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THE
LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine;

A MONTHLY REPOSITORY OF

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS,

&c. &c. &c.

"A fragrant wreath, composed of native flowers,
Plucked in the wilds of Nature's rude domain."

NEW SERIES—VOLUME VII.

MONTREAL:

LOVELL & GIBSON, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

TORONTO:—SCOBIE AND BALFOUR, KING STREET; QUEBEC:—T. CARY & Co.

1849.

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ENGRAVINGS.

"SUGARING OFF."

RURAL SCENE.

RICH AND POOR.

HALT ABOVE THE NORTH END OF THE DEAD SEA.

VALE OF NAZARETH.

JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN TO STAND STILL.

NUMBER 1.

THE
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UNIVERSITY OF MCGILL COLLEGE.

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DENTS in ARTS MATRICULATING on or before the 5th of FEBRUARY will be allowed
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AW LECTURES in the Court House as heretofore.

JOS. AB.

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THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1849.

No. 1.

Alice Sydenham's First Ball.

BY R. E. M.

"Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board,
Summon the gay, the noble and the fair;
Through the loud hall, in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of care—
But ask not thou if happiness be there."

Scott.

"MAMMA, dear Mamma, may I not go to Mrs. Belmont's party, to-morrow night?" exclaimed Alice Sydenham, awakening from the reverie, in which she had been absorbed for the previous half hour.

The lady, at whose feet she sat, laid down the book which had engrossed her attention, and replied with gentle earnestness:

"My dear child, wherefore should you wish to go? The Belmonts are people entirely out of our present sphere, and though Mrs. Belmont herself, remembering your early school girl friendship, may have extended you this invitation, her memory refreshed, as it has lately been, by meeting you some few weeks since, on your return from the country; believe me, she has no serious intention of keeping up your revived acquaintance. She knows our circumstances perfectly well; knows, that whatever our condition may at one time have been, at present we have barely the means of subsistence, and she doubtless supposes you will regard the card you have received, in the same light as that in which it was sent, an unmeaning compliment. Where would a poor, portionless girl, like you, find means for procuring the splendid dress, necessary to your appearing in her fashionable and gorgeous drawing rooms?"

A long pause followed, broken at length by her young companion, who exclaimed, whilst a very perceptible cloud passed over her countenance:

"And to think, mamma,—to think, that you have a rich uncle, who is surrounded by all the luxuries of life; an uncle who possesses no other living relative, save yourself."

"True, Alice, but by his own patient, unremitting industry alone, has he amassed his wealth, and it is but just, he should dispose of it as best pleases him. I never was a favorite with him. How could I be? Brought up from earliest childhood, at a boarding school, miles from home, I never saw him but three times in my life."

"Did you ever see him after your marriage?"

"Never; your father brought me immediately to my new home, in a distant part of England, and thus effectually precluded all further intercourse. However, about a month after your poor father's death, I received a letter from him, enclosing the sum of twenty pounds, which he has regularly transmitted to us, every new year, till the last. He must be either ill, or abroad; but doubtless we will speedily receive the usual sum, for surely he cannot be so cruel as to deprive us so suddenly, without any plausible pretext, of what has for years, proved our chief, I may say, our only support.

"And has he never written to you but once, mamma?"

"Never—the letter enclosing his earliest remittance, was his first and last. It was a cold, formal missive, indeed, informing me, in measured terms, that he had heard of Mr. Sydenham's decease, and of my destitution, a natural

consequence of wedding a young gentleman, whose only possessions were a graceful address, and high lineage; concluding, by assuring me, the annuity should be continued as long as I remained deserving of it, and peremptorily forbidding my seeking further intercourse with him, either in person, or by letter."

"Well! we will talk of him no more, mamma; I am sure 'tis anything but a pleasant topic. I will sing some lively ballad, to chase away any sad thoughts which the remembrance of this open-hearted uncle of ours may have excited."

And she advanced towards the piano forte, but notwithstanding the seeming cheerfulness of her tones, there was a slight quivering of the lip, and an almost imperceptible shade of sadness, in the full, soft eye, which the observant mother at once detected.

"Come here, Alice," she said, pointing to the stool, her daughter had quitted.

The latter silently obeyed.

"You cannot deceive me, my child. You feel this deprivation more acutely than you are willing to avow; but Alice, Alice—this is childish;" she continued, as her daughter, whose assumed fortitude suddenly deserted her, burst into tears. "You are sixteen years of age, and to weep thus, like a child, for so trivial a disappointment."

There was a kind smile, however, hovering round the mother's lips, which contradicted the seeming reproof her words conveyed.

"But 'tis my first ball," sobbed the young girl; "and you know how long and earnestly I have desired to go to one. You remember, in the winter evenings, how I have listened to you for hours, describing those at which you assisted in your youth, and the first years of your marriage; scarcely daring to indulge a hope, that I might ever have the happiness of witnessing such a scene of brilliancy; and now, when I have the opportunity, 'tis too hard to be disappointed."

"You shall not be disappointed, my child, for you shall go; but dry up those tears. Really I would scold, only 'tis so very seldom you indulge in them. Ah! sunshine is restored," she added, as, with a radiant smile, Alice looked up into her mother's face. "Now tell me, dearest, what are the pleasures you expect at this ball? Let me see if their loss is worth weeping for."

The young girl's cheek flushed.

"Why, dear mother, novelty, gaiety, and—

and—"

"Admiration," subjoined her mother, quietly.

"And admiration too," was the low-toned reply.

A pause succeeded, when Alice, suddenly rais-

ing her dark, lustrous eyes to her mother's face, exclaimed:

"And why not admiration, mamma? I have been always told I am a graceful dancer, and am I not handsome?"

"Yes, you *are* handsome," replied Mrs. Sydenham, gravely, and for a moment her glance rested with earnestness on the brilliant complexion and raven tresses of her beautiful daughter. "You are handsome and graceful; yet, Alice, possessing both these qualifications, as I have often told you, you may find yourself greatly neglected, and feel very miserable at a ball."

"Let me make the experiment, mamma, dear," was the girlish rejoinder.

"You shall, dear Alice," smilingly returned Mrs. Sydenham, who, as she looked on the sparkling eyes, and sweet smile, dimpling the rose-bud mouth of her companion, felt how improbable it was, that her forebodings would be realized. "And may it prove satisfactory—but away and prepare your gay attire. You have not much time."

With the sparkling delight of a child, the young girl bounded from the room, to enter on her task; and a difficult task it was indeed, for poor Alice's wardrobe contained, not one single one of the many articles indispensable to that of any ball-going young lady. However, Mrs. Sydenham ventured on the unusual extravagance of purchasing a white tarlatane dress, whilst Alice expended the little hoard, she had been for months accumulating for the purchase of new books and music, in the absolute requisites of kid gloves, shoes, flowers, &c. The important night at length arrived, and long before any of the fashionables invited, had thought of entering on the duties of the toilet, Alice, her preparations nearly completed, sat in her mother's room, awaiting her new dress, which had not yet arrived—half reclining in an easy chair, her dreamy gaze fixed on the carpet, as if absorbed in contemplating its dull, faded pattern; for one long hour she sat, without proffering a word. Suddenly Mrs. Sydenham, who had been regarding her some time in silence, exclaimed:

"Why, Alice, you are unusually, wonderfully pre-occupied. What are you thinking of?"

A flood of vivid carnation instantly dyed her cheek and brow, as, after a second's hesitation, she murmured:

"Of to-night and its pleasures, dear mamma."

Ah! Alice! Alice! That answer, though partly true, was not what it should have been. The ball indeed, occupied those thoughts, but only as connected with a still more engrossing subject.

It was of Henry St. John, the handsome and elegant brother of Mrs. Belmont, a being she had never met but once, and that only for a few minutes, in the company of his sister; but whose high-bred politeness, and evident admiration of herself, had left a deep and durable impression on her mind. 'Twere hard to say, how many aërial castles she had constructed during the hour she had sat wrapped in silent reverie; but however wild or improbable they may have been, she ever finished the construction of each, by the sober, natural thought:

"I shall at least see him, for he will be there, and surely he will ask me *once* to dance."

But her mother's address dispelled, at least for the moment, her fleeting visions, and after replying to her question, she suddenly remembered that her dress, that dress whose vast importance she alone could thoroughly appreciate, had not yet come home. Looking at the time-piece, however, she saw it was still early, and after reviewing again, every article, to see that all was complete, she sat down to her instrument, to wile away the time, and practise a few songs and pieces, in case she should be called on to play; but hour after hour passed on, and still the priestess of fashion, with her priceless treasure, the dress, came not. Poor Alice, who had long previously abandoned her instrument, and endeavoured to dispel her nervous impatience, by pacing the room with rapid steps, felt her hopefulness gradually ebbing, and at length, when ten o'clock struck, her fortitude completely overcome, she flung herself on the sofa, in a paroxysm of tears. Mrs. Sydenham, really sympathizing with her natural distress, kindly endeavoured to soothe her, reminding her it was not yet too late for fashionable hours, and that Mrs. Graham, the lady who had undertaken to *chaperone* her, being an ultra-fashionable, would not probably call for some time to come.

"Dry your tears, my own Alice," she said, raising carefully the rich tresses of her daughter, which the latter in her emotion had entirely forgotten. "See, your curls are already commencing to droop; they are positively damp, and your eyes, my dear child, will be quite red."

"'Tis useless! mother, useless!" was the sobbing reply; "and there is Mrs. Graham's ring," she added, starting, as the hall bell pealed violently, from the sofa, on which she however immediately threw herself again with a fresh burst of grief. "Go, and tell her 'tis impossible for me to go."

With a slow step Mrs. Sydenham left the room, but she almost immediately returned, and, with a beaming countenance, exclaimed:

"'Tis not Mrs. Graham, Alice, but the girl with your dress. Quick, quick, here it is!"

Her daughter sprang to her feet with a bright smile, though the tears yet hung on her long lashes, and proceeded to try on the dress. But alas! fresh disappointments! slight, graceful, as Alice's figure was, the milliner had thought fit to improve on it, and accordingly had made the dress so tight that, when strained to the utmost, the lower hooks were still nearly an inch apart.

"Positively, this is too provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Sydenham, almost as much annoyed as her daughter. "Why, it would not fit an infant. 'Tis no use," she added as the girl, after another superhuman effort, fell on a chair in sheer exhaustion, her face scarlet with her exertions. "Take it off again," said Alice quietly, seating herself, with the calmness of despair. A solemn pause succeeded during which the spectators looked at each other in funereal silence, when suddenly a bright idea entered the head of Alice's humble tirewoman:

"Sure, Miss, you can hide it with your sash." The suggestion was like the plank to the drowning mariner, the well spring in the desert, and was promptly, eagerly acted upon; but many a crease, and ungraceful fold, was the sad consequence. This, however, was of minor importance, as the milliner, who was anything but a proficient in her art—poor Alice could not afford to procure the services of a better—had left so many proofs of her skill in the shape of numberless awkward discrepancies and creases, that those formed by the subterfuge of the sash, passed undistinguished, if not unobserved. The dress, however, was at length adjusted; and, now, the gloves had to be tried, but they were certainly many removes from French kid, for with the first effort made to draw them on, one finger tore from top to bottom. Poor Alice was by this time, however, inured to misfortune, and the only additional evidence of annoyance perceptible was in the deepening of her former faint flush, into intense scarlet. The glove, however, was at length mended, the white rose placed in the dark hair, and the last act of the drama, the large cloak thrown over her, when a furious peal at the bell announced the arrival of her *chaperone*.

With a hasty kiss from her mother, Alice, without a parting look at her mirror, hurried down stairs, sprang into Mrs. Graham's carriage, and, secure in the consciousness that all her dreams, her hopes, were now on the point of fulfilment, sank back with a sigh of relief on its cushioned seat. Mrs. Graham happened to be in a very ill temper, and it was not therefore in the most amiable of tones, she exclaimed: "I hope

you will excuse me, Miss Sydenham, for being so late; but I have only just returned from the Opera, and I scarcely waited to change an article of dress. Indeed, had it not been for my promise to Mrs. Sydenham and yourself, I should have dismissed all thought of appearing in Mrs. Belmont's rooms to-night."

Her young companion, who felt greatly disconcerted by this communication, murmured some inarticulate words about gratitude, thanks, and a long pause followed. Suddenly, Mrs. Graham asked, "if she were acquainted with any of the expected guests."

"I know none but Mrs. Belmont herself—and Mr. St. John," she added, after a moment's hesitation.

"Both passable people in their way," rejoined the lady in a careless tone; "but Mrs. Belmont is one of the most capricious, uncertain, women I know of, and Henry St. John is—but what do you think of him?"

It was well for Alice that the darkness hid from Mrs. Graham's penetrating eye the vivid flush that overspread her cheek. The consciousness, however, that her companion could not read her countenance, enabled her to reply with the most perfect calmness.

"Indeed, I am scarcely competent to pass any opinion on Mr. St. John, as I have never spent more than a half hour altogether in his society."

"Well! I will give you his character, and in a few words too, for *I pique* myself on my brevity and clearness, at least in describing the weaknesses of my friends. Henry St. John is a young gentleman, strikingly like most of his class, very handsome, very elegant, and very conceited. Passing rich, and well-born too, he thinks so many qualifications exempt him from the necessity of ever troubling himself in the slightest degree about any body, or even stooping to be polite to any one, unless he have some peculiar end in view. Then he can render himself almost irresistible."

Alice remembered at the moment with gratitude, and it must be confessed a slight tincture of vanity, that this well-born, handsome, haughty, individual, had thought it worth while to be not only polite, but particularly attentive to herself. She did not however reply, and Mrs. Graham, after a few additional remarks of the same charitable nature, suddenly awoke to the consciousness that she was wasting her powers of satire and comment on one of the *uninitiated*, an individual who, being out of her sphere, could not appreciate them. She therefore relapsed into silence, which remained unbroken till they stopped before Mrs. Belmont's elegant mansion. The

brilliantly illuminated windows, before which light indistinct figures were perpetually passing and repassing, the rich strains of music, the confused sounds of voices and laughter, betokened that mirth and festivity were in full flow.

"We are very late!" was Mrs. Graham's exclamation, as, after ascending the wide staircase, she threw herself on a couch in the elegant but deserted dressing room. "However, we shall have the mirrors entirely to ourselves. That is some consolation. Really," she added, as the waiting maid divested her of her cloaks and shawls, "I never felt less disposed for gaiety. Carelessly dressed, looking so shockingly ill," and she cast anything but a pleasant glance at her figure, which a superb mirror opposite, reflected at full length. Alice turned, and that toilette, so slightly spoken of, fairly dazzled her—a light gossamer fabric of delicate pink, over rich white satin, looped up with bows of delicate beauty; and then the exquisite wreath encircling the plain, glossy hair, the splendid bracelets and rings. The heart of poor Alice sank within her; and as the reflection: "Perhaps they are all dressed like her, even more elegantly," presented itself, she was conscious for the first time of an almost involuntary wish that she could transport herself at once to her mother's quiet happy room; but she had little time to indulge in aspirations of any sort, for Mrs. Graham, who had just despatched the maid on some commission, turned, exclaiming:

"And, now, Miss Sydenham, let me examine you; but, my heavens!" she added, as a rapid change came over her countenance; "is that the dress you intend to wear? Who on earth could have made such a thing? Such a waist! and such fitting sleeves!" Poor Alice bowed her head, but spoke not. "And do inform me," she added, in a still sharper tone, for her ill humour had completely gained the ascendancy over her politeness, "do inform me, what this heavy band on your arm is intended for? Surely not a bracelet?"

As her companion made no reply, she had no answer to cavil at, and she impatiently exclaimed:

"In pity to yourself, take it off, and here, clasp this on." As she spoke, she presented the jewel which she had just taken from her own arm, and Alice, fearing to remonstrate, silently obeyed. It was an ornament indeed of excessive beauty—a rare and magnificent opal, surrounded by splendid rubies.

"And now," added Mrs. Graham, giving a last impatient twist to her sash; "I can do no more for you. We will go—but, are you ill?"

she asked, perceiving that Alice trembled from head to foot.

"'Tis nothing," was the murmured reply. "I feel a little faint."

Mrs. Graham signed the servant, who had just entered, to hand a glass of water, and the young girl, fearing to put her companion's patience to any further trial, hastily swallowed it, and rose to follow her. With the first glance at the large and glittering saloon they were entering, her self-possession, her very sense of perception, seemed to desert her, and when at length she recovered, she found herself seated in a corner, near a large table, covered with magazines and engravings. Almost opposite her was a young and pretty lady, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, and both were attentively regarding her. The lady stooped and whispered something, with a smile, to her companion, who replied, by a light laugh; but, observing that they had attracted the attention of their victim, they turned away. With a strange feeling of loneliness, mortification and fear, she surveyed the brilliant scene before her. All seemed happy, cared for, but her. Those who were not dancing, conversed in groups, partook of refreshments, or promenaded, in couples, the lofty apartments. How painfully, too, did the contrast between herself and the other, faultlessly attired girls, who flitted before her, with their graceful draperies and delicate ornaments, strike upon her heart. Suddenly, while glancing from group to group, with a feeling of sickly despair, her eye fell on the elegant figure of Henry St. John, who was dancing with a haughty-looking, but fashionable, girl. Entirely engrossed by his partner, he of course saw not Alice, who was almost concealed by the heavy draperies of the window on one side, and, on the other, by the shadow of a large lamp on the table beside her. From that moment, however, things appeared in a new, a roseate light. There was, at least, one person present who knew her, and who would surely ask her once to dance. That person would introduce others, and—in fine, Alice had already arrived at the second story of one of her aerial edifices, when Mrs. Belmont passed her with a rapid step. She would not have perceived Alice, but her *bouquet* happened to fall at the feet of the latter, who immediately bent to raise it.

"What! you, my dear Miss Sydenham—not dancing! but I must get you a partner."

She turned and beckoned apparently to some one in the crowd, whilst her young companion, ready to sink with shame at the idea of being thus forced in a manner on a partner, cast down her eyes in speechless confusion. She raised

them, however, as a light step approached, and saw Henry St. John before her.

"I have reserved a partner for you, Henry," said Mrs. Belmont, in her soft voice.

"Miss Sydenham!" exclaimed the young man, springing forward with much *empressement*. "This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure; but how is it, I have not seen you before?"

"We arrived very late," rejoined Alice, crimsoning to her temples."

"And you were dancing in the next apartment, nearly all the time, Henry!" quickly interposed Mrs. Belmont, who, with ready tact, at once divined that her guest, failing a partner, had not left as yet the quiet corner in which she had sought refuge on her entrance. After a few additional words of silvery courtesy, the hostess gracefully turned away, whilst Alice, leaning on the arm of her handsome and distinguished partner, her heart beating with mingled fear and delight, joined the quadrille now forming, inwardly congratulating herself that she was now, indeed, participating in the pleasures of a ball. For a few moments, Henry St. John was all gaiety and devotion, but gradually his tones grew colder, his mirthful sallies and compliments became fewer and fewer, and, before the end of the third figure, had entirely ceased. Poor Alice, who had replied to him heretofore only by smiles and blushes, instantaneously perceived the desolating change, and for the first time, raised her eyes from the ground, to discover, if possible, the cause. As she did so, she whispered words:

"*Ceil! quelle tournure!*" and then, in a still lower tone; "What on earth could have induced Henry St. John to select such a partner?" fell on her ear. With what volumes of horror were those short sentences fraught! For a moment she actually gasped for breath, but her positive terror enabled her quickly to subdue her emotions, and she cast a stolen glance from beneath her long lashes, at her partner. He was looking studiously in a distant direction of the room, but his deepened colour, and a certain nameless air of embarrassment pervading his whole figure, told that he too had heard the comments which had just been uttered. Involuntarily she turned her glance on one of the large mirrors lining the sides of the apartment, and she almost started at the figure it reflected. True, it gave back many figures, all light and graceful, all faultlessly attired, but *one* stood out pre-eminent to the horrified gaze of Alice. One ill-dressed, flushed, awkward-looking girl, with long, black hair, hanging in immense uncurled masses around her neck and shoulders. Oh! how fearful seemed to her, her vast inferiority to all around her, and

the consciousness of that inferiority was accompanied by a pang, so bitter, that the colour which had hitherto equally dyed cheek and brow, retreated, leaving her pale as a statue, and with a haggard, worn-out look, which certainly appertained not to a girl of sixteen. Her confusion was further increased, by the contemptuous scrutiny with which the lady opposite, (the same with whom St. John had been dancing when she had first perceived him,) regarded her. Though fully twelve or thirteen years older than Alice, with a dark, colourless complexion, and haughty, irregular features, yet her air of dignity, of fashionable repose, combined with an elegant and faultless toilette, gave her a strange and wonderful advantage over the latter, with all her youth and beauty. What an hour of torture was that quadrille to Alice; and when her now silent and inanimate partner, after leading her to her seat, and uttering a few words of cold, common-place civility, left her, she felt too unhappy, too disheartened, to wish for his return. Nor did he return. The film which had invested, even for a few moments, the poor and portionless girl with winning charms, had fallen from his eyes, and he saw again, with his usual faultless clear-sightedness. The young and beautiful creature, with the aristocratic name and graceful address—for Alice was then at her ease, who had attracted his admiration when he had first met her in the company of his sister,—was a very different being from the unfashionable, neglected, unknown girl, whom he had been entrapped into dancing with. Inwardly vowing it would be his last folly of the like nature, and muttering, we will charitably suppose, only a doubtful sort of benediction on his sister's officiousness, which had led to such a result, Henry St. John, the hero of the ball-room, immediately sought out the lady with the faultless toilette, and engaged her hand for the ensuing dance, endeavouring, by increased devotion and graceful flattery, to obliterate any evil impressions his late ill-directed choice of a partner might have left on her mind. The lady was placable, and to Henry St. John's great delight, for Miss Aberton was a wealthy heiress, he succeeded. Meanwhile, poor Alice was nearly half dead with agitation and inanition, for she had as yet taken no refreshment whatever, save one jelly, which a tall, grave-looking gentleman, with a bald head, had presented, chancing to observe her glance at the tray which he was setting down on the table beside her. This abstinence was the more acutely felt, as she had not tasted food that day; her excitement and the bright hopes and anticipations which had thronged upon her, effectually precluding such a thing. It had been

with the greatest difficulty Mrs. Sydenham had prevailed upon her to take a cup of tea an hour or two before leaving. What would she not have given now for that, or any other refreshment. She looked around in despair; no one knew, noticed, or saw her, and she was too young and timid to think of asking.

