I hope in a few days we may be permitted to remove you to a chamber from the windows of which you will enjoy a delightful prospect."

"You and your kind aunt, are too good to me, Miss Lee—to one in my unfortunate circumstances, it would have been better for me to have died."

"For shame, Geoffrey Moncton; such a sentiment is unworthy of you—it is degrading."

"Why should I wish to live?"

"To improve the talents God has committed to your care. For this end your life has been spared, and the greater will be your guilt if you neglect so great a salvation. God has permitted you to assert your innocence and triumph over an enemy—has saved you from the premeditated malice of that enemy, and do you feel no gratitude to Him for the great service He has rendered you?"

"I hope I do," I replied, considerably humbled; "but indeed I have not thought of it as I ought to have done. I have suffered human affections and passions to stand between me and heaven."

"This is but natural," she said; "the mind, in its natural state, cannot comprehend the tender mercies of its Creator. You seem distressed, Geoffrey," she continued, rising and taking my extended hand; "I did not mean to wound your feelings."

"You have not done so," I replied, fondly pressing hers between my own; "forgive me, Miss Lee, I am very unhappy."

"I do not wonder at that—you have been placed in very trying circumstances; but I feel convinced that you will overcome them all."

"Alas! this grief has nothing to do with that," I continued, looking earnestly into her face, in which I read pity and anxiety, but no tenderer emotions; "may I, dare I, unburden my heart to you?"

"Speak freely and candidly, Geoffrey; if I cannot remove the cause of your distress, I can at least sympathize with you."

"God bless you for that!" I murmured, kissing the hand which, now struggling, disengaged itself from my grasp; and, with a colour somewhat heightened, Catharine resumed her seat.

In broken accents, I proceeded to inform her of my boyish attachment, and the fond hopes I had dared to entertain, from the kind and flattering manner in which she had returned my attentions at Mr. Moncton's—of the utter annihilation of those ardently cherished hopes, when told by Mrs. Hepburn that morning, that her affections had been engaged to some more fortunate person.

During this incoherent relation, Miss Lee appeared greatly agitated. Her face was turned from me, but from the listless attitude of the whole figure, and the motionless repose of the white hand that fell over the arm of the chair, in which she was seated, I saw that she was weeping.

There was a long, painful pause—Catharine wiped away her tears, and at last broke the oppressive silence.

"Geoffrey," she said, solemnly; "I have been to blame in this. At the time you saved my life, (a service for which I can never feel sufficiently grateful,) I was young and happy, engaged to one, who, in many respects, resembled yourself. When I met you the second time, disappointment had flung a baleful shade over my first fond anticipations of life; but young and sanguine, I still hoped for the best. By some strange coincidence, your voice and manner so greatly resembled the man whom I so fondly loved, and hoped to meet again, that I felt too much pleasure in conversing with you, and doubtless gave rise to those hopes which have proved so unfortunate to you. How am I to make amends to you for all the misery I have unintentionally occasioned?"

"Is my rival still dear to you, Miss Lee?"

Her lips quivered, she turned weeping away.

"Alas! I read my fate in your silence—you still love him."

"Whilst I have life, Geoffrey Moncton," was the answer, that slowly and suffocatingly broke from the pale lips of the agitated girl. "Look on that face," she said, as with a sudden motion of the hand, she took from her neck a black ribbon and placed before me a miniature. "Look at that face, and tell me if after having once known and loved the original, I can so easily forget."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, sinking back upon my pillow, "my friend George Harrison!"

"Who?" asked Catharine, grasping my arm convulsively. "I know no one by that name?"

"True, true—George Harrison. Philip Mornington; they are one, and his adored, and lost Charlotte Laurie; and my beautiful Catharine Lee, are the same. I see through it now. He hid the truth from me lest it might destroy our friendship. Oh, Philip! Philip, in spite of all thy sorrows, how gladly would I exchange my lot with thine."

"He still lives then?" exclaimed Catharine, bending upon me her tearful blue eyes.

"And still loves you with all the fervour of his first attachment."

"I do not deserve it. I dared to mistrust his honour, to listen to the accusations of that false designing Theophilus Moncton. You are his friend, Geoffrey Moncton. Tell me I beseech you, did not my unjust suspicions prove his ruin?"

I was perplexed, and knew not what answer to make; my colour went and came. To tell the truth, was to plunge an amiable creature into the deepest affliction, and her importunity rendered the withholding of it almost impossible. Catharine, with the quick eye of love, perceived my confusion, and broke into a fit of passionate weeping.

"Dear Miss Lee," I began, with difficulty raising

myself on my pillow ; " control this violent emotion, and I will tell you all that I know of my poor friend."

She looked eagerly up, but the task I had promised was too much for my strength. My nerves were so completely shattered by the agitating effects of the past scene, that I sank back exhausted and gasping upon my pillow.

" Not now, not now ; you are unequal to the trial ; pity, and forgive my impatience," said Catherine, raising my head upon her arm, and bathing my temples with water. A few hours back, and the touch of those white hands would have thrilled my whole frame with delight ; but now, it awoke in me no emotion. The beautiful delusion had vanished. My idolized Catharine was the betrothed of my friend. I gazed upon her pale agitated face with calmness. I was anxious only to effect a reconciliation between them, and I rejoiced that the means were in all probability, in my power. The entrance of Mrs. Hepburn with letters, put an end to this painful scene, and their contents gave birth to other thoughts and feelings, hopes and fears.

" I cannot read them yet," I said, after having examined the direction of the two letters, Mrs. Hepburn placed in my hands ; " I am too weak. The rest of an hour will restore me. The sight of these letters makes me feel nervous and agitated. They are from Moncton Hall, and I doubt not contain important tidings."

" Catherine, my love, you look ill," said Mrs. Hepburn, taking the arm of her niece. " A walk in the garden will refresh you."

" Let us go," replied Miss Lee, in a low voice ; " we will leave Geoffrey to his repose ; I must speak to you alone."

They left the room instantly, and I felt relieved by their absence. My heart was oppressed with painful thoughts ; I wished to commune with my own spirit, and be still. A few minutes after, I was sound asleep."

(To be continued.)

DUELLING.

HONOUR is in the mind, and the disgrace of a blow is conditional. If one receives it passively because one is afraid to resent it, then certainly a blow is a disgrace to the last extremity ; but if one receives it, and refuses to seek the ordinary redress from a pure principle, because he believes that an intellectual man and a Christian ought to suffer any outward indignity rather than violate the law of God, I say that man is a character of the noblest order ; and, just in the proportion in which he shocks the prejudices of mankind, and exposes himself to ridicule, misinterpretation and odium, just in that proportion his abstaining from the vulgar mode of vengeance, is grand and brave.

THE WATERS.

A CANADIAN SONG—BY MRS. MOODIE.

Come launch the light canoe,
The breeze is fresh and strong ;
The summer skies are blue,
And 'tis joy to float along.
Away ! o'er the waters,
The bright, glancing waters,
The many voiced waters,
As they dance in light and song.

When the great Creator spoke,
On the long unmeasured night ;
The living day spring broke,
And the waters owned his might.
The voice of many waters,
Of glad, rejoicing waters,
Of living, leaping waters,
First hailed the dawn of light.

The billows lifted up their voice,
To earth's remotest bound ;
They called on nature to rejoice
And swell the choral sound.
God's voice is in the waters,
The deep, dark, dashing waters,
The awful, solemn waters,
Still breathe its tones around.

EVENING.

Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement and farthest hill
And woods, *I think of those who have no friend,*
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure
flaunts,
Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen ; and watch the tints that on thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye,
Presenting fairy vales, where the tired mind
Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery ?
Ah ! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the
while,
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile !

AN APT REPLY.

IN one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. " The Frenchman," it was observed, " delights himself with the present ; the Englishman makes anxious about the future ; is not the Frenchman the wiser ? " " He may be the merrier," said Fox ; " but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a mirror in preference to a telescope ? "

ONE SIGN OF HAPPIER TIMES.

THE LAWS OF CANADA.

OF all things that can accelerate or retard the career of a country or a people towards that state of civilization, prosperity and refinement to which every country and people may naturally enough be expected to come, there is none so great or so important perhaps as a good code of Laws. Without this it appears to us a very unreasonable thing to look for rapid progress or quick improvement in the social condition of any people, or, consequently, in any other department of the business or economy of life: For, as nothing can so readily or so much affect their social condition; so neither can any thing have so immediate or so great an influence upon the national prosperity, or the direction and results of their individual industry, as their social condition will. If, therefore, we would enquire into the character of a people, or wish to ascertain correctly the causes that may have hindered their progress or hampered their industry, it is back to their laws that we must ultimately come, or we never can arrive at a true or satisfactory decision. They are alike the very foundation of a people's character and of a nation's progress, prosperity, comfort and independence.

It is not enough, neither, that the laws be good in themselves—anxiously framed to meet all the contingencies of business, and beautifully adapted to the ever-varying relations of life: for with whatever care they may have been drawn up—whatever wisdom their enactments may display—or how comprehensive soever their scope may be—still their value and utility will be greatly diminished and their bearing and their effect much abridged, if they be either not readily come at or badly administered. Mal-administration of the law is little better indeed, if it be not actually worse, than the non-existence of law altogether. In the one case, men by trusting to it are thrown off their guard, misled, deluded and deceived: in the other having nothing, and knowing that they have not anything to trust to, they will always be upon the watch, and will seldom err or be misled by trusting to them for protection.

But, wherever it is a laborious thing to gain an accurate knowledge of the laws, as, for instance, where they can only be gathered from a great variety of sources, or where, after all, any thing approaching to certainty is unattainable—few persons will spare the means—few will give the time—few will use the necessary exertion—few even will feel the inclination prompting them to acquaint themselves therewith, and but very few indeed will consequently ever know them. In such a case, even they whose business it peculiarly is, will fail to acquaint themselves sufficiently therewith, and will generally be found to be but very inexpert and ill-instructed in them.

If such be the character of the Bar anywhere, the Judges generally will be but indifferent, for they are selected from the Bar. The laws will, therefore, be ill-applied and injustice often dispensed. At any rate, however learned and skilful the Judges themselves may be, the same results will frequently follow, if the Bar be not also learned and skilful, which in the circumstances supposed, it were unreasonable enough to expect. How much the interests of parties suffer—how liable the judge is to decide erroneously, if the facts of a case be not clearly stated, and the law affecting them be not distinctly set forth, and its applicability to them properly enforced, any one that will, may easily understand; and how very necessary a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the law is to the lawyer to enable him to do this, none who have ever thought upon the subject at all, can fail to perceive at once. Judges will err sufficiently often of themselves, but here they will, over and above that, be in great danger of being constantly misled by the very men whose office and business it is to instruct and guide them.

Thus contrary judgments will be delivered—perplexity will follow—suits will fastly multiply of course—and confusion will finally prevail over all to such a degree, that it may be quite impossible to say what is the law on any given point, or what is not law at all. Then the people will have a character for being litigious, for it is in the nature of things that litigation must in these circumstances be rife. The lawyers too will be blamed for their ignorance, and the judges will be traduced and accused of incompetence, because of the doubtfulness of the law itself, and the perplexity and hardships attending the right administration of it in such a case. They will be censured and vituperated, often without measure, and sometimes too with but very little reason, for part of the blame ought rightly, we apprehend, to be sometimes laid upon the system and formula under which men act, and the circumstances in which they are placed, and not undistinguishingly and altogether upon the men themselves.

But wherever the laws have not been compiled and properly digested—where they can only, as mentioned before, be gathered from many sources, through the medium of much toilsome and weary plodding—wherever they are ill-defined and are therefore uncertain and dubious in themselves, which will always be the case, until they have been drawn together and the principles extracted and laid down in a clear consecutive way and systematic form, the public for whom they are intended to be a rule, must necessarily be extremely ignorant in regard to them. The lawyers and the judges too, whose duty it is to expound and to apply them, will not be very learned in them neither, or know them sufficiently well, so that they must necessarily often advise badly, and decide unsatisfactorily and erroneously. The Legislature likewise, and its dependants

and officials, through the inaccuracy and deficiency of their legal knowledge, will often burden and commit serious wrongs in the performance of their ordinary duties, and also in the devising and carrying through of such measures for the public convenience and welfare, as the legislature may find it necessary sometimes to adopt—which will incessantly expose it to the rancorous hostility of the interested, the censoriousness of the discontented, and the malignity of the factious; for its motives will often be shamefully misrepresented, its objects derided, its intentions frustrated, its peace disturbed, its durability endangered, and even the unquestionable good that it may be willing to do, captiously opposed, and not infrequently perhaps entirely prevented.

Hence over all, disputes will multiply with astonishing rapidity—lawsuits will be numerous, expensive, interminable almost—the decisions following upon them very often unsatisfactory and sometimes quite inexplicable and absurd, (which eventually amounts to a denial of justice altogether,) and the legislative and public business of the country will be grievously neglected or grossly mismanaged, to the shaking of the people's confidence in and respect for the administration of the government and the laws—to the engendering of political strife and party spite—to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the prevention of the public good.

