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THE  
**L I T E R A R Y   G A R L A N D .**

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Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1838.

No. 1.

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TO OUR READERS.

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Though little need I hope  
To grace my tale in speaking for myself.

OTHELLO.

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It is, we believe, customary, on the appearance of a new publication, for the Editor to introduce himself to the public, in a manifesto, setting forth the principles which shall guide, and the motives which shall actuate him, in his quest after literary laurels. This cannot be deemed less than is necessary, when it is designed to enter upon the discussion of topics on which opinions may be at conscientious variance—justice demanding that opponents already in the field should be warned that a new combatant has entered the lists, ready to lift the gage of battle in all honourable warfare, while prudence and courtesy alike imperatively claim from the debutant an exposition of his views, that those whose ideas coincide with his, may be prepared to receive him with the cordiality so necessary to render him an efficient ally, in that which, we would fain believe, each considers to be the cause of truth, justice and patriotism.

It will, of course, be deemed less requisite that we, whose pursuits are designed to interfere with no man's opinions—to encroach upon no man's preserves—but rather to still the angry passions as they rise, and shed upon the troubled waters the oil of peace, should follow the established usage—seeing that we anticipate nothing but the “golden opinions, which our motives merit, believing as we do, that, whatever opinions, political or polemical, may be individually held, there are none with “souls so dead,” that they will offer other than a cordial welcome to a fellow labourer in the good cause of their country's weal; and we have no hesitation in contending, that with the true prosperity of every country, its literature is indissolubly associated. Be this, however, as it may, we too commence our labours, by bespeaking the indulgent consideration of our readers, while we lay before them a brief sketch of our designs, our anticipations and our hopes.

Dispiriting as is the influence of the failure of all who have preceded us, we enter upon the arena with no fear for the result. Asking nothing, claiming nothing, and expecting nothing, until it shall have been fairly earned, we throw ourselves unreluctantly upon the good faith of an honorable community, to whom we offer a secure pledge, that for one year at least our efforts shall not be relaxed. If, at the expiration of that time, the GARLAND shall not have gathered a stem sufficiently powerful to support itself, it must fall and wither, as has been the fate of many a more beautiful and classic wreath. But it shall not be without a struggle. Our predecessors may have brought to their un-

ertaking, an immeasurably greater degree of talent, experience and tact; but none have ever encountered the task with an enthusiasm surpassing ours—with a mind that laughed at difficulty with a truer scorn, and we acknowledge that the difficulties to be surmounted are many—or with a spirit that could more indomitably persevere, if the end were worth the effort and the toil.

There are many who deem, that in a country yet in infancy, with little of storied or traditional lore, the sphere of our action must be circumscribed, and that our efforts, like those of our predecessors, will end in failure. We have no such fear. The richest ground yields not its fruits untilled—the muse, as well becoms a modest maiden, not “unsought is won”—nor did the rock yield its tribute to the perishing Israelites until struck by the prophet’s wand. We know that the character of our philosophy is endangered, when we acknowledge our predilection for the sunnier picture; but ours is a species of poetical philosophy, that gilds the future with its own rainbow hues, and under its inspiration, we do not shrink from the confession of a hope, that the time is not so distant but that some with beards as grey as ours may see it, when the fated lover shall have won the maiden, when the true prophet shall have struck the rock, and when the soil shall yield its golden fruits to the skilful husbandman, as readily as in the most genial clime, fostered, as the literary blossoms will doubtless be, with smiles the warmer as they approach towards maturity.

Nor be it supposed, that we look upon the literary garden as unadorned with native gems. That were judging most unwisely and unwell. For ourselves, we are of those who trace with as much delight, the magnificence of creation in the humble floweret that grows neglected by the way side, as if we scanned the petals of the richest passion-flower that ever bloomed in a garden dedicated by wealth to taste and luxury; and with minds so constituted, it were strange indeed, if we could not find much to admire in what has already been produced. Be the task ours, to gather up of these the most beautiful, and by giving them a “local habitation and a name,” in the pages of the GARLAND, as well preserve them from oblivion, as assist in fostering the spirit of literary enterprise, and, it may be, aid in urging the authors themselves, to produce something still more valuable than any that have hitherto appeared.

All this may, however, be considered as irrelevant to purpose, as throwing a very small modicum of light on our own course of action; but, upon that subject, we have, in sooth, little to add to what is contained in our prospectus. We dare not promise all that we hope—nay, that we believe, we shall be able to accomplish; and beg to refer to the present number as a specimen of the future. As we have before said, it will afford us much pleasure to lay before the public such original literary tales and sketches as it may be in our power to procure, but our principal dependence must be, for a time, at least, that we can borrow from minds so much richer than our own, that many will deem it a waste of space to devote the pages of the Magazine to our own outpourings.

Gentle Reader! We have no wish to wear your patience out, necessary as we much fear, it will be for our interest, that you should regard us with a complacency which can forgive much, in consideration of the honorable, although hitherto hopeless cause we have so readily espoused.

Trusting to the candour and courtesy of the community among whom we dwell, and confident that our efforts will not be altogether unappreciated, this our first number is “most respectfully submitted” to the public, by their most obedient and much obliged servant,

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE HERMIT OF SAINT MAURICE.

It may be now about a dozen years since, in the course of a random ramble through Lower Canada, we found ourselves stemming the waters of the St. Maurice, towards the Falls of Shawinegam, whither we were led, as well by the renown of their romantic beauty, as by a desire to learn something of a mysterious being, who had come there, none knew whence, and had gone, none knew whither. His history was unknown, save that he was fed by the charity of the Indian hunters, who often left a share of their sylvan spoil at the door of his cell, and that his wanderings ever began with night, when his maniac shrieks were heard mingling with the hoarse thunder of the whelming waters.

Leaving the canoe at some distance, and following our Indian guide, we soon reached a spot from which we could look upon the splendid scenery of which the Falls form the principal feature, but our anxiety became more intense as we neared the hermit's haunts, and we rested not until, desiring our guide to lead on, we followed him to the cave of the recluse.

Evening was approaching, and the summer heat was lightly tempered by the life-giving breeze that sprung up as the sun gradually sunk from his burning throne, and his departing beam, mingling with the dashing spray, formed it into beautiful and fantastic shapes,—the richer only that their reign was brief.

A ravine, between two giant rocks, near the centre fall; formed a rude path to the hermit's cave. It had originally been a small fissure formed by some shock of nature, and had been fashioned by the industry of the recluse into a habitable shape. In one corner, a heap of ashes told that here his fire had been, and a few rude implements lay beside the hearth, as if they had been used for some culinary purpose—perhaps to broil the venison left at his porch by the Indian hunters, who revered him, while they shrank from all communion with him, even as he had shrunk from them.

The cell contained nought to tell whether its late lonely occupant was alive or dead—a staff, indeed, leaned against the wall, and a cap, of a fashion that had once been military, hung over the entrance, but dust and cobwebs too plainly told that they had been untouched for years. In looking upon these traces that the cell had been, at one time, tenanted by one who must have dwelt among civilized men, we sank into a strain of melancholy reflections, from which we were aroused by a cry of surprise from the Indian. He had found a narrow passage from the inner side of the cave, over which a web of moss was suspended, and had penetrated into an inner cell, where an unexpected scene met his gaze, and caused the cry that startled us—we immediately followed, and the whole mystery of the hermit's disappearance was unravelled.

The cell was lighted by a torch kindled by the Indian, and disclosed a fleshless figure lying on the floor, beside what seemed an open grave, dug, it might have been, by his own hands, for it seemed as if he had died in a vain attempt to reach it, that he might there sleep the sleep of death, after a life of misery.

On the cavern floor, lay a half open scroll, towards which the head of the skeleton was turned, as if the last look of the maniac had been fixed upon the sad record of his unhappy fate. We took it up, and leaving the Indian to gather the crumbling remnants into the open grave, we crept with a feeling of terror, to the outer cell.

Here, amid the roar of the cataract, with the traces of the victim before us, we read his melancholy tale—melancholy indeed,—the tale of one, the very playmate of utter wretchedness—the victim of a crime so dreadful, that all unconscious as he was, it shook his reason from its throne, and left remembrance but another name for woe.

There is no doubt, that surrounding circumstances lent an interest in the tale, such as it will not possess, when perused by others, but, in the hope

that it may meet the eye of some one not altogether unacquainted with the circumstances, we subjoin

THE SCROLL.

"Yet was not Conrad thus by nature sent."

*Byron.*

NAMELESS, and with a dishonoured lineage, a child of lawless passion, I have been, from the cradle, predestined to a life of unfriended misery—illumed, it may have been, with one brief bright spot—Oh! how my brain whirls when memory again kindles that deceitful ray. Taught from infancy to look upon myself as an outcast one—deserted by a mother, who blushed for the offspring of her shame, and consigned to the keeping of an unmannered and hireling nurse, my childhood was unblest with the sunshine of woman's smile, or the kindly influence of a fond mother's love. Nurtured amid the jeers of the less miserable children of honest wretchedness, with no monitor save my own unchecked passions,—without restraint, save that imposed by a woman's careless and capricious lash, which, while it lacerated my back, left upon my mind traces a thousand times more indelible—could the germ of woe and crime have found a fitter soil? With every stripe, my soul drank deeper of the cup of hate for my kind, and I longed for the strength of manhood, that I might wreak my vengeance upon all who had ever thwarted my lightest wish.

As I emerged from childhood, my limbs attained a vigour beyond my years, and the taunts of my boyish tyrants were hushed, in fear of my revenge. Reckless of all danger, nought could check the fury with which I set at all, who dared oppose my will. I grew in years, and battenng on my degraded fate, I learned to hate the father I had never seen, and to curse the mother whose utter selfishness had left her child to suffer the meed of punishment which was her due. Had either crossed my path, the world had rung with a tale of blood, that would have taught the young to shudder, and the old to bless themselves that they had no son like me.

Yet even I, the wretched and miserable outcast, brooding over the bar that crossed my path, blighting all anticipation of an honoured name, had long dreams of a happy world, in which I might never dwell. Dreams, vain dreams, they were, and I soon learned enough of the world's reality, to know that it was a mart of wickedness, and glutted with hypocrisy and crime—the wretch lordng it over his fellows, rising to power upon the ruin of myriads a hundred times more worthy than himself.

Years crept along with a snail-like pace, and I wondered, though I inquired not, wherefore the old crone, who had been my childhood's nurse, kept me in idleness, while all around were busy with the daily drudgery which won for them a miserable existence. I asked not of my parents, nor whether

they knew aught of me, nor did she ever say that to them she owed the funds applied to her support and mine.

I grew towards manhood, and my unhappiness—"grew with growth and strengthened with my strength." Pride whispered that even to feed life from the gifts of hands so hated, with unextinguishable hate, was a degradation unworthy of my nature, and I yearned after independence, and to be dis severed from almost the only link that bound me to my kind. I cared not what the means were, which might disen thrall me from human intercourse. Though my hand was yet unstained, my heart was ripe for guilt, no matter how dark its hue. There were, indeed, times, when the gloom of my soul was less dense, and my wishes turned to a scene where I might rise to power, if it were but to shame the guilty beings, who had left me to the temptation of passions fierce and unmanageable as their own.

Our cottage was situated on the skirt of one of the poorest villages on the sea-coast of England. The country around was generally of a sterile character, with nothing to recommend it to the wanderer in search of scenic beauty. The village site was in the centre of a low plain, that scarcely rose above the level of the sea, but at a short distance, on the eastern side, a natural forest of considerable magnitude covered the commencement of a chain of rocks which looked towards the ocean. Through the forest, and turning off towards the village, a narrow but deep brook, found its way to the sea, and a carriage road led under the shade of the trees from the hamlet to the castle of Loridale—the manor house, as it was more generally termed—a huge pile, that had stood for many years untenanted, save when occasionally visited by a tyrannic steward, on behalf of a careless lord.

The castle was gradually becoming a pile of ruins, and its solitary and decaying turrets, wore a charm for me, beyond what it could have possessed, had it been robed in all its grandeur, when every tower was manned by the willing serfs of its feudal lord. I heard a voice in the rank grass that choked its pathways, which seemed to say, that like myself it was forgotten and uncared for by all who should have had an interest in its fate. Here, when sleep would not be wooed to my flinty couch, I often wandered whole nights among the crumbling ruins of its once splendored arches, and morning often broke, while I yet lingered sprite-like, among its moss-crowned battlements. It was a fit place for one like me, who had no companionship with my kind, and who shrunk from all human fellowship, with a disgust so marked, that the villagers were wont to speak of me as the "man of gloom."

Spring, for the twentieth time, since I had inhabited that dreary spot, was robing the earth in her emerald mantle, and the desire for change became daily stronger within me. I had for some days for-

saken the castle, and wandered far into the forest, brooding over my future destiny, and striving to form some scheme for my guidance, when I became a habitant of the unknown world; but ignorant as I was, of the way of man, I but involved myself in deeper doubt, and the evening of the third day saw me without settled purpose, save that when the sun again set I would be far away from my childhood's haunts.

I had none with whom I ever held converse, and my resolution was locked in my own breast. Feverish and restless, I could not sleep, and long ere dawn I rose, and sought my way through the forest towards the deserted castle. I had loitered, and morning was breaking when I reached its outer walls. I started to find that it was no longer lonely—carriages stood under the dilapidated archways, and busy sounds were issuing from its precincts in every direction; grooms were busy with their master's steeds, preparing them for the road, and the sounds of boisterous laughter sickened me as I gazed on the unwished for change.

I turned away with a disappointed feeling, to find that the solitude of the scene was broken, and a new impetus was given to my determination to leave my home and my country forever. I turned to the river's side, and walked towards the village.

And I should look upon these peaceful though unblest scenes no more! Could it be, that for this a sigh came from my heaving breast? Was it possible that man could regret what he never loved. It was indeed so—there is a link that binds even the most miserable to his native land—aye, though his heart may never have felt the vibration of one pleasant or happy string. With such feelings was my breast filled and I felt less wretched, even in my sadness, than I had done for years, as I sat down on the river's brink, to muse over these newly awakened feelings. Presently, the stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, and two steeds appeared rushing forwards with a wild and furious rapidity. One already had lost its rider, and a lady, clinging to the mane of the other, seemed as if she would be dashed among the shelving rocks at every bound. On, however, they came—horse and rider borne irresistibly onwards—there was naught to check the fury of their heedless career. Terror was written on the beautiful countenance of the rider, and only mechanically she clung to the saddle—for all consciousness seemed to have deserted her. A moment had scarcely passed and the steeds neared the water's edge, and started at its appearance, the one on which the lady rode, made a sudden pause, and his rider was flung far over his head, into the deep, deep pool. The whole scene had been enacted with a rapidity so dreadful, that I could only gaze in stupid wonder, to see the empire of silence disturbed by an event so new, and I was aroused from my

stupor, only by the death-like shriek of the lady, as she sunk into the opening waters.

I know not werefore it was that I, who had "no sympathy with breathing flesh"—who was wont to luxuriate in thoughts of human woe—should have obeyed the spur of a generous impulse. But so it was—a moment after I dashed the wave aside, and my arm circled the form of the sinking maiden. To me the water was as a native element, and I bore her to the beach, as easily and with as much care as a mother nurses her sleeping child. But even then, it seemed as if the effort had been made too late. Ereathless and insensible, no sign of animation chased from the fair countenance on which I gazed, with an admiration intense and painful, its death-like pallor. Beautiful being! while looking upon thy prostrate form, my soul drank in its first thought of human purity. He had been indeed a demon, who could have looked at thee and thought of sin! Be still, my heart! my hour is not yet come—I would be calm a while, to think over, with unmaddened brain, the thrilling feelings which that form awoke.

Unskilled in the ways of woman, I knew not what would win the struggling spirit back to its beautiful tenement. I shrieked for aid, but there was none near; and I received for answer only the echoes of my own wild cry. Distractedly I raised her inanimate form from the earth, and wrapping her dripping garments around her, as if endowed with superhuman strength, I rushed towards the village, nor rested till my lovely burthen was laid on a lowly bed in the cottage of my aged guardian—her, whom an hour before, I had determined to leave for ever, without a word of kindness or farewell. I besought her, with an eagerness at which she laughed, to save the life of the fragile creature at whose side I knelt. She obeyed my will, and I watched with a throbbing heart, till success began to crown her efforts; and I could have blest her when I saw returning life colour the pallid cheek of the stranger maiden.

As consciousness became stronger, her eye wandered over the unfamiliar objects that lay scattered around her, until it met the gaze that mine fixed on her, when a gleam of recollection seemed to pierce the clouds that overcast her memory, and she cried, in a voice whose tremor spoke her heart's anxiety,

"Albert, my brother! where, oh! where is he?"

For the first time, a thought of the unmastered steed crossed my memory, and exclaiming: "I will seek him," I darted from the cottage, along the line by which I had seen their heedless advance.

My search was not long in vain; I had not proceeded far, when I met a youth, covered with blood and mire, dragging himself along the rugged path. He seemed toil-worn and wearied, and with difficulty staggered onwards; but there was air about him which shewed that he was no villager, and I at

once saw that it was the brother for whom she asked. Anticipating the enquiries he would have made, I hastened to inform him that the lady-rider had escaped with no severer injury than the alarm had caused, and for the present remained in a neighbouring cottage, towards which I instantly supported his tottering footsteps.

While we slowly approached the village, I learned from my companion, that, a short time previously, the Baron of Loridale had suddenly determined upon spending the summer months at the deserted Hall of his ancestors, and prompt in the execution of his designs, had arrived at the castle, accompanied by his son and daughter, without waiting for the completion of even the most necessary repairs.

The young lord, accompanied by his sister, desirous to escape the din of the workmen, as well as to enjoy the pleasure of a ride round their ancestral grounds, had risen early on the morning of the second day after their arrival, and had driven along the road that led towards the hamlet; on entering the forest, the steed ridden by the youth, being suddenly startled, and springing on one side, throw his rider, and finding himself at liberty, started forward, upon the wing of terror,—the other followed. The sequel of the tale is told.

We had now reached within a few paces of the cottage, and the lady stood at the door, anxiously waiting for her brother's approach, and I felt all the loneliness of my own fate, when I saw her eagerly start forward to meet him, and fling herself into his arms.

Joy to meet with him, she had last seen in such danger, had for a moment obscured her vision, and she saw not the blood that stained his garments. When she did, she cried out, in a voice of anguish,

"Thou art hurt, my brother. I have had dreadful fears, but they were forgotten when I looked on thee. Oh, hasten, and this kind woman will dress thy wounds, and tend thee with a mother's care, as she has tended me."

"Nay, Clara," he answered, "I am not hurt, the blood flowing from a few slight scratches, and mingling with the mire, hath given me the seeming of a wounded man. A little pure water, for which I will trouble the goodness of your protectress, will remove all traces of my disaster. But how, my sister didst thou escape unhurt?"

"Indeed I know not, save to the self devotion of this gallant youth I owe my safety. My whole adventure is indistinct and dreamlike, from the moment when I saw thy fall, until revived by the generous care of these kindly cottagers."

The young Baron was courteous in his acknowledgments for his sister's life; but she offered her thanks with a mien so kind, that it seemed to me as if the obligation were transferred, and I rejoiced in the accident that had led to a result so little looked for.

A messenger having been despatched to the castle,

informing the Baron of the accident, a carriage soon after drew up at the cottage door, and after partaking of such refreshments as the village commanded, the young nobles prepared to return to their father's arms.

Again the lady would have thanked me, but the words died unspoken on her lip, when her eye met the uncourteous gaze of mine, and she gave me her hand in silence. The youth requested that I would visit at the castle, and receive his father's acknowledgments. I promised, and we parted.

Such is fate! I, the most wretched of the outcasts of humanity, had been led by the very moodiness of my misanthropy, to save a being so beautiful and so pure. Life, then, was not altogether the useless burthen I had deemed it. It was consecrated by the use to which it was applied by destiny, and I should no longer repine. What to me was the misery of life, if chequered by aught so blissful. I would be sad no more. Such were the thoughts with which my mind was busy, while the carriage slowly rolled from the cottage, and it seemed as if a ray of light had suddenly pierced the dungeon of my soul. Time hath taught me that first impressions were the safest, and that distrust should mingle with every draught of joy, if we would shun the bitter chalice of despair and woe. Of my departure I thought no more. Imagination dwelt with the maiden of Loridale, and it seemed an age, till the next day found me a loiterer in the Baron's hall, awaiting admission to his presence; and I felt awed by the reflections conjured up by the pomp and state which usurped, as if called thither by the magician's wand, the lately ruined scene.

Fancy was busy, and its pencil limned the Baron of Loridale as something above humanity. I was not of those who deemed that man was better because he was rich and powerful, but the father of the glorious girl I had yesterday looked on with so rapt a gaze, must be something beyond his race—that eye and brow could come of no common stock,—and then her form, it was such as sculptors dream of, when their master passion fires their waking or their sleeping thoughts. He—her sire—must bear upon his front, the stamp of nature's own nobility.

Fantastic and visionary dreams!—the powerful Baron—the descendant of a hundred ancestors, whose names were blazoned among the great of former times—was a miserable and decrepid being—palsied with the debauchery of wasted youth—a thing to spurn at, if met on the way-side—but, to be worshipped as the descendant of the "mighty dead," when seen among the trappings of their day of pride.

He rose at my entrance, and offering his hand, which I lightly touched, he tendered his acknowledgments, in a voice whose assumed suavity gave place as he proceeded, to its wonted pride.

"Brave youth," he said, "a father thanks thee

for his daughter's life, and for all thy friendly care ; and the Baron of Loridale acknowledges the debt incurred to the preserver of the daughter of an honoured house. May he learn the name and lineage of the family which claims a boy so gallant for its pride."

There was a strange feeling of dislike—a loathing for which I knew no cause—crept upon me, while I looked upon the time-worn Baron, and as he proceeded with his cant about honour and lineage, I felt all the degradation of my birth, and answered bitterly, "I, my lord, have neither lineage nor family, nor is there a created being who claims blood akin to mine: the woman at whose breast I drank of life would scorn to own relationship with the child she loathed. I am without name, save that I hold by sufferance, and the villagers call me—Walter Malden."

The Baron started and turned pale, as I believed, from owning an obligation to one of birth so mean, but recovering himself he said,

"I am grieved that I have struck a chord that jars so rudely, yet would I ask, whence have you then derived that name.?"

"My sole companion from earliest remembrance, my nurse, is called Dame Bridget Malden, and village courtesy hath added the name of Walter."

The cheek of the Baron became of a yet more livid hue, and he staggered to his seat. I would have called assistance, but he motioned silence.

"I am subject to fits of lassitude," he said ; "but they are of short endurance, and I will speedily recover. Take this," he continued, while he took a purse from the table, "it will be of use to one so friendless. I will see thee again, when I am better."

"My lord, I thank thee," I replied, proudly, "but I came not here to accept of alms. When next we meet, I trust that thou wilt have better learned to command thy feelings, nor thus wantonly insult even a wretch like me."

The Baron's agitation increased, while I turned to take my leave, and a groan came from the deepest recess of his bosom, as the door slowly closed behind me.