At length, beginning to feel really ill, she formed the desperate determination of seeking Mrs. Graham, and begging her to send her home immediately. Twice she rose to cross the brilliantly lighted room, and twice her courage failed her; but finally taking advantage of the confusion of a rapid *galop*, she succeeded in gliding unobserved into the next apartment. It was a small sitting room, opening on the conservatory, and was empty at the time, but, ere she had half crossed it, the sound of laughter and voices approaching, filled her with dismay. Hastily raising the purple draperies which hung before a recess at the other end, she sprang behind them, and had hardly time to readjust their folds, when the party entered.

"Do let us rest here a moment," exclaimed a fashionable, and not unmusical voice. "I am completely exhausted! The heat is so oppressive in that dancing room."

"Permit me, then, to bring you some refreshments," rejoined the clear, yet soft accents of Henry St. John. "I will not be absent a moment."

Alice glanced through a small opening in the fold of the curtain, which commanded a full view of the room. Thrown negligently but gracefully on a crimson couch, was her disagreeable *vis-à-vis*, the object of Henry St. John's devotion; whilst two or three young ladies were sitting or standing round; St. John himself, and the other gentlemen of the party, had gone in quest of refreshments.

"My ringlets are all out," exclaimed the youngest and prettiest of the group; as she twined a glossy auburn tress round her white fingers. "They are positively straight."

"Yes, something like the abundant locks of Henry St. John's partner," was the laughing rejoinder. "Where on earth did he contrive to find her? He may certainly pride himself, on having had a partner who, if she possessed no other attraction, had at least the rare one of being *unique* of her kind. But, seriously, Miss Aberton," she continued, addressing the lady on the couch; "do you know who she is? I would never have noticed her, nor I dare say would any of us, but for the circumstance of the usually exclusive, and over fastidious Henry St. John, having chosen her for a partner. Who can she be?"

"I for one, know nothing about the girl," returned Miss Aberton, closing her haughty eyelids; "but I rather suspect she came with Mrs. Graham. Perhaps some country cousin."

"Who is paying the usual penalty of the absent now?" gaily interrupted St. John, who entered at the moment. "I hope that I am not the hapless one."

"Not exactly," returned the former speaker, with a mischievous smile. "Still, there is no material difference—for 'tis your whilom partner. Pardon me, but as I really feel a friendly solicitude regarding your peace of mind, I must inquire her name," and she raised her sparkling eyes with a pretty air of gravity to his face. St. John's brow instantly became scarlet, and he bit his lip as if to restrain his impatience.

"Surely, Mr. St. John, *sur ce chapitre on peut se rapporter à vous*," said Miss Aberton, with a somewhat sarcastic smile, curling her lip. "A guest of your sister's, and a partner of your own choice."

"Her name is Sydenham," rejoined the young man with ill dissembled annoyance. "That is all I know of her, beyond exchanging a few words, when introduced to her by Mrs. Belmont."

"Oh! fie, fie, Mr. St. John," interrupted his former tormentor, the Honorable Miss Templeton. "Do you count for nothing all the flattering smiles and compliments you showered upon her, during that short but blissful dance? A dance too, of your seeking, for 'tis to be presumed, the lady did not solicit your hand."

"Not exactly, Miss Templeton," was the cool reply; "but when my sister, who was a school-fellow of Miss Sydenham's, gave her to me as a partner, I could scarcely, even to win Miss Templeton's priceless approbation," here he bowed low, "be sufficiently ungallant to inform the young lady I had no particular desire for the honour."

"Dear Mrs. Belmont has so warm a heart," sweetly lisped the Lady Helena Stratton. "How few of us are so faithful to those delightful things, school-girl friendships."

"Sydenham is a good name, though," said another, in a more matter of fact tone; "and Miss Aberton says she came with Mrs. Graham."

"I said, I supposed so, from the circumstance of perceiving on her arm, a rare and magnificent bracelet, the only passable thing the young girl had on her person, which I am convinced belongs to Mrs. Graham."

"An opal set in rubies," exclaimed Lady Helena. "I have seen it on her several times, and 'tis a very rare ornament. I also saw Mrs. Graham address a few words to her at the beginning of the evening."

"But Mrs. Graham has not troubled herself much about her since," rejoined Miss Templeton.

"How could she? Mrs. Graham, ethereal soul! being, as she herself says, poetically, a creature whose whole being is devoted to sweet sounds. I really believe she has been in the music room all night, and hush! I hear her full tones at the present moment."

"She certainly has a beautiful voice," said St. John, sincerely delighted with the change the conversation had taken. "We can distinguish the words partly from here, 'I'll hang my harp on a willow tree.'"

"I sincerely wish she would 'hang her harp on a willow tree,' for I am heartily sick of its strains," said Miss Aberton, as she rose from the couch; "but, come, let us leave Mrs. Graham, and her charming *protégée*, to their fate. The subject is worn out."

"Nay, do not let us leave this sweet spot so soon," returned Miss Templeton. "I really shall change the hangings of my morning room, and adopt this beautiful shade. And what a charmingly mysterious recess! Do you remember the words of the old song.

'I'm weary of dancing now, she cried,
Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide.'

Shall I follow her example?" and with the graceful *étourderie* of a child, she sprang forward, and grasped the purple draperies in her small hand. What a moment of fearful, of breathless agony, must that have been for the trembling being they screened! For a second, Miss Templeton held the curtains, and then with a gay laugh, she turned away, exclaiming: "No! I had better not be too rash. Who knows but yonder draperies conceal some solemn mysteries? There never was such a thing heard of in a romance, as a recess without its grisly skeleton, or mysterious portrait, making awful descents from its frame, and taking short pedestrian excursions through the halls and passages. Really, I appeal to you, Miss Aberton, does it not look like the nooks we read of in old fashioned novels? Dark, rich folds, hanging from the lofty ceiling!"

"It looks like a nook marvellously well adapted to play the eaves-dropper in," drily returned Miss Aberton, who concealed with difficulty, the disgust which the *enfantillage* of her friend excited.

"Nay, do not check Miss Templeton's delightful enthusiasm," said Henry St. John, in a tone, whose double refined politeness savoured strongly of sarcasm. "Really, such freshness, such *naïve* eagerness, is a charming deviation from our customary monotonous insipidity."

Miss Templeton saw at once that Mr. St. John

was "paying her off" for her former unwelcome jests at his expense, and resolving not to leave him "victor of the field," she rejoined:

"You are too complimentary, Mr. St. John. I am not the only one who does occasionally display traits of a better nature. What greater example could we require of unworldly enthusiasm, of heroic indifference to the world's opinion, than that with which you edified us to-night in your selection of the being to whom you doubtless offered your heart as well as hand. Ah! she indeed is a bright specimen of that sweet, silent sensibility, that fascinating, rural timidity, so highly eulogized by boarding school teachers and middle aged people, and so signally distinguished by Mr. St. John."

"But, really, St. John," said a tall, affected looking young gentleman, who rejoiced in the appellation of Viscount Howard. "Really, you, whom the lady promoted to the dignity of her *preux chevalier*, are bound by all the laws of chivalry and knighthood to go in search of her. She is doubtless at the present moment, making signals of distress for an ice, or calling on you to rescue her from some remote corner, where no other partner can penetrate."

"Had you not better make the experiment yourself, my lord? As your fancy is so very lively in conjuring up scenes of distress, probably your generosity is equally prompt in relieving them."

There was a very perceptible tone of sarcasm in the words, and a slight contraction of the high brow of the speaker, which told that further jesting on the subject would prove anything but conducive to mirth or friendship, and Lord Howard, taking the hint, drew the fair Lady Helena's arm in his own, and passed on to the adjoining saloon. The others followed in like order—Miss Aberton and St. John last. The latter had lingered to gather a blossom from a superb Indian jasmine that stood in the conservatory, which he presented, repeating in a tone half playful, half serious, the sentiment it imaged: "I attach myself to thee." It was graciously accepted, and the delicate compliments, the words of homage he whispered, as they slowly followed their companions, proved that Henry St. John was a proficient in the science of flattery.

Meanwhile, what were the feelings of the young and sensitive girl, who, an unsuspected listener to that long dialogue, with all its bitter contemptuousness, its heartless egotism, had thus received her first terrible lesson in the world's ways. For an hour, a long hour after the thoughtless revellers had passed out, she stood leaning against the tapestried wall, her eyes

closed, her small hand pressed on her heart as if to still its wild, convulsive throbbing. At length a feeling of strange bewildering weakness crept over her, and, conscious that she was on the point of fainting, she left the recess, and, with some difficulty, reached the table on which fortunately stood a vase of water, a glass of which somewhat revived her, and a few moments rest on the couch on which Miss Aberton had late reclined in all the pride of wealth and rank, comparatively restored her. But, with returning force returned her old fear, that some gay party, if not the same one that had lately passed, might enter and see her sitting there, so lone, so neglected. That would have been indeed the last drop in her cup of bitterness; but what was she to do? There was no alternative save to seek Mrs. Graham, and entreat her to return; but where was she to be found, and how could Alice summon courage to approach her before a crowded room, and importune her, perhaps at a time where she might be totally engrossed by some other subject.

"Oh! that I might go home myself," murmured Alice, clasping her hands. "How willingly would I set out on foot in damp and darkness. Yet alas! I have no resource save patience. But I must seek my former place of refuge. There at least I may remain unobserved, unseen—how happy I shall feel if I can but reach it without meeting any of those heartless fashionables. I will not be tempted to leave it again."

With a beating heart and timid step she re-entered the ball-room, and was quietly and unobservedly gliding back to her former seat, when directly in her path, advancing towards her, was Henry St. John, Miss Aberton leaning on his arm. Alice stood transfixed with positive terror; but she was at least spared that mortification, for without having perceived her, they turned off in another direction. With renewed hope she continued to advance, when something soft, crushing beneath her foot, caused her to stoop. It was the white rose, now soiled and discoloured, which her fond mother had placed with such maternal pride, some hours before, amid her dark tresses. The sight brought back in all their vivid bitterness, the mortifications, the humiliations, which had been her portion that night. What a contrast to the roseate visions, the soft hopes, that had flitted before her, when that rose, white and lovely, had been placed amid her hair. The hot tears of acute mental suffering gushed to her eyes; spite of her efforts, they fell faster and faster. Half blinded by them, she hurried on. At length her haven was all but won, when suddenly—how closely is the sublime blended with the ridiculous, the mournful with the mirthful,

in this changing world of ours; in her feverish haste, she stepped on the outstretched foot of an old gentleman, with venerable white hair and rather choleric face, who was reclining in solitary dignity, on a couch adjoining her former seat. The injured individual instantly sprang to his feet with a muttered apostrophe, in which the name of a certain sovereign, whose dominions are not on the earth, nor yet above the earth, was distinctly audible. But the soft, entreating voice, the pale, tearful face of the young girl, as she earnestly apologized, calmed his ire, and he fell back in his former position, murmuring:

"Never mind, ma'am! Accidents will happen to the best-intentioned persons."

With a heart full to bursting, Alice glided past him, and sank on her chair. Secure in the grateful shade of the lamp, she covered her face with her hands, and gave free vent to the passionate emotion she could no longer control or restrain. Suddenly a slight noise caused her to look up. The old gentleman was standing before her, and regarding her with a very benevolent expression of countenance.

"Forgive the meddling impertinence of an old man," he kindly said; "but you seem unhappy, my dear young lady; surely, you are too young for that."

"Oh! I am very, very miserable," sobbed poor Alice, feeling it was useless to attempt controlling her grief.

"No! That can scarcely be at your age; 'tis but a summer shower, heavy while it lasts, but of short duration. The sunshine will be brighter after. But, you look very pale! Let me get you some refreshments?" She gratefully bowed, and he hastened off on his kind mission. Ere many minutes had elapsed, he returned with a cup of fragrant coffee, and some cold chicken,—we beseech our romantic readers to close their eyes to this passage, for 'twill shock every sentiment of their exquisitely refined natures—which our heroine not only accepted, but heartily partook of. Thankful for the old man's kindness, and greatly refreshed, she endeavoured effectually to calm her still excited feelings, and in answer to his question: "If she felt better," replied, with an effort at cheerfulness: "Yes; a great deal. Thanks to your double kindness."

"You are a good girl," he returned, "and more sensible than I expected; but if you do not think it too great a liberty for an old man like me to take, may I ask the cause of your sorrow?"

A pause followed, during which the rich colour mounted to her very temples, and, at length, she replied with downcast eyes:

"Wounded vanity, and self love. I came here

expecting gaiety, attention, admiration; and I have met nothing but contempt and neglect."

"Just so, my child," said her companion; "you expected too much, and you must not repine that your expectations have been disappointed."

"But, surely, I have not deserved the entire, the bitter contempt I have met with. I am neither old nor ugly."

"You are indeed neither, but beautiful, very beautiful," he rejoined as he gazed earnestly on the deep truthful eyes now raised to his; "but you have yet to learn that beauty and grace, when ill dressed or obscure, will meet with nothing but neglect in a ball-room. And now, tell me your name as frankly as you have told me the rest of your story."

"Alice Sydenham."

"Sydenham!" he repeated reflectively. "A high name."

"'Tis all is left us of former grandeur," said Alice sadly. "Poor, unpretending, as we are, how wrong, how foolish of me to thrust myself into a scene so utterly removed from our present sphere; but I acted contrary to mamma's wishes, her earnest remonstrances, and I have been justly punished."

"Your mother—is she here?" said the old man, quickly. "And neglect you thus!"

"No, no! she is at home. I came with a Mrs. Graham."

"A lady very youthfully dressed with a parterre of roses scattered about her robes? She has been screaming Italian *canzonets* in the music room all night."

"The same," said Alice, the first smile that had illumined her pale features that night, stealing over them.

"Hem!" coughed her companion; "but who have we here?"

This exclamation was called forth by the approach of the lady Helena Stratton, leaning on the arm of the Viscount Howard, both of whom Alice had seen with Miss Aberton's party in the ante-room. Deeply engrossed in conversation, they slowly advanced towards the table, as if to examine the engravings upon it.

"Hollo!" suddenly exclaimed a loud voice, "Look where you're going to, young lady!"

Lady Helena, who was unconscious of the sofa's having an occupant, had nearly deposited her delicate satin shoe on the irritable toes of the old gentleman, who seemed as if in very malice to keep them extended in the way. The lady thus cavalierly addressed, sprang round with a violent start, widely different from her usual languid movements, whilst her partner angrily said:

"I think, Sir, you might show a little more regard for the young lady's nerves."

"Let the young lady then shew a little more regard for other people's toes," was the unceremonious rejoinder.

The young viscount turned fiercely upon him, but there was something so very irascible in his venerable antagonist's face, whose hue had now deepened to a fiery red, that he thought it wiser to forbear. A duel with a man sufficiently old to be his father, would be anything but creditable, and, whispering something to his fair partner, who replied by smilingly elevating her shoulders, they turned away.

"We have disposed of them at last," he said, turning with his former benevolent smile to Alice, who was actually trembling to find herself in such close proximity with so very fiery a neighbour. "What! you are afraid of me," he continued, in a kind tone. "Why, you little simpleton, that scene was half got up to give you supercilious young lady, with her foppish companion, a lesson, and to deliver us from their company. And now, preparatory to returning to our former topic, I must inform you of my name, as freely as you gave me yours. 'Tis Hammersly, a plain name, but one never sullied, I believe, by falsehood or dishonesty. Now, my dear child, tell me, have you no brother or cousin, whose attentions would shield you from the slights you have experienced to-night?"

"No; I had three brothers, but they all died in infancy. The only living relative I possess is an uncle of mamma's, but he lives in a distant part of England."

"What county?"

"Cumberland."

"What name?"

"Weston—James Weston, I think—but to tell you the truth, I know very little about him."

"And care still less," said the old man, interpreting aright, an almost imperceptible smile that curved the rosy lips of his companion. "But, have you ever seen him?"

"Never, in person—but I have seen his miniatures; a stern, grave looking man, with raven hair and black eyes. Mamma says I strongly resemble him."

"That were paying him indeed a compliment; but if I am not mistaken, I know this same Mr. Weston, and without further preamble, a more egotistical, churlish being, never existed."

"Oh! shame! shame!" exclaimed Alice, really indignant at hearing her relative thus unceremoniously condemned by a stranger.

"Pardon me! I speak truth; but, however, I can also say, he has a good heart, though its

better qualities are nearly choked up by selfishness. You need not speak, young lady," he continued, raising his hand to silence the warm remonstrance hovering on Alice's lips. "Were he not selfish, he would not have left you and your mother—Pardon me!—in the comparative destitution you are in, whilst he, himself, is surrounded by all earth's luxuries, rolling in wealth."

"That is his own affair," was the somewhat cold reply; "and, notwithstanding we have no real claims upon him, since the death of my father, he has regularly transmitted to us, every year, a considerable sum."

"Well, that is something; however, the generosity of the act depends greatly on the extent of the gift. But, I think, my dear child," he added, glancing at his gold repeater, as the strains of the band suddenly ceased, preparatory to commencing some new dance; "I think you had better prepare for leaving. You look very pale, indeed worn out."

"But not with pleasure," said poor Alice, the cheerful smile which had lately animated her features, fading away, as the recollection arose, that the night to which she had so eagerly looked forward, which was to have witnessed her first essay in the brilliant gaieties of the world, had come and passed away, leaving nought but bitter remembrances behind.

"Wait, I will bring you a glass of wine first," said her kind companion. "Remain here a moment."

He soon returned and in compliance with his entreaties, she tasted the refreshments he offered.

"And now," he exclaimed; "take my arm, and we will go in quest of your very attentive and thoughtful *chaperone*."

With a feeling of comparative ease and confidence, to which she had as yet been a stranger, Alice obeyed, and they proceeded together to the music room. The crowd near the door was so great, they were forced to stand aside for a moment, and during the time, she noticed many polite bows and smiles directed to her companion, whilst as many scrutinizing, impertinently inquisitive glances were bent on herself. To the courtesies showered upon him, Mr. Hammersly replied only by an abrupt nod or careless smile; and when Miss Aberton, in sweeping past, accidentally dropped her handkerchief at his very feet, he never bent himself, and by pressing Alice's arm, restrained her first involuntary impulse to raise it. The haughty girl glanced at him with a look of indignant surprise, which he returned by one of the most provoking unconsciousness; but fortunately for her, a gentleman standing in

the crowd perceived her embarrassment, and springing forward to the rescue, gracefully presented it. That gentleman was Henry St. John.

Courteously saluting Alice's companion, he turned to him, as if to address a few words, but the latter, with a stiff bow, passed out. Mr. St. John was equally unsuccessful in an effort which he made to attract the glance of Alice, which was instantly averted from him. In the adjoining apartment they encountered Mrs. Graham, who, at the centre of a small *coterie*, was vehemently discussing the merits and demerits of the last new Opera.

"Why, where have you been all this time, Miss Sydenham?" immediately exclaimed the lady, on the entrance of her charge. "I have been searching for you in every direction."

"Either your researches did not extend beyond the music room, or you will soon require spectacles, madam, for Miss Sydenham has never left the adjoining room, the whole night."

Mrs. Graham drew herself up, with a lightning glance, but the hostess, who at the moment joined the group, foreseeing the impending storm, instantly interposed.

"Ah! my sweet young friend!" addressing Alice, after bestowing a beaming smile on her companion, "I hope you have enjoyed yourself."