However, if in a state the legislative and judicial functions be distinct and separate, it matters not so much, for the good fellowship and comfort of men, under what form of Government they actually live, or by what sort of hands even the government may be administered, provided the laws be good in themselves, and rightly defined, and easily come at, and well administered. But all history and daily experience plainly shew that the laws never will be either good in themselves or well defined, unless they for whom they are intended to be a rule, shall both instruct and continue to exercise a due superintendence and control over both those that make them and those that apply them: nor, where they are numerous, and they are so in every civilized and commercial state, can they ever be either readily come at or well administered, unless they have been properly compiled, digested and published, for the instruction and good of all who have an interest in them, and therefore ought to have a knowledge of them.

In circumstances such as these, or in circumstances likely eventually to lead to the consequences above pointed out, nothing certainly can be more desirable for the well-being of a people, or the interests of a government, than to have all the laws collected, digested and published in such a manner and way as that all who may wish or may require to be informed about them, may have easy access to them, and that they may be intelligible and plain to

all whose interests they are intended to guard, and whose practice they are meant to govern.

We have been led to make these general observations now, from our having accidentally the other day fallen in with the prospectus of a work entitled "FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE LAWS OF CANADA." The author's name is not given in the prospectus, but upon enquiry we have ascertained that it is the work of N. B. Doucet, Esq. Notary Public.

The work, it appears, will consist of two large royal octavo volumes, and be furnished, we are told, to subscribers, complete at thirty shillings. This is astonishingly low for a Law Book truly—but we rejoice to see it so, for the lower that the price is, so much greater may the circulation be expected to become, and so much the more good may it be expected to produce. The lowness of the price will bring it within the reach of every body. No one at any rate will grudge that sum, who has any wish to be informed upon the subjects of which it treats. And who can live contentedly in a state without having a general knowledge of the principles at least of the laws of that State? How very necessary such knowledge is to enable one to understand public matters, and to discover the necessity, the scope or bearing, and the value of legislative measures, no man of any reflection needs to be told. If that be necessary merely to understand these things, how much more is it so to enable a man to take part in them. The business of any country will always be better conducted in proportion to the numbers who thoroughly understand and take an interest and an active part in it. In the multitude of counsel there is safety. This is always true, where the prejudices and spirit of party do not interfere to warp men's judgments and lead them astray.

From the magnitude of the work, the great number and variety of the subjects discussed, and the fact of our having before us only the prospectus or index, (for it is nothing more,) it is impossible for us now to convey any thing like an idea either of the contents of the work or of the manner of its execution. However, this ought not in the meantime to prevent us from hailing the promise of its appearance with unmingled pleasure, for whatever in reality the work itself or the manner of its execution may be, it will undoubtedly help to fill up one of the greatest desiderata that can be in the literature of any country—one of the greatest blanks that a nation's interests demand to be filled up—besides it may have the effect of calling their commentators forth. It will greatly smooth their way at all events.

The plan of the work is *comprehensive* undoubtedly. The first volume is historical, and it goes back far enough surely—for it begins with creation itself, and brings the subject of judicial history

down even to the present times. It gives a sketch of the origin and rise of religious and political institutions amongst the principal nations of the world, "from the remotest periods to the present time;" of the origin, rise and successive changes of the constitutional laws of France, and of the common, canon and statute laws of England, so far as these operate on the jurisprudence of Canada. Some may think most of this altogether unnecessary. However it has to be remembered that the work is said to be compiled with the view of directing notarial clerks in their studies. It will serve many other purposes, and will be much more extensively useful than this, we doubt not. However we will deliver no opinion on that head in the meantime. Hereafter we may have opportunities enough as the work comes steadily from the press.* It may be well, nevertheless, now to observe that if this part of the work be ably written, it cannot fail, we think, of being useful to the profession, for they ought to be well acquainted with judicial history, nor can it fail either of affording much valuable and pleasing information to the general reader.

The second volume opens with an account of the general government, religious, military, civil and criminal laws of the natives, particularly of the Huron and Iroquois Indians, at the time the interior of the country was discovered by Jacques Cartier. Much curious matter may therefore be expected in this part of the work, which if it be not very useful to the professional man, will at least be interesting and instructive to the general reader. The disquisition on the Laws of the Natives is followed up by an account of the French and English Conquests, into which appear to be woven the principal ordinances and edicts of the King of France, and of the Council established at Quebec under the French government—the Acts of the Parliament of England, so far as they relate to Canada—the Custom of Paris, with a literal translation of the text—and the English and Scotch rules of succession, so far as they bear on the Laws of Canada. Superadded to this there is a chapter on the Laws of Upper Canada, in which are given the principal statutes affecting the jurisprudence of that Province since the division. Some may also be of opinion that there is a good deal of unnecessary matter in this volume too. But we are glad to see the work come forth in any shape: too glad to *carp*

* We would rejoice to find that this matter were taken up by fitter hands than ours can possibly be. We would cheerfully leave the matter to them for we candidly confess that we are utterly devoid of that previous knowledge and preparation which is absolutely necessary for the right accomplishment of the end in view, having nothing to guide us beyond such general notions as the occasional study of the laws of other countries, and a tolerable acquaintance with the excellent system of our ever dear and beloved mother country confer.

now about what may eventually turn out to be merely a work of supererogation. Prolivity might be expected—and it is very pardonable in the first author on such a subject—the pioneer in that department. Perhaps it may have been found impossible to be very clear without at the same time being very copious. It is one of those cases at any rate, where the fault of commission is not so much to be lamented as the fault of omission, in as much as it may not be so difficult to rectify the one as to supply the other.

To us there seems to be something wanting, something indefinite about that part of the work which treats of the Laws of Lower Canada, and various subjects which we would like much to see fully discussed, appear to be entirely overlooked or only casually noticed. For instance, there seems to be no account of the constitution of our Courts of Law, nor of the form or mode of procedure, which it is necessary for those who enter them to follow. Nor is there, so far as we could see, any account or dissertation upon the Bankrupt Act, passed by the Special Council of Lower Canada, 30th March, 1839, and subsequently sanctioned by Her Majesty. That is a most important act, and likely to become a matter of daily reference. It is undoubtedly an important feature in the law, and therefore ought to have a prominent place in a work of this description. However it must not be forgotten that we are merely judging from the prospectus or index, which may not afford an accurate *vidimus* of all the subjects discussed.

The work is now ready for the press it seems, and it is said that the first part will be out some time in the month of July. It is the first of the kind that has appeared in Canada, and truly it is wanted much. It adds one to the numerous signs which are now beginning to appear of better days being yet in store for Canada. It comes in good time too, for we are on the eve of a great political change. Our laws and our juridical system require renovation; and this cannot be done well if it can be done at all, unless we first know them as they are. It is now high time, therefore, that we were in possession of the means of obtaining that knowledge which is so very desirable, which is indeed altogether indispensable. This work promises to supply it. It will do so in part at all events. To the profession and the public then, it will be an invaluable production.

But beyond the benefits which will arise to the profession and the community generally from its publication, the work, and it is the only one which they can have, may become a sort of text book to the politician, and serve as a kind of beacon to guide the legislature in its future measures and conduct: for, by means of it, if it be rightly executed and properly used, the defects of our Constitution and of our laws will be more readily detected, their

absurdities and their errors will become more evident, from being merely better known, and the means of supplying the one and the mode of rectifying the other, more easily found out and more unerringly applied. It is to be hoped, therefore, that all who are in any way connected with the general government—all who have any hand now, or who expect hereafter to take part in the legislative business of the country, or in the administration of the law magisterially, will not only fail to put themselves in possession of a copy, but will also make it their business, as it most certainly is their duty, to peruse the same with care, and study it with becoming diligence. If that be done in the way that it ought to be done, and by those whose duty it is to do it, and if the public at the same time exercise its natural right of superintendence in the matter, which duty and interest alike require, perhaps our Statute Book will be no more blotted and disgraced by those legislative abortions and hateful excrescences which now abound in it—perhaps, which, if any thing can be is more important still, the seat of Justice, which ever ought to be sacred to talents, qualification and worth, will be no more degraded, not only by the image, but by the very reality of dependent incapability.

If it be the duty of government to discourage litigation, and of the people to promote concord among themselves, which we dare say nobody will disallow, it is equally their duty to do what is likely to prevent the one, or lead to the other. Now that litigation will be lessened, and often prevented, and amity preserved and often restored, in proportion to the attainableness and certainty of the law—to the abbreviation in the procedure and the expediting of Justice generally, we have the juridical history of other countries to satisfy us, and there is no reason that we know of for presuming that a different result must necessarily follow the application of similar means in Canada. The labours of our author must have a certain tendency that way, and his work will no doubt be valuable on that account. Besides it will probably expose the defects of our system in other respects. If so, it may help to remove the veil of prejudice from our minds, and to take the beam out of our eyes, so that we will then see better what is necessary to be done in order to sweep and clear for ever away all those existing anomalies and absurdities which now perplex and annoy and irritate us so much. Without intending the slightest disrespect, we cannot but add that that system must certainly be extremely corrupt and rotten, when its defects and its deformities begin *first* to be exposed and ridiculed by the very men who live by it. To us there seems to be something singular in this assuredly, for it is a part of our philosophy that human nature is pretty much alike every where.

However, to all who feel an interest in their

country, and have a regard for its prosperity, the signs of the times are beginning to be encouraging, and the publication of the work we have been speaking of, is one among the rest of no small promise or importance. As for ourselves we look forward to it with as much eagerness as the hungry man anticipates a rich, substantial and savoury feast.

Considering the subjects of which it treats, whatever be the manner of its execution, we think that it can hardly fail of being extremely useful to all who follow or mean to follow the occupation of the law as the business of their life—to our legislative bodies and all who hope yet to take part in the public business of the country, nor of affording much valuable information and pleasing knowledge to the general reader, and particularly to commercial gentlemen, who must certainly be often subjected to great inconvenience, doubt and loss, for the want of a correct knowledge of at least the ruling maxims and general principles of the law of the land in which they dwell, and in which their business is carried on. Hitherto this has been unattainable—but the work before us promises to supply that desideratum. We trust therefore that it will meet with that reception which its importance merits, and that its author will receive those rewards and that encouragement which he ought to derive, and has a right to expect, from his great and useful labours.

The evils that at present afflict us, the barriers that now obstruct our progress and hinder our prosperity are numerous and great. We conceive it to be our duty if possible to diminish their number, and to reduce their size. The forthcoming work if it be what it might be, and if read and studied as it should be, will no doubt furnish us with that sort of knowledge, and tend to form those kind of habits which will enable us both to discover, at least in part, the sources of our sufferings, and to find out the proper means of correcting them.

At any rate to enable us to become as good and useful subjects as we might be, it humbly appears to us to be absolutely necessary that we should know something of the laws of the land in which we live. Rightly this ought we think to form a fundamental part of every man's education. Heretofore this has not been the case out of Rome at least. In all the modern systems of education of which we have any knowledge, this matter has been strangely and unaccountably overlooked. The consequence is—in every country men may be seen aspiring and striving to become lawmakers, and many exercising these functions too, who, confessedly are utterly ignorant of those principles which ever ought to regulate their measures, and control their conduct, in the important business of legislation. The unfailling results follow of course. Mis-government ensues, discontentment is engendered, and discord and disorder generally attend them.

Though it may seem paradoxical to many, yet it

is nevertheless true, that if the science of law, and of course, of legislation, were less useful than what it is, if a knowledge of the laws of our country were to us a matter of much less importance, they would be much more studied and much better known, for men generally, somehow or other, seem to take the greatest pleasure in those pursuits and matters which are farthest removed from the ordinary business of life, and therefore are least necessary to be followed or known.

Whether or how long this may continue, we do not know. Since the *schoolmaster* went abroad there is a contrary tendency observable to be sure, but it has not got into the right direction yet, and it is possible enough that it may run into a wrong extreme. Every philosopher, we have often heard it said, has his *crotchets*. But every age has its *hobby* too; and the worst of it is, that when it *mounts* it once, it never can be satisfied with a *ride* of ordinary length. It never knows where, or when, or how, to stop, and it sometimes rides itself to death upon it.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE RED HUNTER'S SONG.

The wild woods are ringing,
With hunter and hound—
The fleet elk is flinging
The white foam around!
His broad chest is heaving—
In vain—we are near!
See, our keen shafts are cleaving
The heart of the deer!

Oh! none are so dauntless, so bold, or so free
As the braves of the forest—the warriors—as we!

For warring and hunting
Are games that we love;
With the free breeze around us—
The bright sky above!
When foemen are near us,
Our question is, "Where?"
And we follow, for pastime,
The wolf to his lair!

Oh! none are so dauntless, so wild or so free
As the warrior whose couch is the turf or the tree!

Our fathers were mighty,
Their sons are as brave—
And our war-whoop shall wither
The nerves of the slave!
It boots not—we heed not,
Who comes as a foe,
His bones shall lie bleaching
In sunshine and snow!

Oh! none are so dauntless, so free or so wild
As the red-tinted rover—the warrior's child!

G. J.

THE INDIAN'S CHANT.