Crossing the hall, I was met by the young lord, but I was in no mood to receive his welcome, and hastily mentioning that his father was unwell, I hurried from the castle, and strode towards the hamlet. Approaching the outer wall, I heard the music of a woman's voice, and looking up, my eye caught the gaze of the Baron's daughter. I bowed lowly and passed on.

Such then was my interview with the long descended Baron, and I felt sickened with its result, although I had expected nothing that should have rendered disappointment pain. True, the fancy sketch of the maiden's father had been a fantasy, but what mattered that to me?—and his bearing had been less courteous and noble than I had reckoned

on, but why should I heed that? Could it indeed, be, that it was shame at holding converse with me, which caused the agitation that shook his frame. Could the contamination of another's crime so change the current of his gratitude, that he should forget it all? Was this not enough to wither up the spring of every kindly feeling, and make the fated wretch forget or curse humanity. Whatever blissful dreams there might have idly played around my heart, were chased away ere they had found a lodgment there, and I again felt as I was wont to feel.

Some weeks elapsed, and no event occurred to enliven the dull monotony of my weary life, until at length I was astonished to see a travelling carriage draw up at the door, and the young Baron of Loridale enter the cottage to bid me farewell, previous to his departure on a tour of pleasure among the northern mountains. He was desirous to offer, on his father's behalf, whatever I might judge most valuable to the welfare of my future life, if it were my desire to leave the inactivity in which I had been fostered. My answer was, that I thanked them for all their kindness, but I desired nothing I could not command. He looked at me with a disappointed gaze, and reluctantly bade me farewell.

Clara was now alone. Her mother had long been dead, and her father was too much engaged with his own business to waste much of his time with her, and she was thrown upon her own resources for amusement. She often strolled forth among the cottars, or along the river's brink, into the woodland shades, that skirted her father's wide domain.

Destiny led us to the same haunts, in the woods of Loridale, and they were those which were most lonely. She sought them, for she loved to look undisturbed upon the frowning precipices of nature, and I, because I could there batten in the deepest solitude on my own cheerless doom. At first, I sought not her presence, and she knew not that my eye saw all her wanderings. Familiar with every rock and tree, unobserved I was a guard to her while she gathered the wild flowers, and wove them into wreaths. A female attendant had followed for the first days she sought the forest, but as she became familiar with its devious paths, and secure from intrusion, she often walked forth alone, or with only a playful spaniel to gambol beside her.

But this could not endure forever. It was the morn of a beautiful day, and I had early sought my wonted haunts in the forest, but I roved farther on, that my moody thoughts might not be chased away, even by the fair and gentle girl, and I lay down behind a jutting rock, to think over my own sad thoughts alone.

I was aroused from a reverie by the shrill bark of the dog, and starting up, Clara of Loridale stood before me. Timid and shrinking, she would have retired from my presence, but I hastily approached and craved forgiveness for the alarm my presence had

given,—and \* \* \* \* that day I was the companion of her wanderings.

Time sped on, and day after day, I was by the side of the Baron's daughter. We talked together, and her brother was the theme on which she loved to dwell, and I wished that I too had a sister to care for me. Once, indeed, I told the whole tale of my own misery, and she listened till the tears rolled over her fair cheeks—I would have forfeited earth or heaven to have kissed them off. Was it strange that I should love—madly love—a being so beautiful and so kind—one who listened to me, and did not chide—who was sad at my afflictions, and whispered that it was in my own power to make the world—myself—forget that which gnawed at my heart-strings.

Summer was advancing, and the time for her brother's return was near at hand, when her lonely walks would cease. The sun was near his setting, and I walked beside her towards her home, when, crossing a shining brook, in which a few stones had been placed as a rude ford, the step shook, and Clara stumbled. I was beside her, and my arm caught her as she fell.

"My guardian, ever!" she said softly, as she disengaged herself, and a smile chased the blush from her cheek.

"Oh! that I were indeed worthy to be thy guardian," I cried, and passion long pent up, swept in a torrent from my lips. "Maiden, hear me! If there be that which men call love—it is that which burns in my heart for thee!—if there be not, it is adoration! Fear not, lady! nor look on me with such a startled gaze. I ask only that thou wilt listen while I speak that with which my heart is bursting. Thou art beautiful, lady, but not thy beauty hath twined its spell around me. Thou art young, admired, honoured and happy—not for all this does my heart throb—but because, I have learned from thee, that all mankind hate not the unfortunate, *because they are so*. But, lady, though—all worthless as I am—I love thee with a warmth beside which whatever man hath felt for woman, were cold and passionless, I ask of thee no kindred feeling. I ask not that thou shouldst waste the treasure of thy soul upon a thing like me—nay, lady, I could see thee wed, and, rejoice in the happiness I knew was thine. Say, then, I am not scorned—that the boldness which hath given utterance to words like these, hath not won thy hate, and I will cross thy path no more."

"Hate thee, Walter, no!" she answered, trembling with strong emotion; "Hate thee! that were indeed a base return for all I owe thee. Nay, thy generous purpose claims, that I should speak as my heart dictates, though it may seem unmaidently. Walter, thou art loved! But in the same moment that thou hearest this, I claim thy promise that we never meet again. But if it will solace thee in

sorrow, know that I will never wed—so may I think on thee, without guilt and without shame. Walter, farewell."

"Thanks, lady, thanks," I exclaimed. "This is indeed more than I dared to hope—to ask—to wish for. I will go far from thee, and pray that sorrow may never dim the radiance of thine eye. My Clara, mine—once, and once only, let my lip speak thus—Clara, farewell!"

"Go, then, Walter, and remember that Clara of Loridale claims from thee that her love hath not been lightly wasted. Let the world speak of thee, when men who owe nobility to birth, die around thee, unhonoured and unsung—so will the faith of what thou hast said be tested. Walter, once again, farewell."

I knelt, and her hand was extended towards me—my lip touched it, and I rose, inspired with a new life. I would have again spoken; but Clara was gone, and my gaze followed her long after her receding form was lost to view.

Oh! the tumultuous feelings that thronged my heart. Joy to feel that I was loved, but woe to think how barren that affection was. But my breast heaved with a prophetic thought that her hope would not be blasted. I would be worthy of her love; the world would ring with my fame, and the glory of my deeds would obscure, if it could not efface, the shame to which I owed my being."

After a night spent in vain endeavour to trace out for myself a career that might be worthy of the hopes expressed by the beautiful maiden of Loridale, I rose unrefreshed and unhappy. The shuddering feeling with which the Baron had regarded me, seemed but an index to that of the world at large. I feared that all would so regard me, and I shrank from mingling among those who could thus trample upon one whom fate had left so branded. I felt that I could not pander to human pride, or fawn upon those on whom the world smiled, were it even possible that by those means, I could teach them to forget my shame.

But every hour was now big with fate, and long ere noon, a liveried slave of the castle came to request that I should attend his lord; and the question rose to my lips, what could he require of me? Could he dream of the intercourse I had held with his daughter? and if so, how could I best avert his wrath from her? I could not guess what the answers might be—but my mind was fixed, that no sacrifice of mine should be withheld if she might escape a moment's pain. I was not long in doubt; and in a brief space, I was ushered to the Baron's presence. When I entered, he was much agitated, and for some time he did not speak, when he did, his voice was husky, and had lost its haughty tone.

"Walter," said he, "I have sent for thee that I might offer something worthy of thy acceptance. I will speak openly. For my own sake as well as

thine, thy absence will afford me pleasure—it boots not that I should mention wherefore—thy changing colour tells me it is felt; but I have no wish that thou shouldst go forth into the world unfriended. The present is a time when brave men meet reward, and our King claims the service of all true lieges. I can command a commission in a troop destined for service in the field—it waits thy will.”

“And with thanks, my lord, will I accept the boon from thee, nor will I enquire the motive of thy goodness, since it hath given an aim to my fixed purpose of leaving my native land, for a time, if not forever.

“This is well,” he said, while a gleam of pleasure shot over his countenance; “the military tutor of my son shall for a time attend on thee, and school thee in the mystery of thy new career.”

“My lord,” I answered, “I will not ask thee to forgive my untaught rudeness when last we met; thy actions say that much hath been forgiven; nor will I promise to deserve thy favour, but if the world should ever speak more kindly of me, may it afford thee pleasure, that one wretch at least hath been saved by thee from misery and crime.”

The Baron touched the bell, and the servant was ordered to prepare his carriage; it was in waiting. He bade me farewell, and rose to take his usual drive around his pleasure grounds; and this day his daughter sat beside him. I saw her as they drove off, but she saw me not; and I turned slowly towards my guardian's cottage.

The flame of war, in one unbroken blaze, swept over the surface of far-extending Europe, and the all-conquering warrior whose ambition kindled the strife, was trampling upon the necks of prostrate emperors. Kingdoms were trodden under the feet of his legions, and vacant thrones were filled by his satellites, made kings by his nod. The world looked on with awe and wonder, and nations admired while they feared the destruction that followed the “fell swoop” of his eagle's wing.

But the star of a mightier even than he was now rolling onwards to the zenith of its glory. Each the victor in a hundred fields, and conqueror wherever himself led, it remained only to measure their strength against each other, and the younger warrior, with new tales of whose mighty deeds, the public ear was daily filled, yearned for a field to tell which should wear the victor palm.

To follow his star was now my destiny, and I exulted in his fame, idiot-like, hoping that in it I might one day share. Let none sneer at my folly—I was young, ardent, and proud, though inexperienced and without knowledge, and I was cheered by the smile of a beautiful and high-born maiden, who, although to be seen no more by me, was one whose praise I would most willingly have given life to win.

My troop joined his standard, and we were not long inactive. In a brief space we became familiar with war! Today, we met the foe, and conquered—and tomorrow, we feasted on the spoil; and the battle and the banquet were alike welcome—nay, the former was often coveted with an avidity surpassing that with which we hailed the approach of the latter.

Panting only for a fame that would absorb the infamy of my birth no danger could check my ever onward career. Wherever the foeman showed the boldest front, there was my sword seen flashing? Yet I escaped unhurt from a hundred battles—unsathed amid butchered thousands. It seemed as if the battle-axe and the bullet turned aside from one who “wore a charmed life.” I boast not that I was brave—I was reckless—careless of a life without joy, save that I felt in the whirlwind of human passion, or amid the turmoil of battling armies; unless that may be called joy—a vague and undefined idea, that in a warrior's name, the proudest of England's nobles might forget the bar-sinister that disgraced my shield. If it were so, it only proved that even I—vain and miserable fool—sometimes thought too highly of my abject and degraded race.

It was the eve of battle, and warrior thousands were gay in the anticipation of the glory a day would win. The enemy lay within an hour's march of our encampment, but the battle had been deferred, for the enemy were worn out with forced marches, and we were hourly in expectation of reinforcements of straggling parties who had been despatched on foraging or reconnoitering expeditions. Amongst the rest we were joined by a division, newly arrived from England, to which the young Lord of Loridale, who had recently joined the army as a subaltern, was attached. The officers were introduced at our mess, and each rose to exchange greetings with some remembered friend. I, too, rose to my feet, and extended my hand to the young lord, but he turned aside from my proffered palm. Gods! how my veins tingled at the cold-blooded and ungrateful insult. But I spoke not. He sat beside me at the board, and in the interval of mirth, I heard him discourse with a brother officer of the home he had left—and speak of his sister as on the point of union with a nobleman far her superior in rank and wealth.

I became mad, and the hot breath scorched my lips, as the words, in a stern whisper, passed them, and I said,

“Tell me, my lord, who that noble is?”

“Tell thee,” he answered, while his face became livid with passion, at the unlooked for interruption; “What doth it concern thee who is the wooer of an honoured maiden?”

“Much,” I answered, “it concerneth me, who is the lover of Clara——”

“Name her not!” he cried, “thinkest thou thy daring insolence is unknown, or that because my

father fostered the hand he should have crushed, I, too, will act as becomes a drivelling fool."

"Name her not!" I answered, while an unnatural calmness pervaded my whole frame; "and this from thee. Whose was the arm that snatched her from the grave, when thou, poor boy, wert wallowing in mire; thrown from the saddle of an ambling nag? Name her not—"

"Peace, bastard, peace!" again he vociferated, while the tempest of passion raged within him, and his willing sword had already left its scabbard, and was aimed at my breast. I snatched it from him, as if it had been a bauble in an infant's hand, and striking him with its hilt, returned it, saying:

"It becomes not such as thee to draw their weapons upon bearded men. Yet stay, proud boy, tomorrow's sun will shine upon contending host—if thou wilt follow where I shall lead, and fight with me in the battle's front, and thine eye blenchest not before the flashing of a thousand swords, should we escape unscathed, I may not then deny thee an honourable conflict. Till then, there are none here who will deem me coward, when I say, let there be peace between us."

"Be it so," he said, and he became calm while I spoke, "'tis better thus, that my sword should first be fleshed upon my country's foes, it will be more worthy to decide my private quarrel."

There was no voice of dissent, and in a brief space the whole scene was forgotten by all, save the boy baron and him he had so grossly wronged.

Night had far advanced before we sought our pillows, and when I did, it was not to sleep—my thoughts were too busy with the day's events; and yet, I enquired, "What, indeed, did it concern me, who was the wooer of the daughter of Loridale! Why was it that to hear she had followed my expressed wish, should rob my life of its only light? Was it that hope had indeed been playing with so wild a chimera—building anticipations I dared not own to my heart's most secret questioning. I knew not. Former feelings were forgotten, and I longed to look upon the face of the only being who had ever awakened a human sympathy in my breast, and I resolved that if the night of the coming day saw me a living man, I should seek again the home of the Baron, and see Clara before she became a wife.

Day dawned, and the bugle echoed from rank to rank, calling the soldier to his task of blood. The morning sun shone gloriously on glittering helm and spear—horses pawed the earth, and their riders patted their curving necks, with a fondness their common danger awoke. Yet all seemed happy—with unheated blood, men thought of deadly strife, and mourned it not. Surely, they were all mad! Mad, when they smiled and spoke joyously of the beautiful morn, whose day was destined to go down in blood.

Once and once only, I met the young lord of Loridale, as we rode along the line, seeing that all were properly arranged, and a dark shade crossed his brow as he recognised me. We spoke no word; but in his stern countenance I read that he had formed a daring purpose.

The armies met, and shrunk back to meet again, heaving like the billows on the storm-tost sea, one moment they swerved this way—another that—but the post I sought was even in the foremost rank, and the young Baron of Loridale shrunk not from my side.—He seemed endowed with a new strength, and his slight form dilated into giant proportions. Wherever my dark plume waved, there his was also. Thousands fell beside us, and yet neither had received a wound. Once, indeed, a sabre descending on his helm was turned aside by my reeking blade, and the assailant slept among the trodden dead. The boy heeded it not! now here, now there, he emulated my own daring recklessness, and pierced the foemen's ranks as if it were a pleasure for him to sport with life. At length the foe recoiled. The contest became less doubtful; their ranks were broken, and their cohorts scattered, until victory, as was her wont, nestled in the folds of our banner.

The rout became a massacre. Flying thousands were hewed down without a thought of mercy. The blood of the men was heated, and nothing could withstand their fury. Gods! the shrieks of dying myriads yet ring in mine ear. The carnage was so dreadful, that even I felt my heart shrinking and sad while my falchion struck down all who made a last faint effort at resistance. Beside me still, in the front of the pursuit, as in the battle, the young Lord of Loridale tracked his course in death.

A friendly forest had formed a shade for the remaining few of the enemy who were able to drag themselves from the stricken field. And now, amongst the dead, they who had side by side, fought against the enemy of the common country, with blades yet reeking from the conflict dire, remembered the more pitiless contest yet to begin. Private hatred mingling with admiration of each other's prowess, bade them turn to each other. At that moment I had less of bitterness in my heart than he. Yes, I could have forgiven the barbed insult he had flung at my undefended and all humiliating feeling, and even when he claimed my promise, and his sword crossed mine, I said.

"My lord," I seek not to destroy thy life, nor curtail the fame that thou at least, may win—nor would I rob thee of the happiness thou mayest enjoy. The world smiles on thee—hazard not its brightness, nor put it in the balance against one for whom the world cares not, and who scorns the world. None could now impute other than generosity to either, should we decline the combat. The deeds this day achieved will form a shield around thy name.

Dost thou seek my life? It is worthless to me, yet will I not be conquered by mortal arm, while mine can wield a sword. The choice then is thine. Peace or war—I am a suppliant for neither.”

“Nay,” he answered, “it must not be. The world would say I feared thee though I feared no other; defend thyself.” As he spoke, he made lunge at my breast, but my sword turned his aside, and in turn mine was drawn to strike; but I thought of his mourning sister, and withheld my arm. Again he struck, and again his blow was parried. He became furious as each successive blow failed of its aim, and struck at random. His blows were dealt with so true a will, and followed so closely on each other, that I was slightly wounded in the neck, when raising myself in my stirrups, I struck at his right arm. My aim was partially turned aside, and only grazed his arm, but the sword flew from my grasp and struck the jaded steed he rode. The animal reared on the slippery battle ground, but ere he saw the vantage he had gained, horse and rider rolled on the bloody field. I too sprang from my saddle, and again grasped my sword, but the work of death was o’er. The heavy war horse had rolled over the fallen rider, and the soul had winged its flight from its mangled dwelling place. My anger had fled with it, and the first tear that ever disgraced my cheek was shed over the gory remnants of one, whose morn of fame had promised so bright a noon.

The combat began in solitude, but there were enough to look upon its fatal close. The victor-chief, with a number of his attendants, and a corps of unwearied troopers, were scouring the field to prevent the useless carnage, and had arrived in time to witness the fall of the young Lord of Loridale. I was placed under formal arrest, and carried back a prisoner to the camp.

Night closed, and the wassail began, and fixed as my mind was, it was not difficult for an unguarded prisoner to leave the victor-camp. After a day so dreadful, it was not deemed necessary to be strict on watch, and all who were not revelling were sleeping after the day’s fatigue. I passed forth unquestioned, and when morning broke, I was on board a merchant-ship, that only waited a favouring breeze, to leave the shore. The breeze came, and long ere noon I was far away on the swelling wave—bound towards my native land—I had nearly said HOME, but there was no home for me. I was again a wanderer with a forfeit life, and even on the wave was I pursued by fate. Some days had we sped on with every sail spread to the balmy gale, and the chalky cliffs were dimly visible as the fifth day waned into deepening twilight. But the clouds were gathering deeply over the late glorious sky, and with the darkened night, the demon of the tempest was let loose, and swept with pitiless fury over the surging waters. Our bark was tost like a bubble on the foam

ing wave, and the winds playing in the shrouds met a wild response in the creaking timbers of the doomed ship, which gave forth music such as that which is heard in the mighty forest, when the hurricanes sweeps through its lofty boughs.

The seamen shrank from the performance of no duty, but there was a gloom upon every countenance—all saw that there was no hope, and yet they struggled on, and the helmsman guided her through the breakers with unerring skill. Dawning day brought no hope of safety, and mast after mast fell over the vessel’s side, till she was only as a log upon the water; still she was borne on by the resistless wave, and every eye was strained towards the clouded sky, seeking some brighter spot where hope might find a dwelling-place. It was not fear that held sway over me—I had played with death and sported with danger—and yet these hours of gloom were not without their influence on my spirit.

Noon was passed, and the gale swept on with unabated fury, and I stood upon the deck, straining my eye to the threatening shore, against which it seemed as if we would be every moment dashed. But, ha! the rocks were passed, and human habitation met mine eye. I gazed—it was the hamlet where my unblest boyhood was wasted, and as we neared the point where the stream joined its parent sea, I became familiar with its waters. I seized the helm, and strove to guide the vessel to the river’s mouth, but the hope my action fed was but the offspring of a moment. The vessel struck a hidden rock—filled, tottered for a moment, fell over, and was a wreck.

“Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,  
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave.”

A moment more, and every living thing was swept from the sinking bark—and the wild death-shriek—the prayers for mercy were heard over the beetling waters. Some there were who vainly struggled, protracting the period of their pain—some sank placidly to the opening grave, and were seen no more—while some struck out with futile effort to meet a frail skiff that danced over the wave in a vain attempt to rescue the perishing victims of the storm.

It was sport to me to stem the dashing waters, and when all had sunk, I pushed towards the advancing skiff, and rose over the wave, till a few strokes would have brought me to her side, when a sudden pang struck through my frame, and I sank beneath the waters.

There is a blank in my existence—how long I know not but when remembrance came, I was tended by gentle hands in the Castle of Loridale, and a mourning eye was bent over my sunken and hollow cheek. I had been lifted insensible from the water, and borne to the Castle. Its lord was absent, having some days previously left England for the continent, distracted with a rumour of his son’s death, and he

knew not that I was an inmate of his ancestral hall; nor had he mentioned to his daughter the rumour of her loved brother's untimely end.

Here, were memory my slave, it should linger forever; but even as the hours fled, so does their remembrance, and I must follow where I cannot lead. My health soon regained its wonted tone, tended as I was by the hands of Clara of Loridale, and hour after hour saw us by each other's side. The lover chosen by her father was forgotten, or remembered only to be hated. She knew not yet of her brother's death, and I could not check the current of her happiness by avowing my share in his unhappy end. Nay, in her presence, even I forgot it. Love it was that gave the spring to all our thoughts, and the thrilling ecstasy in which my soul was bathed, was a reward too rich for centuries of misery.

The cup of happiness, it is true, was not unmixed. Every moment was fraught with danger. Should the Baron return, I could not hope to escape the vengeance he would claim for the death of his son. But even life was deemed a light stake, when waged for the heaven in which I moved. In my breast passion was ever master, and love was then the master-passion.

Letters came. The Baron was about to leave the continent for his ancestral home; but yet he mentioned not the sad bereavement under which he suffered. Perhaps he feared to trust the tale to any lip less cautious than his own. He spoke, however, of his daughter's marriage as necessary to his happiness, and begged that she would no longer oppose his will. I saw the letter, and read in it that those days of joy must cease—that I must soon be loathed as the murderer of that brother whose death rendered it imperative that she should wed with one she could never look upon with even a friendly eye. Struggling with feelings under which my frame shook, I could resist no more. It was fate, and I obeyed the mandate.

"Clara," I cried, falling at her feet, "I cannot look on thee, and feel that the light must pass forever from mine eyes, and live. Thou lovest me—thy lip hath spoken it, and my soul hath been steeped in the blissful knowledge: thou hast no sympathy with the gilded trappings of heartless grandeur—the treasure of thy heart is love. Wilt thou be mine? Mad as thou mayest deem me, again I say it, wilt thou be mine? Well I know that I have nought to offer that may compensate for what thou wouldst forego; but, oh, Clara! may we not be happy far away from a cold world with which thou hast no fellowship? Can we not form to ourselves a world, peopled with images of unfading joy—where, blessing and blessed, sorrow shall not even mingle with the dreams that play around our pillows. Say, dearest, that it shall be thus, and I will worship thee forever."

Her only answer was a gush of passionate tears. "Oh, do not torture me," I continued, "with these bitter tears. If I have offended, spurn me from thy presence—bid me begone forever—though my heart break, its last effort will be to obey thy will. But think how doubly miserable must be my lonely fate, now that I have learned to dream of heaven—dreams only the echo of my waking thoughts of thee."

"Urge me no more," she answered; "wait till my father's coming—he may, perhaps, sacrifice something to obtain his daughter's peace."