"Vastly, madam; I can vouch for the truth of that," drily rejoined the old man, who seemed to have taken on himself the task of answering for Alice on all occasions. "Complete neglect, entire isolation, is so delightful, not to speak of the facility thus afforded, of indulging in philosophical meditations, undisturbed by such vanities as dancing or attention. Oh! 'twas all doubtless charming for a girl of sixteen."

Mrs. Belmont would not see the very palpable cut thus given her, but continued to chat pleasantly with him, whilst Alice glided after Mrs. Graham, to the dressing room. It was crowded with ladies, all eagerly conversing together, discussing the pleasures of the night, or planning future amusements. A group of these immediately surrounded Mrs. Graham, and Alice was again left, as she had been the greater part of the evening, entirely alone. She was soon cloaked and veiled, and leaning against the large mirror, at the deserted end of the apartment, where she had attended herself, she gazed sadly, upon the pale, haggard face it reflected. But her thoughts dwelt not long there; they wandered soon back to the bitter events of the night, the slights, the humiliations showered on one whose birth was equal to the proudest there, whose only inferiority was in the paltriest of earth's distinctions, wealth.

Suddenly the voice of Mrs. Graham sharply exclaimed.

"Miss Sydenham, are you ready yet?"

Conscious that her pre-occupation had been observed, the latter quickly turned, but as she did so, she heard Miss Aberton whisper to her neighbour.

"'Tis cruel of Mrs. Graham to disturb so blissful a reverie. We are all fond of meditating on our conquests."

Alice, irritated beyond expression, fixed her eyes upon the speaker, with a glance of such profound, unutterable contempt, that the lady, to the secret delight of her companions, with whom she was no favorite, turned away her head, in silent embarrassment. Arrived at the landing place, Mrs. Graham stopped to exchange a few parting words with a friend, whilst her young companion shrank timidly behind her. Sometime after, her chaperone's carriage was announced, when Mr. St. John, who had been leaning listlessly over the staircase, sprang forward, and with his most fascinating smile, "begged the honour of handing Miss Sydenham in."

Alice raised her eyes in wondering astonishment, at this unaccountable change, when she suddenly encountered the glance of her kind friend of the evening. Instantly comprehending his quick, but meaning look, she coldly thanked Mr. St. John, for the intended favour," and with a stiff bow, turned away.

To fill the measure of the latter's mortification, the old man unceremoniously pushed past him, exclaiming:

"'Tis rather late to renew your acquaintance with Miss Sydenham now," and presenting his arm to Alice, they moved off, leaving him biting his lips with vexation.

"St. John, do tell us who that old bear is?" asked a fashionable looking young man, who had witnessed the whole scene, with very lively demonstrations of satisfaction.

"Some rich old Hottentot, whom my sister made acquaintance with, during her travels. She says he is worth thousands. In payment alone, of some kind of forfeit, or jesting bet, he presented her with a brooch worth at the least eighty guineas."

"Well! he is a fiery old gentleman, and I suspected it was something of that sort, when I witnessed the lamb-like gentleness, with which you suffered his onset. St. John, St. John, gold is then thy god."

"A god whom we all worship, you among the rest," rejoined the other, peevishly, as he turned away. Meanwhile Alice and her friend had reached the carriage, in which Mrs. Graham was

already seated. Warmly pressing her hand, he assisted her in, and then turning to her *chaperone*, exclaimed:

"I resign your charge, madam, but before doing so, allow me to congratulate you on the tender solicitude, the scrupulous fidelity, with which you have discharged your trust."

Ere the lady addressed had time to recover from the breathless astonishment in which his audacity had thrown her, he had disappeared.

"Upon my word!" she exclaimed, "this is something novel," and she again relapsed into silence; but suddenly she resumed, in a much louder key: "Will you have the goodness, Miss Sydenham, to inform me, who this new and singular acquaintance of yours, is?"

"I—I really forget," stammered poor Alice, who had but little heeded the information which the stranger had imparted to her concerning himself.

"Forget his name!" was the indignant rejoinder. "Really, Miss Sydenham, you surprise me. Forget his name! and, yet, you took his arm, conversed with him, treated him with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance."

"Because he was the only being who seemed to possess one spark of kindness, or feeling for me," vehemently replied Alice, to whom the remembrance of her wrongs imparted a sudden and unusual courage.

"That has no connexion with the subject, whatever, Miss Sydenham. I allude to the strange and unaccountable error you have committed, in thus receiving, and encouraging the attentions of a nameless individual; I am certain, were Mrs. Sydenham to know it, she would feel deeply pained. How do you know, but your acquaintance may be some old tradesman? or—or," she continued, evidently seeking for some term of suitable degradation—"a pickpocket!"

"In that case, he would scarcely be admitted into Mrs. Belmont's saloons," said her companion, gently.

"I am not so sure of that," rejoined Mrs. Graham, with increased asperity. "Mrs. Belmont is not so remarkably select. We meet many persons in her circle, whom we would not dream of finding there."

Oh! how deeply Alice felt the ungenerous, the unkind insinuation, but she made no retort. She was reflecting that this was but her first essay in the bitter path of dependence, and she vowed, in her inmost heart, that as far as lay in her power, it should be her last. At the moment, her handkerchief fell, and as she bent forward to raise it, the light of the lamps shone full upon her figure. Whiter than marble instantly became her cheek,

and clasping her hands, she murmured in accents of horror: "Good God!"

"How! what is the matter?" quickly exclaimed Mrs. Graham, springing from her seat. But she heard her not. Gazing with an air of total stupefaction, upon her small white arms, she ejaculated in the same thrilling tone, "*the bracelet!*" Yes! the opal bracelet, the rare, costly jewel, which had called forth the admiration of even the supercilious children of wealth, was gone. Her companion understood at once the meaning conveyed in Alice's one exclamation, and she rapidly repeated, sinking back on the cushions.

"What! my bracelet? You do not mean to say, Miss Sydenham, that you have lost it?"

"Yes! I have been indeed so utterly unfortunate," murmured poor Alice, who, overwhelmed with agonized shame and regret, would have gladly welcomed death at the moment, to deliver her from this last climax of misery.

"Did you lose it in Mrs. Belmont's rooms?" was the sudden and eager query.

"Alas! no. I must have lost it in getting into the carriage. 'Tis by this time broken to atoms, or appropriated by some foot passenger."

"Unless your new acquaintance anticipated them, and performed that duty himself," exclaimed Mrs. Graham, who, even in the midst of her trouble, could not resist the temptation of launching a sarcasm at the head of the audacious meddler, who had presumed to question so insolently her conduct. But her satire fell unmarked. Alice was too wretched to heed it, and the lady might, with equal impunity, have styled the old gentleman a robber, or a murderer. An ominous pause followed, broken by the young girl's saying in a low tone:

"And it was so very valuable, too?"

"It only cost three hundred guineas," rejoined Mrs. Graham, sarcastically.

"But you value it for its own sake, only," said Alice eagerly, a ray of joy lighting up her haggard face, which already bore the marks of care, the first that had ever rested there. "'Tis no *souvenir*, no cherished remembrance! Oh! there is yet hope!" And already in fancy, she had rapidly pictured to herself the sacrifices she would make, the unwearying diligence with which she would toil night and day, denying herself every comfort, even necessary, till she had discharged her fearful obligation. Her companion, who instantly comprehended the meaning conveyed in her hurried words, exclaimed in a cold, stiff tone:

"I hope, Miss Sydenham, you do not intend insulting me by ever talking about restitution. It was entirely an accident. You are in no man-

ner accountable, and you will oblige me by waiving the subject for ever."

Even had she possessed strength and voice, what could Alice say? In total silence they arrived at her humble home: in total silence, the footman let down the steps, pulled the bell, and then, Mrs. Graham frigidly exclaiming: "Good night," the carriage drove off. It was Mrs. Sydenham who answered the summons, her one domestic having hours before retired to rest, and an exclamation of horror escaped her, as the pale, suffering face of her daughter, met her view.

"Alice! Alice! You look dreadfully pale. What is the matter?"

"Oh! mamma, I am so wretched," sobbed the young girl, as she threw herself in a paroxysm of tears into the fond arms, so eagerly opened to receive her. "I have been tried beyond my strength."

Mrs. Sydenham, seeing the inutility of attempting to restrain her emotion, permitted her daughter to indulge freely in it, her only token of sympathy, a gentle pressure of her hand; but after a time, the violence of her sorrow began to subside, and the mother softly whispered.

"Then, my own Alice, your bright expectations have not been fulfilled."

"Alas! no!" she rejoined, raising her streaming eyes. "Would that I had never gone! Would that, by the sacrifice of half my existence, I could blot out from my happy life, this last night of bitterness, of suffering, of agony."

"Hush! my child! this wild sorrow is sinful in the eyes of your Creator. He has not afflicted you so heavily as to call forth such vehement grief. Be patient, and bear as a Christian should, this your first trial. Alas! my darling! you will through life, be that life ever so fortunate, have many such. Retire to rest now, and to-morrow you will tell me all."

"Oh! no, mother! let me tell you now. It will relieve my heart, which seems almost breaking."

"Well, as you will, my child! but throw off that foolish dress, and set yourself near the fire, whilst I get you some hot coffee, which you sadly need."

When Mrs. Sydenham returned, she found poor Alice seated in an easy chair, in her dressing gown, gazing on the bright coals in the grate, whilst she silently wiped away the burning tears which, notwithstanding her late outburst of emotion, continued to fall like rain. But loving tones and cheerful words are efficient aids in dispelling sorrow, and the young girl was soon able to relate, with tolerable calmness, the many bitter events of the night. Nothing did she omit, nothing did she equivocate, even to the episode

of Henry St. John, and the vain fancies she had wasted on him. We will pass over the gentle, yet forcible, counsels imparted by Mrs. Sydenham to her daughter—the moral she drew from the bitter lessons she had received; suffice it to say, they sank into her heart, and in after life, bore noble fruit.

The following day, after a sleepless, tearful night, Alice was seated in the sitting-room, despoiling her festal robe, which she inwardly vowed never to wear again, of the ribands adorning it, which she intended converting to some more useful purpose; but though the white fingers moved with strange rapidity, they often desisted to dash aside the glittering drops that fell upon them. The door unclosed, but she heard it not; a step approached, and the next moment Alice was clasped in the arms of the old gentleman, her friend of the preceding night.

Ere she could disengage herself from his warm, heartfelt embrace, the voice of Mrs. Sydenham, who had entered at the moment, exclaimed, in tones of startled surprise:

"Good Heavens! Uncle Weston! Is it possible!"

It was indeed the wealthy but eccentric James Weston, her indifferent, cold hearted relative.

"Well! my own little Alice!" said the old man, drawing tenderly towards him the young girl, whose changing colour betokened her astonishment. "Tell me, are you willing to acknowledge the relationship?"

"But—but,"—she at length stammered; "how can you be my uncle? You are not like the miniature. You have neither raven hair nor dark eyes?"

"Not now, but I had twenty years ago," he returned, bursting into a merry laugh. "You do not imagine I was to have remained always in the same state of preservation I happened to be in, when I sat for the portrait in your mother's possession."

"And you told me your name was—was"—Alice paused, for though she felt assured it was not Weston, yet she could not recall the appellation he had given.

"Yes, I told you my name was Hammersly, and that was no great departure from truth, for I was christened James Hammersly Weston."

Her doubts all dispelled, with a confused though happy smile, she threw herself in his arms, murmuring:

"My dear, good uncle! How different are you to the stern, unkind being, my traitorous imagination had painted."

"And whose cause you nevertheless, so warmly, so nobly defended. Oh! how grateful should I

feel! I, the solitary, isolated old man; thus suddenly enriched, by the gift of two beloved children, blessed by the certainty that I may end my days among you. Truly Alice, may it be said, that out of seeming evil springeth good, and but for that ball, painful, trying as it has proved, I would never have known or loved you half as well as you deserve. Had I come here to you, formally announced, as I had intended, suspicious as I am by nature, I might have mistaken your sweetness, your girlish frankness, for the refinement of art; a plan to secure the good will of an old man, tolerated only for his riches."

"But, tell me, uncle, did you know from the first, I was your own Alice?"

"No, dear, but I had strong suspicions. In truth, from the moment I saw your gentle face, its wonderful resemblance to your mother, struck me. You were just what she was at your age, when I beheld her, on her return from school. When I left you a moment, in quest of refreshments, I carelessly asked Mrs Belmont, who you were. Supposing it was merely an old man's curiosity, she instantly informed me. Wishing to obtain a further insight into your character, I dissembled my secret, resolving to keep the explanation for to-day. You may judge, Alice, whether I was pleased or not, with your appearance, when I assure you, that even, had I found you were in no manner related to me, I would have still found you out, and in as delicate a manner as I could, bestowed on you many, and substantial proofs of my good will."

We will not weary the reader with further details. Better than we can pourtray them, can they imagine the heartfelt gratitude of Mrs. Sydenham, the delight of Alice, and the perfect happiness of Mr. Weston. The latter immediately procured an elegant mansion, in one of the most fashionable localities, purchased a splendid carriage, and superb horses, engaged a retinue of servants, whilst he daily showered money, jewels, the costliest gifts on Alice, who retained in prosperity, the sweet gentleness which characterized her in cloudier days, and which justly rendered her, the idol of her old uncle's heart. The first care of Mr. Weston, to whom she had soon recounted the mishap of the bracelet, was to set out for the jeweller's. He returned, after some delay, and handing a casket to Alice, exclaimed: "There, Mrs. Graham's bracelet cost three hundred guineas—that cost nearly double the sum."

It was a magnificent jewel, surpassing far in beauty, the one she had lost—the opal being replaced by a diamond. Mr. Weston proposed enclosing it, in a sheet of paper, with the words:

"In discharge of Miss Sydenham's debt to Mrs. Graham," but yielding to the entreaties of Alice, he consented to abandon his first project. Taking another sheet, he wrote: "From Mr. Weston, to Mrs. Graham, as a token of his deep gratitude for the care and attention she has displayed towards his niece, Miss Sydenham."

"There! Alice," said the old man smiling, "if that does not bring a blush to her cheek, I do not know what will."

The gift was duly received, and the intelligence of Miss Sydenham's sudden change of fortune, circulated with lightning rapidity. The invitations and the cards hourly heaped upon the table, almost bewildered Alice. First among these, was that of Henry St. John, who immediately decided on abandoning Miss Aberton, who possessed neither the beauty nor brilliant prospects of her rival, and laying close siege to the niece, and professed heiress of the individual he had classically designated as "an old Hottentot." To Henry St. John, however, for a long period, Alice was never "at home," and when at length, constrained to receive him, by the frequency of his visits, and the affectionate attentions of his sister, Mrs. Belmont, the cold civility with which she ever treated him, shewed that she had profited of her first bitter lesson. That lesson proved indeed a blessing, doubly precious, preceding as it did, her sudden elevation to a sphere, where she was the object of unceasing homage and adulation. It taught her to value according to their proper worth, the flatterers, who immediately surrounded her, and when listening to the praises of her grace, her beauty, so often now poured into her ear; she ever found an antidote against the vanity the silvery words might have excited, in the remembrance of the trials and humiliations of her **FIRST BALL**.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

Thou glorious Sun!—come smile again—
 One faint, one mellow beam bestow,
 Ere winter, with its icy chain,
 And drifting showers of snow,
 Recalls unto the heart of man,
 A feeling that he would not know—
 That life, at best, is but a span,
 And fleeting as the winds that blow.
 Ay—smile again upon the changed leaves,
 The now brown earth, and thousand branches hoar;—
 And—oh! in evening, when the sky ye leave!
 That all thy brightest beams the forest o'er—
 One moment then, will leave upon our hearts,
 A holy calm—till winter's gloom departs.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S VISION OF THE TREE;

OR, HUMAN RULE CONTRASTED WITH THE RULE OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. A. H. BURWELL.

[In the following Poem it is attempted to shew, from the prophetic narrative of Nebuchadnezzar's Vision, the nature and character of Human Rule, in the light of God's declarations concerning it, and of the experience of mankind under it; which together lead to a common result, viz :—an earnest desire for the establishment of that Kingdom of "the Just One," to which, also, the Vision points, wherein Righteousness, Justice and Mercy shall be administered for evermore.]

The king beheld, in visions of the night,
A goodly Tree, of heaven-aspiring height.
Its place was in the midst of all the earth;
It overspread the land which gave it birth;
Its branches in abundance yielded fruit,
And gave provision to the fowl and brute.
Its bloom was fair, its foliage rich and strong,
Where birds their dwelling found; and all along,
Beneath its shade, the beasts of earth reclined;
It fed and sheltered all of every kind.

The king beheld, in visions of his head,
A Holy Watcher coming down, who said :
Hew down the Tree; pluck off his pleasant fruit;
Drive from his goodly shadow every brute;
Give all his foliage to the winds, and bring
From out his branches, fowl of every wing.
To man or beast no shelter let it yield,
And be its honours scattered round the field.
Yet, rooted in the soil that gave it birth,
Permit the stump to keep its hold on earth,
E'en with a band of iron and of brass,
A certain remnant midst the tender grass.
Let it be wetted with the dews of heaven;
Let it from men amongst the beasts be driven
To take its portion: let his heart be changed :
From all that's human let it be estranged,
In life and habits all. Thus let it be :
The Holy Watchers give this stern decree,
Till seven times are fulfilled, to the intent,
(For man's rebuke this word severe was sent),
That men may know God is the Sovereign still,
And gives dominion unto whom He will;
Casts down the lofty, and the proud doth bind,
And sets on high the basest of mankind.

The troubled monarch to the prophet sent
To know from God what this strange vision meant.
The dream was to the monarch's self applied,
With exhortation for his good beside,
That from his evil courses he should cease,
If God might grant the lengthening of his peace.

All that the prophet to the king did name,
According to the dream, upon him came.
At twelve months end he walked his palace high—
"Is not this Babylon the Great, that I
Have builded for the glory of my State?"
Exclaimed the king, with pride of heart elate,

' That men may see the honour and renown,
And might and majesty, that gild my crown!"
Scarce had he spoken when from Heaven there fell
A voice—"This word to thee, O king, we tell :
Thy kingdom is departed far from thee:
From men they drive thee: with the beasts shall be
Thy dwelling, and thy food shall be the grass
Which oxen eat, until seven times shall pass,
In punishment upon thee, and thou know
That God is master of the world below."

That same hour saw fulfilled the dire decree :
The king was driven away with beasts to be.
Grass was his food, the earth his lowly bed;
The storms of heaven descended on his head;
Wet was his body with the midnight dew :
His nails and hair like claws and feathers grew :
His reason left him, and the human heart
Did for a season from the king depart.

The days were ended: to the king 'twas given
To lift his opening eyes again to Heaven.
His understanding to its place returned:
The human heart once more within him burned;
And he to honour the Most High had grace,
Whose judgments to His mercies thus gave place.
His reason came again; and to his crown
And kingdom gathered brightness and renown.
His lords and counsellors his presence sought,
And all their honours to the palace brought:
The kingdom was established in his hand,
And swelled the monarch's fame in every land.

And then the king proclaimed, that all might know
The works of God upon the earth below;
The wondrous things that to himself were done;
The times through which his judgments sore had run;
The base estate adown to which was thrust
The proud of heart, in retribution just;
And then the mercy which reversed his fate,
And him recovered to his first estate.
He honoured and extolled the King of Heaven,
Who such instruction to mankind had given.

But does the vision of the Tree laid low,
With just the root preserved, no farther go
Than to out-single one, whose humbled pride
Should thus rebuke all haughty ones beside?
Nay, rather, let us, with a larger mind,

A larger field of application find,
Ranging all time till time shall be no more,
And God the Tree shall from the root restore.

The monarch erst beheld, in vision bold,
An Image terrible, whose head was gold,
Which symbolled forth four forms of empire great,
Succeeding to each other's high estate,
That o'er the world should hold their iron sway,
Till Heaven's own hand should sweep them all away;
Which yet should answer Heaven's profound intent
Down to their hour of final banishment;
As He in Babylon his people kept
While for their sins they hanged their harps and wept.
He saw one image as he saw one Tree:
They both were smitten down by Heaven's decree.
The beasts in Daniel's vision were the same;
They all are given to the burning flame.
In all one character alike we find;
All are offensive to th' Almighty Mind.
Destruction marks their course, and all their power
Goes to oppress, to trample, and devour.
As beasts to be destroyed we see them fall;
One sweeping judgment overwhelms them all.
Through every form of change the power is one;
One evil course from first to last they run;
One evil character throughout inheres,
Deserving death, as by the end appears.
For powers and thrones and rulers were designed
To be a sovereign blessing to mankind;
To yield protection,—watchful to fulfil,
By righteous government, the Sovereign Will;
Repressing evil with a steadfast hand,
And holding up the faithful in the land.

The human in the image-form we see;
Man's works and glory in the spreading Tree;
But human wickedness we have designed
In ravenous beasts and forms of monstrous kind.
So in the end the Beast usurps all power,
And kings and armies swell his train one hour;
All worship claims he till the One descends
Who vengeance takes,—and then his empire ends!