BY MAJOR LONGMORE.

I.

Hark,—hark,
'Tis the spirit calls
In the thundering roar, of the water falls,
Mark,—mark,
'Tis the meteor shines,
In the vapoury swamp,—with its evil signs,
The owl now flies
With its dismal cries
And shrieks its note, to the slumbering air.—
Hark,—hark,
And the spirit mark
For it stalks with its wand, presiding there.—

II.

Hark,—hark
'Tis the war sound howls,
But we fear no foe, tho' he darkly prowls,—
Mark,—mark
'Tis its deadly form
But we dare the night of the rudest storm,—
Our bows are strung
And our quivers hung,—
And the edges are keen of the tomahawk,—
Come,—come
No fears benumb,—
Though the spirit glares with its deadly stalk.—

III.

Hark,—hark,—
'Tis the white-man's cry
But our arms are nerv'd, and we must not fly
Mark,—mark,
'Tis his awful song
But our chief is here, and his heart is strong;
We fear no foe
With our birchen bow
For the eagle's plume guides the arrow's flight,
Our aim flies well
As the deer can tell,
Then, away, away—for the scalp and fight.

TO THE STARS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Flowers of eternal fire! your forms I see
Scattered athwart the plains of azure bright
Sunning your breasts in Luna's brilliancy,
Who upward peereth in her lustrous light.
Blossoms of glory! dewed with sparkling tears
From the empyrean fount of Heaven's king—
Brightly ye flourish—silver-crested spheres—
All beauteous in your holy blossoming.
Around your bosoms, borne on viewless wings,
Angelic beings flit their happy way,
Gathering the fragrance ye, sweet flowers, do fling,
To balm the zephyrs of undying day.
Realms of the just! Oh! in your glorious bowers,
Be mine a wreath of your eternal flowers!

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FATAL RING.

A DRAMA.

BY E. L. C.

ACT I.

Scene 1st.—An apartment in the Castle of the Count De Chateaubriand, in Brittany. The Baron De Leoncourt reclining in a fauteuil—the Count alternately seated near him, or impatiently traversing the apartment.

BARON.

Thy years are ripe, fair nephew,
So's thy judgment—I gainsay it not,
And yet thy youth is still too green, to spurn
An old man's counsel—one who is deep read
In worldly wisdom, and to whose sad cost,
That strange enigma, woman, has been solved.
Then, once more let me urge thee, as a friend
Who loves thy happiness, to leave thy wife,
Still in her innocence, among these shades ;
Mourning thy absence, yet, with child-like heart,
Joying in nature, and time's gentle lapse,
Counting by things as innocent and fair,
As falling rose-leaves, and new budding flowers.
Still looking forth to hail thy glad return,
All bright and pure, and sparkling as the dews
'Mong which she loves to stray.

COUNT.

Uncle, I owe thee thanks,
For thy tried love, and for thy ready counsel,
Well-meant, and friendly as I know it is ;
But yet, methinks, where woman is concerned,
Thou art o'er cautious, nay almost unjust—
Suspecting all, because, one proved herself,
Faithless and frail.

BARON.

And so another may,
And I would save thee from that fatal rock,
Whereon my hopes were wreck'd. Therefore give ear—

Thy wife is young, and beautiful as day,
And virtuous too—but I have studied her,
And learned full well, she has a yielding soul,
Not formed to stem the leaden tide of grief,
Nor to resist pleasure's allurements bland ;
Still less to turn a deaf, unheeding ear,
To flattery's voice, breathed it may chance to be,
By a young king, who lays at beauty's shrine
His sceptre down, and wins, where'er he sues,
Love's rosy smile.

COUNT, (*impetuously.*)

But not from her !

My own Estelle is true as beautiful,
And not to share the regal throne of France,
Would she prove recreant to her wedded vows.
Thou wrong'st her, sir, in very truth thou dost,

And sure I am, kind as thy nature is,
A drop of wormwood from some bitter source,
Has shed its poison in the milky stream
Of human love—else could'st thou never look
With eye so jaundiced on my blameless wife ;
Could'st ne'er behold her 'mid her birds and flowers,
Bright sinless things, herself as sinless too,
Quaffing delight from pure untroubled founts,
Nor sighing for more artificial joys—
Yet in her mirror'd soul, to all save thee,
Bright as yon stainless heaven, detect a cloud,
Destined ere long its beauty to deform,
And quench in darkness its most lovely light.

BARON.

Nephew, I said not this—I think it not—
I did but warn thee, and I do so still,
As she thou lov'st is void of art and guile,
Strange to the pomps and vanities of courts,
And happy 'mid the simple joys of home,
To shun for her temptation's glittering lures,
At least, till time has added years shed down
On her young head, and lent a sobered hue,
To her warm fancy's dreams.

COUNT.

Aye, if I deem'd

A lawless rioter her fancy were,
Feasting on things forbidden and impure,
I'd cage her close—as close as *thou* could'st wish.
But it is chaste and graceful as herself,
And loves to hover with its airy wings
O'er beauteous forms, and high chivalrous deeds,
Such as must ever win the young, true heart,
To praise and wonder. And my joy has been,
And is, to fan the ethereal glow, whose light
Thus kindled, burns with purest flame, giving
Unerring sign, of the soul's heavenly birth.

BARON.

This very love of the divine and fair,
The great in arts and arms, may prove the source
Of joy intense, or of intenser woe.
Leave her with nature, and her youthful soul
Impassioned as it is, may feast unharmed
On the brave deeds of our chivalrous king,
May read of young De Guise, of Bourbon bold,
Of all who pluck'd bright honour, in the field
Of glorious Marignan, till her cheek kindles,
And her eye o'erflows with feeling strong and deep,
Yet innocent, and of a healthful tone.
But bear her with thee to that glittering court,
Where pomp, and power, and luxury abide,
Where in a form more godlike than she dream'd
Mortal e'er wore, a gallant monarch stoops

To offer incense at her peerless shrine—
 And mark me well—not e'en her love for thee,
 Part of her being, as thou deem'st it is,
 Will prove a safeguard to her tempted soul.
 Ambition, pleasure, power, are shining lures,
 Too strong for woman's weakness to resist—
 And they are wise, who shun the whelming flood,
 They know not how to stem.

COUNT.

Uncle, I thought

My fair Estelle had waked some kindly feeling
 In thy blighted heart, cold as it seemed to be.
 I could forgive thee that it is not so,
 Though I must marvel too, how she could fail
 With all her gentleness, and witching ways,
 To win thy love. But that she should provoke
 Thy judgment harsh, I deem unkind indeed ;
 And were she such an one as thou portray'st,
 I'd spurn her now, aye, from my heart and home,
 Though by the act, I crush'd each infant germ
 Of hope and joy, dooming my wretched self
 To utter, dark, interminable woe.

BARON.

Now thou dost chafe thyself for very naught !
 What said I, that could wound th'unsullied name
 Of thy fair countess ? It is chaste as snow,
 And I but urge thee to preserve it free
 From stain or spot ; for I have read and conned
 Of woman's history, the mystic page,
 And well I ween, to one brought up like her,
 'Mid simple joys, yet, who within her heart,
 Still nourisheth a fount of burning thoughts,
 That, as she bends her o'er the magic scroll
 Where stand the record of heroic deeds,
 O'er her young cheek a kindling glory spread,
 And with their glow light up her lustrous eye
 With radiance intense,—to such an one
 The bright embodied forms of her warm dreams,
 Come not as idle shows, mere empty pageants
 To amuse an hour,—but with a fatal
 And o'erpowering spell, will they intoxicate
 The dazzled sense, enchain the tranced soul,
 And in Lethæan dullness steep the past,
 Which wore till now, joy's Iris tinted hues.

COUNT.

Thou may'st speak truth, yet cannot wake my doubts—
 If not in her, faith ne'er in woman dwelt,
 And I'll believe thee, when I find her false.
 Her vows are mine, her love to me was given
 With free fond heart, though at her maiden feet,
 Far nobler suitors cast their fortunes down—
 Therefore I say again, and fearlessly, I doubt her
 not,—

All radiant as she is, hearts may she win,
 But he must be a craven wretch indeed,
 Would dare pollute her chaste and matron shrine,
 With thoughts impure, or words of lawless love,—
 Staining her cheek with shame.

BARON, (smiling.)

Ah, nephew, mine !

Thou art a very babe in the world's wiles,
 And though I love such freshness, and such truth,
 I fear me much they cannot long preserve
 Their green unsullied hue, stainless and pure ;
 Thou hast not dwelt much at the court of late,—
 Our good king, Louis, sleeps, with the dead mon-
 archs

Of his royal race, and things are changed,
 Since he made wholesome laws, and our own Anne,
 Held chaste and gentle sway, o'er modes and forms ;
 They nurtured humble worth, protected virtue,
 Cherished modesty, and made their court
 A nursery, where youth might learn its duties,
 Learn to love them too. Read the reverse,—
 Savoy's proud Duchess rules, pleasure runs riot,
 Mirth and joy abound, rude revelry rings loud,
 And woman's wit, and woman's syren smile,
 Divert from graver thoughts, the youthful king,
 Who worships beauty, and wherever found,
 In the chaste bowers of holy wedded love,
 Or still unplighted in its virgin morn
 Of angel innocence, will woo and win,
 And for a transient hour with favour crown,
 To be forgotten then, and cast aside,
 Like a crushed flower beneath the spoiler's feet.

COUNT.

Sir, thou dost surely wear a cankered heart,
 To sketch such pictures of the great and fair,
 Pictures of darkest shade, without one ray
 Of soft redeeming light, to lend them grace.
 Thou hast spoke truth of our late sainted king ;
 But of young Francis, foul and cruel wrong.
 To me, it seems, the very soul of truth
 Sits on his brow, nor lurks there dark deceit
 In that effulgent smile, which sheds around,
 Beams like the summer sun, as full of joy,
 As rich in promise of a bright reward.

BARON.

I grant it all,—that he is wise and brave,
 Gentle and courteous as a king need be,—
 And yet I wrong him not,—all know too well
 His one weak point, his sore besetting sin,—
 But he will tell thee, 'tis the fault of youth,
 And of the age, which has licentious grown,
 Granting the monarch freedom to select
 Each flower of fragrance, from whate'er parterre
 Its beauties grace, and wear it on his breast
 While it shall please him to be thus adorned,
 Sufficient triumph for the blighted thing,
 To reign an hour, then pine alone, neglected
 And despised.

COUNT, (thoughtfully.)

'Tis a sad picture this !

Can it be just ? Alas, I dare not,
 No, I dare not say, it has no truth,—
 For now, good uncle, I remember me
 That during my brief sojourn at the court

Last Michaelmas, I heard some passages
Of the king's coolness to his fair young queen,
And once, when I with all a lover's warmth
Spoke of my bride, such then was my Estelle,
I marked a transient colour flush her cheek,
And teardrops gather in her downcast eyes,
Which sore perplexed me,—for I knew not then,
That I was touching with ungentle hand,
A chord of hidden grief. But now, indeed,
The mystery is solved.

BARON.

'Tis truly so,

But Ernest, did the king, of thy young bride
Ne'er question thee—nor utter flatt'ring wish,
That he might welcome her, 'mid ladies bright,
To his gay court ?

COUNT.

Aye, did he oft,—

And of her beauty spoke, which, as he said,
Rumour had called divine. Bade me not act
A sordid miser's part, and hide my treasure
From admiring eyes, but lead her forth
To join the beauteous train that round their queen
Like starry galaxy, circled in living light —
And thence it is, the purpose I have formed,
Which thou dost thwart,—and idly, as I think,—
Of bearing hence, to where my duty calls,
My gentle wife,—since I her fairy bower
Am doomed to quit, I would her voice should cheer,
Her smile, illumine my way.

BARON.

Thou'lt not be guided

By my urgent words, my counsel kindly meant,
Then hear my tale, but from what source 'tis learn'd,
Concerns thee not to ask. I know full well,
That the king's soul is fired with whispered praise
Of thy fair countess,—nay, his eyes have gazed
On her bright semblance, worn around the neck
Of her brave brother, Lantreo De St. Feix,
And he awaits impatient thy return
With thy young wife—now, if thou wilt, depart,—
I say no more—there is nought else to say,
If still resolved, thy purpose is to trust
To woman's faith, and base thy safety,
On a stay so frail.

COUNT.

I am convinced,—not of her weakness,
For I still believe the test she'd bear,
And from the fiery ordeal issue forth,
Like gold by subtle alchemy refined,—
Yet will I not, e'en to a king's bold glance
Her purity expose. In the still shades
Of this sequestered spot I'll leave her safe
With her bright innocence, knowing of vice,
Nought save its hideous name, and all untainted
By the air of courts.

BARON.

Thou'rt wise at last,—

For virtue may not thrive in that death-tainted

Air. But hast thou made no promise to the king,
Which, should'st thou violate, might rouse his wrath,
And on thy head, draw his stern vengeance down ?

COUNT.