"Nay, Clara, I cannot, I must not wait thy sire's return. Be mine! or I must go forth a homeless wanderer; for what, without thee, is the world but a dungeon which my soul loathes—with thee, what is there that will not bend to my unyielding will? Be mine! and we shall be rich—for in each other's love will be our treasure? We shall be blest—for such true affection cannot be the harbinger of less than happiest hours."

My arm was now around her, and she did not chide, and I exclaimed, with a heart aching from very rapture,

"I feel thy pulses throb against mine own, and thou dost not shrink from my embrace—then am I blest indeed!"

I must hurry on; for memory dwelling on these brighter spots, renders the gloom of a yet darker hue. Were it not so, it were vain to speak again the words that soothed away the maiden's scruples. Her consent was won. An absent wooer—chosen by a sire who never sought his child's affection, never yet was more than a feather, weighed in the balance against one breathing passion at a maiden's feet, although her choice might win that father's frown. 'Twas so with Clara. Passion triumphed—and SHE WAS MINE..

We were wed at my nurse's cottage, and a smile, as-of fierce revenge played over the features of the wretched hag, when she saw me—miserable as I had ever been—indissolubly bound to the Baron's daughter. I questioned nothing. I was too happy in the possession of the beautiful Clara. It seemed however as if the aim of the old crone's life was o'er; she became daily more weak, and her withered features were the pallid impress of death, although she yet breathed, and in a state of speechless insensibility, lingered on until I had left my native land for ever.

I will drop a veil over the few short days in which my bride and I were all in all to each other. I knew that every hour was big with danger to the happiness of the gentle being whose fate was linked with mine, and I was busy with preparations for our departure, that we might go far from the Baron's ken, that she might never feel the searing blight which would have withered up the spring of every joy, had she but dreamed of her brother's death—slain, though

unwittingly, by her husband's hand, and a bark was chartered to carry us far away to a new and unknown world.

Another day, and we should have been on the broad waters. We sat together, with hearts too full to find utterance in words. My thoughts were, however, of happiness—the true happiness of love—which we might share, where there were none to look upon us with the cold eye of scorn. The face of my young wife was turned towards mine, and it was sad—I would not that it had been less so, for she had left the home endeared to her by so many ties, and she might never again look upon the face of her kindred. She tried to smile; but the effort failed, and tears started from her swimming eye. So wrapt had we been in sad reflection that, unheard, a carriage drew up, and the door was burst open. The Baron of Loridae entered the cottage, followed by several of his retainers. Clara started, and clung closer to me, for there was a dark frown upon his brow, although grief had left its traces there.

"It is then so," he said. "Miserable girl, knowest thou the wretchedness of thine own fate—Albert——"

"My Lord, stay," I cried, interrupting him—"Your daughter deserves your pity—the reproach is mine. Nay, my lord, look not so terrible—I can defend her against even a father's rage."

His features were literally convulsed with excessive emotion, and Clara terrified, hid her face in my breast.

"Thou clingest to *him*," he exclaimed; "then indeed, is it time that thou shouldst learn how very a wretch thou art. Know, girl, that he upon whose breast thou leanest, is thy brother's murderer—that he is himself thy father's son!"

"And had I then found a father?" The question that rose to my lip remained unspoken there, for the face of my wife was overspread with the livid pallour of death, and falling prostrate on the earth, she called her sire to unsay those cruel words. He was silent, and she, reading in my bewildered gaze, the dreadful truth of her father's tale, fell on the earth—her heart broken within her, and with a murmured prayer for forgiveness to him who had wrought such ruin, her gentle spirit winged its flight to heaven.

Horror and sorrow were alike forgotten in the madness that raged in my boiling veins. "Hoary villain!" I almost shrieked, "have I indeed drank of life from a source like thee? I have long owed thee a debt of vengeance, and now! the murder of thy child—my sister-wife—hath overflowed the already brimming chalice. Die! villain, die! Thou shalt not live to exult in successful crime," and I sprang towards him with a tiger's bound. A moment more, and he should have slept beside his murdered child, when my course was arrested by a stunning blow from one of his retainers who stood beside him.

I know no more, until I awoke from a long delirium upon the mountain wave, and when memory returned, I learned that I had been borne on board by the followers of the Baron of Loridae, who deemed it better that a tale so coupled with disgrace and crime, should be forgotten in the tomb of its victims. A sealed packet lay beside me, and its contents were these:—

"Boy! thou hast been my curse, but I blame not thee. At thy hands I have well deserved it. Thy mother was young and beautiful, but she was poor. I was high-born, wealthy and a debauchee. I wooed her, not as an honoured bride, but as the plaything of my passion, and she was mine. For months we lived together; thou wert the offspring of our guilt. It became necessary that I should wed, and a lovely heiress was the prize at which I aimed; but that day which saw her mine, saw thy mother a corpse upon my threshold. Thou wert then a helpless infant, and I gave thee to the keeping of a former victim. Her hate may have been the offspring of revenge. I traced thy history from her, and her name and thine gave the first hint of thy paternity. I learned what had passed between thee and thy sister from an accidental loiterer in the wood of Loridae, and it was that gave rise to my anxiety for thy departure from thy native village. Destiny sent thee back to work my ruin, and to avenge thy mother's wrong. She is revenged! and if I live, it is but to spend the rest of life in penance for the past. I cannot call thee son, and it were mockery to wish thee blest, yet do I pray for thy forgiveness. Boy, farewell."

I lived through all! It seemed as if nought could break a heart longing after annihilation. Thrice have I essayed to rob myself of life, and three times hath fate snatched me from the doom for which I prayed. I will essay no more. Better is it that I should suffer, as I now do, with a seared heart and a burning brain, the meed of guilt so dire.—Should this scroll ever meet a human eye, it will be when the hand that traced it is bleached in death—let it be read as the outpouring of a raving maniac, when reason partially illumed his darkened soul.

The foregoing tale is founded upon a very elegant ballad, bearing the same title, with a perusal of which we have been favoured by the author, a gentleman occupying a most prominent position among the *literati* of Canada. The ballad itself we intended publishing with the tale, but the latter has so far exceeded the original bounds assigned to it, that subject as we are to the tyranny of space, we dare not venture further. In our succeeding pages, however, will be found several beautiful productions from the same pen.

## THE SAINT LAWRENCE.

## I.

Hail, mighty river ! parent, chief, and source  
Of foaming rapids, roaring falls, and floods :  
Sire of those ocean-lakes, and inland seas  
That spread their lucent bosoms to the woods,  
And woo their fragrant verdure to their arms :  
Father of depth profound, whose spring and tide  
No ken can trace, nor whitherward they wend !

## II.

Hail mighty lord of streams ! thou mirror vast  
Of facry islands and resplendent groves  
That bend in native fondness o'er thy course,  
And bathe their hoary brows amid thy waves !  
And yet anon, when fraught with fury dire,  
The dark and gloomy spirit of the storm  
Passes tumultuous o'er thy rolling tides,  
Frown dark and dismal, and re-echo loud  
The fell and eager clamour of thy march !

## III.

When calm and silent Time began to roll ;  
Thou, too, commenced thy broad and rapid course :  
And time shall cease before thy giant waves  
Shall pay their last sad tribute to the main.

## IV.

How many reigns of centuries have passed  
Untroubled o'er thy foamy crest and brow,  
Before the sons of men, in nature's guise,  
And stately nakedness of solemn woe,  
Stood on thy verdant banks ! No one can tell :  
Nor yet recount the years of long repose  
Which then were thine amidst thy native woods,  
That hailed thee father, prince, and god of streams :  
And sang perpetual chorus to the strains  
That rose triumphant o'er thy bounding waves !

## V.

Roll on—roll on ! Let Commerce gild thy tides :  
Let Navigation plough in furrows deep  
The rushing floods, till Britain's dauntless flag  
Wave high refulgent o'er thy utmost bounds :  
Let Freedom then resume her peaceful reign,  
And roll in currents vast and pure as thine,  
Till loyalty and law—till time and tide—  
Arc doomed to be, as they shall be—" No MORE."

D. C.

## MADAME DE STAEL.

It was one of the weaknesses of Madame de Staël's mind to wish for the distinction of beauty. She had the folly to say, "she would give half her intellectual capacity for the power of interesting." In quest of compliment, she once tried, when in company with Talleyrand, and a lady of great beauty, to make him show a preference. But in vain she put such ques-

tions as she thought inevitable; he parried all. At last she said, "Now, if both of us were drowning, which would you try to save?" "O, madam!" he replied, bowing to her, "you swim so well."

## THE JEW OF WILNA.

In the advance of the French against Russia, a colonel, strolling in the suburbs of Wilna, heard cries of distress from a house, and entering to ascertain the cause, he found four soldiers engaged in plundering and ill-treating an aged Jew and a young girl. The marauders, not being inclined to relinquish their prey, proceeded to blows; but the colonel, who was an excellent swordsman, laid two of his assailants dead on the spot, and drove the other two from the house severely wounded; he himself received slight wounds, and a ball grazed his cheek. on the return of the remnant of the French army oppressed with fatigue, want and disease, the worn-out soldier, in rags, sought the dwelling of the Jew, and with difficulty was recognised, so completely changed was his appearance. The Jew completely furnished his wardrobe, and contrived to send him through the hostile armies to France. At the peace, the colonel was obliged to retire on a miserable pittance, which an aged mother and sister shared. He had forgotten the Jew of Wilna, when one evening, in the spring of 1816, a man called at his humble abode in the suburbs of Paris, and having satisfied himself as to his identity, placed in his hands a packet, and vanished. On opening it, the colonel found bills, on a banker in Paris, to the amount of £5000, with the following note:—"He whose daughter you preserved from the most brutal treatment, whose life you saved, and whose house you protected from plunder at the risk of your existence, sends you an offering of his gratitude: the only return he requires is, if ever you hear the Jews contemned, you will say that one of that race knew how to be grateful." The old Jew died at Vienna: his daughter, the heiress of his immense wealth, the largest portion of which was in the French funds, visited Paris: it was natural she should seek the brave man who had preserved her from the worst of fates, and with no common emotions he found the young girl he had protected now a blooming and beautiful woman, and grateful as she was engaging. He became a lover, and she consented to be a wife. With her hand he received more than £100,000.

## HIGHLAND FORGIVENESS.

"Kenmuir, you must forgive, and be at peace with all against whom you hold feud," said a reverend confessor to a dying chieftain, "Well," he replied, "if I must, I must; but," he continued, turning to his son, "My heavy curse be on you, Donald, if ever you forgive them."

## THE VILLAGE GARRISON.

It happened, in the course of the Thirty Years' War, that Gonsalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spanish troops then overrunning the Palatinate, found it necessary to possess himself of a little walled village, called Ogersheim, that lay in his way. On the first intelligence of his approach, all the inhabitants fled to Manheim; and when Gonsalvo at length drew near, and summoned the place to surrender, there remained within the walls only a poor shepherd and his wife, the latter of whom, having that very morning brought a little infant into this world of misery, was unable to leave her bed; and her husband, of course, staid with her.

The anxiety and distress of the poor man may be more easily conceived than described. Fortunately, however, he possessed both courage and shrewdness; and, on the spur of the moment, bethought himself of a scheme to give his wife and baby a chance of escape, which, after embracing them both, he hastened to put into execution.

The inhabitants, having run off in a tremendous hurry, had left almost all their property at his disposal; so he had no difficulty in finding what was necessary for his purpose, namely, a complete change of dress. Having first accoutred his lower man in military guise, he tossed away his shepherd's hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, "a world too wide;" he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulders, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and, putting on boots so thick in the soles and high in the heels, that they lifted him about half a yard from the ground, he fastened to them a pair of those prodigious jingling spurs which were the fashion of the time. Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and leaning with a pompous air on his sword, he listened coolly to the herald, who advanced to summon the village to surrender.

"Friend," said our hero, as soon as the herald concluded his speech, "tell your commander, that though I have not yet made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so, provided he agrees to the three following conditions, in which I shall make no abatement whatever. 1st, The garrison must be allowed to march out with military honours; 2nd, The lives and property of the inhabitants must be protected; 3d, They must be left to enjoy the free exercise of the Protestant religion."

The herald immediately replied, that such proposterous conditions could not be for a moment listened to; adding, that the garrison was known to be weak; and concluding by again demanding the instant surrender of the place.

"My good friend," answered the shepherd, "do not be too rash. I advise you to inform your ge-

neral from me, that nothing but my desire to avoid bloodshed could make me think of surrendering on any terms whatever; and please to add, that if he does not choose to agree to those I have already stated, he will gain possession of the town only at the point of the sword; for I swear to you, by the faith of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honour of a gentleman, that the garrison has lately received a reinforcement he little dreams of."

So saying, the shepherd lighted his pipe, and puffed away with an air of the most consummate nonchalance. Confounded by this appearance of boldness and security, the herald thought it prudent to return, and state to Gonsalvo the demands which had been made. The Spanish general, deceived by this show of resistance, and being unwilling to waste either men or time in reducing this paltry town, resolved to agree to the conditions offered, and, followed by his troops, approached the gates. This lenient determination was announced by the herald to the shepherd, who only vouchsafed to say in reply, "I find your commander is a man of sense." He then left the walls, let down the draw-bridge, deliberately opened the gates, and allowed the Spanish troops to pour into the town. Surprised at seeing no one in the streets but a strange looking fellow, whose caricature of a military costume hung over him like patchwork, Gonsalvo began to suspect treachery, and seizing the shepherd, demanded to know where the garrison was.

"If your highness will follow me, I will show you," answered the rustic.

"Keep by my stirrup, then," exclaimed Gonsalvo; "and on the least symptom that you mean to betray me, I shall send a bullet through your heart."

"Agreed," said our friend. "Follow me Spaniards! for I swear by the word of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honour of a gentleman, that the garrison will offer you no injury."

He then placed himself by Gonsalvo's stirrup, and, followed by the troops, passed through several silent and deserted streets, till at length turning into a narrow lane, he stopped before a mean-looking house; and having prevailed on Gonsalvo to enter, he led him into a small room, where lay his wife with her little boy beside her.

"Noble general!" he said, pointing to the former, "this is our garrison; and this," he added, taking his son in his arms, "is the reinforcement of which I told you."

Aware now of the real state of matters, the absurdity and cleverness of the trick, moved even Spanish gravity, and Gonsalvo gave free course to his mirth. Then taking off a gold chain which decorated his own person, he passed it round the neck of the infant.

"Permit me to offer this mark of esteem," he said, good-naturedly, "for the valiant garrison of

Ogersheim. By the hand of a soldier, I envy you the possession of such a reinforcement; and you must let me present you with this purse of gold, for the use of the young recruit."

He then stooped down and kissed the delighted mother and her boy, and quitted the house, leaving the shepherd to boast for many a summer day and winter night of the success of his stratagem.

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BOTH DEAF AND DUMB.

THE late Mrs. Jane W—— was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into a momentary doubt of the needfulness of charity in his instance. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "You look well able to work." "Yes," replied the suppliant; "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years." "Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W——, at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On her return home she mentioned the fact, remarking, "What a dreadful thing it was to be so deprived of such precious faculties!" "But how," asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?" "Why," was the quiet and unconscious answer, "he told me so!"

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A COURT ANECDOTE.

WHEN a female member of the British royal family holds a levee, it is customary for her to kiss the ladies of the nobility, and no others. It happened that the lady of the Lord Justice Clerk was on one occasion among the number of those presented to the late Princess Amelia, who, as is well known, was very deaf. "Stand by for my Lady Justice Clerk," said the man in waiting. Meanwhile some meddling person whispered him that his announcement was incorrect, the lady being a commoner. By this time the kiss preliminary was about to be performed, when out bawled the man of office, through a speaking-trumpet, "Don't kiss her, madam—she's not a lady!"

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CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

DURING the troubles in the reign of King Charles I. a country girl came up to London in search of a place as a servant maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and after a while, she behaving herself with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was

dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a Gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

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FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming  
What never tongue might tell,  
When tears are streaming  
From their crystal cell;  
When hands are linked that dread to part,  
And heart is met by throbbing heart,  
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart  
Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden  
That fain of bliss would tell,  
And love forbidden  
In the breast to dwell;  
When fettered by a viewless chain,  
We turn and gaze and turn again,  
Oh! death were mercy to the pain  
Of them that bid farewell!

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SONNET.

It was the grave of one I loved: no stone  
Was there to tell; I sat me down, the dew  
Had shed some tear-drops on a lily, gone  
To bloom in other bowers; a lonely yew  
Stood sentry there: I thank thee, gentle tree,  
Mute mourner, mourn forever, and as now  
Be watchful; thou perhaps shalt mourn for me,  
When I shall rest; my head begins to bow  
To long regret, I wander near thee, sigh,  
But not alone, the night winds murmur low  
Their wailing well; the peasant passes by,  
But the lost gem, alas! he ne'er can know;  
Proud are their tombs, the vain, the base the vile,  
*Therefore*, sweet girl, no stone shall thee defile.

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A VERY FAIR PREFERENCE.

A certain distinguished Spanish hero, celebrated for his talent at running away, at a recent Court assemblage, had the bad taste to remark in the hearing of a spirited lady, who had, amongst others, a very beautiful diamond ring on her finger, "I should prefer the ring to the hand." "And I," said the lady, looking steadfastly at the order suspended round the hero's neck, "should prefer the collar to the dog."

## THE BIT O' WRITIN'.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

## CHAPTER I.

ON a fine morning in the month of May, Murty Meehan was occupied "threnching his little pee-aties." By the term "little," applied to them, Murty did not by any means wish to convey the idea that this growing staple crop was confined to a small space; for in truth the sloping potato-ridges occupied a goodly portion of the hill-side upon which they were planted; nor any apprehension that they must prove of diminutive size, owing either to his choice of seed, or to an unfavourable season, or to any other cause which the uninitiated can easily imagine. His "little pee-aties" he, however, called them, signifying thereby, (and his neighbours so understood the adjective,) first, that they were his—his own; second, that, even in embryo, he bore them a particular affection.

The French people would understand the term, in the double sense mentioned, better than the English; for among them, as we all know, *ma petite dame*, or *mon petit papa* or *mon petit* almost any thing, expresses, indifferently, simply that the object alluded to is theirs, and is little, or that it is an object of tenderness or of interest, or at least, be it little or not. But to a portion of the rather unfigurative community, for whose edification we write, it seems incumbent on us to explain why Murty Meehan applied to his fine sprouting plat of potatoes the epithet "little."

By Murty's reasoning, then, they were little; and yet almost every thing to him. They were dear to Murty—dearly loved! and therefore little. They had cost him, and were costing him a considerable trouble; and, until piled up at home, or in a pit in their own soil, to protect them against the frost, would cost him a good deal more; and therefore he owed them a paternal regard. Under Providence they were to prove for many a month after gaining maturity, the staple dish of his family, himself, and his "slip of a pig;" ay, for the whole coming year they were to stand him and his human dependents in lieu of beef, of mutton, of lamb, of veal, of venison, and of turtle; and hence they were his very, very "little pee-aties." And just as "little," in Murty's eyes, as according to his vocabulary, were his "little wife," (a strapping though a simple

dame,) his "little daughter," (a full-grown woman) and his "little cow," and his "little horse," though neither animal shamed the standard proportions of its species.

Using, therefore, the term in the found meaning infused into it by Murty Meehan, we repeat, that on a fine morning in May he was employed "threnching his little pee-aties:" and again we beg a word of explanation, necessary, perhaps with some persons, to say that the operation alluded to consisted in digging between the potato-ridges, in the interstices which separated them, and throwing the fresh earth among the growing plants.

His position, as has been intimated, was on a hill-side. This hill-side sloped down to the banks of a little rivulet, covered with the freshest green grass, among which grew a profusion of wild flowers, and Murty's cabin stood within view and sound of the rippling water. Across the stream the ground again rose high, and was mostly wooded; so that our friend resided in a solitary and peculiarly beautiful little valley, owing to the curvings of which, on both sides of the stream, and upward and downwards with its arbitrary course, no other dwelling could be observed from his and our point of view. A pleasing impression of lonesomeness without desolation was therefore conveyed to the mind by the simple scene; and something of the same kind might have been its attractions to the unusual numbers of small singing birds which frequented it—to the linnet, the chaffinch, the robin, the thrush, the blackbird—to all of them in fact not omitting even the chirping, flirting wren, who were made by Providence to pipe or twitter a single note of joy or of contentment. So Murty Meehan's "little cabin" is situated amid features of much natural beauty, aided and heightened by cultivation; and in this case his favourite and generally bestowed epithet came true in every sense; for "little" indeed was his mud edifice; so little, that some surprise might be expressed as to how he managed to get in or out of its doorway, or even to stand upright under its straw roof—for Murty was a man of no common stature. Having been his own architect, as well as chief workman, one might, at all events, safely assert that in constructing it, he had not studiously calculated

either his natural height or his personal convenience. But no matter. Such instances of disproportion between the miserable houses of his countrymen, and even their own bones and muscles, to say nothing of the bounty and loveliness of nature all around them, were and are sufficiently numerous to remove from Murty's architectural practices, according to his means, any thing like a charge of waywardness or singularity.

So Murty "threnched" away, the birds we have spoken of singing loudly to him, and he, as if by mere loudness he would make them admit themselves over-matched in melody, bawling out,—in tones to which the sweet little hollow rang again, though they did not scare the rival singers, because they knew he was only expressing, like themselves, his ecstatic sense of existence, in his own fashion,—the song which has the frequent chorus of

"Cuishla-ma-chree, did you not see  
What, the rogue, he done to me ?  
Broke my pitcher, and spilt my wather,  
Kissed my wife and married my daughter !  
Cuishla-ma-chree !"

To observe Murty Meehan at his task, the looker-on might with some slight assistance from imagination, gain a tolerably accurate notion of the lusty ease and dexterity with which Hercules must have performed his labours, and indeed, were our amateur a statuary, he need not have searched farther for a model from which to chisel a god of strength. In Murty's person were combined accurate symmetry of parts with almost gigantic proportions ; he stood to the full height of six feet four inches. His face, though not a very intellectual one, was comely, honest and well-meaning ; but for reasons to be mentioned, we ought, perhaps, to limit to one or two days in the week, all opportunity for deciding either on its character, or its claims to be considered handsome or ugly. In fact, upon one day alone out of the seven, he got shaved, and this was Sunday. The next, his beard began to sprout again, and, even so soon, some change was thereby induced over his physiognomy. By noon on the Tuesday it, or, as he styled it, "the after-grass," gained a goodly growth ; and thenceforward, day by day, till shaving-day came round in course, so disguised was his face by the great crop of black bristle surrounding it, that it would be very difficult to decipher its cast, hue or general effect : light blue eyes hinting, indeed, good-nature, with spots of wholesome red just under them, about a half a nose, and a forehead above it, being the only glimpses of features distinguishable amid the luxuriant "after-grass."

Notwithstanding all his natural qualifications, so far as person went, for bullying his way through the world, and notwithstanding also, the proverbial pugnacity of his countrymen of every stature, Murty

Meehan was a quiet easy man, using his rare strength chiefly for the right lawful purpose of executing, in full ratio with his superior capacity for such a task, a portion of field labour. But if he otherwise made no display of himself, his neighbours boasted of him ; and the district in which he resided was called, far and near, Murty Meehan's parish, as if the honour of having given birth to him entitled it to that distinguishing appellation. We must explain.