Did not "great Babylon that I have built"
Rise from her first foundation steeped in guilt?
Did not profane ambition raise the wall
Which, proving folly, men do Babel call?
The builders said,—“Let's build a tower whose high,
Aspiring top, shall meet the bending sky,
And make ourselves an everlasting name,
That after ages may recount our fame.”
Thus by anticipation did mankind
Reject the Name which God for them designed,
The heavenly city, tower, and citadel
Of strength, where God ordains with men to dwell.
'Twas thus the haughty Babylonian wrought,
And thus he warred, and robbed, and built, and thought,
The hardy Persian followed in his track;
From it the swift-winged Grecian turned not back.
The conquering Roman, with his iron tread,
Looked up and laboured but t'exhaust his head.
He trode down all, and plundered all, and built
The "Daughter of Troops," the city of his guilt,—
"The Eternal City," yet to fall, which stands
The Head of Babylon in Christian lands.

Th' exceptions to this evil rule one jot,
The leading principle diminish not.
The rule hath been,—oppression, self, abuse,
With feebly here and there the lawful use.

Like a small rivulet, to a river strong
That roars and sweeps and carries all along.
The unjust judge who bears aloft the rod
Of rule, regardless both of man and God;
The ravenous beast that watches to devour,
Alike shew forth this sad abuse of power.
And what's the difference, when the deed is done,
If by ten thousand tyrants or by one?
A better beast the million cannot rate
Than one who sits in solitary state.
'Tis kind alone. The tree will yield its fruit
If in a forest or a single shoot.
A beast of many heads a beast is still;
And such is government by human will.
And as the word divine must not be void,
This kind of government must be destroyed.
That we resist it not must be our care;
That God remove it is our bounden prayer.
Another kind in mercy He will give,
And by His word at last the world shall live.
Now, while confusion doth o'er all prevail,
Its advent near with rapture we should hail.
Let God on earth see that His will be done,
Avenge the widow, and restore her son!

The monarch saw a remnant of the Tree
Left in the earth, a future growth to be;
And when recovered from his beastly state
He honoured God, and grew, becoming great.
Honour and majesty again were given,
Because the king confessed the Lord of Heaven.
So when these beasts of earth shall be destroyed,
And all their power and pride and works made void;
When God his empire o'er the world maintains,
And all things take the course which He ordains;
When as His servants rulers all appear,
And none shall rule but in His holy fear;
When all the kingdoms of this world, as said,
Shall yield their homage to the One great Head,
Then shall the remnant of the Tree, it shoots
Send up by "scent of water," from its roots;—
Then men reclaimed shall lift their eyes to Heaven,
And understand that power from God is given;
Then human reason shall return likewise,
And heavenly light illumine the darkened eyes;
"The madness of the people" then no more
Shall like the turbid, troubled ocean roar;
Then true humanity shall fill the heart,
And every faculty perform its part.
The Tree again shall throw its branches wide;
Its foliage, fresh and green, be multiplied.
Fast by "the river" shall its roots outspread;
In Heaven's blest beams it shall exalt its head;
Its plenteous food shall feed, its bloom regale;
Its shade shall shelter—it shall never fail—
And man shall be renewed. No more the blight
Shall on the labours of his hand alight;
For no more curse on all the earth shall be,
And man and nature shall alike be free.
With life renewed returns the bloom of youth
Unfading. Then beneath the reign of truth,
Justice and judgment shall o'er all prevail;
Disease and sickness shall no more assail.
All grief, all pain, all cause of ill shall cease,
And each his portion shall possess in peace.
The ills that have been ne'er shall leave a trace,
But happiness sit radiant on each face.
Recovered man no more shall play the fool;
For this the world shall know—THE HEAVENS ABOVE
DO RULE.

A TRIP TO WALPOLE ISLAND AND PORT SARNIA.

ON Monday, the 9th of October, (as Byron has it, I like to be particular in dates,) the small steamer Hastings, commanded by Captain Eberts, the enterprising proprietor of "The Brothers" of Chatham, arrived at Windsor from Amherstburg, freighted with presents for the Indians, on Walpole Island, and at Port Sarnia. As I had never witnessed any thing like a distribution of these annual gifts, to the interesting people it was proposed to visit, and as Captain Eberts had very strongly urged me to be of the party, I determined to avail myself of this opportunity; having first, as the boat had been chartered by the Government, obtained the sanction of the senior officer in charge; for I had no ambition to be put on shore, as an intruder, like Lord Durham's Scotch minister, after having once fairly set in for the trip. Had I known, however, that Mr. Wilson of the Commissariat, was the officer in command of the little expedition, I should not have entertained much apprehension of unnecessary difficulty being thrown in my way, for the urbanity and gentlemanly manners of the latter had previously come under my notice, and under circumstances to satisfy me, that the excursion would prove one of amusement.

In immediate charge of the presents, was a small detachment of the Canadian Rifle Regiment, under a very *young* officer; while immediately connected with Mr. Wilson, was a Mr. West, of the Commissariat also, who had been instructed to pay such pensioners as he should find in the neighbourhood of Port Sarnia. Captain Rooke of the 19th Regiment, who was on leave, and on a shooting excursion in the West, completed the party.

The day of our departure from Windsor—one of the most lovely of the autumnal season—was rendered doubly exhilarating to all, from the almost continuous dull and rainy weather, which had prevailed for more than a fortnight previously. But I had almost forgotten another of our party, and this was no other than the celebrated Cadot, who so greatly assisted, first as a dependant, and subsequently as a partner, Mr. Arthur Rankin, while exhibiting to the English public, some years since, the Indians they induced to accompany them from Canada.

Cadot is a half-breed, and a tall, and well pro-

portioned fellow, capable, like a second Maximilian, if one may judge from appearances, of knocking down an ox, with a single blow from his fist; yet, like many strong men, he is of mild, and unassuming manners, and altogether such a one as may well account for the passion entertained for him, by the accomplished English lady, who, it will be recollected, eventually became his wife. As is the case with many of those who have Indian blood in their veins, Cadot has much of the polished manner of the courtier, and is imbued with high and honorable sentiments,—sentiments which may serve, both as a lesson and a reproach, to those who make great hypocritical display of morality, and seem the very incarnation of virtue. Cadot related to me some anecdotes, as having occurred in England, which bear strongly on this point, but as he requested I would not give them publicity, I cannot do better than follow in his honorable course of the *suppressio veri*. To return.

Our trip up the St. Clair was as pleasant, in regard to weather, as could possibly have been desired. The air had all the softness of mellowed autumn, although the rays of the sun did not penetrate, and impart a golden hue to that peculiar mist, which is so characteristic of the brief season, called Indian summer. Towards evening we entered the channel, which divides Walpole from Herson's Island, and at a somewhat late hour, arrived at an excellent wharf, built by one of the principal Indians on the island, George Rapp—too anglicized a name to be interesting. He however is an enterprising person, and inhabits a very good log house, to which are attached an orchard, and corn fields. The wharf, from which the house is not more than two hundred yards distant, does him infinite credit, and handsomely remunerates him for the expense of building, in the sale of fire wood, of which he disposes of a large quantity to passing steamers, at the very moderate rate of one dollar per cord.

But, among those who greeted our arrival, here the more interesting and truly Indian in manner and mien, was a middle aged chief, Shah-wa-wannoo, who had formerly acted as aide-de-camp to the celebrated Tecumseh, and who has given the only authentic account of the great warrior's death, in the manner detailed in the following letter, addressed to me by him, about a fortnight

afterwards, and "faithfully translated" in spirit, by Mr. George Whitefield, an interpreter on the Island."

WALFOLE ISLAND, Oct. 23, 1848.

BROTHER,

I promised to send you a few particulars concerning the death of the great Tecumseh. Shaw-an-abb, an old Indian resident on the Island, and an intimate friend of the lamented Hero, and who was with him in his last moments, told me the following, touching the manner and circumstances of his death. Tecumseh was riding on horseback, encouraging his Indians to engage the enemy, when a shot from the Yankees struck him under the fifth rib. Tecumseh, aware of the fatal character of the wound, and resolved not to die unavenged, advanced towards the enemy—threw himself off his horse, and being armed with three pistols, took one in each hand, and fired, and having discharged the third, he drew his sword, which he used efficiently, as long as strength remained. Being soon exhausted with loss of blood, he fell to the ground, and an American despatched him with a stroke of an axe; and as proof that he had killed the renowned Tecumseh, cut a piece out of his (Tecumseh's) thigh, to show to his superiors.

It is not likely that the Americans would have allowed Tecumseh to have done so much mischief to them in his last hours, had they not been most anxious to take him prisoner, and in this way add to the greatness of their victory. Tecumseh was buried under a large tree—the tree having been previously cut down—the stump was six feet high. It was hewn on four sides, and there was written on these, in characters well understood by the Indians, the number of persons whom he had killed with his tomahawk.*

Some time before Tecumseh's last battle, a party of Americans had attacked his village, during his absence from home. His brother and another chief indeed were in the village at the

* Connected with this subject a rather interesting fact may be mentioned here. The ground where the battle was fought, and where the bones of Tecumseh have hitherto been supposed to lie, is shown to visitors by a person of the name of Smith, who keeps a sort of public house near it. He professes to know a good deal, but any information he may have acquired, must of course have been derived from men much older than himself. Be that as it may: while His Excellency the Commander of the Forces was on his tour of inspection last summer, he naturally manifested an interest in the events of which the whole of the Western Frontier had been the theatre; and on his return, had pointed out to him the ground where the action had been fought, in which Tecumseh had lost his life. It chanced that, only the day before Sir Benjamin reached his hut, Smith had been over the ground, and picked up, out of the mud in which it lay embedded, a bayonet belt of the 41st, to which was attached the breast-plate with the number of the regiment distinctly visible on it. This reminiscence of the past, which had, until that moment, continued undisturbed for nearly five and thirty years, he of course presented to His Excellency, with whom I believe it remains.

time of the attack, but either from cowardice, or want of military skill, they made a poor defence, and the village, with all the provisions stored in it, was burned to the ground. Tecumseh, on hearing this, was very indignant—he upbraided his brother with cowardice, and at the same time, vowed vengeance against the Yankees. Some time afterwards the Americans appeared in his neighbourhood in great force. He determined not to lose his opportunity, and therefore, ordering his warriors to retire into the wood, he awaited the approach of the enemy. The ambuscade was completely successful. The Americans fell into the snare, and a signal victory was the consequence.

This is all I have to say about Tecumseh. He was a brave and a great man. Hoping that this will reach you in safety, I shake hands with you in my heart,

SHAH-WAH-WAN-NOO.

Faithfully interpreted by me.

(Signed,) GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

There can be little doubt, that this version of the affair is the correct one, and that, after all, the Indian whom the Americans considered to be Tecumseh, and of whose skin they divested him as a trophy of their victory, was another chief, distinguished by his martial mien and dress. Shah-wah-wan-noo is himself a very fine looking man, about the height of what Tecumseh was—has a most dignified carriage—a pleasing, though rather full face—has a soft, long, and intelligent eye, and moreover, bears that impress of character, which, at a glance, satisfies the beholder that what he says is true. He did not speak a word of English, but, through the interpreter, Mr. Elliott, I held a long conversation with him on the day following, many of the elder chiefs being present. I found him, intelligent in the highest degree, and thoroughly devoted to the memory of his great leader.

Parting with Shah-wah-wan-noo that evening, I sauntered on shore and found several encampments of Indians, differing in little, I should imagine, from what they were in their primitive state—a few pieces of bark overlapping each other, fastened to poles bent at the top to a centre, sufficiently open, however, to admit the smoke to pass through. These encampments belonged to the Pottowattamie tribe, and their inmates were lying promiscuously together, men, women and children, and their feet, as is their wont, to the fire. They did not appear to be in the least offended at our intrusion, as we unceremoniously lifted the small smoke-discolored blanket that supplied the absence of a door; but, on the contrary, laughed most heartily among them.

selves at our ludicrous attempts to salute them in execrable Chippewa.

The next morning, at an early hour, we descended the St. Clair about two miles, where we came opposite to what is called the Station on Walpole Island. This we had passed the preceding night, on our way up to Rapp's wharf. The view of the country immediately around the post was exceedingly picturesque. On the right, and some few acres from the shore, rose the Station, occupied by the missionary, Mr. Jamieson, to whom I was introduced by the superintendent, Colonel Clench. It is a neat white building, two stories high, and with a small verandah in front, which gives it rather a finished appearance. A short distance from this, and on the left, nearly equi-distant from the shore, appears the humble church, frequented by the christian proselytes. The interior of this, I had an opportunity of inspecting—the doors having been opened for the reception of such of the chiefs' wives as chose to deposit their presents on the floor. It combined every advantage of plainness, but certainly could not be said to possess any of the gaudier trappings of modern Christian churches. Its decorations, if decorations they could be called, were of the simplest kind—not even a pew being suffered to elevate its proud and aristocratic head above the lowly and unpretending bench.

Immediately in front of the Station and church is an extent of open ground of about ten acres in length and four in breadth, which, as the wood which bounds it slopes gradually at each extremity to the shore, gives it the shape of a half-moon, the shore forming the base or diameter. Soon after breakfast, Mr. Wilson had caused the several presents to be taken on shore in canoes, which the Indians had willingly provided, paddling them some four hundred yards to and from the steamer. A rather tedious operation this, but there was no remedy. When landed, the presents were placed in separate heaps, according to their value—those of finer texture being reserved for the deserving chiefs and warriors, while those of a somewhat inferior quality were set apart for the chiefs and warriors of less note. There was the same distinction in the presents allotted to the women—there being first and second class presents for them.

It has hitherto been the practice of the British Government to include powder, ball and shot, among the presents given to the men, but as the necessity for this is in some degree done away with, in consequence of the decreasing game of the forests—birds as well as animals—and as it is, moreover, sought to turn their attention to agricultural pursuits, this portion of the presents

has been discontinued for the last two years, yet is intended to be made up to them in implements of husbandry. The presents given on this occasion to the chiefs and leading men, (whose names, kindly given to me by Mr. Chase, the chief-interpreter, who accompanied Colonel Clench, and who took the trouble to have the list copied from his own, will appear later,) were beautifully white blankets, tied up at the corners, and containing cloth for leggins and breech-clouts, cavendish tobacco, thread, needles, knives, combs, linen for shirts, &c., while to these were added, at a second distribution, the not less acceptable three days' ration of pork and flour. The same articles, although of a slightly inferior quality—the shirts being of calico—were given to the inferior men, that is to say, to those who had not been wounded in battle against the enemy. To the deserving chiefs was moreover allotted, a shawl, which they generally wear as a turban, and with true Asiatic grace.

About nine o'clock in the morning, and as the landing of the presents commenced, the Indians began to assemble from all quarters—many coming from a distance in canoes—but most of them emerging from all points of the wood that skirted the little plain already described, and behind which most of their dwellings were situated. At each moment this increased until twelve o'clock, when nearly the whole were upon the ground, presenting in the variety and brilliancy of their costumes in which each seemed to consult his own fancy, a most picturesque spectacle. Scattered around in different small groups, they either stood lounging gracefully, or moving over the ground, amused themselves in various ways. Cards and ball-playing engaged their principal attention, but the last was not that spirited game which had once formed a leading characteristic of the Indian race; and yet the men who played were not the half civilized, and, therefore, degenerate beings I had been led to fear I should find, but principally of the original and unadulterated stock of the red man, whose proud demeanor they evidently inherited, and whose language alone, unmixed with that of the white man, was familiar to them. Not the least remarkable for this was Shah-wah-wan-noo, who, notwithstanding five and thirty years had elapsed since the fall of his great leader, during which he had mixed much with the whites, suffered not a word of English to come from his lips. He looked the dignified Indian and the conscious warrior, whom no intercourse with the white man could rob of his native independence of character.

Several of the younger chiefs were gaily

enough dressed, and exhibited taste in the costumes they had chosen; but although their leggings were made of the finest scarlet cloth, and these, as well as their garters and moccasins, covered with variegated ribbons of the gaudiest hues, and that the arms of their dark *capots* were encircled with broad silver bands from the shoulder to the wrist, and that their shirts were of the whitest calico, and their European fashioned beaver hats, ornamented with huge silver rings, in which were stuck the plumes of the ostrich dyed of a jet black color, and tipped with crimson, while from their ears depended multitudinous small drops of a sugar loaf shape:—notwithstanding all this finery, nothing could disguise the obvious fact that they were dandies of a new school, or at least of a mingled race, and not the bold stern warriors whom the terror-inspiring paint, and the almost rigidity of person, caused one to look upon with a respect equal to one's fear.

Still there were not many of these. Most of the Indians on Walpole Island, are what the good Missionary, Mr. Jamieson, terms Pagans, and seemed to me to entertain quite as much contempt for his language as for his creed. These generally are fine athletic looking fellows, whom it will be an object to conciliate in the event of another rupture with the United States. Two among the younger men, were as fine youths as I had ever beheld, and so plainly did I show my partiality for them, that it produced a corresponding sentiment on their part. One in particular, whose Indian name I do not recollect, but whose assumed, and less euphonious English one, is Peter Philip, would not permit me to leave him, until I had given him my card, and written down his own name in return. He called me his brother, although the disparity in our ages might very well have admitted of my being his father, and made me promise I would visit Walpole Island again next year. With the softest dark eye that can be imagined, and a face formed in the true Grecian style of beauty—its whole expression being that of mildness—my young friend had that air of independence, and dignified pride, which is so peculiar to his race, and which seldom fail to arrest the attention of the beholder. We remember once hearing a well known, and scrupulously consistent member of Parliament, state in his place, that he so hated the white man—the owner of the worthless acres of this worthless country—and liked the Indian, that if he had half a dozen daughters, he would give them to the latter in preference. Such was almost my own feeling on this occasion. Cards seem to be a favorite amusement with

the Indians, and the quiet demeanor of the players might be studied with effect, by the more practised boisterous white gambler. The game principally played here, was a sort of *Euchre* or *Ecarté*. I had an opportunity, during the morning, of watching several groups, consisting each of five or six men, generally of middle age, engaged in this pastime, but the precise character of the game I could not make out, nor did I find any interpreter who could explain it to me. I have said that it resembled *Euchre*, but not exactly so, for, although a trump was turned up, and the party dealing apparently took that trump, if desirable, and followed suit, still the best of the suit originally led, seemed to be the winning card. No tricks were taken up and turned, but all played on the card first led; nor could I make out, on what principle the winner appropriated the spoils. These consisted of small strips of tobacco, about six inches in length—each player contributing his stake. Not a word of discontent or dissatisfaction escaped the lips of a single individual of the several groups, whose game I overlooked, but on the contrary, there was an air of cheerfulness and good humor, on every countenance, that struck me as being remarkably in contrast, not only with the general seriousness of their character, but with any thing I had ever witnessed on a similar occasion.

But this quietude of demeanor, or rather absence of all unseemly bustle, was not confined to the card-players. True, the ball players necessarily made more noise, but not more than the occasion demanded. When the Indians had all assembled on the ground, there could not have been less than a thousand persons, although not more than nine hundred were entitled to, or received presents, and yet, during so many successive hours—for it was near sunset when we departed—not a voice was raised in anger—not a drop of liquor was tasted on the ground. Among the same number of white people, and of the same class, there would have been quarrelling, fighting, and drinking without end; yet here, the utmost sobriety was every where evident. Another feature in the character of the Indians, was perceptible:—namely, the utter absence of jealousy on the part of the men, and envy on that of the women. The young officers of the party were permitted freely to sit and talk with—nay, to flirt with some of the prettiest women in a way that, judging an Indian from his grave exterior, one might be led to infer, would subject him to the operation of the scalping knife. These Indians are sensible men, and may, in this, give a useful lesson to the whites. None but weak minds, and hearts, im-

bued with the most intense selfishness, are prone to jealousy. The greater the homage paid to a man's wife, the higher the compliment to the husband's good taste.

But I have also remarked that, among that tolerably numerous assembly of the petticoat, or rather the machecoti tribe, under whose notice all these little flirtations came, there was no evidence of envy at not being admired themselves, or preferred to their more approved of companion. There were no vulgar gigglings, no sneers, no tossings of the head, like those of exasperated Spanish bulls in the arena, or of young furies in a storm—no satirical remarks on the manner, or person, or conduct, of the favorite and acknowledged beauties of the day—no ill-natured criticism on the fashion in which the pretty Polly Laughton's green silk machecoti, studded with brooches, was worked, or the rather coquettish style in which she folded her handsome shawl over her head and shoulders. Nor did the old women sip tea, and talk scandal, and express themselves as being mightily shocked at the familiar conversation of the parties, or wonder how Mr. W. could have the audacity to talk to the pretty Polly Laughton, without having gone through all the forms of a regular introduction by some matron squaw. On the contrary, the old women seemed to be quite as much amused as the men, nor suffered their appetites to be spoiled for the mess of corn, boiled in grease, which they occasionally dipped from tin cups, with their primitive wooden spoons.