And if I have, I will endure the storm,
Nor from its bitter pelting turn away,—
Too blest to brave it for that cherished flower,
Which safe in its green shelter thrives and blooms,
Stainless, and free from blight. Watch o'er it there,
Kind uncle, while I haste as duty bids,
To pay my homage at my sovereign's feet,
Furnished with fair excuse, which thou must frame
For breach of plighted word.

BARON.

Thou wert not wise

Thus to commit thyself. Much dost thou lack
The knowledge needful to direct thy steps,
Through the world's mazes, and the labyrinths dark
Of courtly life. Learn wisdom from experience—
Be not caught with flatt'ry's gilded bait,
Nor quaff too eagerly the honied draught,
Profiered to thy self love.

COUNT.

I'll strive to learn my task,
Hard though it be. Yet uncle, to the king,
What reason shall I give, for non-fulfilment
Of my promised word ?

BARON.

Thou goest tomorrow,

And Estelle is ill with a vile cold,—
That is excuse enough. But if the king
Urge thee to write for her, refuse him not,
And let him see that thou perform the task
With loyal zeal. But lest she should obey
Thy written summons, ere thou dost depart,
Give her some token, by which she may read
Thy true intent, and teach her that thy words
Are meaningless, without the given pledge.

COUNT.

I thank thee, uncle, for thy friendly zeal,
Though I received it doubtfully at first,
Which thou'lt forgive. I have a thought will serve
Our purpose well ; but ere I tell it thee,
I'll seek my wife, and reconcile her,
To our alter'd plan.

(Exit Count.)

SCENE II.

An apartment looking into the gardens of the
castle,—the Countess reclining on a low couch placed
before an open window. The Count enters and casts
himself on his knee beside her.

COUNTESS, (in a tone of playful chiding.)

My truant lord !

'Tis a long hour since thou didst quit my side,—
For when thy parting step rung in mine ear,
Yon gentle star was faintly visible
Amid the folds of twilight's crimson robe,
And now, behold, lonely and beautiful,
Its vestal lamp hangs in the sapphire sky.

COUNT.

Thy pardon, sweet,—no willing truant I,
From thy dear side, as hours and days can tell,
That I have sat, chained by some subtle spell
Thus to thy feet, all powerless to depart,
And quite regardless of all claims, save thine,—
Too dear to be forgot.

COUNTESS, (*smiling.*)

They have been now,
So I must chide thee for this long delay,
This age of absence on the last sweet eve,
Which thus together, we shall pass for months,
In our dear bridal bower.

COUNT.

Say weeks, sweet love, or days,—
For they will bound the term of my brief stay
In yon gay court. My fair and gentle one,
I grieve to tell that I must leave thee lonely
For a while, and with unwilling step,
Speed on the way, which I had fondly thought,
Thou would'st have made with thy dear presence,
bright.

COUNTESS, (*with agitation.*)

Thou wilt not leave me ?

Ernest, why is this ? I have thy promise,
And thou canst not break it—will not, surely—
Nay, thou dost but jest, dost seek to fright me
With the fearful thought of here remaining,
While thou art away, companionless and lone.
'Tis only this,—say, it is only this,—
And I'll forgive thee.

COUNT.

I would it were no more,—

But, sweet Estelle, there are strong motives,
Weak ones I'd not heed, that bid me leave thee
For a space alone, in our calm home.
Brief shall my absence be, and then farewell
To courts, to pride and power—this still retreat
Shall be my paradise, the houri thou,
In whose bright presence I henceforth will dwell,
Nor ask a lot more blest.

COUNTESS, (*with chagrin.*)

'Tis idle all,

This boast of constancy, in the same breath
With which thou tell'st of change, wrought without
cause,

Or by such cause as springs from the suggestions
Of a jaundiced mind, that with its poisonous
And unhealthy hue, tinges each motive,
And each simple act, of which a jealous
Cognizance it takes.

COUNT.

Estelle, thou art unjust,

If at the Baron thou dost aim this shaft.
His heart is kind, though oft in word, I grant,
He is severe and harsh,—but blame him not,
Since the deep injuries which in youth he bore
From perjured woman, make him what he is—
Yet I deny not, that his voice had weight

In my resolve,—'tis right it should be so,—
He was my father's brother, is my friend,
A tried and trusted one, who seeks our good,
Lending his wisdom, and experience sage,
Our youthful ignorance to guide and teach,
And warn, as now, of dangers in our path.

COUNTESS.

Thou speak'st in riddles
Ædipus himself would fail to solve.
Since in our purposed visit to the court,
So long designed, what new event has chanced,
To make thy Mentor deem my presence there,
A thing of ill ? If danger lurks for thee,
Is it not right a true loving wife,
Should brave it too ?

COUNT.

Content thee, dearest one,
With knowing this,—that were it for thy weal
That thou should'st go, I'd spurn all counsel—
Perils manifold undaunted face,
To bear thee with me—but the knowledge gained,
That for thy comfort, and thy happiness,
It still were best, thou in thy bower abide,
Constrains me to depart, and leave thee lone—
Yet sad I go—sad as a heart may be,
Which leaves its all behind ; its food and joy,
The one dear thought, that as time swiftly flies,
It brings me nearer to the envied goal,
Of our re-union sweet.

COUNTESS, (*sadly, yet with bitterness.*)

I yield perforce,—

For such is woman's lot, doomed to renounce
Each cherished wish, each generous impulse crush,
That is at war with man's supremacy—
Thy pardon, sweet, I could not choose but yield
To this one saddening touch of bitterness,
In which my spirit's steep'd—but it is o'er,—
So smooth that frowning brow, and smile on me,
Though I, alas, no answering smile may give.
I can but dwell on the sad solitude,
Of my lone home, when thou art far away,
And I companionless, within these walls—
Uncheer'd by aught, save the fond retrospect,
Of vanished joys, as brief as they were bright.

COUNT.

Why yield thee to this mood, morose and sad ?
I scarce my radiant wife can recognize,
Wrapped in this sombre cloud of discontent.
Cheer thee, my love, and let the magic wand
Of hope and memory, scatter rainbow hues
O'er those lone hours, when exiled from thy side,
I wander far, the while my spirit dwells
In thy sweet presence, hangs upon thy smile,
Basks in the light of thine effulgent eyes,
Till my fond heartstrings thrill, aye e'en as now,
At the low murmur of thine angel voice,
And my cheek glows, as o'er it softly steals
Thy fragrant breath,—the dupe of fancy,—
Such I fain would be, till time restore thee

To my arms, again, and joy's full cup
Is sparkling at our lips.

COUNTESS, (*smiling.*)

Ah, wily flatterer! by such honied words
The fortress weak of my unguarded heart
Thou erst didst win,—lured from their trusty watch,
Its sentinels, and o'er the conquered post,
The banner bright, of love triumphant raised.

COUNT.

And there for aye, may the fair signal wave,
Guarded by Honour pure, and holy Faith,
Brave knights and true, that brook no trait'rous foe,
And whose broad shields, glow with the blazonry
Of virtuous deeds, high thoughts, and stedfast minds.
At thy heart's portal, sweet, let these keep watch,
As still they will at mine, and we shall meet,
Ere that young moon waxes and wanes again,
Blessing and blest, doubly each other's,
And more rich in love, than on the morning
Of that bridal day, when I the circlet
On thy finger placed, that made thee mine,
And clasped, enraptured to my throbbing breast,
Thy fair and shrinking form.

COUNTESS.

Alas, I fear in yon gay court,
Where beauty's fatal glance around is thrown,
Asking a shield of adamant power
Its lightnings to repel, those trusty sentinels,
Lured from their post, will leave the fortress
Open to the foe. 'Mid radiant forms,
And pleasures ever new, wilt thou recall
The lonely dweller in thine ancient halls,
Or when like some dim vision, faint and sad,
She flits before thy gaze, wilt thou not learn
To loathe the hated bonds that bar thy rise
To power's proud eminence, or fortune's height?

COUNT, (*reproachfully.*)

Deserve I this?

And least of all from thee?—thou who dost know
How every cherished thought, desire and hope
Of my rapt soul, have still been consecrate
To thee alone, how I have turned a deaf,
Uncharmed ear, to proud ambition's voice,
To glory's call. Though loud the thrilling echo
Of her trumpet, rung through the waking land,
Its pealing notes, stirred not my kindling blood,
Like one low accent, whispered soft by thee—
Yet thou dost chide me, wound my soul with doubts,
E'en while to all, save love, I recant am.

COUNTESS, (*caressing him.*)

Sweet, pardon me,

For this, my passion's fault,—since loved I less,
No vexing doubts my tranquil heart would know.
I cannot bear that thy dear glance should dwell
With pleased delight, on any face save mine,
And there is anguish in the bitter thought,
That for an instant I may be forgot
In the soft smile of one more fair and bright,
But not more fond,—thou know'st that cannot be.

COUNT.

Nor can it be, my beautiful Estelle,
Thy Ernest e'er should stray, in thought or deed,
From the allegiance sweet, he owes to thee;
To his fond eyes, no form can boast of grace,
When thine is by,—and to his tranced ear,
An angel's voice would breathe less sweet than thine.
Then fear not, love, for though between us,
Mountain barriers rise, thy lovely image
In my heart I bear, a talisman 'gainst harm.

COUNTESS.

Man boasts of constancy, but knows it not,
'Tis woman's changeless heart, that nourisheth
This virtue rare,—and whether weal is her's,
Or woe betide, to shroud her sky in gloom,
Still clingeth closely to the chosen one,
In whom her cherished hopes she garnered up,
When life was young and fair. Enough of this—
I wait to know how soon the parting word,
My lips must speak, or if indeed, indeed,
Thou canst resolve to leave me, lone and sad,
In our sweet bower of love.

COUNT.

Not willingly,

Nay with an aching heart I quit thee, love,—
Duty compels; but brief shall be my stay,
Quick my return, and then, no more we part,
For here her court my queen of love shall hold,
And I, the truest and most loyal knight,
That e'er to beauty knelt, will lay my homage
On her radiant shrine, and live for her alone.

COUNTESS, (*faintly smiling.*)

Fair words, and sweet, so thou dost bide by them,
But these are stirring times, and our gay king
Smiles not on those who slight his brilliant court,
Or shrink from danger in the tented field,
Where he, with dauntless heart the cannon braves,
And leads the van of war. Life, passed with thee,
Here in our home of bliss, to me were dear,
Yet for thy sake, I'd seek the court, the camp,
The pride of power and place, the royal smile,
All the rewards which noble name like thine,
Should strive to win.

COUNT, (*gaily.*)

I do not think,

My fair and soft Estelle, there lurk'd this touch
Of high ambition in thy gentle heart,
Whence comes it now, and wherefore till this hour,
Hast thou e'er seemed content with thy still home,
Thy leafy bowers, thy roses, and thy doves,
That at thy bidding come, pecking their food
From off thy fragrant lip?

COUNTESS.

Have I not said,

For thee, for thee alone, I honours crave?
And since, to win them, home must be renounced,
Let me not pine amidst its vanished joys,
Unblest by thee. In scenes of peril,
Or in pleasure's halls, still let me hold

My station by thy side, to share thy fate,
And by that holy vow that made us one,
To soothe thy griefs, and lend a keener zest,
To life's full cup of joy.

COUNT.

My blessings, sweet,
For that deep fount of love, which from thy heart,
Pours its rich treasures forth to glad my life;
Still be thy place close by my shelt'ring side,
My joy to guard thee in our onward course,
From every chilling breath of adverse fate.
But not to win the diadem of France,
Would I lead forth thy young, and untried step,
In the world's path—where 'neath deceitful roses,
Lurk sharp thorns, to pierce the foot of angel
Innocence, and blighting airs, wither
The opening bloom, of virtue's radiant flower.

COUNTESS.

Remember, Ernest, that the soul gains strength,
By learning to resist temptation's power.
Like the young eaglet, that its eyrie leaves
On unfledged wing, prone falls it to the earth,
Too weak to rise, till oft repeated effort
Gives it strength, when lo, it boldly spreads
Its broad dark pinion fearlessly for flight,
And in the sun's bright blaze, with eye unblenched,
Soars upwards to the skies.

COUNT.

But thou wilt soar,
My bird of gentler wing, to virtue's height,
Without this warning fall, if thou but yield
To mine, thy passive will. No trivial cause
Prompts me to urge this wish, but I've been warned
That danger threatens thy peace, and mine through
thine,

In yon licentious court. Should this prove false,
And I my stay prolong, I'll summon thee
To join me there, and the good Baron
Will his escort give, safe to conduct thee
To my waiting arms. Yet, hearken, dearest,
I may be constrained to bid thee come,
With urgent word, despite my better thought,
Therefore, whate'er I write, regard it not,
However pressing, should I send no pledge
In token of my truth—but, if enclosed
Within the letter's folds, this ring thou seest,
It is a symbol that my words import
All they express, and thou may'st then, if so
It pleasure thee, obedience yield.

COUNTESS.

'Tis a strange fancy this—yet since it lends
A hope, however faint, that I ere long
May see thy face again, I will not quarrel
With thy wild caprice, nor say how like a plot
To cage me here, this wondrous mystery seems—
But for the ring, (*looking closely at it*) it is the coun-
terpart

Of this, which thou did'st give on that soft eve
When first thou told thy love.