Although never known to have quarrelled with any human being, and seldom proposing himself, a trial of strength with a neighbour, in a friendly way, Murty, without his knowledge, was often staked by his admirers against all comers ; and then, for the honour of the parish, he would quietly submit to be led forth against his ambitious challengers, and with invariable and immeasurable success, he exhibited his hidden might in tossing a stone, almost a rock, or in flinging a sledge-hammer, or in performing, beyond chance of competition, any other of the various rustic feats, in the doing of which massive force is the only qualification for excellence. And on the occasions of his proceeding to the place of trial, he might be seen surrounded by the young and the old, the boys, the girls, and the aged men and women of his little lonesome valley, and its vicinity, towering above them all, and—without our meaning a threadbare pun—looking down on his escort with all the simple good-nature of his character, and smiling on their enthusiasm just as any other assured great man might at that of his humble adherents.

But we are not going to exhibit Murty Meehan in his most distinguished and famous light : upon a matter widely different from his prowess either in the labouring field or in the arena of manly contention, it is our present duty to record the achievements of this redoubtable personage, and readers may choose to form their own notions of the manner in which he acquitted himself of the business in hand, one thing is however certain, namely that it proved to honest Murty himself a task much more difficult than if he had engaged to toss a metal weight of one hundred pounds over the roof of his own house.

Before entering farther into affair, a few lines must be devoted to a sketch of the individual at whose instance, and for whose advantage, he undertook this serious matter.

The man in question, for reasons to be gradually given, generally went by the name of "the ould Admiral." Standing at Murty Meehan's side, he appeared to no advantage in point of stature ; and yet pigmy he was not, unless a person of nearly six feet high deserves that epithet. His air, regards, and carriage were bluff—bluff almost to a challenge to box with you. A cicatrized gash commencing under his left eye, traversing his nose, and terminating at the right corner of his mouth, diagonally severed his face into two tolerably equal portions, of

which one-half of the nose belonged, or seemed to belong, to the upper, and the other half to the lower region of his physiognomy; and the division of property, of identity, indeed, rested, according to his own account, on grounds other than that suggested merely by the line of demarcation.

It occurred, he asserted, on "boord the ould Vincint," during the American war, and his story of the transaction, among all the stories he told of his battles, victories, and dreadful escapes from death, which were topics of standing wonder to his friend, Murty Meehan, as well as the whole neighbourhood—was not the least surprising. The crew of the Vincint were in the act of boarding an enemy's ship. Terence O'Brien—our hero's name—figured away, of course, in the thick of the *mêlée*—a slash from an opponent's hanger; "a curse-o'-Crowmul, French loober, he was,"—conferred the whole gash in question—into the channel of which "he could run his five fingers, as if taking soundings"—and at the same time "whipped away, clane an' cleaver from her irons, more than the biggest half of his ruddher. Well—what of that? it was not till the action ceased, and the Frenchman had been made a prize of, and Terence about to put in a rightful claim for some half-and-half grog, that he ascertained his loss; and "a thrille grieved" he felt to be sure, when he first brought to mind, at the moment, what an appearance he must make in future, "With hardly the half of his ruddher to his stern-quarters," when—

"Terry O'Brien a-hoy! would you know this, I say?" sung out to him his shipmate and fellow countryman, Tom Ryan, holding up to view what seemed to Terence indubitably the lopped portion of his nose. He was in a great hurry, doubtless, at the time and did not take particular notice, but Tom Ryan assured him it was a slice of his own features he beheld; and so, to the cock-pit they made their way together, with it, and the surgeon stitched it on, as well as he could—and—

"May my ould hulk of a sowl never float aloft," continued Terence, "if I do not tell the blessed truth; it wasn't the rest o' my own natural nose he fixed on, at all—and that cat-head pet, Tom Ryan, knew the same from the beginnin'—my heavy curse on his tack, wherever he is!—but a bit of a d——d to-the-divvle French loober's snout, that Tom picked off deck, from among other odds and ends, afther the scrimmage, an' that never belonged to myself," and that was the reason why, to the present day, the whole nose on his face, such as it was, never seemed of a piece—"and no blame to the surgeon, by any manes—for may I sink fifty fathoms deep, but he was as clever a hand as ever spliced a timber; didn't I see him, wid my own eyes, saw off the right mast from my hulk, while I could shout out 'grog,' and no more about it, only throw it fot a tit-bit to the sharks? An'—my ould bones to ould Davy—only he did get through the nose job so well, but I'd haul

down the *parly's* bit o' bad flesh agin'an'throw it into the sey, to pison the hungriest fish that ever swum."

There were some obvious collateral proofs of the truth of Terence O'Brien's biography of his nose, to which he did not fail to allude. "He spoke through his nose," as the saying goes; "and didn't all the parblues do the same, like so many pigs o' the divvle?" Again—it was well known that from his cradle up to the day of the accident he had boasted a long hooked-backed nose—but what was it like now? The upper half of it, which had always been on his face, might do well enough, to be sure, and, indeed, gave promise of the beginning of such a conformation as that mentioned; but only look at the lower half—the Frenchman's half of it! "cocked up towards his forehead, like the chaplain's eye, that had a squint in it, towards the sky-rakers, when he sung out prayers of a Sunday."

During his term of sea-service, Terence O'Brien had unconsciously contracted some characteristics, which rendered him a puzzle to his present neighbours, and, indeed, a contradiction to himself—or, at least, to Terence O'Brien that then was and Terence O'Brien that used to be, once upon a time. For instance in his more youthful days, he had engaged in some one of those many rustic combinations for which the Irish peasantry are celebrated, and which can best be accounted for by considering that their wants make them discontented, and the injuries that often produce those wants reckless of all consequences, when their object is vengeance on the nearest palpable aggressor. Terence and his associates violated the law of the land; rewards for their apprehension were offered; some of them were discovered, tried, and hanged; and he himself, to avoid the fate that seemed to await him, absconded from his native place, "and never cried stop, nor let the grass grow undher his feet," till he had arrived in "Cork's own town," distant about one hundred miles (Irish) from his starting-post. There, scarce yet pausing to take breath, he entered on board a man-of-war, as his most secure hiding-place; and thus, the wild Irishman, who but a few hours before, had been denounced as almost a traitor to the state, became one of its sworn defenders: ay, and in a very short time, if not at that very moment, one of its most loyal and sincere defenders. And this character grew upon him, and in it, fully confirmed, he returned home after a long absence, in peaceful and oblivious times, much to the nonedification of his stationary neighbours, as has been intimated.

Further. As a White-boy, before going on his travels, Terence had mortally hated England, England's king, and the very name of every thing English; and, in the same ratio, had loved England's foes, of all denominations—the French, her "natural enemies," as they have been somewhat strangely called, above all others. But none of these youthful

prejudices did Terence bring home with him. "Long life, and a long reign to King George!" was now his shout, while the hairs on his head bristled in enmity against "parly-woos;" and good reason why, for both sentiments—sensations rather. During half his amphibious existence, Terence's grog had been sweetened by pouring it down his throat, among his ship-comrades, with a grateful mention of the name of his Britannic majesty, and Terence's only thoughts and efforts constantly directed towards the discomfiture of the ill-wishers of that august personage; besides, the loss of his arm, and half of his nose, with the disgraceful substitution of that half by the half of a Frenchman's "snub," gave him personal cause to detest the Gallic race; so that he might be said to loathe them all in the marrow of his bones—yea, even of those portions of his bones which had been severed from his body, and cast to the sharks.

And some other exotic peculiarities Terence also transplanted to his native valley. His language seemed, among his old playfellows, absolutely a new dialect—and so, indeed, it was. Grafted on his ancient brogue which had never quite slipped off his tongue, sea-terms and sea phrases, and, above all, sea-oaths and imprecations, luxuriantly sprouted out: and the former would make his auditors laugh themselves into fits, while the latter astounded or shocked them. We must in truth admit that, in the use of those unnatural profanations of speech, Terence was indeed too lavish: with some one—if not two—of them he always began a sentence, and they served him, rhetorically, as conjunctions, copulative and disjunctive, and sometimes to point his periods.

His parish priest, a man of some humour, as well as of sincere zeal in his vocation—and every parish priest of an Irish congregation, at least of a rustic one, ought to have a spice of humour in him—was fond of listening to Terence O'Brien's accounts of his battles, and other adventures. He it was who had laughingly dubbed Terence "the ould admiral;" though the title was unhesitatingly and gravely accepted and retained, as well by the veteran as by most of his present friends and associates. But the good priest felt it his duty to take Terence to task on the head of his outlandish cursing, swearing, and imprecating; and the sinner acknowledged his offences, and promised to give them up; yet, at the very next encounter between him and his spiritual director, did he salute the chaplain with a good merchant oath, at the beginning and in the middle and at the end of the well-meant greeting.

His clergyman, still in pursuance of his sense of duty, then prevailed on Terence, after much salutary stratagem, to attend the confessional. And again the penitent was so far amenable, and did "attend with the rest of the crew;" principally because he understood the "station of confession" to be a kind of "muster of all hands on deck." But the zealous

priest soon began to feel hopeless of a real reformation in the nominal convert. Even while at his clergyman's knee, Terence would confess his very transgressions against piety of language with new and awful oaths; in confirmation of the truth of his self-accusations; and while acknowledging other sins, of a different and perhaps a still more heinous character, he would, as his energy arose with his vivid recollections, still swear through thick and thin, to his own great condemnation, so that the priest was obliged to make a drawn battle of the matter; his conscience not warranting him to permit the irreclaimed and irreclaimable Terence to approach the sacrament; and his feelings of comfort much augmented by the declaration on Terence's part, that "—to his ould soul, if he would board him any longer!"

He had been kept so long coming and going, he averred, "now on this tack, now on that, an' still no sey-room made, but all on the same 'station,' the — loober of a chaplain never bringing him to close action—one time with the wind, the next moment breeze right a-head—that the ablest seyman in the sarvice could make no port, and have sich a steerage; and his hulk to ould Davy but he would hoist sail, an' for the rest o' the voyage, steer in the old track; aye,"—(another tremendous oath)—"if he didn't, might ould ship never weather another gale!" And so hoist sail he did, and "scudded afore the wind, steering his ould hulk by the ould compass, an' laving the rest o' the looberly crew to the looberly chaplain;" that is, he continued to curse and swear away right and left; although in other respects, Terence could not be called a very wicked sinner.

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## CHAPTER II.

Such, at all events, was truly the man who now accosted Murty Meehan on the potato-covered hill-side of their native glen.

So intent upon his work, as well as upon his marvellous song of "*Cuishla-ma-chree*," had Murty been, that the deafening sound of Terence's voice, very near to him, was the first intimation he received of the presence of his esteemed neighbour.

"Ould ship a-hoy!" shouted the ould admiral, bellowing through his truncated fist, by the way of speaking-trumpet, almost into the tympanum, as we have intimated, of Murty Meehan's ear. So sudden, indeed, so proximate, and withal so tempestuous and squally was the vociferation, that a man of less tension of nerve than that possessed by our honest friend, might, without much censure to his presence of mind, have lawfully started and quaked at it. Murty only turned quietly round, however,

pushed his old hat up from his eyes, and smiled good-humouredly, as he answered the hail.

"Hah! then, musha, God save you, admiral."

"What cheer, lad, what cheer?"

"What cheer, a bouchal, is id? English that to me, if there's no offence."

"What cheer, I say, what cheer?"

"Well, I must thry to English id, myself, I suppose. It's all as one, I'm thinkin', as if a counthry spalpeen, like myself, 'ud say—'How is your four bones, Murty?"

"All the same lingo, shipmit."

"Why, then, I'm brave and hearty, admiral, as is asy to be seen, by lookin' at me. I give thanks to you for axin'."

"A fair breeze in your sheets every day you turn up, my hearty."

"An,' success purshu you, is what I say, ould admiral, aroon."

"I've steered a-head to your station, shipmit, to ax your sarvice on a conthrary little mather, d'you see me."

"Och, then, admiral, isn't id yourself knows well I'd go a shart or two, any day, from my road, to do a turn for you. An' not mooch noise I'd make about that same."

"An' for that rason, an' because I know id well, d'you see me, I'm now alongside o' you, my hearty. In the days when I was nothin' but a bit of a loblolly boy——"

"A loblolly boy! an' what quare sort iv a boy is that, admiral?"

"A gorsoon, a gorsoon, as they used to call me here in Muckalee."

"Aye; now I'm on your mannin', I think. A gorsoon is a gorsoon, in the counthry; but when he goes to sey, it's a loblolly boy they call him, admiral?"

"Ay, ay. Well, shipmit, whin I was a gorsoon at home, here, d'you know, the school-master could'nt by no manes cut the larnin' into my lanthron? though it's often an' often he thried id, at the cat-head, the old Muckalee loober!"

"At the cat's head? Why, thin, that was a curious thing for him to do; I never heered of a schoolmaster havin' that fashion afore, admiral, honey; stop; wait; och, but maybe I have you now; maybe it's wid the cat's-tail he thried you? You know the breed o' cats that does the scratchin' of the loblolly boys at school, admiral?"

"All much the same, jolly lad; all much the same; cat, head or tail; aye, many's the day he lent me the rope's end, as if 'twas the mainmast he was layin' it on—to ould Davy wid his hulk, to scuttle it well, for the same!" (We have, during our report of this conversation, sunk some of Terence's oaths and imprecations, and it is our intention to do so in future.) "An', little doubt, shipmit, but he is undher hatches long ago; an' if ever I happen to

steer on that tack," continued Terence, getting animated, and flourishing his one arm, as if it were giving a preparatory shake to the rope's end, "if ever I steer on that tack—an' when I see him lashed up, getting his own round dozens—as surely will be the case—if I don't sing out, "Lay on, ould Davy! lay on, my jolly lad!" if I don't, Murty, may—shiver my timbers to a perfect sheer wreck, Murty! aye, or maybe I'd take on to the reckonin' myself, shipmit, an' pay him back on his——looberly stern-quarters, some o' the old score wid my own hand!"

"Bee the gonnies! an' only right," grinned Murty through his "after-grass," highly amused with the place, time, and circumstances of the admiral's threatened vengeance.

"A broadside to my sowl in glory, if I don't then! But, Murty, my hearty, as I was sayin', I never could pick up as much o' the larnin' as 'ud help me to box the littlest bit iv a compass that ever swum: an' for that same rason I was only fit to do the work of an able-bodied seyman, all the blessed days of my sey-life, aboard the ould ship, d'you see me: howsoever, 'Murty, when the decks were cleared for action, an' the guns roarin', and the sey wather was bilin' hot, you'd think, round about em, I could stand bee my own gun, or jump aboard a——jaberin' French inimy wid my pike or my hanger in my hands, well enough: ay, shipmit, I'd do that for the honour an' glory of ould King George, an' ould Ireland, an' Saint Patrick, into the bargain, as well as ever a Johnny-Raw Englishman that ever reefed a sail, Murty! Them Englishers is bowld enough, to be sure, but they're not fit to stand bee the side iv an Irish seyman, for all that: the fightin', Murty, comes more nathrill to us: by land or wather, it's all the same, the one as welcome as the other."

"Why, we're handy at it somehow, I believe, beyant all doubt, admiral."

"Well, again, Murty: as I told you, twice over, I never could come at the larnin', my jolly boy, but no matter now; it's all one, whin the ould ship's a hulk. Only this, Murty Meehan; I'm informed as how there's a power o' prize money sarvin' out to the ould crew o' the ould Vincint, or to as many o' them as is over seywather, anyhow, whatever they be's to be found; an' I came to you on the head id, cause I hear, for sartin' sure, you're a good scholar."

"Musha, I'm thankful to the neighbours for their good words, admiral," said Murty, blushing, if the occurrence could only have been seen through his crop of black beard and whiskers, at this acknowledgment of his literary superiority; "but, surely, you could get as good a hand as ever I was among your own people, avick; there's the born brether o' you, to say nothin' iv his son your own name-sake——"

"Avast now, shipmit!" interrupted Terence, gruffly and stentoriously; "hah! the ould reg'ler seyman isn't goin' to hoist signal for smugglers and pirates to come aboard; the born brether o' me! no no, nor that bit iv a cock-boat he has in tow, his son, either; what! when I cum back, only to give him a hail, afther my last cruise, didn't the—— land-loober tell me to sheer off, an' say I had no call to a berth in my own ould ship, now that the ould commodore, the father iv us, had slipped cable. An' aint I ever since, here, in Muckalee station, scuddin' from port to port, not able to ride at anchor among the whole squadron o' ye? An' now, whin the shinars is to be put into the locker, am I to sing out to him to help me to keep the key? or ax him for any help at all that might let him into the secret, or give him a right to jaw for share? No, no, I say again;—— to my ould timbers! if ever he sees a yellow boy o' mine; that you're the man, Murty, an' you ould, that must turn out for this musther; an' what have I to ax o' you is to write down wid you're pin, what we used to call a memorandum o' sarvice."

"Why thin," replied Murty, "that's not so mooch to talk about, that we'd say no to you, for a one ould admiral: an' so, we'll do it for you;" and Murty "elevated his figure to its full height,"—(we are loth to show our ignorance of some of the established cut-and-dry phraseology of novel writing.)—again silently triumphing in the testimony borne to his scholarship, and at the distinguished light in which it placed him.

"Here, then,——yee-o-ho! have away, my hearty! yee-o-ho!" piped the admiral, passing his single arm through one of Murty's and lugging him down the hillside. And Murty, sticking his shovel in the soil, readily allowed Terence O'Brien to hurry him still downward, toward his cabin; his features wearing a serious cast, and indeed his whole mind bent upon the important task of clerkship which he had undertaken.

### CHAPTER III.

After nearly doubling himself in order to enter the door-way of his dwelling, and when he had stood (almost) erect again, in the middle of its clay floor, Murty addressed his wife.

"Chevaun, aroon, where's the poor garsoon's bit iv an ink-horun, I wondher?"

"What cheer, vanithec, what cheer?" demanded the old admiral, in the same breath, as he kindly, though rather smartly, slapped the good woman between the shoulders.

"Why, thin, brave an' hearty, admiral honey," answered the housewifely Chevaun; "and here's

the ink-horun, Murty a-cuishla; musha, my hearty hatred on id, for one ink-horun!'

"An' why so, Chevaun?" asked Murty.

"Why! I'm as sart'n sure as that I spake the word, that Paudcen put more o' the ink iv id on the Sunday *shanavast*,\* than he did on the copy-book Murty."

"Bee gonnies! an' likely enough sich a thing u'd happen," assented her husband. "I remember the first time I was put upon larin' the pin-writin' myself, admiral; an' sure its nothin' ud sarve my turn, in thim days, but I must go an' scoop out amost all the ink in the horun, an' put id all over my clothes, on every spot where id could be obsarved—aye, an' my two fists ud have the colour iv a blackmoor's paws; an' bee this pin in my hand! I done id for no rason in the world, only to let the neighbours see, whin they'd meet me comin' home from the school, of an evenin' or a morning; that I was makin' use o' the pin, wid the masher himself; 'twas by way o' braggin' o' myself, afther a manner, admiral."

"Aha!" replied the admiral, "well for you that you hadn't my ould commodore, Fitzgibbon, to pipe you on deck, shipmit, on the head o' that same; the ould loober, wid his ould three decker of a flax wig, that commanded over our crew whin I was at the schoolin'; split my mainsail to tatters! if he wouldn't have you up to the cat-head for wastin' the ship's tar; sink my ould hulk to ould Davy, if he wouldn't."

"Arrah, then, admiral aroon," inquired Mrs. Meehan, "who's that same ould Davy you're always sinkin' your hulk to, afther sich an unnatural fashion? I'm tould it's your own self you call bee the name iv a hulk; an' sure it's a quare name for a christen to be puttin' on his body, that has a sowl to be saved, tied to id; but who is this one ould Davy, I'd be thankful to know?"

"Who is he? blow us all up, sky-heigh, if I very well know myself, mistress; and he paused to examine, with a knotted brow and a gruff, puzzled face, a question which he had never before taken into consideration.

"It's like enough, mistress, he's some kind of a *duoul*† he resumed, after a pause; "ay, ay; he must be a duoul, I'm thinkin'; I hard 'em aboard, jawin' about his cloven foot, an' duouls have sich timbers; yes, an' he hauls away at the parley-woos whin they foundher in action; an' when we used to be givin' 'em a broadside, we had a fashion o' sayin', 'send the d—— d loobers to ould Davy! Ay, ay:' he paused again to recapitulate in his mind those weighty reasons for investing with a certain character the personage in question—the Jupiter or Pluto, as it might be, of his marine mythology:

\* Waistcoat.

† Devil.

Then Terence continued, "Ay, misthress, I b'lieve he's all as one at sey, as what ye call your *duoul* here on land; though this isn't quite clear to me, neither; because, d'ye see me, ould Davy has his berth at the bottom o' the sey, that's sert'n sure; an' your *duoul* is under hatches—down here undher ground; but they're close related—ay, ay, the one is born-brother to the other chap, no doubt iv id; an' he bears a hand wid sailors, as your *duoul* does wid your landsmen; wid this differ, that he takes all foundered sows as belongs to him in the jolly-boat, or in a barge, or in a pinnace, accordin' to the rank o' thim aboard;—yes, misthress, he's our sey-divvle, nothin' less—my hulk to ould Davy, but he is!"

"The Lord purtect us from him, and from all his sort, the sey an' land, now an' for iver, amin!" ejaculated the attentive Chevaun Meehan, crossing her forehead.

"Bee the gonnies! as Chevaun says," remarked her husband; "goodness save us from his two paws! but, if a body got his pick an' chose o' the both, I believe it would be better, as the man said to his wife—(I mane neither myself nor you, Chevaun,)—it would be better keep the *duoul* we do know, than the *duoul* we don't know, admiral hon-ey; though wid good help, we won't be troublesome to aither the one or the other o' thim, please God."

"Musha, an' gracious forbid, Murty agra," piously assented Chevaun.

"That's not my way o' thinkin' teetotally, shipmit," dissented the admiral, gruffly; "for whinever I'm bound for the other world, if 'tis a thing I must steer for any sich d—d port of id, d'ye see me—"

"Ye may call the port bee that name, sure enough, admiral, an' no sin on you for cursin', this time any how," interrupted Murty.

"D—d or no d—d, shipmit," now bellowed Terence, becoming vehement: "ould Davy's jolly-boat for me, far beyant any way o' goin' by land undher your land-*duouls'* colours; your landsmen are all sharks, as I heer'd from my cradle up, and your land *duouls* goes by the same fashion of course; so none o' the d—d horned loobers for my money, but ould Davy for ever—hurrah!"

"Well, all the harum I wish you poor ould admiral, is that you may keep clear o' the ugly place—you know yourself where I mane—by land or wath-er; to go in a boat might be the most *cooramuch*\* way, no doubt; only, for our three selves, an' them we wish well to, into the bargain, we'd rather not to be on the voyage, at all, at all."