As I contemplated this scene, and contrasted the really native dignity and simplicity of these interesting people, with the loathsome hypocrisy of civilized life, I could not but deeply deplore the fast approaching extinction, as a race, of the first lords of this soil—gentlemen of nature, whose very memory will soon have passed away, leaving little or no authentic record behind them, of what they once were—must have been from the earliest epoch of the existence of man; and so completely, moreover, had my imagination been acted upon by the picturesque costumes of the men and women, who, with a strict adherence to the fashion of their own country, united an improved cleanliness of garb, and, seemingly of person, that I felt, that if I could always see them as then presented to my observation, I could willingly pass the remainder of my days among them—a son of nature, and subject only to nature's laws.

After the delivery of the presents, horse races were got up among the Indians, by Mr. Wilson, ever indefatigable, as well in pleasure, as in business. The pride of the Indian was strongly manifes-

ted here. It was not without some little eloquence and exercise of our powers of appeal to their passion for specie, which, as with the white man, seems all absorbing, that we succeeded in subduing their dignity, so far as to induce them to perform in a race they knew to be intended purely for our amusement; but the promise of half a dollar to the winner eventually brought four of them forward—among them, one of my young favorites—but, *not* Peter Philip, whom I had vainly urged to the trial.

The horses which are bred on the Island, and of which there are a good many sold to occasional and periodical visitors, were small,—being much of the size, yet wanting in the proverbial compactness and hardihood of the Lower Canadian pony. My friend rode a gray—another, a black, a third, a chesnut, and the fourth, a bay. They were placed at a quarter of a mile from the stand, and started by a sergeant of the Rifles, who had been sent with them for the purpose, while Colonel Clench and myself held our handkerchiefs on sticks to indicate the winning post. At length they set off at a good rattling pace, with much earnestness of action, using their switches and unarmed heels in a manner to satisfy us of their strong interest in the result. My new acquaintance worked his gray so well that he proved to be the best horse of the lot. He took the lead from the beginning, and kept it throughout—not however without losing his turban, which was carried away by the pure force of contact with the air. He had taken off the saddle previous to starting, and clinging like a leech to his steed's back, looked the very impersonation of energy. Next to him came the little black, not exactly turned out as we have seen at Epsom or Ascot, but with a cow-bell, stuffed with straw, dangling from his neck, which greatly increased the picturesque of her appearance.

The following sketch of the costume of the several riders may serve for imitation by the lovers of the turf at home. We have had silk jackets of all the colors imaginable and unimaginable, and fancy peaked caps, looking like inverted butter boats, quite long enough. It is high time that something new should be introduced in this age of improvement and never ending variety. *Ex. gr.*

Gray—Rider—White blanket coat, red worsted sash, colored turban, blue leggins, embroidered garters, plain deer-skin moccasins.

Black—Rider—Blue *capot*, red and brown sash, bright colored turban, black ostrich feathers tied to and dangling from his long hair, dark leggins fringed with scarlet ribbon, broad garters, moccasins.

Chesnut—Rider—Blue *capot* and leggins, colored calico shirt, red worsted sash, bead garters, light turban, moccasins.

Bay—Rider—White blanket *capot*, blue turban, long hair falling over his shoulders in plaits, red sash over the shoulder a *l'Ecossaise*, blue leggins, bead garters, moccasins.

Such were the horses—such the costume of the riders. I should, of course, have backed my handsome young friend, had his even been the worst horse of the party, but he happened, fortunately for my character as a horse-jockey—and we all know on what a mere trifle a man's character is often made to hang—that he had the best, and won for me, not quite so large a sum as Lord George Bentinck won at the last Derby or St. Leger, but a modest half-dollar, the only bet by the way I could obtain.

Another race was now made up between the owner of the cow-bell and the chesnut, which was won by the former, after which succeeded a foot race. In this, however, the competitors were only two—a middle aged Chippewa, and a very dark Indian, of what tribe I did not learn, in the full vigor of early manhood. The latter stripped himself to his shirt and breech-clout, thus developing a figure that, from its evident activity and strength, left little doubt as to who would be the victor. Peter Philip had been strongly urged by Mr. Wilson to join in the race, and take his chance for the half-dollar sweepstakes, but, for what reason I know not, he replied calmly, and with an air of offended dignity, that he did not run. Two only, therefore, started. They had to turn a pole stuck in the ground, at a distance of about two hundred yards, and then come back to the point of departure. The dark Indian went off like a deer—by the way he had the reputation of being the best runner on the Island—and amid a good deal of excitement from the crowd, soon left his rival so far behind that the latter gave up the contest in despair, when little more than half way.

Another half-dollar, the last of our collection, remained yet to be disposed of, and as no other Indians would run, and the dark gentleman in *naturabilus* was declared *hors de question* as a competitor, a race was got up among our own party, Mr. Wilson, and our excellent friend, Captain Eberts, who enjoyed the whole thing amazingly, and with all the gusto of one determined to be amused, and one of the interpreters. This race was a very good one, and for some time quite a neck and neck affair between the two first named. But Mr. Wilson had the bot-tom, the proper stamina, and he first touched the pole, which act secured the prize of victory. This

terminated the day's amusement. Gradually the Indians, with their wives and families, disappeared from the ground they had previously thronged, until all had, with the exception of a few stragglers, finally withdrawn—some on horseback,—some on foot—all with their blankets, within which were tied up the remainder of their presents, upon their backs. The effect, as in all the richness of their variegated costume, they followed the windings of the road which skirted the river, both to the right and to the left, was exceedingly picturesque; and I confess it was not without strong regret that I watched the final close of this, to me, very fascinating scene.

Had time permitted, we were to have been gratified by a war dance, performed by the wildest of the Indians, and indeed, both Mr. Elliot and Shaw-wah-wan-noo, to whom I had spoken on the subject, had already issued the necessary notice, but as nothing connected with the public service, now remained to detain the boat, and as Mr. Wilson was anxious to be at Port Sarnia, at as early an hour as possible on the following day, it was determined to take advantage of the night to stem the very strong current that runs in the St. Clair, and gain our destination. We accordingly got into a large canoe, holding on this occasion some nine or ten persons, but so rickety—so unsteady—that although we sat in the bottom, I fully expected we should not reach the steamer, without ascertaining, in a more decided manner than was agreeable, and by immediate contact of our persons with it, the true strength of the tide. Fortunately, however, we escaped the immersion, and once more stood with “undripping wing,” on the deck of the little Hastings—my *fidus achates*, Peter Philip, accompanying me on board, and remaining, as well as a few others, until the wheels began to give warning of departure. The Head Chief—a fine tall young fellow, who was one of those on board, then stepped into one of the two canoes, fastened alongside, and accompanied by the remainder of his party, among whom was Cadot, who, having received his presents, here left us, for the purpose of riding home a horse he had just purchased, paddled swiftly to the shore, uttering the shrill and significant yep—yep—yep—which was answered at intervals, and in tones rendered softer, in proportion to distance, by their departing friends on shore.

We arrived at Port Sarnia—twenty-six miles from Walpole Island—during the night, and having moored here, until daylight, dropped soon afterwards about two miles lower down, to a point where the steamer could almost touch the bank—so deep was the water—and where every facility was offered, for landing the presents—a plank

merely being necessary, to connect the shore with the boat. Every thing was soon arranged, so that the distribution commenced about twelve o'clock. The warriors, with their wives and children, had, in the mean time, assembled in an open space, opposite to where we were moored, and well adapted to the purpose; but the effect of the grouping was, with one or two exceptions, far less striking than on the preceding day. Most of the Indians bore too many of the characteristics of semi-civilization, to render them either classical or interesting; yet there were scattered among these, some few of the wilder tribes, particularly a small party of Pottowattamies who, in their war paint, stern rigidity of feature, and general demeanor, exhibited a most marked contrast to their deteriorated countrymen. This party was more immediately the object of attention with us, who were desirous of obtaining some reminiscences of our encounter with them. Captain Rooke was successful in getting from an old chief, a splendid war club, dark as ebony, and so polished from age, that it had evidently been one of the faithful and cherished companions of his youthful days, and sadly tempted must have been its owner, by the sight of the seductive silver dollar which had thus induced him to part with his treasure, for not the vestige even of a smile of satisfaction crossed his features, when the exchange had been effected. I, more fortunate, for I had chanced to be the first on the field, obtained a very handsome stone pipe, inlaid with that particular metal in which so large a portion of silver is found, and which, had at the Rivière au Sable, is smelted by the Indians themselves. No white man knows the locale of this, for from a strange superstition that prevails among their race, that it is unlucky to impart the secret of the existence of a mine, and that speedy death will overtake the imprudent party who makes the disclosure, they have hitherto religiously withheld all knowledge on the subject. The pipe itself is made of a beautiful dark stone, which is taken from the bed of the river, and so soft, when newly removed, as to be easily cut with a knife, into any shape that may be desired. A few hours after it has left its native bed, it becomes perfectly indurated. To this very handsome pipe, ingeniously and tastefully inlaid with the ore I have described, was appended a stem some two feet and a half in length, the back of which, moreover, was carved with much nicety, to imitate the scales, and waving back of the snake. This, my Pottowattamic friend, was induced to part with, for what, according to a jeweller's estimate, could not have exceeded one tenth of its value; yet as I expressed

a strong desire to possess the eagle's feathers in his hair, he consented, for very little more than the price asked by him for the pipe, to ornament the stem with three of these. To work he went, accordingly, and in a style no one but an Indian familiar with these things, could attain. With a small piercer, which he borrowed from one of his companions, he bored three holes, at equal distances, in the stem, which was rather wide and flat, and having with his knife, pared away the quills, until he had brought them to a fine and attenuated point, he doubled these into the pith, so as to form a complete eye, into which he inserted an end of the small slip of deer skin, which he had previously passed through the stem—thus completing, in addition to the small, jingling bells, attached by delicate red ribbons to the feathers, which he also tastefully notched with his knife, all the characteristics of the war pipe. A small pouch, made of the mink skin, decorated with minute beads, and several handfuls of the famous Kin-na-kin-nick—the red willow bark, prepared and smoked by the Indians, long before they had known the use of tobacco—and I was deemed to be in possession of all that is necessary to the *cucvethes fumendi*.

While Captain Rooke and myself were thus fortunate with the Pottowattamies, Mr. West was lucky enough to get a much more elegant pouch for half the money I had paid for mine. He had wisely tried his trading powers, not upon an old file, but upon a youth, who, fascinated by the sight of the quarter of a dollar offered to him, could not resist the temptation, but nibbling at, and finally swallowing the bait, dispossessed himself of a perfect *bijou* in its way.

A few mats, for which, from three quarters of a dollar to a dollar were given, and a common, but very good hickory bow with three arrows, for which Captain Rooke paid only a quarter of a dollar, completed our purchases, which were rendered chiefly valuable, from the fact of their having belonged to men who regarded them as being, like themselves, relics of an original and fast departing race: and, *apropos* to this, a passing remark in relation to the iron looking Pottowattamic of the war club.

We had, as people usually do in this part of the country, dined early, and I was going on shore, when I met the stiff old warrior coming towards the boat, with another mat in his hand. It was not a very good one, and I offered him a quarter of a dollar for it. The look he gave me was eloquent, half with scorn, half with disappointment, but he uttered not a word—merely folding up his mat again, and walking, seemingly unconcerned, away. Shortly afterwards, as the

steamer moved from the spot, we saw him seated on the bank, in an isolated position, moveless as a piece of statuary, and with his classically costumed upper form, strongly defined against the sky. The shaved and plastered crown—the long and solitary eagle's feather stuck on the top—the red painted face—painted with a mixture of ochre and grease—the slight, very slight curvature of the shoulder, over which a sort of plaid mantle had been carelessly thrown—all contributed to form a *tout ensemble*, which it was impossible to look upon without inwardly acknowledging that there, in its rudest state, sat the impersonation of man in the true and unshackled dignity of his nature. So sensibly did I feel this myself, that I raised my hat to him and waved it gently. He was evidently looking at me, yet condescended not to make any sign of recognition. I repeated the salutation, but with no better result. There was something painfully solemn in the seemingly studied movelessness of person, and I was annoyed with myself, for I recollected his look when I offered him the quarter dollar for the mat, and doubted not that I had deeply offended him. However, away went the steamboat, and soon the unbending figure of the old Pottowattamie was but indistinctly seen in the distance.

But my interest in this old warrior has led me to anticipate the order of events. As at Walpole Island, every decorum of conduct was preserved by the Indians at Port Sarnia. There was, moreover, a greater number of good looking women—the dash of the white blood being perceptible in the belles of the day; and a good opportunity was offered for passing them in review, for they sat in three distinct rows from the edge of the bank and facing the road, with plenty of room between each row, to admit of one passing along without inconveniencing them. Under the plea of looking for Kin-na-kin-nick, which several of the squaws had for sale, I passed slowly along these rows, and then had an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity without rudeness. Nor, will it be supposed that I was alone in this survey. On the whole, the squaws of Port Sarnia were much better looking than those we had seen on Walpole Island, and many—all of them dressed in their holiday garb—united to the dark long eye and hair of the Indian, a play of feature not usually seen in their race, and assimilating them, in some degree, to the women of Southern Europe.

As on the preceding day, the weather was splendid, not a cloud on the heavens, and the air, just sufficiently tempered to prevent inconvenience from the action of the sun's powerful rays. When the presents had been duly laid at the feet of the

women as they sat, and inspected with all the curiosity which long days of expectation of this event had very naturally induced, each again tied up her new blanket, the depository of the remainder of her recently acquired wealth, and moved one after another, slowly away. When we left, the ground had been cleared, with the exception of a few loiterers, among whom our friend the grave Pottowattamie, as already remarked—he perhaps mourning over the folly which had induced him to part, and for a mere trifle, with his favorite war-club.

Beheld from the bank of the river where the presents were delivered, the surrounding country bears every evidence of fertility, while the broad silver stream, which divides the Canadian and American shores has the singular appearance—derived from its sinuous course—of being completely land-locked, that is, of being a little lake or basin of some miles in extent. Sarnia itself, is a very pretty spot, and contains, on the street facing the water, several good stores—a large brick church, and a very respectable hotel, the Exchange. There are two other half finished streets in the rear of that I have just described, and, on the first of these, my attention was attracted by a very pretty white cottage, covered with vines, and redolent with—not the juice of the grape, for its owner is a temperance man—but the grape itself, which, hung in clusters almost as temptingly to my view, as ever did the spoils of office to its fortunate proprietor. On inquiring to whom it belonged, I was told to the Honorable Malcolm Cameron. Now, from the Honorable Malcolm Cameron, I knew that I could expect no share of the grapes at his disposal; but as I was determined not to leave Port Sarnia without carrying with me some memento of his earlier exertions in the public service, I sought out the store in which he some time ago apprized the world that, Cincinnatus-like, he intended to confine himself to ploughshares—and was guilty of the extravagance of purchasing sixpence worth of Cavendish tobacco, wherewith to strengthen my Kin-na-kin-nick. Jestings apart, Mr. Cameron has a very good store here, and deserves great credit for the spirit he has been the means of infusing into the place. He has, moreover, some good mills, which, I understand, constitute the chief wealth of this very beautiful little town—the more rapid improvement of which is, however, retarded by reason of the Indian reserve—a fine tract of land, nearly five miles in extent, and three miles wide—bordering on its present limits. There is a large ferry boat or scow, which is made to “drag its heavy length along” between

the opposite shores; but a most unsightly object it is, after the light steam ferry-boats which ply between Windsor and Detroit. On the whole, I was most agreeably disappointed with this truly charming *locale*.

Opposite to Sarnia, (why it has a handle to its name, and is designated as a Port, Heaven only knows,) is the American village of Port Huron, and a little above, Fort Gratiot, looking as un-military, as most American forts do, in its daubing of white paint, as anything styled a fortification can well be. We did not go across the river, although the respectable and steady old rifleman might have been well enough trusted; and, therefore, I could only judge superficially of the place, but it certainly appeared to contain better built houses than Port Sarnia. I remarked here a tolerable sprinkling of the *conifera* or fir-tree, almost the first I had seen in this part of the country, and so great a prize did it appear to be, that our worthy Captain carried off some half-dozen, stuck in empty flour barrels, so that as we returned, they had much of the appearance of Burnham wood travelling to Dunsinane.

But this was not his only acquisition. The mania for war-clubs had extended to himself, and he declared that, *coûte qu'il coûte*, he must possess himself of one, before leaving the river. That night we again, and at a somewhat late hour, moored at George Rapp's wharf, which I have already described, and we all, with the exception of Captain Eberts, posted off to his log hut. George Rapp was in bed, and as he opened the door to us, he did not seem altogether to fancy being thus disturbed from his repose, particularly as there were no more presents to be given to him. However, he was amiable enough under the circumstances, and brightened up a little when Mr. West asked him if he had any war-clubs to dispose of. He said he had, and brought two to the large blazing log-fire. Both of these, (of different shapes,) he said, he had some trouble in fashioning; but they were clumsy, awkward looking things, and had an air of newness, which did not at all meet our ideas, *cognoscenti* as we had suddenly become in the particular article of war-clubs. Indeed, compared with that purchased by Captain Rooke, from the old Pottowattamie, they were as a Norman dray horse to an English blood. Mr. West, who had a desire to obtain one, was discouraged by the comparison; but as Captain Eberts still remained a candidate for one of those "crackers of human skulls," Rapp was told to bring it to the steamer in the morning, at day light. In this he did not fail, when our friend was legitimately installed in the possession of a club, which, if seeming

heaviness could accomplish that feat, would fell an elephant. May he live a thousand years to enjoy it as a reminiscence of the very pleasant trip, and his anxious desire to render it such.

Leaving Walpole Island again that morning, we made the best of our way back, consuming what remained of the ample provision of good things—not omitting wine, brandy, porter and ale—which Mr. Wilson had had the precaution to bring, and of which he was polite enough to make me a participator. Captain Rooke, an excellent shot, moreover furnished quail, and woodcock, and snipe, in abundance. But alas! there is no pleasure in life without its alloy; no golden rule without its exception. We had one young gentleman on board, who seemingly had scarcely forgotten the taste of his mother's milk, if his fondness for that very interesting liquid could be considered an evidence. Milk! milk! milk! was his unceasing cry, even when milk was not, by any possibility, to be obtained, and when his seniors and superiors were satisfied to content themselves with the abundance of other good things before them. But the fledgling in question, fresh from the bogs of Ireland, where, no doubt, he had been raised on "buttermilk and crame," could not endure the privation, and declared he never would venture on a similarly arduous service. His immediate companions rallied him not a little, and it was quite evident that one of them, who had served in various climes, and learned to dispense not only with milk, but tea itself, when necessary to do so, regarded the novice with some degree of surprise. But the latter was right. Why did Captain Eberts permit his steward to seat the young gentleman down to the table without milk or even pap, had he desired it, when the Government, not he, paid for all? He really ought to have been mulcted, on complaint to the proper authority, of one-third of his charter.

That afternoon we reached Windsor, and I again took up my lodgings at the Globe Hotel, kept by that prince of landlords, Mr. Toppliff, who, singular to say, although an American, evinces a spirit of deference to his guests, that one rarely sees among the Canadian hotel keepers, in this part of the country. Whoever likes civility, attention, and dinners, amounting to less than "a dollar a head," in a section of the country where one's whole "boarding and lodging," does not exceed two dollars and a half a week, will be sure to meet with them here. Long may the Globe prosper, under Mr. Toppliff's very proper *reign*.

The following is the list of names, Indian and translated, of the chiefs and head warriors, who received their presents at Walpole Island, and

Port Sarnia. The whole number of presents returned, was 1532, including those for women and boys. Of this number there were 500 warriors, and of these, what a corps might be formed, of 350 or 400 strong, were the recommendation of a distinguished officer on the staff, and well known for his correct views on these subjects, to be adopted. The Indians begin to think, that the British Government are of opinion that they can do without their services, and therefore manifest little warlike spirit. Place these men, as an independent force, under the command of an efficient partizan officer, a favorite with them—and an *esprit de corps* will be at once infused into it, which the Indians will be disposed to acknowledge as much as the more civilized white.

WALPOLÉ ISLAND.

Deserving Chippewa Chiefs.

- 1.—Peta-we gee-shig.....Between Day.
- 2.—Osha-o-gemau.....Keen Chief.
- 3.—Na-wotchegeeshig.....Side Day.
- 4.—Quaqua-ke-boogk.....Revolution.
- 5.—Shah-wa-wan-noo.....Southerner.
- 6.—Menaich.....Frozen.

Common Chippewa Chiefs.

- 1.—Sasagau.....Hail.
- 2.—Kuh-yau-gewosh.....Sailor.
- 3.—Shau-gun.....Dart.

Deserving Chippewa Warriors.

- 1.—Thomas Buckwheat.
- 2.—George Naggs.
- 3.—Sha-she-vay.....Drake.
- 4.—Au-ruh-nau-suh-way.....Dim Ray.
- 5.—Pottos-song.....Rising Sun.
- 6.—Sasagau.....Hail.
- 7.—George Rapp.
- 8.—Kau-gush.....Gull.
- 9.—Monedogaubough.....Spirit Pastor.