COUNT.

Dearest, it is—

A turquoise, circled by a diamond wreath—
The same thou wearest, and I have worn one too,
As well thou know'st, because the polish'd stone,
Bears the same lovely hue as thy soft eye;
And when in absence oft it meets my gaze,
It brings to view, thy soul-subduing glance,
Thy beaming smile, with life and beauty warm.
This will I send as earnest of my truth,
If I at court, thy presence fitting deem.
Now let us forth into the garden walk,
Where the bright moonbeams kiss the laughing
flowers,

That bathed in dew, give to the wooing breeze
Their hoarded sweets. Well have we loved this hour,
Through those brief months, that like a blissful
dream,

Too soon have sped; so on this gentle eve,
Let us once more, seek dell, and bower, and grot,
And mid their hallowed haunts, breathe fond, fond
vows

Of truth and changeless love, sworn oft before.
And, sweet, ere autumn bid one flowret fade,
Or change to dusky brown one verdant leaf,
We'll tread again those walks, renew those vows,
By absence holier made. So cheer thee, love,
Emotion pales thy cheek, but this bland air
Will fan it into bloom, and the pure dews,
The fragrance and repose, to thee so dear,
Bring to thy spirit balm. Come, let us forth—
Thus, thus encircling thee, I would defy
Earth's direst woes, and thread, with joy elate,
Life's sinuous path.

*He passes his arm around her waist, and thus
supporting her, they go out.*

SCENE III.

*Paris.—An apartment in the palace of the
Louvre, representing an artist's studio—Paintings
and various works of art are strewed around, and
stretched upon an easel, appears a miniature copy,
still unfinished, of Lionurdo De Vinci's celebrated
picture, The Virgin of the Rocks. A door at the
extremity of the apartment opens, and the Duchess
D'Alençon, followed by her page, enters.—She pauses,
seeing it unoccupied, and addresses her attendant.*

DUCHESS.

I thought De Vinci had been here,—
Did'st thou not say so, Julio?

PAGE.

Madam, I did;

And sure I am, he was, a half hour since,—
Perchance he hath gone forth to meet the king,
But now returned, so say the huntsmen's horns,
From the day's chase.

DUCHESS.

I catch the ringing blast
Wound by Alvarez, lingering long and sweet,
On the blithe horn. I love the merry sound,

And so, my boy, dost thou,—for I can see
The kindling blood, burn on thine olive cheek,
And the impatient flash of thy dark eye,
Eager to gaze on the gay train, and mark
The sylvan spoil, which in their forest warfare,
They have won—go thou, I'll linger here,
Till Lionardo comes, gazing enraptured
On the breathing forms of his creative art.

The page retires, and the Duchess advancing into the apartment, pauses admiringly before the painting on the easel.

'Tis life itself! the very canvass speaks!
What holy meekness, innocence divine,
In the young Saviour's face! and oh, in thine
Virgin adored, what charm ineffable,
Mysterious, sweet, enchains my raptured eye!
But thou, celestial messenger of heaven,
Thou, with that glorious radiance on thy brow,
That grace effulgent round thy breathing form,
Canst be no copy of aught born on earth.
Her fears deceived her, yet—

She spies a miniature upon the table, takes it up and compares it with the figure of the angel in the painting.

Nay, can it be!

It is, it is! alas! poor queen weep on,—
For here indeed is proof of heart estranged,
In him, whom thou dost love with fervour deep.
And why estranged? ah, it were hard to tell.
Ye who can solve the hidden mystery,
Of man's affections, impulses, desires,
If such there be, may answer give to this.
Yet strange it is, sweet Claude, sweet royal bride,
The gift of him, who crown and realm conferr'd
With thy fair hand, a treasure worth them both,
Most strange that any, e'er should rival thee,
In thy lord's heart. Here are bright charms, I own,

(gazing at the miniature,)

Radiant, transcendent, love would say, divine,—
But shrines that breast beneath its stainless snow,
A soul like thine, fraught with all gentle thoughts,
As woman soft, yet as an angel pure.

The King enters, unattended, and without perceiving the miniature in her hand, gaily addresses her:

KING.

Ha, my fair sister!

Hourest thou our studio? *ours*, I say,
Yet here, I am the pupil, nothing more,
Of the great master, noble Lionardo,
Striving, how vainly, thou may'st see by this,
(Holding up an unfinished sketch,)

To catch some spark of that divinest skill,
That heaven-born genius, given but to few,
Which by its inspirations can create
Such forms as those, *(pointing to the easel)*, warm
with the hucs of life,
Glowing with thought, the deep unuttered thought,
Of the soul's inner temple. Is it not

A perfect gem, this copy fair, of that
Chef-d'œuvre, which has immortalized Di Vinci's
Name, and lends its glory to the Louvre's walls,
Outvying all the thousand works of art,
That time has gathered there.

DUCHESS.

'Tis exquisite!

'Twould grace the Vatican, or the bright halls
Of thy imperial brother, royal Charles,
To whom sage rumour has assigned the gift.

KING, *(contemptuously)*.

To him, indeed! cast pearls to swine as soon,
And they the costly offering would esteem
As high of worth, as Charles of Austria,
This peerless gem of art—the last, I fear,
From great Di Vinci's hand, so prized the more,
And for myself designed. It shall adorn
My private oratoire, and fervour add,
By its pure ministry, holy and calm,
To my poor orisons, that so they breathe
Less of this earth than heaven.

DUCHESS, *(with seriousness)*.

'Tis a vain task,

To light devotion's flame, at the low shrine,
Where human passion burns—and ah, my brother,
Less, I fear, far less, the hallowed form
Of the meek Virgin, or the brow divine,
Of him who bore our sins, wins thy rapt gaze
To this unrivall'd group, than the bright face
Of yon refulgent angel, where thine eye,
E'en at the altar's foot, delights to trace
The speaking lineaments of one, thy vows
To thy young Queen, forbid thy heart to love,
Aye, e'en to cherish in thy secret thought,
With fond desire.

KING, *(with surprise and displeasure)*.

Madam, where learned thou this?

Say, what vain fool has dared to prate of that,
Concerns him not, and which might cost his life,
Bore I unsheathed, as other monarchs do,
The sword of swift revenge?

DUCHESS.

Are there not ever

Argus eyes, to watch a monarch's acts?
Thine have not passed unnoted—and the tale
Of thy devotion to a pictured face,
The copy fair, of one, guessed at in vain,
Hath found its way, borne by some ready tongue,
To the Queen's ear, and steeped her heart in grief.
I mocked at it; but straying here this morn,
Found it too true. Behold the voiceless lips,
(Shewing the miniature,)

Which told me of thy guilt!

KING, *(hastily snatching the picture)*,

Fool that he was to leave it thus exposed!

(Aside).

Guilt, didst thou say? *(to the Duchess)*, too harsh by
far, the term
For mine offence, e'en if offence it be.

But wherefore should the heart be thought impure,
Because the eye delights its gaze to feast
On forms of beauty, radiant shapes, that aid
Devotion's cause, and lift the soul to Him,
Whose love creates joy for the outward sense,
That, rightly used, yields spiritual food
To the soul's ceaseless cravings, its deep thirst,
For the divine and beautiful.

DUCHESS.

Most true,

If rightly used—then, then indeed, beauty,
And joy, and love, lend ministering aid
To the soul's upward aim—e'en as that group
Divine, of Raffaele's art, which thou rememberest
In our childhood's home, and before which
Our infant knees we bent in holy awe,
Not paying homage to the artist's skill,
Nor to the forms his hand had robed in light,
But clothing our young thoughts of heavenly things,
With its bright hues, its soft and calm repose,
Fraught as it seemed with the sweet peace benign,
Of that invisible, and radiant world,
Where blest immortals dwell. Tell me, that thus,
Thou only view'st this face, free from low thought,
Guiltless of homage to its mortal charms,
And I'll absolve thee from the secret sin,
Which even now, I laid to thy soul's charge.

KING.

A stern confessor thou, sweet Marguerite,
That with thy saucy questioning, would probe
My inmost heart, ay, e'en the hidden depths,
Scarce to myself revealed. Yet, prithee, say,
Must I stand quite condemned, placed under ban
Of thy strict censure, outcast from thy grace,
If I dare own, there doth a human thought,
Entwine itself with the fair lineaments,
Of that bright face—a thought, as yet so pure,
That earth scarce mingles in the rapturous glow,
With which it thrills my soul.

DUCHESS.

Brother, beware!

Thou dost deceive thyself—dost sorely wrong
That trusting heart, which cast its hoarded wealth
Of young affections, rich, and pure, and deep,
With lavish love on thee. Recal that hour,
Not distant far, when from the royal hand
Of her august and venerable sire,
Thou didst receive this dear, and cherished gift—
One that he prized, oh far, how far above
The realm and crown, which for a dower he gave.
Canst thou not hear his trembling accents fall,
As when he prayed thee to protect his child,
And guard her peace from every breath of ill?
And when with tears he clasped her to his heart,
Then gave her to thine arms, calling thee son,
How with the monarch's majesty were blent,
The father's tenderness, like fleecy cloud,
Softening the splendour of the setting sun.
Dost thou forget that hour, those sacred vows?

And wouldst thou plunge a dagger in that breast,
Where thy sole image dwells? Thou loved her once,
Wherefore,——

KING, (*impetuously interrupting her*).

I loved her not!

And never should have sought her for my bride.
Boy as I was, I felt a strange repugnance
To the act that made her mine; I shunned it,
As thou know'st, and almost wished my high estate
To change with the low peasant, who was free
To choose his heart's fair queen, a boon to king's
denied.

She is not formed for me, though she might make,
With her calm, gentle heart, another's joy.
But such, contents me not—my soul has yearnings
Deep, and passionate, that make it hard, to wrap
Its warm affections up in a cold statue—
Hard, to shrine sweet hopes, in the ungenial breast,
Where 'mid eternal ice, they perished lie,
Yielding no fruit of bliss.

DUCHESS.

Thou hast been taught,

I know not in what school, love's lesson well,
I only feel thou should'st have yielded thee,
But to one teacher for this mystic lore,
To one whose gentle guidings, would have led
Thy willing feet to an untroubled fount
Of peace and joy,—for, ah, thou wrong'st the queen
Thou know'st her not, and couldst thy truant heart
Return,—

KING, (*impatently*).

It is no truant, sister,

Ne'er was her's, as I have told thee oft.
I was the slave of stern necessity,
When at the altar's foot I knelt with her,
And pledged my perjured vows. 'Tis the sad price,
King's must for kingdoms pay, the destiny
Of throned ones, thus to prop unstable power,
By marriages of state—cold heartless ties,
A hollow mockery of the holiest bond,
Ordnained by God to make man's earthly home,
A paradise of bliss.

DUCHESS.

Yet is it binding,

This most holy tie, binding on all—
And deep his guilt, indelible his shame,
A throne's proud heir, or tenant of a cot,
Who with light thought, unlinks the golden chain,
Of holy wedlock, bringing pale despair,
Sullen distrust, and green-eyed jealousy,
To brood malignant o'er the household hearth,
Where joy and love, and sweet domestic peace,
Erst held glad rule—leading the gentle hours
In flowery bands, that as they gaily flew,
Scattered bright blossoms o'er life's rugged path,
And plucked away its thorns.

KING.

Thy pardon, sister,

If I dare to think thy virtue too severe.

Not that I deem it sinless to profane
The marriage vow,—but man is human still—
On power's proud pinnacle, or in the vale
Where life's deep shadows shroud his humble head,—
He still is man, weak, erring, fallible,
And from forced vows the heart will go astray.
Yet I to mine had still been true, perchance,
But for the sudden and electric touch,
Which from indifference cold, and sluggish calm,
My slumbering passions roused. Thou knowest the
time,

When that fair vision from the English Isle,
Came to our court, a bride,—a shrinking bride,
The victim of that cursed policy
Which governs kings, and in its ruthless grasp,
Crushes fond hopes from many a youthful heart.
Then waked my soul,—it ne'er had waked before,
And like a flood, young passions burning tide,
Resistless, strong, o'er all its barrier's swept,
And cast me suppliant at the syren's feet.
Thou know'st it all,—then why repeat the tale ?
She loved another, and I too was bound,
Nor felt till then, how galling were the chains,
That linked me to my fate.

DUCESS.

I knew indeed, this passage in thy life,
And pitied while I blamed. But we have strayed
Strangely from our first theme—that miniature,—
Of which this angel's head, in Lionardo's group,
A copy shews. 'Tis a fair face, I own,
And by its setting, rich with costly gems,
I deem the bright original doth boast
Of gentle blood.

KING.

Thou deemest right,
Her's is a noble line—but less the beauty
Of the picture won my first regards,
Than the resemblance wonderful, it bears,
To the sweet Princess Mary's lovely face,
Which still my memory haunts.

DUCESS.