"It's a bad sarvice, afther all, shipmit," half agreed Terence, beginning to be cooled by his friend's moral reflections; "but hurrah, shipmit! an' ould able-bodied-seyman that does his duty is

never clapped undher hatches, foundher as he may, or whinever or wherever he may; no, he goes aloft, my hearty—'tis as naat'ral for him as to ship his grog; an', barrin' ould Davy's press-gang claps me aboard, an' thim scuds off wid me, all canvass crowded, never will I take on wid him or his crew; for, d'ye see me, Murty, when once a man is nabbed by the press-gang, an' lugged 'boord ship, he must stick to his gun, bee course, or be tried for mutiny in the sarvice; so, if ould Days 'lists me that way, I must stand before the mast, and make the cruise; but if ever I boord him by my own free will, may I be d—d for it, neighbour."

"An' you needn't pray the prayer at all, admiral," smiled the facetious Murty; "but I wondher what sort iv a pin for the writin' is this," putting on a face of much business, approaching the door-way, holding the pen between him and the light, and wi h much knowing scrutiny examining it. Then he tried its nib on his nail.

"Looks as if it had seen sarvice," remarked Terence; "but all the better for that, may be shipmit; a seyman is never the worse, getting into fresh action, for having been in two or three scrimmages afore."

"Sarvice or no sarvice, as regards the pin," pursued Murty, "it's so long since my own self thried my hands at the writin' business, that I don't well know how it will turn out, in the long run, neighbour."

These words of modest doubt were accompanied, however, by a smile of self-sufficient confidence.

"But here goes, in God's name, anyhow, to venthree our loock, the best way we can;" and while he leisurely pulled the cross-legged table to the door, Murty continued to speak in assured good-humour.

"When I was in the habit o' goin' to the school, admiral, the masher usen't to be over-an-above ashamed o' the scholar—though it's myself says the same, that oughtn't to say id, admiral agra."

"No doubt iv it—no doubt; aboard o' the ould Vincent, it's purser's mate they'd make o' you, long ago, to a sart'nty," flattered the admiral, willing to keep Murty in good humour, that he might get his own business the better done; not indeed, that he in the least doubted the scholarly qualifications of his chosen private secretary.

"Maybe it's jest as well wid me, as it is, admiral; who's wise enough to say but, that if we were a sailor, all this time, from the schoolin' up, we'd have a bit iv a Frenchman's snout upon our poor face, instid iv our own naath'ral nose, this blessed day?"

"Ay, like enough—every mother's sow's hulk o' them to ould Davy!" assented the admiral, reddening with anger; and thereupon he gave his own nose—or what served him as his own, or at least as half of his own—such a pull that had not the sur-

\* Snug.

geon of the Vincent done his office well, Terence must have torn it from its usurped position.

"But we had better go to our work at onct," resumed Murty; and he fell to scraping, with more strength than skill, at the inside of his little son's ink horn.

"Musha, I wondher what *meeaw*\* is on id this turn, for ink?"

The ink which the amanuensis essayed to get into his pen had been produced by the squeezing together of alder-berries. To prevent it spilling out of the horn, which hung by a leathern strap from a button of Pauden's jacket, as he trudged to school, the primitive little vessel had been half filled with old linen, scraped almost into lint; into this pulpy substance the liquid became absorbed; and it required a certain schoolboy knack, acquired by long practice, and many failures, thence to press and scoop it into the funnel of the quill.

After sundry awkward attempts, Murty Meehan succeeded in charging his pen, brimful, and began to stir his fingers, wrist, and even arm, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Och! tunder an' ages? an' sure we forgot oursefs, intirely—where is the paper, admiral? Here was myself goin' to set about writin', widout the paper—an' that's a thing the schoolmaster, his own four bones, couldn't do, I believe."

"May my hulk go floatin' to ould Davy!" began Terence O'Brien.

"Musha, admiral, 'tis a scandle for you, an' a great sin, to be goin' on that-a-way, wid your ould Davy, and your strange curses," remonstrated Chevaun; "loock or grace can niver come of it to the writin'."

"I desarve your words, misthriss—I desarve id, but won't again, this long time." Terence felt selfishly penitent; "but here's the paper, shipmit; I had it in the locker all the while;" it had been fast buttoned under his jacket—he now presented it.

"An' see how it would 'nt spake out for idself," remarked Murty, with a condescending smile, such as any man of parts might vouchsafe to those who admitted his possession of them, and whom he was about to amaze with a proof of their excellence. An while thus smiling on the undisguisedly ignorant admiral, Murty proceeded to smoothen down, as he honestly believed, the paper which had become much crumpled in the admiral's locker, and therefore seemed to require some such adjustment: but, in reality, Murty's hard raspish hands only produced a rough fuzzy surface on the sheet which was intended to bear the impression of his scholarship. It was at length properly set before him, and he again succeeded in filling the tube of his pen to the utmost it could hold.

"Now admiral, what's the writin' to be about?"

\* Ill luck.

he demanded, approaching the pen to that point of the paper whence he intended to set forth upon his voyage of discovery through the dimly-apprehended ocean of letters—when lo, the overcharged instrument immediately voided its contents on the paper, and they flowed over it in a little sable current.

"Shipped a sey," commented the admiral, gravely and imperturbably.

"Spilt-milk, bee the soukins," said Chevaun, with wife-like sorrow and sympathy.

"The divvil welcome id, I say," lamented the penman; "couldn't id stay quietly where it came from? but wait a bit," winking on the sailor, and resuming his self-assured smiles; "we had a way in the school long ago, to get over a misfort'n like that; and I'll bet you anything but you'll see I don't forget it, this blessed day;" and—(shudder civilized reader!)—Murty protruded nothing less than his long tongue, and with it began to sponge out the rivulet of alder-berry ink.

With much relish for the experiment, the admiral sedately looked on, and "That's what we call swabbin' decks, shipmit," he observed; "an' the very thing to do after shippin' a sey, sure enough, barrin' it's a heavy sey intirely, an' thin the word's 'bale out,' afore swabbin', d'ye see me?" He paused, still evidently pleased with the dexterity of the operation, which Murty continued, with his winks and smiles of promised success.

But Murty was not quite triumphant over this obstacle to his penmanship. His first efforts only spread the ink, in rather a lighter shade indeed, over much a larger surface than it had previously occupied; a necessity thus arose for extending and persevering in the process of extraction; and when at length the paper was, at least in his estimation, and in that of his friend and his wife, pretty free from positive stain, its whole superficies had become thoroughly damp. But this latter circumstance did not occur to Murty nor to his observers.

"Now, at any rate, for the writin'," he said, again scooping out his "tint o' ink;" and, lest it should serve him the trick it had before done, he cautiously held the pen level till he had stolen it round his back, and then, with a calculating jerk, Murty tried to get rid of the superfluous quantity of ink it held.

"Murther!" screamed his wife, Chevaun, suddenly slapping her left eye with her right hand; "murther Murty, murther! its now you done the *dhunnus*\* intirely!"

The alder-berry juice had lodged full in the handsome, though too inquisitive eye of Chevaun; and the good dame was in that state of health in which, according to a quotation that has often administered

\* Mischief.

to the squeamish in other writers, as, well as ourselves—

“Ladies love to be who love their lords.”

and her words of alarm expressed a fear, and so Murty well knew, though their meaning was not fully expressed, that “the young Christin,” who, by this time, was far on his road into the world, would make his appearance among us with, upon his cheek, such a black tear as now welled down that of his mother.

Murty was at her side in a moment, anxious to reassure her, though almost as much alarmed as herself, “No, no, *ma chree*,” he cried in his tenderest accents; “no harum can cum iv id—there now.”

We are almost ashamed, this time to crave pardon of, or otherwise to conciliate, the refined patron of our hum’ studies from nature; but we must indicate the shocking fact, that the anxious and loving husband did use to his wife’s cheek the very same horrid sponge which he had with so much felicity just before applied to the stained paper; and when he conceived that, as in the former initiating case, success had crowned his efforts, Murty kissed the sufferer.

“Cleared out for action at last, or my hulk toould Davy !” said the patient, never-doubting admiral, who had observantly regarded this second peice of cleverness on Murty’s part, with the same profound interest bestowed on the first.

“Ay, by *gonnus* ! now or niver, as the ould sayin’ goes, admiral a hager.”

Once more the amanuensis sat, right in the doorway, to his cross-legged table, and once more, with increased sedateness, disposed himself to his task. Murty was now a wiser, because a more experienced man. Previous failure and mishap had taught him extreme caution. After a third time imparting ink to his pen, he carefully examined it, in order to ascertain whether or no it contained the necessary measure of liquid, and no more. In properly fixing it between his two fingers and thumb, he spent a reasonable portion of time, and, in the eyes of his neighbour and spouse, evinced much ingenuity: the operation being effected by seizing the top, or feathery part of the quill, with the fingers of his left hand, and, by their aid, drawing it upwards and downwards, and twisting and turning it, till it was poised to his satisfaction; and still, by the joint agency of both hands, Murty guided it to the paper.

“Choice steerage my hearty,” said the ever-watchful admiral with glee.

“Nately done, of a sart’nty,” agreed Chevaun.

All seemed, indeed, most happily ready. The pen took dead aim at the place on the sheet which it was first to hit; the scribe’s mouth screwed itself up; his eyes intently fixed on the paper, and his

head twisted round towards his left shoulder, where stood the admiral, awaiting the breath of that personage to be discharged of his full-crammed intentions; a double-loaded musket, at full cock, levelled at a target, and only wanting a touch on its trigger to let it off, would convey an idea of Murty at this big moment. Having waited a second or two—“Now, admiral, say out, and don’t be afeard, what we’re to put down,” he said, solemnly.

“We had a fashion o’ callin’ this sort o’ writin’ a memorandle o’ sarvice—put down that, first,” said his employer; but suddenly interrupting himself, he sang out shrilly, “No, no; avast there—no, not yet, shipmit; afore any other thing, d’y’e see me, put down the time o’ the watch.”

“The time o’ the watch, avich? Musha, niver a one in the poor house; nor a clock neither, as you know well yourself; but couldn’t we guess the hour o’ the day it is by the sun, as we’re used to do, an seldom go wrong somehow?”

“Jaw, jabber!—ax pardon, shipmit; didn’t by no manner o’ manes intend an offence; but what I want you to put down isn’t the time o’ the hour, d’y’e see me, but the date o’ the month we have, wid the day of the year.”

“Och, ay; the day o’ the month and the figures o’ the year, that is id, is to go down first, admiral; that’s what you mane, we b’lieve,” corrected Murty “an’ you’re right; yes, the year an’ the day goes down at the first offer bee course;” and the penman went on, still very cautiously bringing his instrument to bear on the long-covered point of attack—“Well; this is the year aighteen hundred an’ one, isn’t it?” There was silence, and he paused a moment in deep study. “Yes; aighteen hundred an’ one.” From a confused recollection of the dashing manner in which “the masher in the school” used to commence similar tasks, he gave two or three flourishes of his pen, at a civil distance, however, from the paper, as many a boastful man will make a show of fighting without soon coming to blows.

“Aighteen hundred an’ one,” continued Murty, and he repeated the words five times at the least; and then, giving up his affected mastery over the pen, he once more very cautiously moved it, thrice resolved on a beginning.

The admiral watched him with keenest attention; and Chevaun, sharing his feelings in her own way, pulled her stool close to her husband, and poked her head almost over the table.

The pen at length touched the oft-threatened mark; but Murty’s difficulties were not thereby lessened. It will be recollected that, since the sponging process the paper had remained damp, and that, previously, Murty’s hand had rasped it into a fuzzy surface; so that, in this state of preparation, as soon as Murty now described upon it the first figure which he meant to stand at the beginning of the year’s date, the lines of that figure chose gradu-

ally to swim and mingle together under his astounded eyes, and so went on till they ended in one unintelligible blur. He paused: his lower jaw dropped, and he stared at the self-defacing lines, as if he had witnessed witchcraft.

"Ill loock again—an' more an' more iv id!" at last groaned Murty; "an' what *bolgh* is on id now, I wonder?"

"Haze-a-head," cried the admiral, slapping Murty, in what he meant to be an encouraging manner, between the shoulders, for he had noticed the undisguised drooping of the man of letters, and sought to prop him up; "haze-a-head, and that's all; cheer up my jolly boy; hard tackin', some times, getting out o' port; but when you once make sey room enough to spread canvass, nine knots an hour won't catch you—sink me to ould Davy, if they will!"

"Musha, may be it's wet is on the poor creature iv a paper," surmised Chevaun.

"Faix, and I believe it is," agreed her husband, somewhat relieved; and he arose and held it to the fire, kneeling to his task; and in this position turned round his head to address his hearers. "Well, well; the praises for all; there's no tellin', now-a-days, when a poor boy sits down to do any one thing, what crosses an' what contrary things may come to pass afore he—och! tander an' ages!"

Thus did Murty interrupt his own moralizing, as the paper suddenly caught fire, ~~was~~ well up, and scorched his fingers, causing him instinctively to let it go. "Ulla—loo—oo!" he went on; "niver sich a misfort'nit writin' mit me in my born days, afore—sure there was some curse on you!" and with a countenance of the most extreme mortification he watched, still kneeling, the expiring ashes of the paper, as, speck, by speck, the caloric flitted from it. The breeze came in sharply at the open door, and, hastening to get out of the house again as fast as possible, whisked up the wide chimney, and soon carried with it even those relics of old raggery.

"There!" resumed Murty; "ould Nick has you now, an' let *him* write on you, if he can."

"Auld ship blown up," announced the admiral, beginning himself to feel at last discomitted in his hopes of "a memorandre o' sarvice."

"An' hav'n't you ne'er another scrap o' paper about you, admiral?" asked his secretary.

"Scuttle an' sink me to ould Davy—no! locker cleaned out this voyage, shipmit."

"Maybe I'd find a bit," said Chevaun; and her husband and his friend fixed their eyes on her movements. When—

"Fresh squall comin' on—heavy cloud right-a-head!" piped the admiral.

"Never a welcome to whoever it is," grumbled Murty.

(To be continued.)

## ANGLER'S GLEE.

Among the lavish variety of splendid and beautiful scenery, characterizing the country around Quebec, there cannot be found a more enchanting home of the magnificent, picturesque, and lovely in landscape, than marks out this beautiful lake and its environs, to the admiration of visitors, be they wanderers from whatever clime of beauty this world can call its own. A silver mirror, as it were, set in an exquisite and diversified frame-work of lawn-like strand, its flowery borders lipping the blue chrysal of the slumbering waters, and fairy-like dell and dingle, and sunny glade, receding in gentle acclivity from the shore, and fading softly and imperceptibly from the view, like a passing smile from the face we love. Then, again, the towery grandeur of pine clad mountains, upspringing in their lofty and gloom-wearing might, direct from out the deep calm below, and flinging far and wide over its fair bosom, a shadow stamped with the character of their own dark sublimity. Then think of all the most beautiful varieties of either summer or autumnal verdure and foliage, lavishly scattered on every hand—and fancy you hear the bleat of the wood-roaming fawn, and the joyous songs of birds, and the hum of bees along the shores, or it may be, at particular seasons, the wailing whoop, or shrill cry of some winged solitary from afar off, over the blue waters. Think of these things, and all else that your fancy may awaken, of attraction to a place of "nature's fairest fashioning," like this, and then imagine, if you can, what a poet, or a painter, or the *true Angler*, who is always a compound of both, after a fashion—must feel who revels for a week of Elysium in all the beauteous attractions of this same, almost incomparable, Lake St. Charles of ours. How is it, I would further ask the question,—is it from ignorance or apathy that the American tourists never go near such a region of loveliness as this, and which is only a short two hours' drive from the "towers and turrets grey" of the Diamond Rock?

Away, away, where the mountain lake

Deep in the woodland gleams,

Circled by rock and dell and brake,

Fed by the purest streams;

Away, away! to the Angler's home,

Where the scaly tribes delight to roam,

Where the speckled trout exults in play,

And all's that bright keep holiday.

Away, away, away!

By every hope the bosom warming,

Silvery sylphs! we'll try our charming,

And spread our snares today.

Away, away, away!

Away, away—ere the sun is high,

Treasure the freshest hours,

Ere dew's exhale in a fragrant sigh,

Kissing the lips of flowers;—

Launch the canoe with careful hand,

Yet linger awhile on the fairy strand,—

For beauty basks in the morning ray,

And all around is bright and gay.

Away, away, away!

While eager hope each breast is warming,

And silvery sylphs await our charming,

We'll spread our snares today,

Away, away, away!

Quebec, July, 1838.

W. R.

(ORIGINAL.)

## AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

AUNT MARY was one of those old maids so valuable in society, whose amiable, cheerful manner, proceeding from the kindest heart, led her to promote the happiness of all around her. Deeply pious, but without austerity, she was beloved and appreciated as she deserved, and her friendship considered one of the greatest privileges. She had been accustomed to move in the first circles, and her knowledge of the world, gleaned more from observation than from books, she turned to the best account. It was her habit, while visiting amongst her friends, to keep notes of all she saw or heard, for the amusement of her beloved nieces, who, with their mother, Mrs. Selwyn, resided in Devonshire, and to whom she paid an annual visit. It was during one of these, when the family party were sitting round the work table, while a cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, that, at the request of all, she produced her book and read aloud the following :

## THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

You will be disappointed, I fear, if you expect, in each visit I have paid since I left you, twelve months ago, that I should be able to collect a connected story. My gleanings more frequently consist of remarks made on the dispositions, habits, and amusements of those with whom I associated—not, I trust, in a spirit of unchristian detraction, but with an earnest hope of being useful to my dear young people at home. When I have been successful in arranging these slight materials in the form of a story it was more with a view of affording amusement, and my first visit happily yielded me this pleasure—it was to the house of the Reverend Mr. Bertram, who had been married to one of my earliest and dearest friends. He was now left alone, with an only child, a daughter, just seventeen years, and one of the loveliest, sweetest creatures of heaven's creation was Annie Bertram. It was evening when I reached the parsonage, situated at the extremity of the village, and almost concealed from the view of the road by a plantation of rich elms. It stood in a beautiful garden, stored with every flower and shrub, but the most beautiful was Annie herself, who, as I drove up, was standing with her excellent father at the gate to welcome me.

I shall never forget her fairy figure, as I then beheld it, in pure white—her long fair ringlets shading her face, her blue eyes in which beamed the mildest expression, the neat straw bonnet, all so appropriate.

She sprang forward to meet me—"Dear Mrs. Mary Selwyn, how we have been longing for you," were the words uttered in a tone the most musical. "Annie, sweet Annie, thanks a thousand times," I exclaimed, clasping her in my arms. We entered the house, it was a perfect picture of peace, good order and contentment. The simple repast, spread for the expected guest, and prepared in such good taste, decorated as it was with fruit and flowers; "What a picture of happiness," I remarked, as I looked around me. "And I trust you may find it fully realised," replied Mr. Bertram, while a tear of proud affection glanced in his eye; "Annie has been very busy all day I assure you, and the visit of her god-mamma has been the subject of conversation for weeks." You may easily imagine how the days flew in this sweet retreat. We met in the morning to prayers—after breakfast Mr. Bertram either visited amongst his parishoners or retired to his study, while Annie arranged her little household affairs, attended her school for the poor children, and then would bring her work and sit with me in her own favourite room, where the honeysuckles and roses wreathing round the trellis, shed their fragrance, and the cooing of her favourite doves, gave a sound to me of peculiar delight. Her evenings she spent working in her flower garden, while Mr. Bertram, with his book, sat in an arbour, reared by her hand. How often have I noticed him laying this aside to gaze on his child, as her graceful figure floated before him, or when she brook in on his studies by bringing him a flower, or calling on him to assist her in tying those which were straying on the ground.

I had been, I think, a week at the parsonage, when one morning a little note was brought to Miss Bertram, with the neatest smallest seal, written in the prettiest hand; the contents were most important, and as follows: "Mrs. Fludyer requests the pleasure of Mr. and Miss Bertram's company on — evening, at a dance." Annie handed it to her

father with a glowing cheek, and delight sparkling in her eye. He received it with a quiet smile, and a slight shake of the head.

"Now, before you say one word after that ominous shake," said Annie, "let us refer it to Mrs. Selwyn. Dear Mrs. Selwyn, do you approve that I should go, or rather what is your opinion in general of private dances?"

"My dear Annie, the reasoning of forty and of seventeen is so widely different, that you have proposed to me a difficult question," I replied. "In general I do not approve of them, but I think there may be exceptions—is Mrs. Fludyer a favourite of yours?"

"She is a most amiable woman, who delights in rendering young people happy," said Annie warmly; "she has two nice daughters, who I think would please you. They mentioned this party to me many days ago, and I was so glad to think you would be here in time for it."

"Because I am so fond of dancing, Annie?"

"No, dear Mrs. Selwyn, but I thought——"

"You thought I would like to see *you* dance. Mr. Bertram, may we for this time be indulged?"

It was impossible for the father to resist the appeal of Annie's expressive face, which seconded my request, and the consent was given with an affectionate pressure of his beautiful child to his heart, and Annie's happiness was complete. I was pleased to see that the prospect of this party did not in the slightest degree lessen the interest she took in her usual avocations.

Every thing went on quietly, and indeed it was scarcely mentioned until the morning of the day arrived, and even then, there was no flutter, no studying the most becoming costume, no time wasted in preparing finery—a simple white muslin robe and a wreath of natural flowers, were all the ornaments of my favourite Annie.

Annie, accompanied by her father and myself, entered the drawing room of Mrs. Fludyer at the hour mentioned in her note. That lady instantly came forward with her daughters, two elegant looking girls, to welcome us, and it was easy to discover in what estimation Annie was held, by the cordiality of her reception.

The dancing room was tastefully arranged, and ornamented by a profusion of fine plants. A band of music was stationed in one of the windows, and the gaiety of the scene was heightened considerably by the uniforms of two or three officers, who had kindly come in from the neighbouring town to grace the ball.

"How beautiful," exclaimed Annie, gazing delightedly around her, "how very happy I am."

"It takes little to make that young heart happy," replied her father affectionately.

Presently the band commenced a lively air, and then followed the usual form of introduction. We

had noticed a gentleman standing alone, who was by no means young, neither was he handsome—a scar on the forehead told of the battle's din, and much disfigured a countenance, not otherwise forbidding. From his uniform he seemed a naval officer, and he certainly contrasted most unfavourably with the gay scarlet coats.

Mrs. Fludyer approached him, and after a few words and some hesitation on his part, she led him up to a young lady of particularly fashionable appearance. I noticed an expression rather contemptuous in her countenance as she slightly bowed and turned away, saying she was engaged. Mrs. Fludyer looked distressed, and an air of mortification stole over the features of the stranger.

"Oh, that was not kind," said dear Annie in a whisper to me. I think Mrs. Fludyer heard her, for she smiled as she led her companion towards our party, who the moment he beheld Annie, drew back.

"I assure you Miss Bertram is very fond of dancing, and I am certain will be happy to accept you as her partner," said Mrs. Fludyer; "Annie, allow me to introduce a very particular friend of mine—Captain Selby."

Dear Annie instantly curtsied, and placed her hand in that of the stranger's, with a look of such bland and pleasing courtesy, that it seemed to find its way instantly to his heart, for his whole countenance became at once animated and surprised, as he led her away to join the dance.

"You have every reason to be proud of your daughter, Mr. Bertram," said Mrs. Fludyer, as she noticed the father's eye following his beautiful child. He did not speak, but a slight pressure of her hand thanked her more warmly.