Deserving Pottowattamie Warriors.

- 1.—Tuh-qua-kud.....Short.
- 2.—Pwau-na-shig.....Sounder.
- 3.—Uheseemau.....Tobacco.

Common Pottowattamie Chiefs.

- 1.—Metegomin.....Acorn.
- 2.—Muhjewadau.....Evildoer.
- 3.—Toposh.....Speed.
- 4.—Obewhey.....Fur.

Deserving Ottawa Warriors.

- 1.—Ke-wa-gash.....Return Sail.
- N.B.—The Deserving Chiefs and Warriors are those who have been wounded in action. The wives and widows are similarly distinguished.

PORT SARNIA.

Deserving Chippewa Chiefs.

- 1.—Me-she-we-ghee.....Lion.
- 2.—Wa-wanoah.....Waving.
- 3.—Pamasing.....Ray.
- 4.—Wau-pu-gais.....Sucker.
- 5.—Nagee-shigk.....Pointing Cloud.

Deserving Chippewa Warriors.

- 1.—Mege-seence.....Young Eagle.
- 2.—Quakegman.....Feather.
- 3.—Pedandig.....Wave.
- 4.—She-we-tau-gun.....Salt.
- 5.—Waupoore.....Rabbit.
- 6.—Quasina.....Fear.
- 7.—Penasewegeeshig.....Bird Sky.

N.B.—On transcribing the foregoing, I perceive that the Common Chiefs of the Chippewas have been omitted in the list, as well as the whole of the Pottowattamies. This, however, is not important. The list is as I received it.

THE YEAR'S FAREWELL.

BY M.

It falls on the ear, like the Æolian's tone,
When Zephyr breathes o'er its magic chord,—
Like the voice of friends long dead and gone,
Is the year's last farewell word.

It comes, like the murmuring breeze's moan,
When the ocean is at rest;
Or like passing thoughts—dear, all will own,
Of home, to the exile's breast.

To some it comes, as the maddening blast,
Speaking but to destroy—
Like the scorching Simoom of the desert vast—
Leaving grief where all was joy:—

To others it brings a sky unbroken,
As in summer's gaudiest hours,
Telling of joys, that the heart will open,
As the sunbeams do the flowers.

To all—to each of the human race,
It comes with a warning tone—
Saying—"Examine thyself, for of old Time's space,
Another year is gone.

"Cast back thy mind o'er the page of life,
That Time will just now turn;
And see if aught ye have done, is rife
With sins ye ought to mourn:

"And if there be—let my passing voice
Speak with a warning knell,
For ere earth again at its sounds rejoice,
The tongue of the old church bell—

"May have call'd thee home, to the land of the dead,
The land, of the lost or the bless'd—
Then repent in time—for ye can't when ye're laid
Where the weary are at rest?"

'Tis thus it speaks—it should make us think:
Its voice is a caution given
By God, to show we're still on that brink
That leads to Hell or to Heaven—

Of joys, of woes, of fond hopes dead,
Thoughts, at such time may grieve;
The heart, yet, ah! too soon, be it said,
Warning the heart doth leave.

Yes—speak of joy to the broken heart,
Of grief to the wedded bride,
Of hopes to meet, to the friends who part,
That earth's ends will deride.

Ay—speak of such, though unlikely all,
And all might be truth ye'd tell,
Yet unheeded your words on each heart would fall
As those of the year's farewell.

THE CAPTURE OF OGDENSBURGH.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

On the 23rd February, 1813, the town of Ogdensburgh was attacked by the British troops, at Prescott, and complete success attended the enterprize. The attacking force was chiefly composed of the militia of the counties of Glengarry, Stormont, Dundas, and Leeds,—and better material for attack and defence, be it observed *en passant*, is no where to be found. The alacrity exhibited to “turn out,” at the call of their country, they had subsequently abundance of opportunity to prove, under the enemy’s fire, to have been no mock-heroic display. The surviving actors in those scenes are now old men, and in a few years all will have passed away; but the story of their deeds will live after them, and be recounted by their children for long years to come, when of the long winter evening, the family groups are assembled round the blazing hearth-stones of Stormont and Glengarry.

It was solely with the view of aiding to preserve the memory of those days that the following narrative of the affair at Ogdensburgh from the lips of an actor in the engagement, was reduced to writing.

Immediately after the Declaration of War, General Brock, then Administrator of the Government in Upper Canada, addressed the Colonels of Militia in the Eastern and other Districts, calling upon them to assemble their regiments, and take the necessary steps to repel invasion. An Act was passed, authorizing two companies of each Battalion to be embodied, (if Volunteers, so much the better, otherwise to be draughted,) and to be styled the ‘Flank Companies of the Battalions.’ The Stormont regiment furnished its two companies, instanter: one was commanded by Captain Philip Empey, of Cornwall, the other by Captain William Morgan, of Osnabruck. The strength of these Companies was one hundred men each. When the regiment was assembled, the entire battalion volunteered for six months’ service. As soon as it was known that two companies only were to be formed, every man manifested the warmest desire to be one of the two hundred. The selection was made from the young, unmarried men, and the

companies were immediately known as the “Stormont Flankers.”

In the autumn of 1812, they received orders to move to Prescott. Arriving at that post, there were no barracks to shelter them. The men set to work and made cabins, or shanties—the walls of rough stone well sodded, and the roofs of plank furnished by the Commissariat. They were the warmest and most comfortable lodgings in Prescott.

Lieutenant Colonel Lethbridge was commanding field-officer at Prescott when they arrived. On the evening of the 3rd October, he announced to the militia on parade, his intention to attack Ogdensburgh next morning, at daylight, and accordingly, on the morning of the 4th, the whole force there embarked in batteaux at the wharf, and proceeded about half a mile up the river, before pulling across. It was an ill-managed business, for the current carried them down in front of the enemy’s batteries, whilst yet some hundred yards from the shore, and there, exposed to the fire of grape and round shot, the batteaux, chiefly pulled by the militia, got into confusion, and rowed back to Prescott. This was not a very cheering commencement, but all lived in the hope of “better luck” next time.

Shortly after this, there seeming to be no immediate occasion for the services of the Stormont Flankers, they were permitted to return home. Scarcely had they done so, when Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, inspecting field-officer, then on his way to Prescott from Montreal, ordered them back. They found the comfortable stone shanties they had erected, in the possession of the Leeds’ militia; and “possession being nine points of the law,” they were compelled to put up with far inferior quarters in a large stone house, some distance above the village.

Colonel Pearson succeeded Colonel Lethbridge before the winter set in—bringing with him as Staff Adjutant, Lieutenant Ridge of the 8th (or King’s) Regiment. A company of this regiment, under Captain Eustace, shortly after joined the garrison, which then consisted of a few artillery-men, a detachment of the Newfoundland

Regiment, and Militia. Subsequently, two companies of the Glengarry Light Infantry reached the post from Montreal, under the command of Major Macdonell, (late of the King's). On their way up, they had gone over the river to attack a block-house of the enemy at Salmon River, to pay him off for a *coup* he had made at Saint Regis, where about fifty Voyageurs formed into a company, were surprised and captured. They were successful, bringing back a number of prisoners. The enemy had frequently indulged themselves with crossing to the Canadian shore, annoying the inhabitants, and carrying them off as prisoners of war. They did so at Brockville and Gananoque, among other places. Ogdensburgh was the centre of annoyance, and every one was anxious to give them a taste of our quality.

The Militia, all this time, were subjected to hard drilling. The garrison was under arms every morning an hour before day-light, and remained so until the pickets came in.

Lieutenant Ridge, the Staff Adjutant already referred to, was a very active officer, and a capital drill. He selected fifty men from the Stormont Flankers, and the other militia from the Eastern District—the finest young fellows he could pick out. These he joined to the detachment of the Newfoundland, and had them all out on the ice in front of Prescott, every day, until they were perfect as Light Infantry.

Things went on in this way for some time, when on the 19th February, Colonel Pearson despatched Major Macdonell with a flag of truce, to Ogdensburgh, to remonstrate with the enemy's commanding officer, against sending merely predatory parties across the river. This person, a Major Forsythe, in the course of conversation, expressing an earnest desire to meet Colonel Pearson and his men on the ice, Major Macdonell gave him to understand that the command at Prescott would devolve on him in a day or two, and that he certainly should have no objection to indulge him as he wished.

On the 21st, the command did devolve on him, and, as luck would have it, on the same evening, Sir George Prevost, passing through Prescott, on his way to Kingston, being made acquainted with the wanton local aggressions of the enemy, instructed Major Macdonell to retaliate, under favourable circumstances. Sir George went on his way to Kingston; and the Major evidently thinking that when fighting is the order of the day, there is no time like the present, determined to gratify the gallant Major at Ogdensburgh, without delay. Not a syllable did he utter, however, to any one, on the subject. Perhaps he was a little more particular than usual about the

efficiency and disposable strength of the garrison, but the 21st February passed away quietly, and so did the 22nd, (*à propos*, the birth-day of Washington,) but no one dreamt of the work cut out for them to perform, bright and early, on the following morning. Everything was still in Prescott that night, and all save the guards and pickets were snug and warm in their blankets, when, about one o'clock in the morning, the slumber of several officers was disturbed by an orderly sergeant, to say, that they were wanted at the commandant's quarters. What can the matter be? was no doubt the mental inquiry of the *militaires*, (regular and militia,) as they hurried on their clothes, and hastened over the crisped snow, to where the Major was sitting, awaiting them.

"There's something in the wind, depend on't," observed one.

"I suspect we are going over the river," said another, but all was guess and surmise to most of them, even after their interview:—a few brief questions, replies, and instructions, followed by the order to return to their quarters, and have their men out before daylight, *without beat of drum*, was the result of the nocturnal visit. Accordingly, about half-past six o'clock, (daylight breaking at that season of the year, about seven,) the garrison was under arms, equipped for work. The force disposable for attack was something less than five hundred men, and was divided into two columns. One of these, under command of Captain Jenkins, consisted of his company of the Glengarry Light Infantry, and two companies of militia—one from the County of Glengary, commanded by Captain McMillan; the other from the County of Dundas, under Captain Ault; a six-pound gun was attached to this column, but there were only two Royal Artillery-men with it. The other column consisted of about one hundred men of the 8th Regiment; fifty of the Royal Newfoundland, and two hundred Militia. The latter column, at the hour named, was formed in the main street of the village; the former on the road, a short distance above Prescott, near a large yellow house. Just at peep of day, the Major came down to the parade in the street, and every one knew by this time, the intention was, a visit to Ogdensburgh.

But a very short time elapsed after the Major's appearance, before the word was given: "Forward!" and both columns were in motion, and soon on the ice. Jenkins had been directed to push over to the heights above the old French fort, and having established himself on the shore, there dispose his force to attack the enemy, or cut off his retreat, if he fled before the left column, (which was the main body,) under Mac-

donell himself, and which moved towards the lower part of the village of Ogdensburgh. The story runs, that the enemy's sentries, being struck by the sight of so large a force on the ice, gave the alarm, that the British were coming over, but the Yankee Major, at first, would not believe the report, observing: "It's only that fellow Ridge, drilling his men;" (it had been Ridge's practice to have his Light Infantry on the ice every day.) A few minutes more undeceived him; by that time, the columns were half way over the river, moving at a brisk step.

Jenkins' column got in motion first, and had less distance to go, so that, when the enemy's fire opened, he had the full benefit of the guns of the fort: those on the green battery, on the point where the light-house now is, being directed on the main body. As the deuce would have it, almost the first cannon shot upset the six-pounder Jenkins had with him, and killed the only two Royal Artillery-men with it. This happened when half-way over the river, and was most unlucky. On went the column, however, and neared the shore, when an obstacle presented itself which had not been foreseen: the drift of the snow on the south shore had accumulated a bank of considerable extent, into which the men sunk up to their middle; to flounder through was no easy job, and Jenkins gave the word to keep to the ice along the snow-bank; owing to this untoward circumstance, the men were greatly more exposed, and the plan of operations in some degree defeated; for it had been intended that the left column should get across at some distance from the fort, and attack it from above, or, not attacking it at all, intercept the retreat of the enemy. As things were, Jenkins moved directly towards the fort. When within pistol-shot of it, as bad luck again would have it, he was knocked over by a grape shot, which shattered his left arm. He was on his legs again in a minute, however, and seeing his men a little put out by his fall, (doubtless alive to the influence of example, or else all sense of personal suffering or danger being lost in his ardour to do his duty,) he shouted out to them—"Never mind me,"—and ran on a few steps further, when down he went again, the right arm disabled like its fellow: rise again, he could not. What with this second mischance, and long exposure on so open a surface as the ice, to a fire of grape and round shot, the men became daunted, and began to run back. Lieutenant Macaulay, (the present Judge of the Court of King's Bench, Canada West,) endeavoured to restore confidence, but unsuccessfully, and the left column found its way back to the British shore, as fast as it could, all the time under the fire of

the enemy's cannon. They carried their gallant young leader with them, however. When the men reached their own shore, there stood the late Bishop McDonell, whose courage, although a clergyman, it can be no disparagement to say, was equal to his loyalty; and forming them as fast as they came in, sent them to join the main body, by that time on the shore, on the other side. Jenkins' more rapid advance had had the effect of calling most of the enemy's attention to him, and Major Macdonell, having observed that the left column had more than its share of the missiles that were flying, sent forward Lieutenant McLean, of the Militia, (the present M. P. P. for Stormont,) to overtake Lieutenant Ridge, who was at the head of the column, with his Newfoundlanders and selected Militiamen, and direct him to hasten on, as fast as possible, and divert some of the enemy's fire from the right column.

The Newfoundlanders had no officer of their corps with them, but were under the command of Lieutenant Ridge, who, as already observed, belonged to the 8th, or King's Regiment. The officers of the half-hundred of the Stormont and Dundas Militia, attached to the Newfoundlanders, were, Lieutenants Burritt and Peter Frazer. McLean came up with Ridge, just as the advance approached the deep snow-bank, on the south side of the river, and having delivered Major Macdonell's orders, the men were encouraged to push on, with the utmost speed, but such was the depth and lightness of the snow, that before the men got to the road on shore, they were, one and all, completely out of wind; so much so, it was found to be necessary to halt for a few minutes, and the men were got together, behind a slaughter house. Whilst they were in that position, two or three of the enemy's militia, armed with rifles, came round the corners of some houses near, and were made prisoners. After having taken breath, the men advanced along the river's bank, two a-breast—each man running in one of the tracks of the road, formed by the double sleigh. A fine young fellow, of the Dundas Militia, named Ondercark, and Mr. McLean, were the leading files. It was not long before they saw a man issue from a house ahead of them and take deliberate aim. He fired, and young Ondercark pitched forward on his face, stone dead. He was, however, on the instant revenged, for the slayer was rolled over in the snow, well perforated, before the second minute had passed.

On reaching the street which leads south from the river, towards Mr. Parish's brick house, they turned into it, from the road. As they approached Mr. Parish's house, a number of

men were seen collected at the corner, and next it was observed they had three pieces of artillery with them, which had been placed at that point to command different approaches, and these they were endeavouring to wheel round upon the advancing British, but the snow was so deep, and the guns (two of them twelve-pounders, and one six-pounder,) so heavy, they were slow in doing it. Lieutenant Ridge, who was now leading, perceiving their intention, and that everything depended on rapidity of movement, shouted to his men to increase their speed, and on they rushed like the wind. Every one perceived that their lives depended on their speed, for, had the three guns been fired, they would have cleared the street, and every fibre and muscle was strained to reach them. The enemy seem to have been daunted by the headlong ardour of the advance, for only the six pounder was discharged, and its contents, fortunately, was only one round shot; (the only damage it did, was leaving its mark on Lieutenant McLean's left thigh). The guns were captured, and immediately turned, (the two which had not been fired) on the retreating enemy, with effect. After which, they were spiked by breaking the points of bayonets in the touch-holes, and hammering them down with the butts of firelocks. The main body was by this time observed coming up rapidly along the main road, and the advance having again taken breath, pursued the retreating enemy towards the Black River, over a hill, near where the Post office then was, under the fire of the fort and battery east of Parish's store. The Green Battery, as one was styled, directed its fire on the main body. The advance rushed on with the intention of storming the battery east of Parish's store, when they observed a company of the Osnabruck Militia, from the main body, (commanded by Captain Morgan,) advancing to storm it, which they did successfully. The enemy in the Green Battery, perceiving it had fallen into the hands of the British, turned their guns upon it, and compelled the Osnabruck people to abandon it. Lieutenant Empey, and a private, named Servos, had their legs carried away in the battery by round shot.

The main body by this time had come up with the field-pieces, and a few shots directed at the Green Battery, compelled the enemy to abandon it. Major Macdonell then dispatched an officer to summon the fort, but ere he reached it, the enemy was observed in full retreat over a distant eminence. Thus, fell Ogdensburgh.

After the place had been carried, however, an occasional shot was fired from houses, by persons who did not know the result. From one of

these, a shoe-shop, a shot was fired, which took effect on a private of the King's Regiment, named Doolan. His brother was near him at the time, and seeing whence the shot had proceeded, he burst open the door, and rushed in, uttering vows of vengeance—he could see no one, however. The person who fired the shot, had either escaped or was hid. The latter proved to be the case. As soon as the unfortunate creature perceived he was discovered, (he was a hunch-backed lad of about seventeen,) he sprang from behind the counter, for the door, yelling out for quarter; but Doolan's brother was too quick for him, and, not being in a merciful mood at the time, he drove his bayonet through him, pinning him to the door, exclaiming, "By Jasus, I'll halve you now, and quarter you by and bye." Dragging his bayonet out violently, the poor wretch fell on the floor, writhed a little, and was a corpse.

The total British loss was eight killed, and fifty-two wounded. A large quantity of provisions and munitions of war fell into our hands, and eleven pieces of ordnance; among them were two twelve pounders, inscribed as having fallen into the hands of the rebels of the revolution, at the surrender of General Burgoyne, in 1777. Four officers and seventy men were made prisoners.

There was no further annoyance from Ogdensburgh after the visit—the Magistrates of the place pledging themselves to that effect, on condition of not being further molested then.

More than one-half of our force engaged was Militia, and, with the exception of about one hundred of the King's Regiment, all were Provincials:—the Glengarry Light Infantry having been raised by Bishop McDonell, in and around Glengarry, U. C.; and as to the Royal Newfoundlanders, their name sufficiently denotes where they were raised.

The Militia lost three privates killed, and one Captain, three Subalterns, and twenty rank and file wounded. The names of the officers wounded were, Captain McDonell, Lieutenants Empey, McLean, and McDound.

Colonel William Fraser, of Grenville, commanded the Militia force, and the Captains under him were—Duncan McDonell, (Greenfield;) Morgan, of the county of Stormont; Jonas Jones, and William Jones, of the county of Leeds; Burritt, and William Fraser, of the county of Grenville; and George Marekle, and John McDonell, of the county of Dundas.

Major Macdonell's despatch gives an account of the affair, varying somewhat from the preceding statement. This, however, is not to be wondered at, for a combatant can only give what falls under his personal observation. For exam-

ple, the despatch thus describes the movements of the left column: "During these transactions, Captain Jenkins had gallantly led on his column, and had been exposed to a heavy fire of seven guns, which he bravely attempted to carry with the bayonet, though covered by two hundred of the enemy's best troops; advancing as rapidly as the deep snow, and the consequent exhausted state of his men, would admit, he ordered a charge, and had not proceeded many paces, when his left arm was broken to pieces by a grape-shot; but still, undauntedly running on with his men, he almost immediately afterwards was deprived of the use of his right arm, by a discharge of case shot; still heroically disregarding all personal considerations, he nobly ran on, cheering his men to the assault, till, exhausted by pain and loss of blood, he became unable to move; his company gallantly continued the charge under Lieutenant Macaulay; but the reserve of the militia not being able keep up with them, they were compelled, by the great superiority of the enemy, to give way, leaving a few on a commanding position, and a few of the most advanced, in the enemy's possession, nearly about the time I gained the height above mentioned," (referring to the right column and its operations.)

The narrator of the preceding account of the engagement, expressed himself dissatisfied with the despatch, in respect of the description given of the services, relatively, of the Militia and Regulars, which he declared to be partial. He maintained, that the ardour of the militia to get at the enemy, surpassed that displayed by the regulars;—that they were always forward, and did not content themselves with "emulating," (as Major Macdonell expresses it,) "the conspicuous bravery of all the troops of the line." He more than intimated that the Major praised the detachment of the King's Regiment overmuch, because it had been his own regiment,—and remarked, that the despatch was, in that particular, very freely commented on by the militia.