Thou dost regret her yet ? 'tis wrong, indeed,
If for his kingdom's weal, a king forego
The dearest wish of his enamoured heart,
Still as a king let him the trial bide,
Nor strew the glittering stream where rides his
barque,

With the sad fragments of her shipwreck'd peace,
Whose name has lent new lustre to his throne,
And golden rivets, to secure his power.
But now, my brother, let me learn somewhat
Of this bright semblance, where doth she abide,
Whom it pourtrays ? for I remember not
One face like that, among the the starry beauties
Of thy court.

KING.

She ne'er hath graced it—nor have I yet seen,
More than this copy, of the fair unknown.
By chance I saw e'en this, as thou shalt hear.

Thou know'st but lately, Lautree, Count De Fair,
Returned from Rome, whither erewhile he went,
Charged with affairs of moment to the pope.
The word which back he bore, brooked no delay,
And waiving etiquette, he quickly came
All soiled with dust, panting with speed and toil,
Straight to our closet,—where with hasty thrust,
As from his breast the parchment forth he drew,
Asunder snapped a chain of linked gold,
And out there fell, right at my very feet,
This miniature,—the beauteous face, upturned,
And the soft eyes, with an appealing look,
Fixed on my own, that felt the potent charm,
And spell-bound gazed on the bright wonder,
As it sparkling lay, like suppliant at my feet.
A moment passed, and then the count upraised,
And placed it in his breast. A jealous pang
Shot through my heart, but when he said,
It was the picture of a sister dear,
His only one, and that she was the bride
Of Count Chateaubriand, my feelings changed,
Though still a vain regret, a gnawing pain,
Was busy at my heart—a useless sorrow,
That she were not mine, that radiant creature,
With her wealth of charms—so like to her,
The blushing rose of Tudor's royal line,
That shed its sweetness o'er my slumb'ring heart,
Only to mock it with an empty hope,
Of bliss denied.

DUCESS.

Ah, still those vain regrets !
And yet this miniature—how came it thine ?

KING.

It was the gift,
Or but the loan, perchance, of Count De Fair,
Who read aright, my long, admiring gaze,
And to my care, transferred the speaking face,
Which by De Vinci's magic art, is made,
Immortal in that group.

DUCESS, (*gravely*.)

Such thoughts, thy heart should only link with her,
As with that angel form, which bears her face,
A being not of earth—For said'st thou not,
She was a wedded wife ?—a holy thing,
Like those high priestesses in heathen lore,
Whom to approach was death, and who, unceasing
To one sacred end, with heart and life,
Held ministry untired.

KING, (*sarcastically*.)

She is a wife,
And set apart from the world's gaze, so far,
Thy parallel holds good. Her jealous lord,
Fearing to trust her virtue, or else taught
By babbling lips, of warm regards, bestow'd
By royal eyes, on her fair semblance,
Keeps her prisoned close in his old castle,
Telling her such tales of our gay court,
And the world's wicked wiles, that she, poor soul
Hugs her security, and is content

To wear out life in pastoral Brittany,
A theme of wonder to the simple swains,
Who chant her praises to their listening flocks.

DUCHESS.

'Twere better thus, than venture to defy
The hungry fangs of the sleek courtly wolves,
That habited as sheep, here, lie in wait
To seize their helpless prey, the fair, the young,
The guiltless, falling first, sad victims
To their arts.

KING (*gaily.*)

And at the head

Of this most bestial train, I, potentate,
And king of this broad realm, stand first, supreme,—
Mean'st thou not so! ah, never shake thy head,
And say me nay, for gentle sister, well
My eye is trained, to read thy secret thought,
Disguise it as thou wilt. But comfort thee,
Nor for my kingly honour harbour fears,
Since this soft dove, is kept so closely caged,
That hungry kite, or carrion crow may watch,
In vain, to trap their prey. Twice hath her lord
Appeared at court, without his radiant bride,
Although we urged him, nay laid stern command,
That as in duty bound, he should conduct
Her to her sovereign's feet—and now, again,
This very day he comes, companionless,
His poor excuse, her youth, timidity,
Her love of country joys, and dread of courts.

DUCHESS.

Still may they bind her to her safe retreat,
Unsuited, pure. And as thou dost respect
Love's holy ties, home's tender charities,
Religion, virtue, peace, by thy own conduct,
Give them sacredness in other's eyes,
And let the praise of purity adhere,
As erst it did, in our good uncle's reign,
To thy more brilliant court. Thy pardon, sire,
For though my lips a sister's freedom use,
Prompted by nature's deep, and tender love,
I still remember, thou my sovereign art,
And hast the right to punish as thou wilt,
What e'er offends, although in kindness meant.

KING (*affectionately kissing her.*)

I can bestow no harsher punishment
On fault of thine, than this fond brother's kiss,
A seal of peace, and deep unbroken love.
Between us twain—happy D'Alençon!
Thou dost owe me more, for this small hand,
Than if I had conferred, instead thereof,
Kingdoms, and crowns of praise. But yet, sweet one,
I promise not in all things, to abide
By thy wise counsel. Fallible I am,
As thou dost know—to one I love not, bound,—
Bound by forced ties of hateful policy,
My hand, without my heart. Marvel not, then,
If I on other shrines sweet incense cast,
Incense, consumed by no love-lighted flame,
On the cold altar of my marriage vows.—

Now let's away—no time for grave rebuke,
For I have audience to give this morn,
To the young Duke Ferrara, on affairs
Touching the Milanese.

(*He takes her hand, and leads her out.*)

SCENE IV.

The house of the Count Chateaubriand, in Paris.
—A dim corridor lighted by one tall Gothic window
—D'Arville, the count's confidential valet, pacing
slowly up and down before a closed door leading to
an inner suite of apartments. He pauses occasion-
ally as he approaches the window, to address a page
who stands gazing from it into a court-yard below.

D'ARVILLE.

Thou art in haste, young sir,
At least I judge so by the eager look
Thou send'st abroad. But thou must wait, I trow,
Till thy haste cool, ere thou get answer
From my laggard lord.

PAGE (*impatiently.*)

What need of such delay?

Here I have waited for an hour or more,
Perched at this window, for a simple word,
Might have been uttered with a breath or two—
The while yon saucy groom, has with his tricks,
Tested the mettle of my restive steed,
Till she is mad with rage, and from her bit,
Tosses the foam, like scattered wreaths of snow.
I'll hence with speed, and deal such chastisement,
As the vile knave deserves—so, if thy lord
Would make reply, to message brought by me,
Thou may'st take charge thereof, for I was bid,
Not to o'er stay a term, long since expired.

(*Going.*)

D'ARVILLE (*detaining him.*)

Nay, nay, young cock, thou crow'st a note too loud,
So long thou'rt mated thee with nobler birds,
Aping their airs, and in their plumage trick'd,
Thou deem'st thyself a royal eaglet, too.
Learn manners, minion,—and though days were
past,

Instead of the brief hour that chafes thee so,
Bide, till thou'st bid to go; and for thy sport,
While thou art waiting here, see how yon knave,
Thy dainty mare bestrides, and how she winces
'Neath his galling heel, as 'twere a scorpion's fang.
Ha, boy! It touches thee,—but still gaze on,
And strive to curb thy wrath—'tis a hard task,
But one which thou must learn, if thou would'st thrive
At court.

PAGE.

(*Struggling to escape from the hold of D'Arville,
who detains him with a taunting laugh.*)

Villian, stand off, despite thee, I'll be free,—
Shame on thy mocking tongue that loves to jeer,
When by its flattery there is nought to gain.
But, prithee, have a care, for wrong to me,
Is insult to my lord, and I've a guess,
Thou hop'st from him to gain some guerdon soon,
For treason shewn the count.

D'ARVILLE (*angrily.*)

Now, out upon thee,
For a saucy knave,—a listener too,
Catching a whispered word, and so from that,
Framing a slanderous tale—an idle fool,
With stolen favours flaunting in thy cap,
And boasting words, of women's fond regards,
On thee bestowed.

PAGE, (*laughing.*)

Ha! jealous, art thou!
Well I might have known, that gentle passion,
At the root lay hid, of thy ungentle words,
And all forsooth, because this silken knot,
That once was worn by pretty Jacqueline,
Waves in my cap, as though none else, save thou,
Had any right, love-tokens to display—
Though true it is, of mistress Jacqueline's
One needs not boast, since she hath gifts for all.

D'ARVILLE.

Thou art a lying slave, and had I thee
Now in the green-wood, ay or in yon court,
Where I might fairly grapple thy young throat,
I'd make thee eat thy words, ere thou should'st go
With life and limb unscathed—laugh if thou wilt,
I'll mark this passage down, and thou shalt reap
In fitting time, the harvest of my wrath.

PAGE, (*contemptuously.*)

In fitting time! the brave wait not for that—
And thou hast verily a craven soul,
Or now, thou'dst pluck this favour from my cap,
And tread beneath thy feet. He is not worthy
Of a woman's love, who fears to vindicate
Her slighted fame, where'er it is aspersed—
And if of my betrothed, thou dared to say,
Half I have breathed of thine, I'd make an aim,
Ay, at thy very heart, and pluck it out,
Ere thou should'st live, thy falsehoods to repeat.

D'ARVILLE.

A valiant boaster! When I deign to kill,
'Tis not with words;—keen as their points may be,
Thou'lt find, perchance, unless thou curb thy tongue,
That steel is sharper still, and strikes more sure.
So, I would counsel thee, young hop o' my thumb,
As hath the fairy-tale, to hie thee home,
And bid thy lady's nurse put thee to bed,
And give thee cooling drinks, such as she mixes
For the baby-heir of Fonteray,
When he hath chafed his blood, striving in vain,
To urge his wooden horse, with whip and spur,
On, in the mimic course.

PAGE, (*scornfully.*)

Thou art not worth reply,
Nor will I longer bandy words with thee,
So lead me to thy lord, or let me pass
Forth from the corridor. I will begone—
With one like thee, I but demean myself,
And him I serve. Stand by, I'll get me hence,
And in the court, thy master's pleasure wait.

D'ARVILLE.

Softly, young sir—
Haste brings repentance quick upon its heels,
Know'st thou not so?

He attempts to prevent the Page from passing, who makes resistance, and a scuffle is about to ensue, when the door opens, and the Count de Chateaubriand appears in the corridor.

COUNT, (*angrily.*)

Ho, knaves! what brawl is this?
Thrice have I summoned with a call as loud,
'Twould wake the dead, and yet ye answered not.
Is this a hostelry, that ye should raise
Such din about my ears? And as for thee,
Sir Page, thy lord shall hear of thy rude bearing
In a noble's hall, and I'm at fault,
Or it will cost thee dear.

PAGE.

My lord,
The blame should fall where it is merited,
Not on my head, who guiltless am of wrong.

COUNT.

Doubtless, ye both are wrong—
But I'm in haste, so let the matter rest.
Speed hence with this, (*giving him a billet*), and to
thy master's hand,
Deliver safe.

PAGE.

I will, my lord.
(*Going, speaks aside to d'Arville*),
Beware how thou dost prate when I depart,
Or I in turn will prate, of thy deceit.

(*Exit.*)

COUNT.

What saith the boy?

D'ARVILLE, (*with a forced laugh*).

Naught worth thy hearing, good my lord:
A silly popinjay, this fiery page,
Puffed up with vanity, and angered thus,
Because in harmless sport, I jeer'd the charms
Of a young beauty, who hath caught his heart.

COUNT.

'Twas wrong in thee to flout the stripling so,
And tempt him to o'erstep decorum's laws.
So thou, in truth, deserved the stern rebuke,
I dealt on him. But let it pass, this time,
For now I've matter of more weight to scan—
Listen, and thou shalt hear: the King insists
The Countess shall appear at the grand fête,
Soon to be held at court, to celebrate,
'Tis said, the dauphin's birth—and by his page,
The Duke De Fonteray, now message sends,
To urge my quick compliance with this wish,
This royal whim, so terms he it in sport.
Yet strange it is, the King should press me thus,
On such a theme. Is not my wife my own?
Nor am I bound, e'en by his royal will,
To summon her, unless it pleasure me,
That she should come. Grant, she is beautiful—

Is that a reason why his lawless eye,
Should riot on her charms—why he should strive
To win her rosy smiles from her liege lord ?
Ah, Leoncourt was right—he's like the bee,
This golden flutterer, quitting his own hive,
To sip from every flower within his flight,
Its hoarded sweets.

D'ARVILLE.

And hast thou writ,

My lord ?

COUNT.

No, but I will,

With urgent pen, yet safely too, I trust—
Thanks to this magic ring, without whose aid,
I may entreat, the king command, in vain.

D'ARVILLE.

And yet, my lord, write not too pressingly,
It were not safe to urge her over much,
Lest willingly deceived, she yield herself
To thy persuasions sweet, without the token,
Sent as pledge of truth.

COUNT.