I now looked around me, and observed an officer standing a few paces from us, leaning against the wall. He was remarkably handsome and striking in his appearance—his eyes were also following the movements of Annie, with an expression of pleasure; while near him drew the fashionable young lady, and her mamma. She evidently strove in a thousand ways to attract his attention—first by seeming to be looking for a seat, and then letting her finely worked handkerchief, trimmed with lace, fall nearly at his feet—but he was too much engaged. I asked Mrs. Fludyer his name.

"Oh, that is Lord Randolph, our *beau idéal*—it is a great favour to have him here I assure you—but I fear he will disappoint some of our young ladies, for I do not think he dances."

She now approached him, and a few words were spoken—I saw him direct her attention towards Annie, and when she had answered him she left him still standing, while the young lady at length sat down in a flutter of disappointment, and pulled a beautiful bouquet she held in her hand to pieces.

The dance at length ended. Captain Selby, with

Annie on his arm, again drew towards us. Some invidious voice whispered as they approached: "here comes beauty and the best," but they heard it not. Annie looked very happy, when her partner placing her hand in that of her father's, said in a tone of much feeling—"I restore your treasure, Sir, and I envy the feelings of the parent who calls her his child—may God bless you," he added, pressing Annie's hand, which he had still retained. He then walked away and withdrew to a remote corner of the room.

And now another dance had formed. Mrs. Fludger, with the handsome officer, came forward—Lord Randolph requested to be introduced to Miss Bertram. Annie looked at him for the first time—and the colour tinged her cheek. He smiled, as he drew her arm within his, and continued standing near us for some minutes. The first words he addressed to her, were:

"I was pleased to see you had the good taste not to refuse dancing with Captain Selby, because he was not exactly the style of partner a young lady fancies."

I ventured to steal a look at the fashionable young lady, as he uttered these words—she was looking down, but a slight confusion was perceptible.

"I came home in the frigate he commanded, some months ago," continued Lord Randolph, "when I had an opportunity of beholding in him some of the most noble traits the human breast can boast. He saved the lives of the whole ship's crew, by his gallant, firm intrepid conduct, and that scar which so disfigures him, he received when a young man, in the defence of his commanding officer. He is particularly sensitive as to his appearance, which is the only weakness I have perceived in him, and he fancies it quite impossible that any lady could feel pleasure in his society. I marked both the painful and pleased impression he received this evening, and I was determined to become acquainted with you, that I might learn from yourself who had taught you to act with such graceful kindness."

"My dearest father has always taught me to respect the feelings of others," replied Annie, blushing; "why should the unfortunate appearance of any one call forth neglect or rudeness—particularly towards one such as you represent Captain Selby to be."

"Aye, you know him for a hero *now*, but you did not till I told you. May I request the honour of your hand, for this dance?"

"As my reward?" asked Annie, looking up archly in his face.

"Nay, fair lady, I am not so vain as that," replied Lord Randolph laughing, as he led her away;

"but I want to hear a few more of your sentiments, which strike me as novel, and unlike what I usually hear from very young ladies."

"We must take care that young head does not

be turned by too much eulogium," said the gratified Mr. Bertram to me.

"There is little fear," I replied; "Annie feels what is due to the parental care of a good father, and knows too well the high source from whence all goodness emanates. I ventured once to say to her, 'what makes you, dearest Annie, so unlike the young people I usually see—so utterly devoid of selfish feelings—so alive to the wishes of others?'" "My dear, dear Mrs. Selwyn, do not praise me," was her reply; "I differ in nothing from others—I possess the immense advantage of an inestimable parent, who has led me to the fountain of living waters, where, when I am weak or weary, I can gain strength. Can there be MERIT in this! Oh no, no. To whom much is given, much will be required."

I folded the dear girl to my heart, but I did not dare say another word.

"Beloved child," said Mr. Bertram clasping his hands together, and bending over them, she has chosen that good part, which shall not be taken from her. And now," he continued, after a pause, "I will go and seek the acquaintance of Captain Selby; from what I have just heard, I have a desire to know more."

Presently I beheld the two gentlemen in earnest conversation, while I continued to observe, sometimes with pain, and again with amusement, all that was passing around me. I particularly noticed a very old lady, with palsied head, dressed in the garb of youth; she was much wrinkled, and pendant from the aged brow was a gold clasp, set with rubies. She was highly rouged, which did not conceal the deep furrows of time. Her head dress was a gay hat and plumes. "What can the thoughts of that old lady be when she is so attiring herself," said I mentally, "and whom does she think to please?" I turned from her, as she limped across the room, with feelings of pity. What a contrast to her was another old lady, who sat smiling and enjoying the happiness of the young people around her. Her venerable grey hair smoothly combed under the neat cap; the snow white handkerchief, and the simple grey silk dress—yes, age in her was graceful. I beheld Annie, with her handsome partner, approach her when the dance had concluded; and I remarked the look of affection and the cordial smile with which my dear girl was greeted. I enquired her name—it was Mrs. Blessington—and I hoped I might again meet her.

"I hope, indeed, you may," said Annie to me when I afterwards repeated this wish to her; "she occasionally favours us with an evening visit; and you will find her one of the dearest old ladies in the world."

And now the gay ball was over, and Annie was sitting calmly with me in the favourite room with her work, on the following morning. The flowers sent their sweet perfume through the open casement,

the birds were carolling merrily in the trees, whose branches cast a grateful shade on the prospect without.

"Who would exchange this calm," I exclaimed, "for the false glare and bustle of last night?"

"I trust very few, were they doomed to choose the one only," replied Annie; "but the change is delightful to me! And my own dear room seems doubly welcome this morning, after our gay evening. Sorry should I be to spend many such, lest the excitement should produce languor, and a disinclination to my home duties, but entire seclusion from society is not desirable; it weakens the mind and we are unconsciously cherishing the evils of our nature, because there is nothing to call them forth, and pride ourselves in the vain belief that we are exempt from the little envies and weaknesses we behold in others, because no temptations are near."

Annie's reasoning struck me as just, and I was going to reply when her father entered the room.

"Ladies, I have invited a beau to join our dinner table today," he said gaily. "So pray, my Annie, make your best pudding and prepare your cates."

"Is it Lord Randolph?" asked Annie, with a heightened colour.

"My little girl's head is running on lords, is it?" replied Mr. Bertram smiling, and stroking her fair brow. "No, my child, it is Captain Selby. I found him so intelligent, so agreeable, and apparently so estimable, that I wish much to cultivate his acquaintance."

"But he is so very plain, papa!"

"Was it my Annie who then spoke?" said her father, gravely.

"Alas, yes, and without reflection," she replied sorrowfully, "but I wish Captain Selby had not that horrid scar. I do not think I should ever get accustomed to it."

"Not when you remember the cause in which he received it?"

"I will try to do so—I am ashamed of myself," said Annie. "There, dear Mrs. Selwyn," she continued, "you behold a weakness which last evening has called into light. I knew not that I estimated people by their good appearance before—and I have a new task to perform in subduing it." She kissed her father affectionately, as she lightly sprang from the glass door leading into the shrubbery, adding: "And now I will go and give my orders, and gather fresh flowers for my basket, in honour of our guests!"

Captain Selby arrived at the hour he had promised, and had walked from D—, (where he had become a temporary resident, at the same hotel occupied by Lord Randolph,) through a warm sun and over dusty roads. He looked fatigued, and the shade of Annie's pleasant room appeared doubly grateful.

"What a haven of rest," he exclaimed, looking

delightedly around him, as we all rose to welcome him. "This speaks of home—home," he repeated feelingly, "how long has that endeared term been a stranger to me?"

"Take this chair, Captain Selby," said dear Annie, touched by his mournful tone of voice, and placing the most comfortable one in a cool recess of the open window.

He looked at her youthful countenance, beaming with kindness as she spoke. A tear dimmed his eye—he pressed her hand as he murmured: "Good—kind—and most lovely."

As the day wore away, Captain Selby's manner became more cheerful, then it was we discovered in him the intellectual, intelligent companion. From the nature of his profession he had travelled much, and seen many countries, and endured many dangers. Annie listened, with deep interest to his animated accounts of perils by land and perils by sea; but it was in the evening, as we sat beneath a spreading tree, on a rustic seat, with the fresh fruit gathered by our dear girl, that his heart, warmed by the attentions he had received, opened to the more domestic details of his early life.

He had from a boy been in the Navy, the favourite profession of his father, who he unfortunately lost when quite young. He was the only child of his widowed mother, and her love now concentrated in this sole object, became even painfully intense—but she was deeply pious, and strove against making an earthly idol. To fulfil the wishes of her departed husband and the ardent desire of her son, she gave her reluctant consent to his entering the Navy, but the agony she endured each time he left home, was most severe. The chilling silence, which followed his departure—the empty chair—the cheerful voice—the quick light footstep of youth—all hushed. Oh! how the loss of these would sink into her heart with a withering sensation, while every gust of wind created a pang indescribable. Fervently, at such times, were her prayers offered for his safe return—and pardon implored for want of more faith—and how often had she cause to learn the extreme mercy of that God whom she served in the many gracious answers she received.

When her little acts of charity, and her daily visits among the poor of her village were performed, she would return to her lonely home, where all her occupations were in some way associated with her beloved and absent son; his faithful dog was her constant companion—his books—his drawings—the smallest reminiscencies gathered together and carefully tended. And oh, when a letter would arrive to announce his speedy return, how gratefully would she hasten on the Sabbath day to pour forth her prayers and praise in the house of God. When sympathising neighbours would approach her on leaving it, to offer their congratulations—flocking around her, rejoicing that her Edward was coming,

and when she once more held him in her arms, and pressed him to her maternal heart, she felt more than repaid for all the past.

Years thus rolled away, and he painfully witnessed on each fresh return, the loved form of his mother became more altered—delicate health and care had made their usual ravages, and she was unable to walk so far as church. One more voyage he determined to make—for during a protracted war he had felt it imperative to stifle all private feelings, and continued his profession—but from which the near prospect of a peace would relieve him with honour. He then determined to retire, and live and die with her, who had garnered up her heart's best affections in him alone. He went, and at the close of a winter's day—when the snow was on the ground, three years afterwards, he stood once more at the gates of his mother's house—they were closed, the windows were barred, and such an air of desolation reigned on all around, that a chill of horror crept over his frame, as he clasped his hands, and leant on the iron railings. A countryman passed, whistling on his way homeward.

"Has Mrs. Selby removed from this," enquired the son, in a faltering tone—his breathing suspended as he awaited an answer.

"Mrs. Selby—the good widow lady," repeated the man—"Alas, yes sir, she is gone—gone home to a better world—she died about three months ago."

"The earth at this moment seemed to close on me," continued Captain Selby, after a long and painful pause, during which his feelings were strongly agitated. "How long I remained insensible I know not, but when I awoke to a miserable recollection, I found myself in the humble abode of the friendly countryman. Here I remained for some days, for I had no power to move. The excellent clergyman, who had been the intimate friend of my beloved mother, came to visit me, and when I was able, insisted on taking me to his house, where he daily strove to pour balm into my wounds—he gave me her dear and well worn Bible, marked in so many places by her revered hand. He spoke of the deep piety and peace which attended her to the last, and repeated her affecting message to me—'tell my darling son when he comes,' she murmured, 'the happiness I have derived from religion—tell him I go, where I trust he may follow me—the way he knows, for we have studied it together. Christ is the way, and it is light—oh, how light.'"

"I left my native place, for to me it was desolate, and continued in the navy, which appeared the only relief from utter loneliness. I wandered into far lands, but the blank never could be filled up, and here it must remain," he added, pressing his hand on his heart, "for go where I may—that cold word, *alone*, is still mine."

This little domestic tale of Captain Selby's, touched our hearts sensibly for its narrator—as for Annie she wept aloud:

"Oh, Captain Selby, I wish you had a sister," she said, "and then home would again become cheerful to you." He looked at her with the affection of a father, and sighing deeply, he rose and walked away to some distance.

When he returned, his countenance had recovered its serenity, and the rest of the evening was spent cheerfully. Annie led him to her flower garden, where she soon found in him a most able and willing assistant—and after his departure at night, we all agreed that we had discovered in this plain, unpretending, amiable stranger, a great addition to our little circle, for Mr. Bertram, on taking leave of him, pressed him to repeat his visit as often as he felt disposed, during his stay at the town of D—.

And now another tempting invitation was in store for Annie. Her young friends, the Misses Fludyer, had arranged with a select party to drive to the beautiful grounds of a nobleman, who possessed a splendid estate in the neighbourhood. Lord Randolph had promised that the band of his regiment should be in attendance. Mrs. Fludyer was to be the chaperon; and as the weather was particularly warm, it was proposed that they should not set out until six o'clock—thus, all was most propitious. Captain Selby was engaged to dine quietly with Mr. Bertram and myself. Annie's delight was unbounded. Captain Selby entered into her innocent joy, and bid her set him a task in her garden; which he promised should be completed by her return.

"And remember if you prove idle," said the dear girl, playfully, "you will find in me a very severe mistress. I want all the pinks tied very neatly, and the withered roses cut away."

"Not one shall be left to offend you, Miss Bertram," replied Captain Selby; "the buds and flowers shall be yours alone—and the withered roses mine."

"Oh! no, no, reserve a few flowers for yourself; but pray call me Annie—all my friends call me Annie?"

"Annie then shall it be," said Captain Selby, pressing her hand with animation—'KIND Annie.' Carriage wheels were now heard approaching; she flew the window. Alas! it was not Mrs. Fludyer; but good old Mrs. Blessington. A look of disappointment shadowed Annie's bright countenance; but it passed away rapidly as she beheld the feeble old lady alight, who was looking unusually pale. On entering the room, she went up affectionately to her young favourite, saying: "My child will you bear with the infirmities of an old woman this evening, and help to cheer her. I have been unwell for some days and much depressed, and I

thought your society would prove a great comfort to me; but I see you have an engagement," she continued, looking at Annie's dress.

"None of the slightest consequence, compared with being a comfort to you, my dear Mrs. Blessington," replied the sweet girl. "Papa will make my excuse to Mrs. Fludyer—will you not?"

Mr. Bertram gazed on her as she turned towards him with a most approving smile—he would have spoken, but she prevented him.

"Do not let her think that her coming has disappointed me," she said in a low tone, "I would not leave her for a party of pleasure for worlds." Mrs. Blessington was deaf, and heard her not, as she glided from the room to take off her bonnet.

"Is she not a charming creature?" said I to Captain Selby.

"She reminds me," he replied, "of some good little angel, who has been sent for a while on earth, to bless and diffuse happiness on all around her; and one actually trembles for the moment of her recall."

On her return she sat down by Mrs. Blessington, on the sofa—and no one could have traced in her sweet countenance, the slightest regret.

Mrs. Fludyer's carriage was now seen driving up to the house. Annie coloured, and turned to her father—he nodded, and left the room to make her apology. He remained some little time absent, and on again seeing the carriage roll rapidly away, a glimpse of the happy, cheerful faces within met our view. Annie gave one look; then turning to her aged friend, interested herself in the important contents of a large work basket, containing various shades of worsteds, which the good old lady was working into a stool, and had brought with her to consult her upon their choice.

As the evening was particularly warm, the tea was carried on the lawn; after which, Annie led Mrs. Blessington over the shrubbery and into her flower garden, and knowing her fondness for these, gathered all her finest, with the assistance of Captain Selby, and placed them ready for her to take away at night. The reward she received was in seeing the perfect happiness she afforded by all these attentions, and when Mrs. Blessington took leave of her, she said: "I thank you, my dear child for your kindness—it has touched a heart not ungrateful, I assure you. God bless you."

"May God, indeed, bless my Annie," repeated Mr. Bertram, kissing her affectionately, as the old lady departed, "such little acts of Christian self-denial as you have shown to-night, will never go unrewarded, rest assured."

"How is it, Annie," I enquired, "that one so young could have already learnt to bear disappointment, with the philosophy of age?"

"All that is good, is learnt here," replied Annie, laying her hand impressively on a small Bible

which lay on the table. "When I looked at Mrs. Blessington's pale face, and thought of her age, I felt that her joys in this life were few and numbered and if she was kind enough to think that I could yield her any, and came to me in that hope, would I deprive her of one, out of those few—it would have made me unhappy to do so, therefore there was no merit in yielding up my own wishes."

As she uttered this, in a sweet, low, solemn tone, I perceived Captain Selby gaze on her with looks of admiration—an expression of pain then suddenly crossed his countenance, and he turned away towards the window to conceal a tear. Day after day only served to rivet our hearts more and more round this amiable girl. Captain Selby, who was now a constant visitor, in her presence seemed a different being; he was her companion as well as myself in all her visits to her poor neighbours, and kindly did he assist in alleviating their distresses—he worked constantly and unweariedly in her garden, which flourished under his experienced hand, while Mr. Bertram and I sat with our book and our work in the favourite arbour, joining occasionally in their conversation, or amused in listening to Annie's playful scoldings, when he had mistaken her orders. I shall ever look back to that visit as the happiest I passed.

Amongst our evening visits in the village, I remember one very humble cottage, which we reached rather late. It looked more the abode of poverty than the rest. On entering, we beheld a woman cowering over a few embers, left in the miserable, broken grate—her hair hung dishevelled from under her cap—her whole appearance bespoke the extremity of woe, or habitual negligence. "Why, Martha, is this you?" exclaimed Annie.

"Oh, Miss Annie, His name be praised, that you are here," replied the woman, starting up and clasping her hands, "I have been in great distress since I last saw you; but pray be seated," she continued, perceiving Captain Selby and myself, "they have not taken *all* yet."

On enquiring, we found that from many unforeseen losses, and the illness of a child, her husband, who was an honest hard working man, had become indebted to a severe landlord £5, and for this sum he had carried off all their little furniture worth taking, and had threatened them even with a prison until the rest should be paid.

"And why did you not come to my father, Martha," asked Annie, when the poor woman had sobbed out her tale of sorrow, "you well knew he would have done what he could to assist you?"

"I do know it, Miss Annie, I have reason to know it, but we both felt unwilling to trouble the minister, after his great kindness at Christmas—he does so much in the village, more than those who are rich, which he is not, more's the pity."

"But his wants are few, good Martha, therefore

he has the more to spare for others," returned Annie, "I have two pounds of my own saved up—as far as they will go, you shall have them to satisfy this unfeeling man."

Captain Selby here interposed—"Annie, you must give up your wishes to mine," he said, "it will not be the first time." He drew forth his pocket book as he spoke, and taking from it a note, he placed it in Martha's hand—his whole countenance beaming with benevolence. "Few pleasures are mine now," continued the amiable man, "permit me to enjoy one of the highest, and become the humble means of restoring happiness to another. Go, my friend, and redeem your property—and remember to give your husband an excellent supper when he comes from his work."

The joy and gratitude of poor Martha knew no bounds—she would have knelt to her benefactor, had he permitted it, calling him an angel of mercy.

"A very comely angel indeed," said he laughingly, as he turned to Annie; there was an expression in her eye as she met his, which appeared in a moment to agitate his whole frame. She had taken his arm, while in the lowest tone she murmured, "Oh that you were as happy as you have made me at this moment."

"Annie, Annie, do not speak thus, I implore you," was his singular reply.

Martha followed us all to the cottage door, with prayers and blessings. She perceived her husband in the distance coming slowly and sorrowfully home. She rushed forward to meet him, while we instantly hurried away, enjoying the reflection of the glad welcome she had in store for him. The rest of our walk passed almost in silence. Annie hung on her companion's arm, gazing at times timidly in his face, which had assumed a grave sadness, almost amounting to sternness.

At the gate of the shrubbery, we met Mr. Bertram. Annie flew forward to tell him our evening's adventure, but before she had time to do so, Captain Selby abruptly took leave of us.

"But you will come to us tomorrow," said Annie's sweet voice, "you know we were to finish our bed of roses."

He turned towards her for one moment, with a countenance I shall never forget. The tears started to her eyes as she looked enquiringly at her father. "Come in my child," said Mr. Bertram calmly, taking her hand, "it is late, and you will take cold. Selby, remember that we cannot do without you tomorrow."

Captain Selby nodded, but did not dare trust his voice. In another moment we beheld him with hasty strides enter the path leading to the road, where he was shut out from our view by the foliage of the trees.

On the following morning, when we met for prayers in Mr. Bertram's study, I thought he was

graver than usual; but Annie was as cheerful and happy as ever, and kissed her father, as he most affectionately and feelingly blessed her—but as the day wore away, and no Captain Selby came, I could perceive a restlessness in her manner quite new. Frequently she walked to the window, and if I addressed her, she seemed scarcely to hear me. In the evening a note was handed to Mr. Bertram—Annie looked all eagerness—it contained an invitation from Lord Randolph to a ball, which was to be held in marquees pitched for the occasion.

"I do not wish to go, papa," said Annie in a tone slightly sad.

"I am happy to hear you say so, my child, as it would have pained me to disappoint you," replied Mr. Bertram, "and I should have felt it inconsistent to take you—it was however very polite in Lord Randolph to remember us, and I must acknowledge his kindness. He left the room for the purpose of answering the invitation.

Several of Captain Selby's books were lying on the table, and one of which he had been reading aloud to us the day before, I perceived Annie select, as she stole away to the arbour. I smiled, as I continued to ply my needle on my work most indefatigably, although my thoughts were rambling with my sweet Annie's, and I began to trace all the circumstances of the last six weeks, which had brought to our acquaintance and our friendship a man, like Captain Selby—certainly one of the plainest I had seen, yet with so commanding an appearance, and combining so many estimable qualities, that it was impossible to know him without becoming deeply interested. Yet, I confess, when I thought of Annie, so young, so very beautiful, I scarcely thought it possible she could view him in any other light than that of a father.

"Strange things come to pass, however," said I mentally, "particularly when woman's heart is concerned."

Day after day glided away, and still Captain Selby came not. The one fixed for Lord Randolph's ball arrived—it was ushered in by sunshine. Mr. Bertram announced to us when we met at breakfast, that an unexpected letter received from a friend, on business of importance, would oblige him to ride as far as —, a distance of ten miles, and that it might be late in the evening when he returned.

"This will be a long, long day to me," said Annie, on hearing this, "without you, and without —." Here she stopped. Mr. Bertram smiled, as he patted her on the head, "Mrs. Mary will not run away from you my child, I dare say," he replied, "so you have still one companion left." Poor Annie made no answer—but she followed him to the door, and beheld him mount his pony and ride away, while she stood watching his receding figure until he was out of sight.

"And now what shall we do to beguile this long day, Annie," I asked gaily, when she re-entered, "shall we pay a visit to Martha, and see if she is reinstated in her little possessions—she told us she had a sick child, she may still require our aid."

"How kind in you to think of her," replied Annie, "what could make me forget; let us go directly."

Our walk was very pleasant, through green woods and shady lanes. We found Martha sitting at her cottage door, attired in all neatness, and singing most merrily as she was busy at her needle—her little boy sat beside her reading.

"Dear Miss Annie, can I ever speak my thanks," said the grateful creature, as she rose at our approach, "see how beautiful our cottage looks—God forever bless the dear gentleman, and you, for bringing such a friend in our hour of need. My child too quite well—have I not cause for gratitude? He came again the day after you had been here, and when he saw my boy so pale in his bed, he desired me to send for a doctor at his expense, and not a day has passed that he has not come to see him, or sent his servant to know what we wanted. My husband says he ought to be a prince."