The loss of the King's Regiment on this occasion was inconsiderable, namely: one sergeant killed, one subaltern, and twelve rank and file wounded. No regiment, subsequently, suffered more, however, than the gallant King's. At Toronto, in the following May, two companies of this regiment lost forty-five killed, and fifty-two wounded and missing, in resisting the landing and advance of the enemy, under the fire of their fleet. On the 28th of the same month, when a second time resisting the landing of the enemy, under showers of shot from their fleet, the return of killed, wounded, and missing, of the regiment, was two hundred and two. On the

29th, (the following day,) at Sackett's Harbour, where two companies of the regiment were engaged,—their loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to eighty one. At Stoney Creek, on the 3rd June, where the King's and the 49th broke up the enemy's camp, the loss of the former was eighty three in killed, wounded, and missing. These losses sufficiently testify that the gallant King's were always conspicuous in conflict. It may not be amiss to say, that the young officer, Jenkins, who played so prominent a part in the attack, was a New Brunswicker, and son of one of the noble band, who abandoned their homes in the old Colonies, to live and die under the flag of Old England.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY H. B. M.

I see a dazzling gem, ladye,
Flashing in thy raven hair;
But I have seen an hour, ladye,
When no bright gem was there,—
And yet the flashing of thine eye
Would match its keenest brilliancy.

I see thee lead the dance, ladye,
With the noble, proud, and gay;
But I have seen an hour, ladye,
When you have led the way,
In rustic revel—and more light
Thy step than in this hall to-night.

Thy cheek is worn and pale, ladye,
Since I beheld it last;
Thy lips are blanching too, ladye,
And thy smile's glad light is past!
Oh! can it be thou dost regret
Those blessed hours we loved, and met?

I now must stand afar, ladye—
For loftier stars are swaying thee;
I deem thou wert more blest, ladye,
Had thine been lowlier destiny!
Thou hadst not then, as now, been sold,
Hope, heart, and happiness, for gold!

DECEMBER.

BY M.

The oaks their hoary branches wave,
And murmur loud amid the blast—
The season speaks of Autumn's grave;
There all arrive at last.
The white snow is earth's mantle now,
Like blanched locks on the heart of age,
And nature is wrinkled, as the brow
Of Boreas wild, when the tempest rage.
The sun behind a hazy cloud,
Scarce deigns to shed one sheering ray,
To tell that winter's icy shroud
Shall yet give place to brighter day.
This season, God in goodness gave—
Type of man's slumber in the grave.

THE VARIATIONS OF THE ROSE.

BY A LADY.

Well pleased to see the roses bloom,
The Muse demanded, "Why
Should some the lily white assume,
And some the scarlet dye?"

The cause was sought, but all essays
Were vain to this intent,
'Till Fancy, wrapt in ancient days,
Pourtray'd the strange event.

Near where the Tree of Knowledge grew,
In Eden's hallowed ground,
A bed of roses struck the view,
And fenced the tree around.

Large sweets diffusing through the vale,
The snowy beauties spread
Their milk white bosoms to the gale,
Nor yet assumed the red.

While Adam strung the manly nerve,
To dress and keep the ground;
His bride, well pleased her lord to serve,
Would range the garden round.

To cull the fruits, and tend the flowers,
And mark their early bloom,
Each morn with roses strewed the bowers,
Which breathed their fresh perfume.

This favorite spot she oft survey'd
With an attentive eye;
And here her constant visit paid,
To reap a fresh supply.

One morn, a fatal morn it was,
She paid her usual suit;
But ah! from hence destruction rose,—
She coveted the fruit.

Urged on by Satan's false pretence,
(The first and worst of foes),
She dared to break the feeble fence,
And trample on the rose.

Unawed, she stretched her impious hand,
The alluring sweets to prove,
Regardless of her Lord's command,
Regardless of His love.

The injured rose beheld the theft,
And wounded hung its head;
The snowy hue its bosom left,
And blushing, changed to red.

The foliage wept a dewy shower,
And spoke some strange event;
Eye turned and saw the bleeding flower,
And wondered what it meant.

Awhile she stood and gazed thereon,
Then trembling, she withdrew,
Unconscious that she trampled on
The fairest rose that grew.

Here Fancy paused—and Truth began
The wonders to disclose—
A nobler form than flower or man
Was couched beneath the rose.

This only trodden to the ground,
Dishonored hung its head;
'Twas Sharon's rose that felt the wound,
'Twas Sharon's rose that bled.

The atrocious deed no sooner done,
To view the sufferer stood,
In perfect white the GODHEAD shone,
The Manhood bathed in blood.

And hence the roses now unite,
To exalt the rose that bled—
This means the justifying white;—
And that the atoning red.

The Muse these graces sought to prove,
And growing beauties eyed;
'Till lost in wonder and in love,
She kissed the rose, and died.

Oh! may my soul these blessings share,
In the decisive hour,—
And in my bosom ever wear
This sweet, this lovely flower.

WILL YE EVER THINK OF ME?

I think of thee, when the star of day
First lightens up the eastern sky,
When the dew drops hang from leaf and spray,
Bright as the tear in beauty's eye;
When the sky-lark duteous soars above,
To pay to God its matin prayer;
When the zephyr's breath awakes the grove,
And gently greets each flow'ret fair;
When universal nature's face,
Far as the human eye can see,
Proclaims another day of grace—
Will ye ever think of me?

I think of thee, at the gloamin' hour,
When the scented sweet-brier breathes perfume,
And a soothing light o'er tree and flower,
Is shed by the rays of the silver moon;
When the vesper bell tolls out the hour,
When sinful man should bow the knee,
To that unseen, Almighty power,
That is from all eternity;
When silent nature doth rejoice,
In all its calm sublimity;
When heard is the nightingale's sweet voice—
Will ye ever think of me?

I think of thee, 'mid the glittering crowd,
Where every face seems lit with joy—
When the bursting heart's by sorrow bow'd
With cares that mortals' lot annoy.
And aye—whene'er I lowly bend
(At morn and even, to God on high),
The knee—my prayer to him I send,
To guard thee with a parent's eye;
Whate'er I do, where'er I am,
In thought thy gentle face I see,
Throughout life's changing storm and calm—
Will ye ever think of me?

THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S,

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

CHAPTER I.

Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck—
A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck!
Their little bark, her men of watch descry,
And ampler canvass woos the wind from high.

BYRON.

THE early history of every country abounds in romantic incident, and hazardous adventure. The actors in its stirring scenes are generally men of restless enterprise, bold ambition, and often desperate fortunes. A few names stand prominent in the page of history, but the mass of those who toiled and suffered, achieved and enjoyed, are lost in the relentless tide of oblivion.

But their actions survive their individual memories, and the result of their labors, the fruit of their brave daring, leaves an impression on succeeding generations, and prepares the way for future civilization.

The wilds, which the earliest pioneers explored, opened a pathway for future improvement, and by slow degrees, the waste wilderness was reclaimed, political institutions established, the arts of life cultivated, and the foundation of a future empire laid.

Some of the earliest navigators were attracted to the shores of the New World, and sought shelter in the numerous bays and creeks, that indent the rough outline of our northern coast; and many bold hearts found graves beneath the forest soil.

Bands of gallant adventurers also came hither, dazzled by the glory of a new discovery; and there were others, whom a restless spirit of change and conquest—engendered amidst the perpetual strife, and fired by the decaying chivalry of the 16th century,—allured from the battle-fields of Europe, to gather renown in an unexplored and wider region.

The settlement of these British American provinces, undertaken at an early period, made but slow advances; but at the commencement of the brilliant reign of Louis the Great, they had become consolidated, their local advantages and internal resources began to be appreciated, and under the protection of a Colonial Government,

their future importance and prosperity were faintly shadowed forth.

Our sister province of Nova Scotia—designated in the original French patent, as L'Acadie, or Acadia—was then in an elemental state, and its advances towards a permanent settlement retarded by the factions of ambitious rulers, whose rival claims were long a subject of bitter contest. The wary Puritans of New England, severe in their moral and religious code, and abhorring every approach to Popery, with true Anglo-Saxon prejudice, and national antipathy, regarded their mercurial neighbors with distrust, and avoided all intercourse with them, in the way either of friendship or alliance.

These preliminary remarks may serve to elucidate the following story, the historic incidents of which belong principally to Acadia, and are founded on facts transmitted to us by the early Chroniclers of Provincial History.

On a bright day in the summer of 1643, a light pleasure boat shot gaily across the beautifully curved bay, which forms the harbor of Boston, in the old Colony of Massachusetts. It was filled by a merry party, and their cheerful voices were long heard, mingling with the rippling waves, and the music of the breeze, which swelled the canvass, and bore them swiftly onward.

A group of friends, who had collected on the shore, to witness their departure, gradually dispersed, and at length a single individual alone remained, whose eyes still followed the vessel's track, though his countenance wore that abstracted air, which shewed his thoughts were detached from the passing scene. He seemed quite unmindful of the silence which had succeeded the transient bustle, and a low murmur, beginning to spread along the shore, was equally disregarded. Suddenly a confused sound of many voices burst upon his ear, and hurried steps, as of alarm and agitation, at once aroused him from his reverie. At the same moment, a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and a voice exclaimed with earnestness:

"Are you insensible, Arthur Stanhope, when every man's life is in jeopardy?"

"My father," replied the young man, "what

is the meaning of all this excitement and confusion?"

"Do you not know?" demanded the other. "A strange sail is approaching our peaceful coast, and see! they have unfurled the standard of popish France!"

"It is true, by heaven!" exclaimed young Stanhope; "and look, father, yonder boat is flying before them; this is no time to gaze idly on—we must hasten to their rescue."

The vessel which excited so much alarm, was in fact, a French ship of considerable force, apparently well manned, and armed with unusual strength. The national flag streamed gaily on the wind, and as it anchored just against Castle Island, the roll of the drum, and the shrill notes of the fife were distinctly heard, and men were seen busied on deck, as if preparing for some important action.

The little bark, already mentioned, was filled chiefly with females and children, bound on a pleasure excursion to an island in the bay; and their alarm was extreme, on thus encountering an armed vessel of the French, who had on many occasions shown hostility to the English Colonists. She instantly tacked, and crowding sail, as much as prudence would permit, steered across the harbor, towards Governor's Island. But it had evidently become an object of interest to the French; their attention seemed engrossed by it, and presently a boat was lowered to the water, and an officer, with several of the crew, sprang into it, and rowed swiftly from the ship's side.

They immediately gave chase to the pleasure boat, which was, however, considerably a-head, and so ably managed, that she kept clear her distance; and with all the muscular strength, and nautical skill of the pursuer, he found it impossible to gain upon her.

In the mean time, the alarm had become general, and spectators, of every age and sex, thronged the shore, to witness the singular pursuit. The civil and military authorities made hasty preparations for defence, should it prove necessary; a battery which protected the harbor, was hastily manned, and the Militia drawn up in rank and file, with a promptitude not often displayed by the heroes of a train band company. For several years, no foreign or internal enemy had disturbed the public repose; the fortifications on Castle Island had gradually fallen into decay, and at this time of alarm, not a single piece of artillery was mounted, or a sentinel stationed there. An enemy, of course, had nothing to oppose his progress, should he choose to anchor in the inmost waters of the bay.

Governor's Island, however, at that moment

became the centre of anxiety, and every eye was fixed upon the boat, which neared the shore. The governor, as was often his custom, had on that day, retired there with his family, and, attended only by a few servants, his person was extremely insecure, should the French entertain any sinister design. In this emergency, three shallops filled with armed men, were sent to protect the chief magistrate, and also to ascertain the intentions of the French.

Young Stanhope was invested with the command of this little force, and perhaps there was no man in the Colony who could have conducted the service with more boldness and address. He had entered the English navy in boyhood; and after many years of faithful service, was rapidly acquiring rank and distinction, when the unhappy dissensions of the times threw their blighting influence on his prospects, and disappointed his well-founded hopes of still higher advancement in his profession. The elder Stanhope, an inflexible Puritan, fled to New-England from the persecution of a church which he abhorred; and with the malevolence of narrow-minded bigotry, the heresy of the parent was revenged, by dismissing the son from that honorable station which his valor had attained. Deeply wounded in spirit, Arthur Stanhope retired from the service of his country, but he carried with him the affection and esteem of all who knew him,—a solace which misfortune can never wrest from a noble and virtuous mind.

On the present occasion, Arthur Stanhope made his arrangements with coolness and precision, and received from every one, the most prompt and zealous assistance. The alarm which the appearance of the French at first excited, had gradually subsided, but there were so many volunteers in the cause, that it was difficult to prevent the shallops being over laden. Constables with their batons, and soldiers with fixed bayonets, guarded the place of embarkation; and at a given signal the boats were loosed from their moorings, and glided gently over the waves. A loud shout burst from the spectators, which was succeeded by a stillness so profound that for several moments the measured dash of the oars was distinctly heard on shore. An equal silence prevailed on board the shallops, which were rowed in exact unison, while the men who occupied them sat erect and motionless as automaton, their fire arms glancing in the bright sunshine, and their eyes occasionally turning with defiance towards the supposed enemy.

Arthur Stanhope stood on the stern of the principal vessel, and beside him, Mr. Gibbons, a young man who watched the progress of the

pleasure-boat with eager solicitude,—for in it, among other friends, were his mother and sisters. It had then nearly reached the island, their pursuers, probably in despair of overtaking them, had relaxed their efforts, and rested on their oars, apparently undecided what course to follow.

"They are observing us," said Gibbons, pointing to the French, "and I doubt not they will return to the protection of their ship, and scarce leave us the liberty of disputing the way with them."

"They will consult their prudence in doing so," replied Stanhope, "if their intentions are indeed hostile, as we have supposed."

"If!" returned the other. "Why else should they give chase to one of our peaceable boats in that rude manner. But, thank heaven!" he added joyfully, "it is now safe! see, my mother has this moment sprung on shore with her frightened band of damsels and children! Ah, I think they will not *now* admire the gallant Frenchmen, as they did last summer when LaTour's gay Lieutenant was here, with his compliments and treaties."

"I begin to think yonder vessel is from the same quarter," said Arthur thoughtfully. "M. de la Tour perhaps wishes to renew his alliance with us, or seeks aid to carry on his quarrel with M. d'Aulney, his rival in the government of Acadia."

"God forbid!" said a deep, rough voice, which proceeded from the helmsman, "that we should have any fellowship with those priests of the Evil One, those monks and friars of popish France."

"Spoken like an oracle, my honest fellow!" said Gibbons laughing; "it is a pity that your zeal and discernment should not be rewarded by some office of public trust."

This short dialogue was broken off, by an unexpected movement of the French, who, after resting on their oars, as in doubt, at some distance from the island, suddenly recommenced rowing towards it, and at the same time struck up a lively air on the bugle, which floated cheerfully over the waves. Soon after their keel touched the strand, close by the pleasure boat, which was safely moored, and deserted by every individual. The principal officer then leaped on shore, and walked leisurely to the house of Governor Winthrop. Stanhope also shortly landed, and with Mr. Gibbons also proceeded directly to the Governor's occasional residence.

The mansion exhibited no appearance of alarm; the windows were thrown open to admit the cooling sea-breeze,—children sported around the door, and cheerful voices within, announced that

the stranger who just preceded them was not an unwelcome visitant. He was conversing apart with Mr. Winthrop, when they entered, and they at once knew him, as a lieutenant of M. de la Tour, who, on a former occasion, had been sent from him to negotiate a treaty with the magistrates of Boston.

Mons. de Valette, so he was called, was supposed to be a Huguenot, and on that account, as much as from the personal regard which his conduct and manners inspired, he had been treated with much attention during the short time he remained there. He had been intimate in the family of Major Gibbons, a gentleman of consideration in the Colony, and recognized his lady and family in the pleasure-boat which he encountered in the bay. Gallantly inclined to renew the acquaintance, he endeavored to overtake the boat, quite unconscious that they were flying from him in terror. But the formidable array of armed shallops, with the assemblage of people on shore, at length excited a suspicion of the truth, and he followed the lady to her retreat, to explain the motives of his conduct. His apology was graciously accepted, and the late alarm became a subject of general amusement.

M. de Valette improved the opportunity thus offered to prepare Governor Winthrop for the object of La Tour's voyage to Boston. Monsieur Razilly, Governor General, by royal commission, of the French province of Acadia, had entrusted the administration to D'Aulney de Charnisy, and St. Etienne, lord of La Tour. The former he appointed lieutenant of the Western part of the Province,—the latter of the Eastern; they were separated by the river St. Croix. La Tour also held possession in right of a purchase, confirmed by the king's patent; and on the death of Razilly, which happened at an early period of the settlement, he claimed the supreme command. His pretensions were violently disputed by M. d'Aulney, and from that time, each had constantly sought to dispossess the other, and the most bitter enmity kept them continually at strife. Each of them had repeatedly endeavored to obtain assistance from the New-England colonists, who, however, prudently declined to decide in favor of either one, lest the other should prove a dangerous, or at least an annoying enemy. National and religious prejudice also, debarred all sympathy between them, and the English Colony, still young and feeble, had no inclination to embroil itself with the quarrels and cabals of others.

Monsieur de La Tour, was, or pretended to be, a Huguenot, which gave him a decided preference

over his rival with the rulers of the Massachusetts Bay; they had of late shewn a friendly disposition towards him, and allowed any persons who chose, to engage in commerce with his people. He had just returned from France in a ship well laden with supplies for his Fort at St. John's, and a stout crew, who were mostly protestants from Rochelle. But on approaching his own domains, he found the Fort besieged, and the mouth of the river St. John shut up by several of M. d'Aulney's vessels, whose force it would have been temerity to oppose. He sailed directly to Boston to implore such assistance as would enable him to dispossess the enemy; and he brought with him a commission from the king which established his authority as Lieutenant General in Acadia.

It was under these circumstances that the French vessel appeared in the harbor of Boston, the innocent cause of so much alarm to the inhabitants. Governor Winthrop listened to the details and arguments of M. de Valette, with courteous attention, but declined advancing any opinion, till he had consulted with the deputy and other magistrates.

He however desired Mr. Stanhope to return, with the young officer, to his ship, and request M. de la Tour to become a guest at the house of the chief magistrate, until his question was decided.

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CHAPTER II.
—

"Fit me with such weeds
As may beseeem some well reputed page."

SHAKESPEARE.

—
THE tardy summer of the north burst forth in all its splendor on the woods, and scattered settlements of Acadia, and even the harrassed garrison of St. John's revived under its inspiriting influence. La Tour had been compelled to revisit France in the preceding autumn, for a reinforcement and supplies, leaving the fort defended only by a hireling force, which could scarcely muster fifty men, fit for active service. These were a mixture of Scotch and French, protestants and catholics; their personal and religious disputes kept them at continual variance, and the death of an experienced officer, who had been left in command, produced a relaxation of discipline which threatened the most serious consequences. The protracted absence of La Tour became a subject of bitter complaint, and as their stores of every kind gradually wasted away, they began to talk loudly of throwing down their arms, and abandoning their posts.

In this posture of affairs, the courage and

firmness of Madame de la Tour, alone restrained them from open mutiny. With an air of authority which no one presumed to question, she assumed the supreme command, and established a rigid discipline, which the boldest dared not transgress. She daily witnessed their military exercises, assigned to every man his post of duty, and voluntarily shared the many privations which circumstances imposed on those beneath her.

M. d'Aulney, in the mean time, kept a vigilant eye on the movements of the garrison. As spring advanced, his light vessels were sent to reconnoitre, as near as safety would permit, and it became evident that he meditated a decisive attack.

Madame de la Tour used every precaution to prevent a surprise, and to deceive him respecting the weakness of their resources. She restricted the usual intercourse between her own people, and those living without the Fort, and allowed no one to enter unquestioned, except a French priest, who came at stated times to dispense ghostly counsel to the catholics.

On one of those occasions, as the holy father issued from a small building, which served as a chapel for his flock, he encountered the stern features of a Scotch presbyterian, whom the lady of La Tour, who was a protestant in faith, had received into her family, in the capacity of chaplain to her household. It was on a Sabbath morning, and both had been engaged in the offices of religion with their respective congregations. Each was passing on in silence, when the Scot suddenly stopped, directly in the other's path, and surveyed him with an expression of gloomy distrust. An indignant glow flashed across the pale features of the priest, but instantly faded away, and he stood in an attitude of profound humility, as if waiting to learn the cause of so rude an interruption.

In spite of passion and prejudice, the bigoted sectary felt rebuked by the calm dignity of the other's countenance and manner; but he had gone too far to recede without some explanation, and therefore sternly said:

"Our lady admits no stranger within these gates, and woe be to the wolf who climbs into the fold in sheep's clothing!"

"The priest of God," he replied calmly, "is bound by his holy office, to impart instruction and consolation, wherever there is an ear to listen, and a heart to feel."

"The priest of Satan," muttered the other, in a low, wrathful tone, "the emissary of that wicked one, who sitteth on the seven hills, filled with all abominations."

The priest turned from him with a look of mingled pity and scorn; but his reverend opponent caught his arm, and again strictly surveying him, exclaimed:

"It is not *thou* whom our lady's easy charity permits to come in hither, and lead poor deluded souls astray with the false doctrines of thy false religion! Speak, and explain from whence thou comest, and what are thy designs?"