No fear of that,

Too well she knows my words are meaningless,
Without the ring—and if for that she wait,
She'll wait in vain—for ere I send it her,
Another king may rise, o'er France to reign,
And other beauties bloom, to grace his court.
I'll get me hence ere long, for I am sick
With playing this fool's part. Three several times
I've written in this strain, and as I taught,
So has she made reply—but all in vain,
For still the King bids write—making pretence,
A false and shallow one, of his desire,
For my sake, and De Faix's, her to appoint
To post of trust and honour near the Queen.
'Tis hollow all—but breathe to none a word,
For I've laid bare to thee my secret heart,
Since thou, I think, hast served my house too long,
To play the traitor now.

D'ARVILLE, (embarrassed).

My lord is right,

And that indeed must be no paltry bribe,
Shall tempt me to prove false to him, or his.
But look, my lord, that turquoise seems to me,
Not firmly set—at least I thought so now,
Just as my eye fell, with a careless glance,
Upon the gem.

COUNT, (examining it).

Good troth, I hope not,

Yet perhaps 'tis so—look at it closely :
See if thou canst spy aught like a flaw,
For thou dost mind me of an ugly dream,
That haunted me last night. I thought this stone,
This lovely turquoise, whose soft hue is like
My lady's eye, from its rich setting loosed,
And fell, ere I could grasp the precious gem,
In a black pool, like that which 'neath the firs,
In the king's garden, hides itself from day.

48

Sudden I woke, my talisman was safe,
But as I grasped it with convulsive clutch,
This centre stone beneath the pressure moved,—
At least I thought so,—see if I'm deceived.

D'ARVILLE, (looking at it, as the count holds it towards him.)

It is unfixed—yet slightly so, my lord,
But if thou deem'st it safer to secure
The loosened gem, I'll leave it, as I pass,
With the old jeweller, of whom thou bought
The carcanet of rubies.

COUNT.

Well thought of, D'Arville,

But pray, leave it not,—a moment may repair
The injury, and I would have it back,
Ere with its host of dreams the night return.
And now the letter, it shall strait be writ,—
Wait here brief space, and I will give it thee,
That thou may'st forward by a trusty hand,
To Britany—nought else will satisfy
The jealous king.

He re-enters the inner apartment, and closes the door. D'Arville remains in the corridor, and after a few moments approaches the window, and looking at the ring speaks in a low tone to himself.

D'ARVILLE.

'Tis mine, this ring,—

I did not think I could have trick'd him so,
But 'tis not hard to fool a jealous man,
By playing on his fears, else had I failed ;
But yet the secret's treasured in my breast—
Shall I divulge it, and for sordid gain
Betray my lord, despite my promised faith ?
'Tis but to lend the Duke De Fonterau
The ring awhile, till it a model serve,
For one so like in form, twere hard to choose
Between the two ; then in my young lord's letter,
Just to slip the false one, for a voucher
Of its truth, which quick, my lady fair,
Will bring to court, baffling the jealous plan
Of her wise lord, to bar her from its snares ;
Shall I do this, and wear a villain's name,
Deep branded on my brow ? 'twere better not—
And yet the promised price, for this false deed—
It is a goodly one, and tempting too,
No less than this, the hand of Jaqueline,
Filled with a golden dowry by the king,—
This were enough to win a soul from truth,
Without that cottage in the Bois Bologne,
Where I'm to cage my bird,—myself installed
Chief Forester, and head of the demesne,
With all the rights, and rich immunities,
Thereunto belonging. A better life, forsooth,
Than that which waits me with my jealous lord
In his old castle, where henceforth he means
Solely to dwell, the court renounced for aye,
And barred his gates 'gainst gallant cavaliers,
And high-born dames, lest they should tempt
His pretty dove from her lone cote to soar,

Where the fierce falcon, watching for his prey,
May in his greedy talons grasp her close,
And to his eyrie bear.

He walks about musingly for a few minutes, and again speaks.

'Tis folly all,

A silly freak that should not be indulged
In my young lord. Why for a whim of his,
Should I forego advantage to myself?
That will I not, so Duke De Fonteray,
The ring is thine, to serve thy purpose with,
And ere my lady, come (poor thing, 'tis hard
To bury her bright charms so out of sight,)
But ere she come, I'll get myself install'd
With my fair bride, in our snug sinecure,
And there safe hid, laugh at my baffled lord,
Nor fear his wrath. Hark! 'twas his silver call,
That sounded then—and there, again!
I must obey, at least till freedom's won.

Exit.

END OF ACT I.

(ORIGINAL.)

CURSORY COGITATIONS CONCERNING COMPARISONS,

BY MUSOPHILUS.

"Few and unimportant would the errors of men be, if they did but know, first, *what they themselves meant*; and, secondly, what the *words* mean by which they attempt to convey their meaning."

Letters, etc., of S. T. Coleridge.

MANY discourses, about rules for the guidance of men of genius, have been written—laughed at, and allowed by the world to drop quietly into Lethe. Hereafter, some adventurous diver into dusty lore, will drag from oblivion the memorials of that folly which has sought to confine genius within narrow limits, and has thereby done great discredit to the science of criticism. A truly reflective man must decide that genius should never be trammelled with bands or bandages. Genius is as free as the wind, and operates as its possessors shall list, for genius is a law unto itself. No canons, save those prescribed by reason, can be tolerated; and when we talk of the correctness of genius or its works, we mean a conformation to the immutable laws founded in truth and human nature. Viewed in this light, correctness is but the synonyme of excellence.

But, as we have remarked, many arbitrary rules have been prescribed for the restriction and regulation of genius—as though such restriction or regulation were indispensably necessary! Verily, the makers of those rules have shown more ingenuity than wisdom. "Shakspeare," says a Literary Phoenix, "ought not to have made *Othello* black;—for the hero ought always to be white!" Of equal wis-

dom is the dominant King of Prussia, who in a spirit of royal sensitiveness, issued an express injunction, prohibiting, within his realms, the murder of Desdemona by the black *Othello*!—"Milton," says another *Zoilus*, "ought not to have put so many similes into his first book, for the first book should be the most unadorned. There are no similes in the first book of the *Iliad*." A critic, who insists upon a submission to such arbitrary rules, is no more suited to the office of a critic, than a man who had heard no sweeter music than an assinine bray, is competent to write a critique upon the singing of a *Pasta* or a *Malibran*. Why not tell us that etiquette is a necessary adjunct to government, and that the washing of hands is indispensable to devotion?

Nor is this absurd arbitrary system confined merely to letters. Some old fencer, more "correct" than skilful, said to his triumphant opponent: "you had no business to hit me then. You must never thrust *in quart*, until you have thrust *in tierce*."—We have often laughed at the speech of an old German officer, who was a staunch stickler for correctness in military operations, and occasionally, honoured Napoleon with a sneer for spoiling the science of war. "In my youth," said he, "we used to march and countermarch all the summer without gaining or losing a square league, and then we went into winter quarters! *And now, comes an ignorant, hot-headed young man, who flies about from Boulogne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December!* THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF HIS TACTICS IS MONSTROUSLY INCORRECT!!!" This comprehensive speech of the old officer bears a suspicious resemblance to smoke which not unfrequently is the chief issue of *Mein Herr's* mouth. The fencer and the officer have said their says;—but the world, in despite of their dicta, will not the less believe that the end of fencing is to hit, and the end of war to conquer. The world has yet to be convinced that those means are not the most correct which are best adapted to accomplish the ends.

This does, by no means, militate against the doctrine that whatever is performed in letters or war should have for its foundation, reason and truth. Especially in poetry is this to be remarked. A poet who represents one on a death-bed, talking in the rant of an auctioneer or a mountebank, violates nature, and consequently violates the art which constitutes poetry, viz: to imitate nature correctly.

We have been the more particularly induced to a consideration of these rules, from our having found them shockingly trampled upon by a most beraised authoress. The lovely, ever lovely, "L. E. L." has sinned exceedingly in a little ode to the month of April, in which appear the following lines:

*"The apple-blossom's shower of pearl,
The pear-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too!"*

If sound and jingle were the only constituents of poetry, then this stanza might enter some tolerable claim to the epithet. But had the "lovely, ever lovely," consulted some old gardener, she would have discovered that the apple-blossom, by no means bears a resemblance to a "shower of pearl," but is of a most delicate crimson colour. All varieties of the pear-tree mentioned in the books, like some specimens of humanity, decline blushing altogether. The comparison of the blossoms of the two trees to woman's blush is exceedingly droll, since no *pearl*-tinted blush ever mantled on the cheek of beauty, nor did a crimson blush ever prolong its stay for a period of ten days. We lose our reputation for gallantry by the assertion, but we must say that Miss Landon had never in the course of her short span of life, seen any blush which was sometimes rosy and sometimes of the colour of pearl. L. E. L., unfortunately for her fame, imagined poetry to be a sort of "foam-substance" that must rhyme

As a further sample of a slovenliness in the choice of epithets and comparisons, we transcribe a few lines from a modern poem, which is duly dissected by one of the Quarterly Reviews. We doubt not, but many kiss-inviting lips have murmured "beautiful" over the following passage :

"Her lips are parted, and move like rose-leaves opening

To the invisible airs. Her hair, how lightly
Doth its pale golden wreaths, in tangled
Luxuriance, cluster round that neck, and rest
On her white bosom, where the violet vein
Sheds a dim lustre!"

Cain the Wanderer.

There is an abundance of poetical phrases here, which may pass current with those readers who are content with an impression that what they have read is beautiful, but without being able to discover any idea or distinct image. There is a show of sense in the foregoing passage, which, when examined, is found to consist of mere poetical phrases, — a mere cluster of terms. Analyze the passage which is, at first glance, high wrought and "fine," and we shall discover merely the semblance, and not the substance of sense: "Opening rose-leaves," "golden wreaths," "tangled luxuriance," "white bosom," "violet vein," "dim lustre!" The likening of the lips of the fair one to *opening* rose-leaves, which move to the invisible airs, is nonsensical; for it presupposes a capacity to see the expanding leaves. Now, we are not aware that the expanding of a rosebud is more perceptible to the eye than any other vegetative process. But the rhymer compares it to a motion which none, even he himself, could see. The epithet "invisible," as applied to airs, seems to us mere commonplace. The words "lightly" and "cluster," as applied to "tangled luxuriance," strike

us as neutralizing the meaning of each other. The word "cluster" implies thickness and heaviness, and hair, in "tangled luxuriance," cannot be said to fall "lightly." Then we have a "violet vein" shedding a "dim lustre" on a "white bosom!" Now the vein is darker than the bosom, and when a dark object is upon a white one, we conceive the "lustre," whether dim or otherwise, must proceed from the latter.

We have been the more particular in examining these quotations, for the purpose of making use of them as texts, for an investigation into the reason why modern poets so frequently err in their illustrations. Mr. Colton, the celebrated author of "Lacon," in speaking of Miss Landon and magazine writers, insists that they who live in the city cannot have the animating spirit which constitutes the real power and the universal charms of song. What a real poet—what a poet who imitated Nature correctly, would use as the illustration, they use as the subject, and *vice versa*. That which a Londoner sees or enjoys, makes more impression than what he thinks, and as a Londoner lives in a world of art, art must give the tone to whatever he writes or does. The result is, that the comparison, or illustration, is less dignified than the subject. To compare Queen Victoria's perfumer's shop to the fragrance of Araby the Blest, would ennoble the shop; but to say that the groves of Arabia were fragrant as the shop would not appear ridiculous to a London magazine writer; but we must crave indulgence, while we believe that the groves gain nothing by the comparison, albeit the shop is under the royal patronage.

This inattention to the spirit, while an undue regard is lavished upon the external structure of verse, is the legitimate issue of the system of writing *à l'improvisata*. But those who seek for an abiding place in the "proud temple that shines afar," must carve for themselves monuments, at which Truth and Reason cannot frown. Rank and Beauty can enbalm the memories of none in letters; but the puffery of friends may not unfrequently convince many of the truth contained in Pope's celebrated lines:

"Who pants for glory finds but short repose:
A breath revives him and a breath o'erthrows."

To gain an abiding place, an undisputed niche in the Temple, something great must be written—something that towers far above magazine poetry. "We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another," says Walter Savage Landor, in his *Pentameron* and *Pentalogia*; "but, never will any be justly called a great poet, unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds' nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet."

RONDO—FROM DIE WIENER IN BERLIN.

BY MOSCHELLES.

PRESENTED BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

No. II.

ALLEGRO GIOCOLO

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a key signature change to one sharp (F#). The second system continues the piece. The third system features a first ending bracket. The fourth system includes a dynamic marking of *mf* and a *loco* marking.

RONDO.

The first system of the Rondo consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. Above the upper staff, there are four groups of four downward-pointing arrows, each labeled *pi*. Below the lower staff, there are four groups of four downward-pointing arrows, each labeled *ped*. The system concludes with an asterisk (*) on the right.

The second system of the Rondo consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, slurs, and accents. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The system concludes with an asterisk (*) on the right.

The third system of the Rondo consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, slurs, and accents. Above the staff, there is a marking *8va* with a dotted line. Below the staff, there are two groups of four downward-pointing arrows, each labeled *ped*. The system concludes with an asterisk (*) on the right.

The fourth system of the Rondo consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, slurs, and accents. Above the staff, there is a marking *8va* with a dotted line. Below the staff, there are two groups of four downward-pointing arrows, each labeled *ped*. The system concludes with an asterisk (*) on the right.