"He is a good Christian, which is far better," replied Annie, while tears glistened in her eyes. "Was he here yesterday?" she enquired timidly.

"No, Miss Annie, but his servant came, and he told me that his master expected to leave D — to-morrow or the next day, owing to some letters he had received."

Annie started and turned very pale. "Do you think he will call again?" she asked.

"He did not say, miss, but I hope he may, for I should like to thank him once more for all he has done."

"Is not that Captain Selby approaching," I said, as a tall figure appeared in the distance. It was indeed him—and Annie's countenance instantly lighted up and resumed its own animated expression, which was however checked as he approached, on beholding him attired in deep mourning.

The innocent joy she displayed as he entered, would have flattered any one, save the humble minded man to whom it was shown. She upbraided him for not having fulfilled his promise—and "how lonely she had felt, and how much we had all missed him—but I fear," she continued, glancing at his dress, "that you have had some painful cause for your absence."

For one instant, a gleam of gladness crossed his face as he gazed on hers—he took her hand, but as quickly let it fall.

"It has been from a painful cause," he replied, gravely, "and I was even now on my way to your house to say farewell, and to offer my warm thanks to your excellent father, for all his kind attentions."

"Are you then really going," enquired Annie, in

a faltering tone, as her hand slightly rested on the back of a chair for support—the agitation of her beautiful features could not escape his notice.

"Can that in the smallest degree affect you?" was his enquiry in the lowest tone, while his whole frame seemed convulsed with some violent emotion.

Annie looked at him—her eyes were filled with tears—"Surely yes, are you not my father's friend,—my friend."

This answer fell coldly on his ear, and a blank look of disappointment succeeded.

I had, during their short dialogue, drawn the attention of Martha to some trifling remarks about herself, but my whole attention was given in reality to my friends. I now approached them, when Annie, turning to me, mentioned the intended departures of Captain Selby, adding, "shall we not all miss him sadly?"

"I can answer at least for *one*," I replied; "if it were not for making you vain, Captain Selby, I would tell you that you have completely spoiled this young lady—and that it is fortunate for her that you are going away. She has been a perfect idler within the last few days—but for your books, which have been her only amusement, her only companion in her solitary hours, I know not how she would have redeemed herself from the imputation. As for poor me, when she found that none else were left to her this day, she bitterly lamented her hard lot."

Captain Selby smiled—"is that the case Annie," he enquired, "have I been so missed?"

Annie would have answered, but her cheek became blanched, and she burst into a flood of tears. The sudden start, and look of astonishment given by Captain Selby, were such as to excite extreme sympathy—he drew her arm within his, and immediately led her to the door of the cottage.

"Annie, where is your father—is he not at home?" was his enquiry, in a tone of much agitation.

"No indeed," replied poor Annie, "nor do I expect him until the evening."

"Then I may only walk with you to your gate—that pleasure may at least be mine for the last time."

We took leave of Martha, who would have been profuse in her acknowledgments, as she was in her curtsies, but we hurried away—Captain Selby merely saying slightly to her; "you shall hear from me again."

We lingered on our road home, and I appeared to be particularly desirous of collecting all the wild flowers in our path, which took some time to arrange. My companions, however, did not appear impatient—there was a tenderness in Captain Selby's manner, whenever he addressed Annie, which I had not marked before—and the intense interest with which she listened to every word that fell from his lips, could not but be flattering. His conver-

sation was indeed always of that intellectual nature which commanded the attention, and we could scarcely believe we were at home, when the gate of the shrubbery appeared in sight. At this moment we perceived that the weather appeared lowering—the sun had ceased to shine, and a few drops of rain falling, foretold a shower.

"You will at least come in until the rain is over," said Annie. Captain Selby appeared to hesitate, but it was impossible to refuse her second request, made more urgently, and he entered the house with us. This day was doomed to be one of incident.

Soon after our return, Mrs. Fludyer drove up with one of her daughters—she had come with the full determination of carrying off Annie to the gay ball—for she was one of those good natured worldly women, who conceived it impossible that a young person should give up pleasure from inclination, and she intended to intercede with Mr. Bertram and gain his consent.

"You were disappointed the last time you were to have accompanied us, my love," said she, "and I am resolved that this time you shall not—particularly as Lord Randolph wishes to collect all the beauty he can to grace his ball, and he mentioned you as one of the most attractive. You cannot imagine what pretty things he has said of you—he was with us yesterday and gave us a brilliant description of his arrangements."

Poor Captain Selby, how did he look while Mrs. Fludyer uttered this—he appeared to be gazing on a picture with fixed attention—but there was a firm compression on the lip, as he stood with folded arms, which displayed some internal struggle. He need not have feared for the decision of Annie, who was not to be flattered from her sense of duty by high flown compliments.

"You are very kind, dear Mrs. Fludyer," was her sweet reply, "but you know, that except to your house, I never go to balls—it is neither my father's wish nor mine—he is absent today, and having already declined Lord Randolph's polite invitation—of course as a parent you must understand how impossible it would be for me to accept your kindness, for which my grateful thanks are not the less due."

"You are a provoking though a good child," returned Mrs. Fludyer, who quickly noticed the effect this speech made on Captain Selby. "You are going, of course," she continued, addressing him.

"This is not exactly the garb suited to such scenes," replied Captain Selby gravely, and alluding to his dress.

"Ah! I had forgotten—I beg your pardon. Lord Randolph mentioned to me that you had sustained a recent loss; but he said it was a distant relation. You are determined then good folks to be stupid like all your serious persons, who hold us light-hearted, happy people, to be utterly unworthy. I

know not how it is I have made my most valued friends among you."

"It is that your heart, in reality, is with us, dear Mrs. Fludyer," said Annie, taking her hand; "you know what is right, and the time will come when you will estimate the happiness which you feel not yet, for oh, it has depths which the joys of this world cannot comprehend."

"I must away, else I shall become a convert too soon," replied the lively woman, withdrawing her hand—but as she did so, I saw a tear dim her intelligent dark eye, as she kissed the fair cheek of her youthful monitress.

"She is too good to be lost," said dear Annie, who watched her departure from the window.

Captain Selby had left the room to hand her into the carriage. On re-entering he went up to Annie, "What a different being should I become had I always you near me," said he; "I have sometimes feared that my manner is morose—a sense of loneliness to a warm heart is the most trying dispensation, particularly when we have been loved, and can never be so loved again. At first, the society I met here, cheered and comforted me—now I feel it otherwise, and for my own peace I must depart."

"Not this day, at least," replied Annie, much agitated—"wait to say farewell to my father; the rain too, see how it falls—you must not go yet."

The rain was indeed falling by this time in torrents, and I united my entreaties with those of Annie, to stay the departure of Captain Selby.

"You will dine with us once more, will you not?" asked the dear girl—her pleading voice—her sweet smile, as she looked up in his face, almost overcome his fortitude—but by one grand effort, he was successful in commanding himself, and he assented to remain until the return of Mr. Bertram, with an air of cold reserve, which surprised me—but his consent was given, and Annie was happy.

While dressing for dinner, I traced in my mind the singular manner and various emotions lately displayed by Captain Selby towards Annie.

"It is certain that he loves her," said I mentally, "what man, domesticated as he has been, with so attractive an object for so many weeks, would not—but he feels the utter impossibility of its being returned. He is diffident of himself—he is sensitive upon the subject of his appearance—perhaps weakly so—and his pride is great in proportion. He has at times indulged the thought that Annie had felt tenderly towards him—her innocent display of feeling has occasionally encouraged so happy an idea, and his strong agitation in such moments, evinced how deeply HE LOVES. Then comes the withering stern improbability, and blights reviving hope in his breast—his warm ardent affection is crushed, and he is more miserable than ever. Now he is altogether wrong," I continued, smiling as I thus cogitated, "for I am much mistaken if Annie is not

most truly attached to him. How little he knows of woman if he conceives appearance could weigh in the balance with such qualities as he possesses—but he must discover it himself—I would not spoil the denouement for worlds. I must perform my old maid's part with discretion—I will be a perfect piece of starch prudism, and neither by word nor look, hasten the conclusion of this little romance, and we will see what a day may bring forth." I descended to the favourite room as I came to this determination.

(To be concluded in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

### THE DEATH OF MONTCALM.

The lamp scarce shone, and in the room  
There reigned the silence of the tomb,  
Long now the monk, had ceased his prayers  
And over now all earthly cares,  
All hopes and passions, love and fame,  
The laurels which had decked his name,  
Aye, life itself, scarce tasted cup  
Of earthly joy—all yielded up.  
Alone he was, without a friend  
To ease the fame of life—at end :  
He dared not hope again to hold  
The blade he wielded well of old,  
But bending 'neath the joy of those,  
Who long had been his deadly foes,  
He felt that life itself could not  
Now expiate on fame the blot.  
Yet in that agonising hour,  
His thoughts would turn on earthly power,  
How could he check the silent moan  
There, in his dying hour—alone—  
How could he quell the sigh which spoke  
Of glory marr'd, and fortune broke  
He who from foeman scorned to fly  
Now lay, how unprepared, to die.

A burning flush came o'er his cheek,  
There was an effort made to speak,  
While furrows deep came o'er a brow,  
There never written until now.  
Again the monk awhile did bend  
O'er him the wounded, and did lend  
His oft repeated prayers.—

My son,

Think not thy course is ended now,  
Or that life's hours have swiftly run,  
Before thy father thou shalt bow,  
And find an everlasting rest,  
A rest unbroken with the blest—

Where sin and sorrow, words here known,  
Ne'er are, e'en in remembrance, spoken,

Where thou shalt cradle near the throne,

In joy untroubled, rest unbroken,  
While bending down, he prayed the soul  
Might reach in joy its heavenly goal.

Those prayers to him, in vain were said,

Now earth alone his thoughts controlled,  
And armies which he once had led

Now onward to his vision rolled  
As when he, stern in strength and pride,  
Had sought for glory by their side.

And wild those faint and sick eyes gleamed,

Throughout the dark and curtained room,  
When mournfully the daylight beamed,

Stealing so slowly on the gloom—  
While on his soul there seemed to light,  
The strength and passions known in fight.

He sat upright, his hand in air,

Well nerved and seeming strong was thrown,  
He dreamed that it descended where

A legion slept—But still and lone  
He heard no echo, knew no groan,  
He woke again—to be alone.

And reason half returning, came

To find him desolate and sad,  
Then inwardly he cursed his name,  
And cursing deepest, felt most glad,  
Again he rose—with fondest care,  
The monk still knelt beside him there.

The dying warrior cried "They fell  
By hundreds round me; who shall tell  
Of broken hearts, of mother's love  
Now without peace, save from above,  
Of warrior souls now bent in dust,  
Of swords now broke and gone to rust.  
Mine army give me, let mine arm  
Lead thousands on, and foes disarm,  
My steed, my noble steed, by all  
That's sacred, how I long to fall  
In bloody and victorious fight,  
While on my soul such joys should light."

The monk arose, and o'er him bent  
There was a smile upon his brow,  
His teeth were closed as though intent,  
Upon the scenes described but now,  
But life with that bright smile had fled,  
Montcalm was with the "mighty dead."

E.

### EPIGRAM ON A LADY, WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND.

Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here,  
What think you, my love, don't it strike you?  
Can't say it does, just at present, my dear,  
But I think it soon will, its so like you.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

This happy year! how soon away,  
 The flowers which late, bloomed bright and gay,  
 Lie scattered round me, scentless, dead,  
 Upon their cold, unhallowed bed.  
 Oh, who can mark without a sigh,  
 All that is lovely, fade and die?  
 Or who withhold one pitying tear,  
 When blighted leaves, grow red and sear.  
 'Tis true, another rose may blow,  
 When spring returns, to melt the snow,  
 And trees again, shall spread their shade,  
 O'er every hill, o'er every glade,  
 But ah! can April's gentle showers,  
 Recall (with these) departed hours?  
 Can sunbeams of a transient day,  
 Restore the friends, far far away?  
 Wild is the thought, the hope how vain,  
 The past we never may regain.  
 And dark and sad, and fraught with fears,  
 Our onward path of life appears.  
 E'en should a distant ray of light,  
 Dispel these gloomy shades of night,  
 How cold, how dim, 'twill shine on me,  
 When absent far, my friends from thee.  
 Perchance new hopes in future years,  
 May chase away these bitter tears,  
 But not in life's whole changing scene,  
 Can I be blest, as I have been.  
 Then fare-thee-well, those hours are past,  
 And keenly blows stern winter's blast.  
 But long shall memory fondly dwell,  
 On them, on thee, farewell, farewell.

A voice more sweet than seraph's note,  
 Descending from above,  
 Seems on the air to gently float,  
 And whisper, "God is Love."

"O turn thee to the sacred page,  
 And trace His goodness there,  
 His promises, from age to age,  
 Shall soften every care.

"A lamp around thy path shall shine,  
 How brilliant to thy view,  
 And holy happiness be thine,  
 More lasting, and more true.

"The joys of life, like summer flowers  
 May fade, and pass away,  
 But these shall bloom in wintry hours,  
 And never can decay.

"The storm may rage, and tempests lower,  
 The sun may set in night,  
 But on that rock, in darkest hour,  
 Behold a beacon light.

"Then fear thee not, but hasten on,  
 Like Noah's faithful dove,  
 The olive branch shall yet be won,  
 Remember, 'God is Love.'"

The voice has ceased, the vision flown,  
 Again I find myself alone,  
 And years have passed, but still I ween  
 That message has my treasure been,  
 O'er every earthly hope it shines,  
 And as the spring of life declines,  
 It sheds on autumn's varied hue,  
 A radiance, glorious to my view.  
 And he, that one so loved, is near,  
 The husband, and the friend sincere.  
 With him I rove, o'er land and sea,  
 In fondness and fidelity.  
 Like pilgrims bound to happier shore,  
 Where tears, or sorrow reach no more,  
 Onward we go, and, Lord, we pray,  
 Still guide us in that narrow way,  
 Which leadeth to eternal rest,  
 Among the spirits of the blest.  
 And as our bark glides down the stream,  
 May that pure light forever gleam  
 On us—on ALL we love afar,  
 Oh, lead THEM by that holy star.  
 And as we fix our eyes above,  
 Remember that our "God is Love."

E. M. M.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE NIGHT WATCH.

The night watch stands upon the lonely deck,  
 His native land has now become a speck,  
 He views with awe the ocean's dreary way,  
 And counts the hours till bright returning day.  
 He muses on the dangers of the deep,  
 And envies those who now are sunk in sleep,  
 The wind blows chilly, and the scene is drear,  
 But does that lonely man know fear?  
 He cannot, for I saw him bend the knee,  
 And pray to Him, whose footsteps ride the sea,  
 Who stays the storm, and at whose Holy will,  
 The winds are hushed, the boisterous waves are still.  
 His faith is firm, though darkness veils the night,  
 Christ is his hope, his Saviour, and his light.

E. M. M.

## MATRIMONIAL CHANGES.

THE BEADLE CONQUERED—A SCENE FROM  
 OLIVER TWIST—BY "BOZ"

Mr. Bumble had married Mrs. Corney and was  
 master of the workhouse. Another beadle had come

into power, and on him the cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and staff, had all three descended.

"And tomorrow two months it was done!" said Mr. Bumble, with a sigh, "It seems a age."

Mr. Bumble might have meant that he had concentrated a whole existence of happiness into the short space of eight weeks; but the sigh—there was a vast deal of meaning in the sigh.

"I sold myself," said Mr. Bumble, pursuing the same train of reflection, "for six tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a milk-pot, with a small quantity of secondhand furniter, and twenty pound in money. I went very reasonable—cheap, dirt cheap."

"Cheap!" cried a shrill voice in Mr. Bumble's ear: "You would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above knows that."

Mr. Bumble turned and encountered the face of his interesting companion, who, imperfectly comprehending the few words she had overheard of his complaint, had hazarded the foregoing remark at a venture.

"Mrs. Bumble, ma'am!" said Mr. Bumble, with sentimental sternness.

"Well," cried the lady.

"Have the goodness to look at me," said Mr. Bumble, fixing his eyes upon her. "If she stands such a eye as that," said Mr. Bumble to himself, "she can stand any thing. It is a eye I never knew to fail with paupers, and if it fails with her my power is gone."

Whether an exceedingly small expansion of eye is sufficient to quell paupers, who, being lightly fed, are in no very high condition, or whether the late Mrs. Corney was particularly proof against eagle glances, are matters of opinion. The matter of fact is, that the matron was in no way overpowered by Mr. Bumble's scowl, but, on the contrary, treated it with great disdain, and even raised a laugh thereat, which sounded as though it were genuine. On hearing this most unexpected sound, Mr. Bumble looked first incredulous, and afterwards amazed.

He then relapsed into his former state; nor did he rouse himself until his attention was again awakened by the voice of his partner.

"Are you agoing to sit snoring there all day?" inquired Mrs. Bumble.

"I am going to sit here as long as I think proper, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble; "and although I was not snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze, laugh, or cry, as the humour strikes me, such being my prerogative."

"Your prerogative!" sneered Mrs. Bumble, with ineffable contempt.

"I said the word, ma'am," observed Mr. Bumble. The prerogative of a man is to command."

"And what's the prerogative of a woman, in the name of goodness?" cried the relist of Mr. Corney deceased.

"To obey, ma'am," thundered Mr. Bumble.

"Your late unfort'nate husband should have taught it you, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive now. I wish he was, poor man!"

Mrs. Bumble, seeing at a glance that the decisive moment had now arrived, and that a blow struck for the mastership on one side or other must necessarily be final and conclusive, no sooner heard this allusion to the dead and gone, than she dropped into a chair, and, with a loud scream that Mr. Bumble was a hard-hearted brute, fell into a paroxysm of tears.

But tears were not the things to find their way to Mr. Bumble's soul; his heart was water-proof.

Like washable beaver hats, that improve with rain, his nerves were rendered stouter and more vigorous by showers of tears, which, being tokens of weakness and so far tacit admissions of his own power, pleased and exalted him. He eyed his good lady with looks of great satisfaction, and begged in an encouraging manner that she would cry her hardest, the exercise being looked upon by the faculty as strongly conducive to health.

"It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens down the temper," said Mr. Bumble; "so cry away."

As he discharged himself of this pleasantry, Mr. Bumble took his hat from a peg, and putting it on rather rakishly on one side, as a man might do who felt he had asserted his superiority in a becoming manner, thrust his hands into his pockets, and sauntered towards the door with much ease and waggishness depicted in his whole appearance.

Now Mrs. Corney that was, had tried the tears, because they were less troublesome than a manual assault; but she was quite prepared to make a trial of the latter mode of proceeding, as Mr. Bumble was not long in discovering.

The first proof he experienced of the fact was conveyed in a hollow sound, immediately succeeded by the sudden flying off of his hat to the opposite end of the room. This preliminary proceeding laying bare his head, the expert lady, clasping him tight round the throat with one hand, inflicted a shower of blows (dealt with singular vigour and dexterity) upon it with the other. This done, she created a little variety by scratching his face and tearing his hair off, and having by this time inflicted as much punishment as she deemed necessary for the offence, she pushed him over a chair, which was luckily well situated for the purpose, and desired him to talk about his prerogative again if he dared.

"Get up," said Mrs. Bumble, in a voice of command, "and take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate."

Mr. Bumble rose with a very rueful countenance, wondering much what something desperate might be, and picking up his hat, looked towards the door,

"Are you going?" demanded Mrs. Bumble.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," rejoined Mr.

Bumble, making a quicker motion towards the door. "I did n't intend to—I'm going, my dear—you are so very violent, that really I—"

At this instant Mrs. Bumble stepped hastily forward to replace the carpet, which had been kicked up in the scuffle, and Mr. Bumble immediately darted out of the room, without bestowing another thought on his unfinished sentence, leaving the late Mrs. Corney in full possession of the field.

Mr. Bumble was fairly taken by surprise, and fairly beaten. He had a decided bullying propensity, derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the exercise of petty cruelty, and consequently was (it is needless to say) a coward. This is by no means a disparagement to his character; for many official personages, who are held in high respect and admiration, are the victims of similar infirmities. The remark is made, indeed, rather in his favour than otherwise, and with the view of impressing the reader with a just sense of his qualifications for office.

But the measure of his degradation was not yet full. After making a tour of the house, and thinking for the first time that the poor laws were really too hard upon people, and that men who ran away from their wives, leaving them chargeable to the parish, ought in justice to be visited with no punishment at all, but rather rewarded as meritorious individuals who had suffered much, Mr. Bumble came to a room where some of the female paupers were usually employed in washing the parish linen, and whence the sound of voices in conversation now proceeded.

"Hem!" said Mr. Bumble, summoning up all his native dignity. "These women at least shall continue to respect the prerogative. Hallo! hallo there!—what do you mean by this noise, you hus-sies?"

With these words Mr. Bumble opened the door, and walked in with a very fierce and angry manner, which was at once exchanged for a most humiliated and cowering air as his eyes unexpectedly rested on the form of his lady wife.

"My dear," said Mr. Bumble, "I didn't know you were here."

"Did n't know I was here!" repeated Mrs. Bumble. "What do you do here?"

"I thought they were talking rather too much to be doing their work properly, my dear," replied Mr. Bumble, glancing distractedly at a couple of old women at the wash-tub, who were comparing notes of admiration at the workhouse-master's humility.

"You thought they were talking too much?" said Mrs. Bumble. "What business is it of yours?"

"Why, my dear—" urged Mr. Bumble submissively.

"What business is it of yours?" demanded Mrs. Bumble again.

"It's very true you're matron here, my dear," submitted Mr. Bumble, "but I thought you mightn't be in the way just then."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Bumble," returned his lady, "we don't want any of your interference, and you're a great deal too fond of poking your nose into things that don't concern you, making every body in the house laugh the moment your back is turned, and making yourself look like a fool every hour in the day. Be off; come?"

Mr. Bumble, seeing with excruciating feelings the delight of the two old paupers, who were tittering together most rapturously, hesitated for an instant—Mrs. Bumble, whose patience brooked no delay, caught up and bowl of soap-suds, and motioning him towards the door, ordered him instantly to depart, on pain of receiving the contents on his portly person.

What could Mr. Bumble do? He looked dejectedly round, and slunk away; and as he reached the door, the titterings of the paupers broke into a shrill chuckle of irrepressible delight. It wanted but this. He was degraded in their eyes; he had lost caste and station before the very paupers; he had fallen from all the height and pomp of beadleship to the lowest depth of the most snubbed henpeckery.

"All in two months!" said Mr. Bumble, filled with dismal thoughts. "Two months—not more than two months ago I was not only my own master, but every body else's, so far as the parochial workhouse was concerned, and now!"

It was too much. Mr. Bumble boxed the ears of the boy who opened the gate for him, (for he had reached the portal in his reverie,) and walked distractedly into the street.

(ORIGINAL.)

### ISAAC AND REBEKKAH.

Slow o'er Canaan's lovely, vine-clad hills,  
The sun declined, pillow'd on gorgeous clouds,  
Which hung their folds, like silken drapery  
From Tyrian looms, around each verdant height,  
And wrapt the world beneath in twilight's shade,  
Waking that gentle hour of eventide,  
Sweet in all lands—but in that orient clime,  
Most full of pure delight, to sense and soul.  
There, where the skies drop balm, where spices  
breathe,  
Where the young olive buds, and where the grape  
Puts forth her delicate blossom, like the threads  
Of fairy frost-work, wrought by unseen hands,  
Yet, from each tiny cup, shedding perfume:  
There, where the stars, which Chaldean shepherd's  
watch'd,  
Look brightly forth, from out their azure depths,  
Through the clear ambient air—where, too, night's  
bird,  
The tuneful nightingale, pours forth her song,  
While safe she sits within her leafy nest,  
Hid by the clustering roses that she loves,

And there, where thousand flowers, of wondrous shape,

And hue more dazzling than the vivid tints  
Which dye Heav'n's brow, exhale a fragrant cloud,  
Borne on each gale, that with their petals sports,  
And from their cups pilfers the treasur'd sweets,  
Wafting them all abroad; an off'ring meet  
To Him, who form'd their passing loveliness  
And streak'd their bells with gold.

Such was the hour,  
With its sweet harmonies, and purple hues,  
That stole with noiseless beauty o'er the earth,  
When from the Patriarch's tent, Isaac went forth  
Alone, to meditate on things divine,  
And 'mid the silence of the dewy fields,  
Hold commune with his God, and with himself—  
For then, with man the Deity oft walk'd,  
And spoke in whispers to his list'ning ear,  
Heard in the breeze which 'mid the foliage sigh'd,  
And in the murmurs of the gushing stream,  
That leap'd along its course, joyous and bright;  
Yet with his musings, holy though they were,  
A dream of earth was blent. Youth's burning hopes  
Were busy at his heart. For still, he stood  
On life's first threshold, though e'en then, his days  
Had reached that date, which measures half the span  
Of our allotted life. But in that age  
Of the world's youth, the years of man ran on  
To thrice three score and ten—and manhood's hopes,  
And manhood's vig'rous heart, were just aroused,  
Just kindling into warmth, when now alas!  
So altered is our fate, the worn-out frame  
Bends with its weight of ills, and tott'ring goes  
Down to the grave, glad to be gathered  
To its mother earth, and leave the spirit  
From its thralldom free, to soar again to God.  
Yet there he stood, though o'er his manly head  
Twice twenty suns their annual course had roll'd,  
Still bright with youth—warm with its eager hopes  
And fond desires—and with aspiring thought,  
Stretching his vision through long sunny years,  
To life's meridian day—when he should grasp  
Those brilliant hopes which loosely floated now,  
Like the gay notes that on the sunbeam dance,  
Before his dreaming eye.

The present, too,  
Fraught with its share of joy, asked of his heart  
The tribute of a thought. For, from afar,  
Hasted a bridal train, with one most fair,  
A daughter of his house, who came to claim  
His fust'ring love, and ever by his side,  
Through the world's paths, move on her destin'd way.  
Anon he backward glanced, over the past—  
The happy past—bright with a mother's love.  
Where was that mother now? Dim grew his sight,  
As rushed the thought of Ephron's sacred field,  
Machpelah's cave, within whose silent bounds  
She peaceful slept—aye, the cold sleep of death  
She who had nurs'd him on her gentle breast,

Share'd his young joys, and in the higher hopes  
Of op'ning manhood, knew to sympathise,  
With all a mother's heart.

But she was gone!

Gone from that pleasant home her smile had bless'd,  
And left it desolate. Fair though it lay  
Beneath those ancient trees, whose loving arms  
Clasp'd it in fond embrace—to his sad eye  
Joyless and drear it look'd—not as 'twas wont  
When with soft step that gentle mother came,  
And spread, in the cool shade before the tent,  
Their evening meal, of milk and fragrant fruits,  
With honey pure, and kneaded barley cakes,  
And sweeten'd all with words of tender love,  
While she dispensed the dainties of her board.  
“Can any be to me what she has been?”  
He inly asked, as pausing by the brink  
Of a fair stream, whose pure translucent wave,  
Gave freshness to those patriarchal fields  
Through which he roved, he turned to catch on'

glimpse  
Of his lone home, that smiled in quiet beauty  
Down the vale, his wand'ring steps had left.  
When lo! upon his ear, there smote the sound  
Of coming feet, the camel's bells rung out  
In the soft air—and then the train appear'd—  
A virgin train—led on by one well known,  
The ancient servant of his father's house.  
And she who near him rode,—that graceful girl—  
Was she the promis'd bride, come from afar  
To link her fate with his? To be to him  
E'en as another self, and cast those charms,  
Glowing, redundant, flush'd with youth and love,  
Into his arms, and live for him alone?

Nearer the train approached,—  
And when that maiden saw her destin'd lord,  
Quick to the earth with trembling haste she sprang,  
And drew with eager hand her snowy veil  
Around her lovely form. Yet through its folds  
Transparent, might be seen the lustrous eye,  
Drooping to earth beneath its dark fring'd lid,  
And the fair cheek, whose varying colour shew'd,  
Now the wan lily's hue, and now the flush,  
Deep'ning and mantling to the richest glow,  
That dyes the bosom of the summer rose;  
And when, in gentlest tone, upon her ear  
His greeting fell—in vain she strove to speak,  
Upon her lips the sounds, unuttered, died—  
Her panting breath, her bosom's struggling swell,  
Alone declared with what conflicting fears  
Her soul was torn.

But in the bridegroom's heart,  
E'en on the instant, conquering love had birth,—  
And won by her soft mien, her virgin grace,  
All thoughts, all feelings, all regrets, were lost  
In one fond hope—of winning back the love,  
Which lavishly he cast upon the shrine  
Of that bright maid: e'en, silent as she stood,  
Chain'd by the spell of woman's gentle shame,

She charmed his soul,—and won him to forget  
 The cherish'd dead, he had so long deplor'd.  
 With timid touch, he clasped her small white hand  
 And led her to his tent, and knelt with her  
 Before his hoary sire—the Patriarch smil'd,  
 And bless'd their mutual love, and prayed of God,  
 To hold them in the hollow of his hand,  
 Safe from all harm,—from sin's pollution free,  
 Till they were gather'd to their final rest,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.  
 And there in Sarah's place, Rebekah dwelt,  
 Dispensing joy, and shedding o'er the heart  
 Of him she came to bless, comfort and peace,  
 Till in the gentle light of her dear love,  
 He mourn'd with soften'd grief for her who slept  
 Within Machpelah's cave.

E. L. C.

Montreal, November 15, 1838.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE DEATH-BED.

It is sad to look upon the anguished features of those who mourn the death of one they love—aye, though the departed may have died in the fulness of honoured years. The mourner, when he sees the place vacant, so long filled by the one now lost, cannot calculate that nature hath waited until the last hour, to claim the debt so long owed to our first father's crime, and if he weep as one not altogether without hope, it is in the blest belief that an all-good Redeemer hath promised a new life to those who die in him.

But, oh! it is doubly sad to see the aged and toil-worn sorrowing for the departure of those who are yet scarcely beyond the rosy freshness of life's spring-time—to see the young and promising shoot cut off, and the old tree left to wither, alone and leafless, the spring of its existence dried.

A grey-haired mother sat by the bedside of her dying one—the last of many, whose sunny smiles had softened the sorrow of her widowed heart—whom she, fragile as she seemed, had seen, each following each, laid beside their unforgetten sire, under the hallowed turf in "the old kirkyard." Her eye was tearless, and her brow was calm; but the pale cheek and the quivering lip, told of the warring tempest of agony within. The dying one was a fair being, whose life had been prolonged only until that time when the world is dearest, for she had herself felt the joyous cares of the young mother's heart, and her cherub boy now lay on her bosom, and his young fingers wandered among her clustering tresses—childhood playing on the breast of death. It was a melancholy scene; but while life lasted, she would not lose his loved caross.

And he, the lover-husband!—how his writhen features speak of the struggling agony at his heart of hearts, while he gazes upon her in whom his earthly hope is centred, gasping for the departing breath. He cannot yet yield to the hope with which she is buoyed, that they shall soon meet where there is no parting—he only sees the dread gulf which shall separate them, dreaming not how soon he shall himself pass it. It were well for him, could he read a lesson of patient sorrow from the time-worn mother of her he loves. But she is inured to woe—her heart and hopes are already with the grave—to her it indeed seems the bourne for which the weary traveller longs.

And she is dead! and the stricken husband gazes upon the pale countenance that so lately gave back his glance of true affection, and his soul-heaving sigh is unheard and unheeded by her who was ever so ready to share his grief or pain. The form so lately animate with loving life, is cold and passionless as the earth in which it shall soon rest.

The fountains of the heart now overflow, and the tears course freely over many cheeks. It were unwise to check too rudely the current of their grief. Never was one more worthy of the purest tribute of human sympathy. Gentle and kind, she was one of those rare beings whom all admire, and her bosom ever heaved with the sympathetic sigh, when scenes of sorrow met her eye or ear.

Weep on! weep on! and when thy tears have calmed the wounded spirit, thou wilt feel that He who is all-wise hath only claimed of thee that which is fully due—reliance on His will! And, oh! remember, and therein thou wilt find that which should console, that by following as nearly as frail humanity permits, the example of Him who was meek and lowly, thou wilt again meet her for whom thy soul yearns, in that world where there are no tears—where, together ye may again offer the song of praise and love, free from the grosser earth which encumbered her gentle spirit here!

YOUNG girls, who have more vivacity than understanding, will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others is frequently dangerous to themselves; nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. This immaturity of wit is helped on by frivolous reading, which will produce its effect in much less time than books of solid instruction; for the imagination is touched sooner than the understanding; and effects are more rapid as they are more pernicious. Conversation should be the result of education, not the precursor of it. It is a golden fruit, when suffered to grow gradually on the tree of knowledge; but, if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THOUGH FAR I ROAM FROM THEE, LOVE!

Though far I roam from thee, love,  
 Though far I roam from thee,  
 Yet will I come again, love,  
 O'er desert wild, and sea,  
 To thee my every thought shall turn  
 Though storms and tempest rave,  
 When our gallant ship, in glory rides,  
 Triumphant o'er the wave.  
 Then though I roam, from thee, love, &c.

Oh! wipe your tears away, love,  
 Oh! wipe your tears away,  
 And smile, as you did smile, love,  
 In youth's first happy day,  
 For oh! I love to see thy brow,  
 With pleasure's beam enwreathed,  
 And hear from thee the sweetest lays  
 That music ever breathed.  
 Then wipe your tears away, love,  
 Oh! wipe your tears away, &c. &c.

## THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY A VOLUNTEER.

AN EXTRACT FROM LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

"Among the common tastes which served to knit these friends together, was their love of horsemanship, in which, as in all other manly exercises, Skene highly excelled: and the fears of a French invasion becoming every day more serious, their thoughts were turned with corresponding zeal to the project of organizing a force of mounted volunteers in Scotland. 'The London Light-horse has set the example'—(says Mr. Skene)—'but in truth it was to Scott's ardour that this force in the North owed its origin. Unable, by reason of his lameness, to serve amongst his friends on foot, he had nothing for it but to rouse the spirit of the moss-trooper with which he readily inspired all who possessed the means of substituting the sabre for the musket.'

"On the 14th February, 1797, these friends and many more met and drew up an offer to serve as a body of volunteer cavalry in Scotland; which offer, being transmitted through the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Lieutenant of Mid-Lothian, was accepted by government. The organisation of the corps proceeded rapidly; they extended their offer to serve in any part of the island in case of actual invasion; and this also being accepted, the whole arrangement was shortly completed; when Charles Maitland, Esq. of Rankeillor, was elected Major-Commandant; (Sir) William Rae of St. Catherines, Captain; James Gordon of Craig, and George Robinson of Clermiston, Lieutenants; (Sir) William Forbes of Pitsligo, and James Skene of Rubislaw, Cornets;

Walter Scott, Paymaster, Quartermaster, and Secretary; John Adams, Adjutant. But the treble duties thus devolved on Scott were found to interfere too severely with his other avocations, and Colin Mackenzie, of Portmore, relieved him soon afterwards from those of paymaster.

"'The part of quartermaster,' says Mr. Skene, 'was properly selected for him, that he might be spared the rough usage of the ranks; but, notwithstanding his infirmity, he had a remarkably firm seat on horseback, and in all situations a fearless one: no fatigue ever seemed too much for him, and his zeal and animation served to sustain the enthusiasm of the whole corps, while his ready 'mot a rire,' kept up, in all, a degree of good-humour and relish for the service, without which the toil and privations of long daily drills would not easily have been submitted to by such a body of gentlemen. At every interval of exercise, the order *sit at ease*, was the signal for the quartermaster to lead the squadron to merriment; every eye was intuitively turned on 'Earl Walter,' as he was familiarly called by his associates of that date, and his ready joke seldom failed to raise the ready laugh. He took his full share in all the labours and duties of the corps, had the highest pride in its progress and proficiency, and was such a trooper himself, as only a very powerful frame of body and the warmest zeal in the cause could have enabled any one to be. But his habitual good-humour was the great charm; and at the daily mess (for we all dined together when in quarters) that reigned supreme.'

"Earl Walter's first charger, by the way, was a tall and powerful animal named *Lenore*. These daily drills appear to have been persisted in during the spring and summer of 1797; the corps spending moreover some weeks in quarters at Musselburgh. The majority of the troop having professional duties to attend to, the ordinary hour for drill was five in the morning, and when we reflect, that after some hours of hard work in this way, Scott had to produce himself regularly in the Parliament House with gown and wig, for the space of four or five hours at least, while his chamber practice, though still humble, was on the increase—and that he had found a plentiful source of new social engagement in his troop connections—it certainly could have excited no surprise had his literary studies been found suffering total intermission during this busy period. That such was not the case, however, his correspondence and note-books afford ample evidence."

## THE HOLLYHOCK.

If children would not destroy this fine flower, it might be planted in the hedges of our fields; and those cottagers who keep bees would be much benefitted, since the late season at which the holly-

hock flowers, gives the bees an opportunity to make a second season for collecting their sweets; and after a wet or cold summer, these autumnal flowers would afford them relief, give them strength to endure the winter, and shorten it to them, by preventing their falling on their store too early. We have frequently remarked that where the hive has been seen in the cottage garden, the inhabitants seem possessed of more domestic comforts than those who have neglected to secure a swarm of bees; and we have known several industrious families entirely clothed by the profits obtained from the sale of their honey and wax. A good strong cloth may be made from the fibrous bark of the flower-stalks of the hollyhock. In 1821, about 280 acres of land near Flint, in Wales, were planted with the common hollyhock, in order to convert the fibres into thread similar to that of hemp or flax. In the process of manufacture it was discovered that the plant yields a blue dye, equal in beauty and permanence to the finest indigo. The seed cases should be collected, when ripe, in dry weather, and kept dry, sown in April in beds of light earth, and the young plants removed when they have six or eight leaves each, into nursery beds about twelve inches from each other, and watered, if the season be dry, until they have taken root; then kept free from weeds, and planted out, where they are to remain, until October. Seeds sown as soon as ripe in autumn, and planted out early in spring, will sometimes flower a year sooner than could have been obtained from spring sowing. When not wanted for seed, the choice varieties should have the flower stalks cut down to the ground when the flowers are decayed, for if suffered to ripen the seed it frequently weakens the plant so much that they decay during the winter. A single flower-stalk will furnish enough seed for a large garden.

## RHETORICAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

### THE REPARTÉE.

It is a fine day.—It generally is when a wiper is abroad.

Madam; my lord is dying for you.—I wish he was; and that he may never again importune me on the subject of love.

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Aristotle, observed, that he was fearful he was obtruding on his ear.—No, no, replied Aristotle, I have not been listening.

A quaker, in a stage-coach with an officer, observed that his sword was very troublesome.—All my enemies are of the same opinion, replied the captain.

A link-boy, one very dark evening, asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light? No replied the doctor, I am one of the lights of the world. I wish then, rejoined the boy, that you were hung at the end of the alley where I live, for it is very dark.

### THE ANTHROPRISMUS.

*A figure, by which a person renders the proposition of another of counter effect?*

Turpin took my mare from the stable, and rode to York, without my knowledge and consent: which I term a felony.—It is true, he did so; but it was no theft; for he rode her to your yard again, and tied her to the rack.

Charlotte, it is my duty as a parent to inform you that you are sitting by a man of very profligate character, who will mar your reputation.—Papa; Vice placed near Virtue, makes Virtue more lovely, strong, and clear.

You might have had a deal more wit, papa, had you been governed by my mamma.—Child! he who is governed by his wife, has no wit at all.

### THE BON MOT.

Brackley Kennet, who was lord mayor of London in 1780, was originally a waiter; and when summoned to attend the privy council, to answer for his pusillanimous conduct during the riots, his arrival was announced to the council-chamber. *Ring the bell,* said Lord North, and let him attend us.

In a recent duel between two lawyers, one of them had hot away the skirt of the other's coat. His second observing the truth of his aim, declared, that had his friend been engaged with a client, he would very probably have hit his pocket.

### THE DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

Two vivacious girls entering the pump-room at Bath, met a short, fat, ruddy, coarse lady retiring. Here is beef *a-la-mode* coming out, said one of the girls.—This is usual, replied the dowager, to make room for the game!

The roses on your cheek were never made  
To bless the eye alone, and then to fade;  
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being,  
To please no other sense than that of seeing.

### SADNESS.

THERE is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its power is alike supreme over the weak and iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the fitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and, like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

## FAVORITE WALTZ,

AS PERFORMED BY THE BAND OF THE FIRST ROYALS,

PRESENTED BY A GENTLEMAN OF THIS CITY, WHO HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO SUPERINTEND  
THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major and 3/8 time. The music begins with a piano (*P*) dynamic. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5, and D5. The bass clef accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern.

The second system continues the waltz. The treble clef melody includes a sharp sign (F#) on the second measure, indicating a modulation to C major. The bass clef accompaniment continues with eighth-note chords.

The third system concludes the first section of the waltz. Both the treble and bass clef staves end with double bar lines and repeat dots, indicating the end of a phrase.

The fourth system begins the second section of the waltz. The treble clef melody starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bass clef accompaniment continues with eighth-note chords.

The fifth system concludes the second section of the waltz. Both the treble and bass clef staves end with double bar lines and repeat dots, indicating the end of a phrase.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

Send back the shout ! oh, who would yield,  
 When banners bright are waving,  
 One sabre's breadth of glory's field  
 To tyrant bands enslaving ?  
 Not one ! not one ! that warrior host,  
 Aye, all would gladly perish,  
 Ere they would mourn their freedom lost  
 Or weep the fame they cherish !

There's music in the battle-cry,  
 When proud war steeds are prancing,  
 And blades more bright than beauty's eye  
 On glistening helms are glancing.  
 There's music in the cheer that rings  
 Of victory proudly telling,  
 That back the ebbing life-tide brings,  
 From warrior-bosoms welling.

Then, on ! oh ! see, on falcon-wings  
 Our storied pennon sweeping,  
 While Conquest to its drapery clings,  
 For us her vigil keeping.  
 Then on ! ride on ! our sabres throw  
 Their gleaming lightning o'er us,  
 Oh ! sheathe them not, till foemen bow  
 Their vanquished necks before us !

Ride on ! no truer cause than ours  
 E'er warmed a hero's bosom,  
 The glories won in proudest hours,  
 'Twere worse than death to lose 'em.  
 Then, on ! with life we ne'er shall yield,  
 While banners bright are waving,  
 One sabre's breadth of glory's field,  
 To tyrant bands enslaving.

## OUR TABLE.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS; AND ALICE, OR THE MYSTERIES—BY BULWER.

Two novels and but one tale, the best of many, which are all good—abounding in gems,—myriads of them deserve to be printed in gold. No guinea can be better wasted than that which buys "Ernest Maltravers."

CALDERON, THE COURTIER—BY BULWER.

Falls much short of the rest of Bulwer's tales. We felt much disappointment at finding it so much below the standard we had fixed for its author.

THE TWO FLIRTS, AND OTHER TALES.

Bulwer, Countess of Blessington, and a whole phalanx of names, figure as contributors to this collection of tales. The promise thus held out is not fulfilled on perusal. A very few of the tales come up to the mediocre standard.

THE ROBBER—BY JAMES.

The author of *Richelicu* does nothing that cannot be read, but the present work is not as good as those which have preceded it.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND—BY COOPER.

The Walter Scott of America has not added to the fame he acquired by his tales of "The Pilot," "Water Witch," "Pioneer," "Last of the Mohicans," "Prairie," &c. &c., by this work. It is better, however, than the *materiel* could be supposed to furnish.

THE BIT O' WRITIN' AND OTHER TALES—BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

As a proof of the esteem in which we hold this book and its author, we intend copying the principal tale entire, although of too great extent to admit of publication in one number of the *Garland*. It will be found equal in genuine humour to any thing which has come from the pen even of Lover himself. "The Bit o' Writin'," however, requires no eulogium—its merit will be its passport to public favour. Neither need we ask for it a perusal—once begun, no reader will willingly cease until he sees the complete success of the "ould admiral," aided as he was with so erudite a document as Murty Meehan's "Memorandile o' sarvice."

OLIVER TWIST, OR THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS—BY "BOZ."

Like every production of Mr. Dickens, this is truly an excellent book, exhibiting a variety of character well worthy of the pen which produced the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." Among our extracts will be found a scene from the life of a Beadle, who, having for years exercised uncontrolled dominion over the Parish Paupers, suddenly sees his

authority wrested from him, and himself degraded in the eyes which were wont to look upon him with awe and wonder. We will say no more of this book at present, than "go buy."

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY—EDITED BY "BOZ."

This is a monthly publication, under the management of Mr. Dickens, and is without exception the best of the London Magazines. It is reprinted in New York, and read with avidity by an immense host of subscribers. We have no hesitation in recommending it to the perusal of every admirer of genuine talent.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

This is another work of the inimitable "Boz," and published in monthly parts. The only fault we can find with it is the length of time intervening between its consecutive publications—leaving as it does, the appetite on edge for what the following number will contain.

RUFUS, OR THE RED KING—BY GRANT.

This is the first work of its author, and promises well. It contains some very elegant passages, and well deserves to occupy a prominent position among the class to which it belongs—romance of history.

ROYSTON GOWER OR THE DAYS OF KING JOHN.

We cannot say much in praise of this work, although it has generally been well received by the reading public in England, and has already been republished in New York. It, however, contains some good portraits of the stormy Barons of that stormy time. The reader of historical fiction will not regret its perusal.

It affords us much gratification to state that the Musical Department of the *Garland* has been generously undertaken, by a gentleman of the highest professional celebrity, who has furnished us with a favourite Waltz of the 1st or Royal Regiment, hitherto unpublished. This will prove a most delicious treat to the amateur in the delightful science of harmony and song.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"E. M. M." will observe that we have availed ourselves largely of her very valuable favours.

"B." has been attended to.

"E. L. C." claims our thanks. "Isaac and Rebekah" will be found among a variety of valuable articles in our preceding pages.

"Eliza" is rather below the standard although promising well. It would afford us pleasure to converse with the author.

"Hezekiah" is respectfully declined. The author may obtain it on calling at the office of the Publisher.