The fifth system of the Rondo consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, slurs, and accents. Above the staff, there is a marking *loco*. Below the staff, there are two groups of four downward-pointing arrows, each labeled *ped*. The system concludes with an asterisk (*) on the right.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. COLCLOUGH.

WRITTEN ON HER GRAVE.

BY M. ETHELIND SAWTELL.

She is gone from us—it is o'er *her* grave,
 The shadowy pines with moaning music wave
 A murmuring requiem, whose low dirgelike tone
 May with the winds responsive sadness own
 Aerial sympathy. The breathing sound,
 Of its *Æolian* elegy around,
 Soothes my lorn spirit's unrequited grief,
 Which in this solemn loneliness finds relief.
 She is gone from us—moonlight's paleness throws
 O'er the dim churchyard's mystery of repose,
 A softening hue, congenial with the gloom
 And hallowed solitude, to trace the tomb
 Which the reliance of bright faith endears
 Blending with hope, affliction's tribute tears.
 She is gone from us—she is gathered to
 The loved ones of this life—affection drew
 The heart's slow wasting from the treasured past,
 In memory's depths so cherished that its last
 Impressions seemed a firmer link to bind
 Unto the dust and ashes—dust enshrined
 Within its bosom. O'er her husband's grave
 She had beheld *one* summer's verdure wave
 In the long evening vigils, and the dew,
 The mingling of her heavy teardrops knew,
 Bending the fragile flowers, whose faint perfume,
 Soft as the beauty of their palid bloom ;
 Like hidden incense seemed secluded there
 Stirred by the breathing of the mourner's prayer.
 She is gone from us !—how deeply fraught
 Are those sad words with anguish—Love had
 wrought

A triumph in her fond maternal breast,
 Calling her forth from her home's quiet rest,
 To lull the sufferer's pain, to watch beside
 The fever haunted couch, and oh, how tried
 Was her frail strength, devoted to allay,
 With its unwearied care, the hectic's sway,
 And bathe the burning brow—or to beguile
 With the sweet calmness of her patient smile,
 The lingering hours of weakness. But the blight
 Lay on the infant blossoms, with the might
 Of death's own withering chill. But not alone
 Did those young sisters its cold influence own
 It sealed her doom—oh, be the record fraught
 And sanctified with reverential thought.
 She is gone from us—yes, her coffined dust
 Hath been to earth committed, in the trust
 Of sure and certain hope, that He who is
 The resurrection and the life—the bliss
 Of heaven hath won for her. The gentle voice

Stilled unto us, may thankfully rejoice,
 And in seraphic melody express
 The unknown rapture the redeemed possess.
 She is gone from us—to the holy rest
 Of those whom contrite sorrow chastens. Bless'd
 Are they that mourn—and she that part had
 known
 But she had found her refuge, and alone
 Upon her God reposed. The bruised reed
 Had not been crushed—she had been led to feed
 Amid the tender pasture where the dew
 Of sacred promise lay—her anguish knew
 Whereon to cast its burthen—and the meek
 Tears subdued affliction on her cheek
 Were oft exhaled in prayer. For she had found
 Communion with the Saviour, who had bound
 His sheaves within His bosom. Unto Him
 The broken spirit turned, and all of dim
 And hopeless sorrow passed, for mercy shed
 The healing balm as it divinely led
 Her forth beside the footsteps of the flock
 Beneath the shadow of the mighty rock
 Of long enduring ages—where the Dove
 Under the wings of His Almighty love
 Gathers His chosen lilies—where the Rose
 Of Sharon bids the mourner find repose,
 And the forlorn a shelter. Had she not
 In the bereavement of her widowed lot
 Implored His aid, each thought of earth would
 seem

To shroud her spirit with a saddening dream.
 Clouding the visions which alone could trace
 In bright Eternity their resting place.
 Speak of my God, she uttered ! I would pour
 My soul in fervent praise ! recall no more
 Its wanderings back. Speak not of lighter things,
 I rise on childlike faith's submissive wings.
 Christ the beloved hath saved me ! He hath sealed
 Upon mine arm His signet, and revealed
 Redemption's glory, with life giving joy
 Not the frail life, which pain and death destroy,
 But everlasting rapture consummate
 In immortality, and oh ! how great
 Hath been the victory o'er the darkened grave,
 When Christ the ransom of atonement gave
 In His own blood accepted. What a price
 To win for us a rest in Paradise !
 But it is perfected—and I depart,
 Oh, Lord ! accept my faith, the broken heart
 Needs but that lowly offering. And I come
 Jesus to thee—oh, take me to thy home !

She is gone from us—friendship bids us weep !
 But who would wake the grave's forgetful sleep ?
 Who would recall the captive chain of sin
 To bind again, the spirit rescued in
 The Saviour's love ; for victory over death
 Hung on the accents of her parting breath !

OUR TABLE.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGON.

WE have had the pleasure of perusing a few of the numbers of this work, which is now publishing in the "Pickwick" form, in monthly parts, with illustrations. It is a highly amusing work, from the pen of the author of "Harry Lorrequer," and if not altogether equal to that genuine specimen of humour, does not lag far behind it. In the rapid grouping and delineation of character, the author is extremely happy, and when he does attempt description, his success is strikingly apparent. Some of the scenes are grotesque and ludicrous to an extreme, and the *patois* of the Irish peasant, when introduced, is a vivid picture drawn from life.

We select from one of the latest numbers, an *extravaganza* that will amuse our readers:—

Scarcely had Mike concluded, when my door was suddenly burst open, and Sir Harry Boyle, without assuming any of his usual precautions respecting silence and quiet, rushed into the room; a broad grin upon his honest features, and his eyes twinkling in a way that evidently showed me something had occurred to amuse him.

"By Jove, Charley, I mustn't keep it from you, it's too good a thing not to tell you; do you remember that very essenced young gentleman who accompanied Sir George Dashwood from Dublin, as a kind of electioneering friend?"

"Do you mean Mr. Prettyman?"

"The very man; he was, you are aware, some under-secretary in some government department. Well, it seems, that he had come down among us poor savages, as much from motives of learned research and scientific inquiry, as though we had been South Sea Islanders; report had gifted us, humble Galwegians, with some very peculiar traits, and this gifted individual resolved to record them. Whether the election week might have sufficed his appetite for wonders I know not, but he was peaceably taking his departure from the West on Saturday last, when Phil Macnamara met him and pressed him to dine that day with a few friends at his house. You know Phil; so that when I tell you, Sam Burke, of Greenmount, and Roger Doolan, were of the party, I need not say that the English traveller was not left to his own unassisted imagination for his facts; such anecdotes of our habits and customs as they crammed him with, it would appear never were heard before—nothing was too hot or too heavy for the luckless cockney, who, when not sipping his claret, was faithfully recording in his tablet the meems, for a very brilliant and very original work on Ireland."

"Fine country—splendid country—glorious people—gifted—brave—intelligent—but not, happy—*alaa!* Mr. Macnamara, not happy. But we don't know you, gentlemen—we don't indeed, at the other side of the Channel; our notions regarding you are far, very far, from just."

"I hope and trust," said old Burke, "you'll help them to a better understanding ere long."

"Such, my dear sir, will be the proudest task of my life—the facts I have heard here this evening have made so profound an impression upon me, that I burn for the moment when I can make them known to the world at large; to think—just to think that a portion of this beautiful island should be steeped in poverty—that the people not only live upon the mere potatoes, but are absolutely obliged to wear the skins for raiment, as Mr. Doolan has just mentioned to me."

"Which accounts for our cultivation of lumpers;" added Mr. Doolan, "they being the largest species of the root, and best adapted for wearing apparel."

"I should deem myself culpable, indeed I should, did I not inform my countrymen upon the real condition of this great country."

"Why, after your great opportunities for judging," said Phil, "you ought to speak out—you've seen us in a way, I may fairly affirm. Few Englishmen have, and heard more."

"That's it, that's the very thing. Mr. Macnamara, I've looked at you more closely, I've watched you more narrowly, I've witnessed what the French call your *vie intime*."

"Begad you have," said old Burke, with a grin, "and profited by it to the utmost."

"I've been a spectator of your election contests—I've partaken of your hospitality—I've witnessed your popular and national sports—I've been present at your weddings, your fairs, your wakes; but, no, I was forgetting, I never saw a wake."

"Never saw a wake?" repeated each of the company in turn, as though the gentleman was uttering a sentiment of very dubious veracity.

"Never," said Mr. Prettyman, rather abashed at this proof of his incapacity to instruct his English friends upon *all* matters of Irish interest.

"Well, then, said Macnamara, 'with a blessing, we'll show you one. Lord forbid that we shouldn't do the honours of our poor country to an intelligent foreigner, when he's good enough to come amongst us.'"

"Peter," said he, turning to the servant behind him, "who's dead hereabouts?"

"Sorrah one, ye're honour. Since the scrimmage at Portumna, the place is peaceable."

"Who died lately, in the neighbourhood?"

"The Widow Macbride, ye'r honour."

"Couldn't they take her up again, Peter? my friend here never saw a wake."

"I'm afeard not, for it was the boys roasted her, and she wouldn't be a decent corpse for to show a stranger," said Peter in a whisper.

Mr. Prettyman shuddered at these peaceful indications of the neighbourhood, and said nothing.

"Well, then, Peter, tell *Jemmy Divine* to take the old musket in my bed-room and go over to the Clunagh bog; he can't go wrong, there's twelve families there that never pay a half-penny rent; and when it's done, let him give notice to the neighbourhood, and we'll have a rousing wake."

"You don't mean, Mr. Macnamara, you don't mean to say——," stammered out the cockney, with a face like a ghost.

“ ‘I only mean to say,’ said Phil, laughing, ‘that you’re keeping the decanters very long at your right hand.’

“ ‘Burke contrived to interpose before the Englishman could ask any explanation of what he had heard—and for some minutes he could only wait in impatient anxiety—when a loud report of a gun close beside the house attracted the attention of the guests—the next moment old Peter entered, his face radiant with smiles.

“ ‘Well, what’s that?’ said Macnamara.

“ ‘ ’Twas Simmy, your honour, as the evening was rainy he said he’d take one of the neighbours, and he hadn’t to go far, for Andy Moore was going home, and he brought him down at once.’

“ ‘Did he shoot him?’ said Mr. Prettyman, while cold perspiration broke over his forehead. ‘Did he murder the man?’

“ ‘Sarra murder,’ said Peter disdainfully; ‘but why wouldn’t he shoot him when the master bid him?’

“ ‘I needn’t tell you more, Charley; but in ten minutes after, feigning some excuse to leave the room, the terrified cockney took flight, and offering twenty guineas for a horse to convey him to Athlone, he left Galway, fully convinced, ‘that they don’t know us on the other side of the Channel.’”

BENTLEY’S MISCELLANY.

THIS excellent periodical continues to maintain its eminent rank among the magazines. The Editor, Mr. Ainsworth, is now publishing in its pages, a novel, under the title of *Guy Fawkes*. Like the former production of his pen, “*Jack Sheppard*,” though sufficiently interesting, it is not calculated to reflect much lustre on our English literature, or to build for its author a lasting popularity. It is, however, a story that for the time being, will be looked for with interest, and read with avidity. There are several other tales, continued through many numbers, which are not inferior to the “leader,” and altogether, the work continues fully worthy of the extensive circulation it enjoys.

CANADIAN SCHOOL ATLAS.

THE above is the title of a book, recently published by Messrs. Armour & Ramsay of this city, for the uses of Canadian Schools. The work contains beautifully executed maps of the Western Hemisphere, the Eastern Hemisphere, Europe, Asia, Africa, Great Britain and Ireland, North America, South America, the United States, and the British Possessions in America, the whole series coloured in excellent style. The work is one of great comparative magnitude, and reflects the highest honour upon the enterprise of the Publishers, to whom the country now owes a School Atlas peculiarly its own.

The book has, we hear, received the approval of the best teachers in the city, and the extremely low rate at which it is disposed of, warrants the hope that it may speedily come into general use in the whole of the British Colonies.

GEOFFREY MONCTON.

WE have pleasure in stating that in our next number we shall be enabled to give the conclusion of this beautiful tale. The great length to which it has extended, we are certain will now be looked upon as anything rather than a fault—though when arriving at the line “to be continued,” some disappointment may have been lately felt. The authoress has been for some time in very delicate health, and the necessary revision was consequently somewhat slow, or we should have endeavoured to have given its conclusion before now.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have again to ask the forbearance of many valued correspondents, whose favours are necessarily left over to grace our future numbers. The rapidly increasing extent of our correspondence is one of the most pleasing features in the Canadian literary world, which we have observed since commencing the publication of the *Garland*, although it leaves us under the necessity of making frequent explanations. We are convinced, however, that these will be freely accepted. It would not have been believed some two years since, that a monthly, the size of our Magazine, would be too small to contain all the *accepted* originals which would be voluntarily furnished to it, without reference to the many papers which we are occasionally compelled to decline.