"Thy wrath is vain and impotent," said the priest, coolly withdrawing from his grasp; "but the precepts of my Master enjoin humility, and I disdain not to answer thee, though rudely questioned. Father Ambrose hath been called to a distant province, and by his passport I am come hither, to feed the flock which he hath left."

Still dissatisfied, the chaplain was about to prosecute his interrogatories, but the singular rencontre had already attracted a crowd around them, and the French Catholics, with the vivacity of their country, and the zeal of their religion, began loudly to resent the insult offered to the holy father. Voices rose high in altercation, but as the worthy Scot was totally ignorant of their language, he remained for some moments at a loss to conjecture the cause of this sudden excitement. But the menacing looks which were directed towards him, accompanied by gestures too plain to be misunderstood, at length convinced him, that he was personally interested in the *fracas*. He commenced a hasty retreat, but his progress was arrested by the iron grasp of a sturdy corporal from which he was unable to extricate himself. With a countenance, in which rage and entreaty were ludicrously blended, he turned towards the priest, whose earnest expostulations were addressed in vain to the exasperated assailants. The corporal kept his hold tenaciously, questioning him with a volubility known only to Frenchmen, and enraged that he was neither understood nor answered, he concluded each sentence with a shake, which jarred every sinew in the stout frame of the Scotchman.

It is doubtful to what extreme the affray might have been carried, as the opposite party began to rally, with equal warmth, in defence of their spiritual teacher, but at that moment quickly repeated notes of alarm, sounded in their ears, announcing some pressing danger. Thrown into consternation by this unexpected summons, the soldiers fled confusedly, or stood stupidly, and uncertain what course to pursue, nor was their confusion diminished, when Madame de la Tour appeared in the midst of them, and with a look which severely reprov'd their negligence, exclaimed:

"Why stand ye here, my gallant men, clamoring with your idle brawls, when the enemy floats before our very walls. Fly to your posts, or stay and see what a woman's hand can do!"

The appeal was electric; in a moment every man filled his proper station, and throughout the fort, the breathless pause of suspense preceded the expected signal of attack or defence.

M. d'Aulney had entered the river, with a strong force, and owing to the negligence of the sentinels, appeared suddenly before the surprised garrison. Emboldened by unexpected success, he drew up his vessels against the fort, in line of attack, but incautiously approached within reach of the battery. Perceiving his error too late, he immediately tacked, and gave a signal to bear off, which was promptly obeyed by the lighter vessels. But before his own, which had led the van, could retire, Madame de la Tour, with her own hand, discharged a piece of artillery, with such effect, that the crippled vessel was with difficulty removed from the incessant fire then opened upon her.

With much difficulty, M. d'Aulney, however, effected a retreat; but though repulsed at that time, it was not probable he would relinquish his designs; and apprehensive that he might attempt a landing below the fort, a double guard was set, and every precaution taken, to prevent another surprise.

Madame de la Tour, till the last moment of danger, was every where conspicuous, dispensing her orders with a promptness and cool presence of mind, which would have honoured a veteran commander.

It was near the close of day, when she left the presence of the garrison, to seek repose from her arduous duties. In passing an angle of the fort, the sound of light footsteps attracted her attention; as she paused an instant, a figure bounded from the shadow of the wall, and stood before her, wrapped in a military cloak, which completely enveloped its slight person.

"Who are you?" demanded Madame de la Tour.

"I am ashamed to tell you," replied a soft, sweet voice, which the lady instantly recognized; "but if you can forgive me, I will uncover myself, for indeed I am well nigh suffocated already."

"Foolish child, where have you been, and what is the meaning of all this?"

"I was coming to seek you; but I lingered here a few moments, for in truth I have no fancy to approach very near those formidable guns, unless they are more peaceably disposed than they have been to day! And now I must see, if you forgive my cowardice!"

With these words, the cloak was hastily unloosed, and a youth, dressed as the page of Madame de la Tour, sprang lightly from its folds. He wore a tartan kirtle, reaching below the knees, with leggins of Indian workmanship, and a highland bonnet, adorned with a tuft of eagle feathers; but the sparkling black eyes, the clear brunette complexion, and the jetty locks, which clustered around his brow and neck, proclaimed him the native of a bright and southern climate. Half laughing, yet blushing with shame, he looked with arch timidity in the lady's face, as if deprecating an expected reproof; but she smiled affectionately, and said:

"I have nothing to forgive, my child! God knows this is but a poor place for one so young and delicate, and I wonder not that your courage is sometimes tested beyond its strength. I would not wish you to share the dangers, which it is my duty to encounter."

"I should fear nothing, I think, could I really be of any service to you," replied the page; "but to-day, for instance, I should have been sadly in your way, if I had appeared in that frightful *meleé*, and I am very sure the first cannon ball would have carried me off the walls."

"The enemy would doubtless aim at so important a mark," said the lady smiling; "but go now; your valour will never win the spurs of knighthood."

"I am not ambitious of such an honor," he answered gaily; "you know I am but a fair weather sort of page, fit only to hover around my lady's bower, in the season of flowers and sunshine."

"Mine is no bower of ease," returned the lady, sadly, "but with all its perils, it shall be guarded by our lives, and resigned only into the hands of its rightful lord. You have promised to assist me," she added, after a moment's pause, "and I wish you to redeem your word, by remaining here till I return. I care not to trust the faith of those idle soldiers, who perchance, think they have done enough of duty for to-day; and your keen eyes may keep watch, for a time, on the landing place, and espy the motions of the enemy, who still hold their station below."

"That I can do with pleasure," he replied, "and I am as brave as heart can wish, when there is no danger nigh. I love to linger under the open sky, in the twilight of these bright days, which are so cheering, after the damp fogs of spring, that I scarcely regret the eternal sunshine of my own dear France."

"Well, do not forget my commission, in your romantic musings!" replied Madame de la Tour. The page promised obedience, and left to him-

self, assumed the post of observation, screened from the garrison by a projecting palisade.

The soft and brilliant tints of twilight faded slowly away, and the smooth surface of the river gradually darkened, while its waves beat in monotonous cadence against the walls of the fort. A slight breeze at intervals lifted the silken folds of the banner, which drooped from a tall flag staff, displaying the escutcheon of La Tour, surmounted by the arms of France.

The noble stream, far up on each side, was skirted by broad intervals, covered with the rich bright verdure peculiar to early summer, and occasionally rising into gentle acclivities, and terminating in impervious forests. Here and there the smoke curled gracefully from the humble cabin of the settler, and at times the fisherman's light oar dimpled the clear waves, as he rowed homeward with the fruits of successful toil.

A rising moon silvered the calm and beautiful landscape, displaying the vessels M. d'Aulney, riding at anchor below the fort; while the mist, so common in that climate, began to weave slowly around their hulks, till the masts, and furled top sails were alone visible, floating like a fairy fleet, in the transparent atmosphere.

The page gazed long in silent admiration, when his attention was arrested by a human figure, gliding cautiously along the parapet beneath which he stood. His tall, attenuated form, was clothed in the loose black garments of a monk, and the few hairs, which the rules of a severe order had left on his uncovered head, were white as the snows of winter. A cowl partially concealed his features, his waist was girt by a cord of discipline, and as he moved with noiseless steps, he seemed to count the beads of a rosary which he carried in his hand.

The page was at first on the point of addressing him, supposing he was Father Ambrose, the Catholic Missionary, but a second glance discovered the features of a stranger, and with curiosity, not unmingled with awe, he leaned forward to observe him more attentively.

He proceeded a few paces, then stopped and threw back his cowl. As he did so, his eye encountered the page, whom he surveyed strictly for a moment, then turning slowly away, he disappeared by an aperture, through the outer works.

The boy looked up, expecting his return, nor was he aware how long he watched for him, till the touch of a hand laid lightly on his arm, recalled him to recollection. Turning quickly round, he involuntarily started back, on perceiving the object of his curiosity close beside him. Repressing a transient feeling of superstitious dread, he ventured to meet his gaze, and as he

did so, the light of the moon fell full upon his youthful face.

"Holy St. Mary, who are you?" asked the stranger, with strong emotion, as he grasped the arm of the trembling youth.

"They call me Hector, the page of Madame de la Tour," he answered in a voice scarce audible from terror, and shrinking from the hand which held him.

"May God forgive me!" murmured the monk as he relaxed his grasp, and, evidently by a strong effort, every trace of emotion was banished from his countenance.

Hector still stood before him, longing, yet afraid to flee, till the priest, apparently discerning his perplexity, said in a calm voice.

"Fear me not boy, but go, and bear this message to the lady of La Tour. Say that her lord hath already spread his homeward sails, and a few hours perhaps, will bear him hither. Tell her that M. d'Aulney will send to parley for surrender, and bid her hold out with a brave heart, and the hour of success will surely arrive."

So saying he turned away; and the page hastened to convey the intelligence to Madame de la Tour.

(To be continued.)

THE SAND-BUILT TOWER.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

A ROSE child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And, kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He rais'd, in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower,—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper bell
Call'd the boy-builder home to sleep:—
He pass'd a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair;—
He came with the returning light,
And lo, the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of Earth.
Gold, learning, glory;—What are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

TO J. R.

THE LAST O' NOVEMBER.

The last o' November comes surly an' drear,
Wi' dark frowning clouds, near the close o' the year;
The trees are a' leafless, the birds fled awa,
An' mountain an' valley are covered wi' snaw;
Pale Nature looks wae as she hangs down her head,
O'er the beauties o' simmer a' withered and dead,
An' piercing an' bleak are the blasts on the lea—
Yet dear is the last o' November to me.

For aye when it comes it brings back to my min'
The hame that I left, an' the days o' langsyne.
An' where is the spot on the earth that's so dear,
The mountains so blue, or the waters so clear,
As my own native hills, with the heather in bloom,
Where the green thistle waves 'mongst the beautiful
broom?

And to think on the lan' that I'll never mair see,
Brings the sigh frae my heart an' the tear frae my e'e.

But o' there is something that's far dearer still
Than the fond recollection of valley an' hill;
'Tis the friends of my youth, my companions of yore,
Who have bade me farewell, ne'er to meet with me more;
The sense of whose friendship can never depart
Till the last thro' of feeling is still in my heart.
My sleep shall be dreamless, in solitude drear,
When the friends of my childhood shall cease to be dear.

J. D.

Three Rivers, last o' November, 1848.

TO J. D.

A FLIGHT O' FANCY.

Your bonnie lines, an' cowe o' heather,
Made my auld heart as licht 's a feather;
Sae off on fancy's wings I flew,
My native glen ance mair to view.
I thought it early morn in May—
Month o' the year maist blythe an' gay,—
I lighted on the warlock knowe,
Where stunted bushes only grow;
Then I had full within my view,
Baith crystal stream an' mountains blue;
The lambies bleatin' on the hill,
Some sportin'—loupin' o'er the rill;
The mavis perched on thorny spray,
In blythe notes welcomed in the day;
The linties on the whinnie brae,
Sent down their streams o' melody.
The laverock, soarin' high in air,
Poured forth sic dulcet warblins there,
As tunes the heart to praise an' prayer;
The auld kirk on the risin' knowe,
The mill mair distant in the howe;
The meadows clad in richest green,
Where comely youths an' maids were seen.
But a' my early friends were gane,
Some laid aneath the sod or stane;
Some perished on the stormy main;
But maist were in the battle slain.
The few that live were far awa,
"Pursuing fortunes slidd'ry ba'."
The Glen being lanely noo to me,
The tear-drap fillin' fast my e'e,
I shook frae aff my wings the dew,
Flew black to tell my wae to you.

J. R.

Three Rivers, last o' November, 1848.

WILD WOOD LIFE.

BY NED CALDWELL.

HOW CHARLEY STANTON AND I HAD A BEAR HUNT, AND WENT TO MRS. JOB STINSON'S TEA PARTY AFTERWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEAR HUNT.

"NED," said Charley, to me, one fine moonlight night in October, as we sat over a glorious wood fire, with our feet on the dog irons, resting ourselves after a hard day's work at the snipe in the Beaver meadow; "Ned, Job Stinson has a Bee, the day after to-morrow, and the old woman gives a tea-shine in the evening; let's go and see the fun"

"Very fine saying 'let's go,' but Mrs. Job has forgotten the maskinongé we sent her, and we're consequently not *axed*."

"That objection won't do, Ned," said Charley, taking a suspicious looking document off the mantle. "Here's a most pressing invite for us both, so of course we go."

I took the epistle, and sure enough there it was in due form, written on a quarter of a sheet of the best foolscap; and had it not been that due gentleness had not been used in separating it from its parent leaf, and that some faint impressions of Mrs. Job's thumb soiled the immaculate purity of its pristine whiteness, nothing could have been better or more neat.

"Well Charley, I'm with you, but we mustn't go out there, without a look along the Beech ridge, where Stanny killed that buck last fall.

"We'll take that on our way," said Charley, "so that's all settled. Now for the grub and tumblers—Jem, you rascal, why don't you bring in the supper?"

"Yes, sir," said a small voice from the next room; "but here's Abel Wilson wants to see you sir."

"Bring him in then, and the supper too, confound you," said Charley; "don't you know we're as hungry as wolves, sir?"

Jem fulfilled the first part of the order, by showing in Abel Wilson, a great ally of Charley's, but who, by the way, was somewhat taken aback by the unwonted irascibility of my hungry friend.

"Well, Abel, sit down here, and give us the news—how's Sally, eh!"

"Never your mind Sally, Judge, (Charley's soubriquet among his country allies—a *lucus à non lucendo* sort of name.) She's all right sence I whipped that soger feller, behind Uncle Jake's barn, for giving her so much of his soft sawder

at our husking bee, but I've got something to tell ye, that'll get yer grit up, Judge.

"Out with it, Abel," said Charley. "Supper, Jem, I tell you, or by the Lord Harry—"

"Comin' sir," said Jem.

"Why, you're almighty flustered about supper, Judge," said Abel; "a feller feels a'most as if you was goin' to sarve him, as that b'ar I was jest goin' to tell you of, is sarving old Squire Tebbit's late oats.

"Bear, did you say, Abel, where? Where?" exclaimed Charley and I, in a breath, forgetting even our supper in the excitement of the news.

"Aha, Judge, b'ar makes you feel kind of screamy, eh!" said Abel. Wal, you know old Squire Tebbits sowed that clearin' of his'n with oats, and it was late afore he got 'em in, and the b'ars these two or three nights has been a smashin' 'em most awful."

"Hurrah!" shouted Charley—"one more bear before winter, and I'll be satisfied. We'll be at the black devils to-morrow night, Ned. Heaven send it an old he, with fore paws like trip hammers."

"The Squire said he guessed there was an old he, and a she, and two b'ar cubs," said Abel; "but may be he's mistaken, and its only 'coons after all, Judge."

"Pooh, Abel, you're a fool," said Charley. "I hav'n't the least doubt old Tebbits is quite right—two old bears and two cubs.—Oh! Ned, isn't it glorious!"

Jem interrupted Charley's raptures, by bringing in supper, and to it we went like men who had done their twenty miles a piece that day. The plan of operations was all settled during supper; Abel was to go out to Squire Tebbits' in the morning, and get up the staging. We were to be there a little before sunset, to watch the bears as they came in; after our evening's sport, to sleep at Squire Tebbits', and cross the country, next day, to Mrs. Job's, taking the beech ridge, and the salt lick on our way. By the time this was all settled, it was bed time; and Abel having taken his leave, we retired to our respective dormitories for the night, but Charley had "got his grit up," and there was no keeping him quiet. Five minutes after I had turned in, I heard a small crack, as of a percussion cap, in the neighbourhood of his room, and upon going to see what was the matter, there the fellow was, in a most marvellously scanty dress, practising

rifle shooting by moonlight, through his bed room window, at the gate post, and upon my expostulating with him, assured me that he only intended to try a shot or two more, to get into the way of it for the next night, when he intended to shew the natives what moon-light shooting was, and if that old he bear only came within range, by the Lord Harry, *he* would—I at last succeeded in getting him to bed, muttering to himself, as he turned in, "Two old bears, and two cubs, by the Lord Harry, isn't it glorious?"

Five o'clock in the afternoon of the succeeding day, saw us at old Squire Tebbit's log house in the woods, within half a mile of the clearing, that we flattered ourselves was to witness the destruction of the depredators upon the product of the honest old farmer's agricultural labours. Right hearty was the welcome hand grasp of the sturdy old yeoman—right motherly the glance of the old dame, as she pressed upon us her pumpkin pies and dough nuts, sweet home made bread, and delicious honey. Right jollily too did the hale old fellow pledge us in his favorite beverage, whiskey and milk, and wish us well through the hug of the old he bear; and as he walked with us a part of the way to the clearing, he told us tales of the days when he first commenced his labors in the western country, and when he had enjoyed the sport we were now going to try, on the site of one of our principal cities.

But we were approaching the oatfield, the scene of the ursine ravages, and it beseeemed us to be quiet and cautious. The clearance which we now entered was of a semicircular shape; at three sides it was bounded by the wild, undisturbed forest—on the fourth it joined Squire Tebbit's more ancient and wide spread cornfields. The edges of the forest were tangled with brushwood, fallen trees and upturned roots, through which here and there a sort of pathway or bridge was made by the trunk of some huge maple or elm, which the wind, or the hand of man had felled towards the centre of the clearing. The crushed and beaten down stems of the oats at the ends of one or two of these fallen trees, pointed out the places of entrance, selected by the bears, on their devastating visits to the grain-field, and near some of these, the expected contest was to take place. Within thirty or 40 yards of three of these ruined patches, Abel's exertions had raised the rude platforms, upon which we were to hold our watch, and on one of these Charley and I, commanding two paths—on the other, Abel—took our respective positions, just as the sun was descending through the fringed tops of the forest on our left. The "stages," had been raised

about six feet from the ground, simply by placing two or three round cross sticks among the branches of a dwarf beech, the clustering leaves of which had been a little cleared away, to permit our vision to be unobstructed in the direction in which we expected to see the entrance of our quarry. Silent, motionless, we three sat—our rifles clutched firmly in our hands, one finger on the trigger, the thumb on the lock, ready upon the slightest warning of the approach of our prey, to cock them, without permitting the faintest click to give notice of our proximity. Silent, motionless, we sat—the broad, full moon shining down upon us, calm and beautiful, with its silvery light tessellating our grey coats through the leaves of the beeches, and making us look like huge mottled tree toads, seated among their branches. Silent, motionless, we sat, no sound breaking the dreamy, whispery rustling of the leaves about us—may I say—the audible stillness—save the yell of some predatory fox, or the dismal hoot of an owl, which had selected the domicile of her children, in the hollow of a huge dead birch behind us. But what did we care for the beauty of the chaste moon, except that it illuminated sufficiently our rifle barrels. The only sound that had interest for us was unheard. The tall trees behind us, whose tops seemed in the darkness to mingle with the stars, only attracted our attention as the pillars of the portal, through which our enemies were to enter the arena of the struggle. Holding our breath, to prevent the sound from obstructing our hearing, with our eyes strainingly fixed upon the narrow path upon which our prey was to appear, and our sense of hearing exerted to the uttermost to catch the slightest intimation of its approach, we sat with an intense excitement, a panting thirst for the conflict we every moment expected, which I fancy must be very similar to man's sensations, when in the barbarous game of war, he awaits the approach of a determined, but undreaded enemy. An hour had passed by in this way; the usual time of the visit of the bears was fast passing away, and there was yet no appearance of them—still was our straining gaze fixed upon the edge of the forest, our excitement increasing, as it began to be mingled with the fear of the escape of our prey; when suddenly, far within the dark arches of the forest, we heard the sharp crack of a dry branch, under the passage of some heavy body—another and another—not a muscle did we move—with stifled breathing we sat and listened—and soon we could discern the sound of footsteps, still at a great distance in the gloomy wood, approaching the spot where we were seated. Nearer and nearer they came, until their sound, multi-

plied and increased by the echoes, seemed to be within reach of our rifle barrels. Nearer and nearer they came, till the measured steps of some large animal, and the short, trotting sound which accompanied them, gave us little reason to doubt that the whole brood was near us, and that the contest before us might prove serious, or even deadly. Silently—stealthily did we cock our rifles. Silently—stealthily did we protrude their barrels through the sheltering foliage, in readiness to pour forth their deadly contents upon the devoted bears. They were now within fifty yards of us, when suddenly the sound of their footsteps ceased; they had mounted the log, which was to form their path to their evening food, and for an instant we could clearly distinguish the scratching of their claws as they walked upon the dry bark. Suddenly the footsteps stopped altogether—a low but deep sound, something between a grunt and a sigh, the usual sign of alarm in these animals, broke the silence. Then was a moment of the most intense, the most soul-searching excitement I ever felt. Laugh if you will, good cockney reader—but if after having your nerves attuned to excitement by an hour's patient watching in the solemn and almost awful stillness of a night in a Canadian forest—you found yourself within thirty paces of two old bears and their cubs, waiting, during a silent pause, most significant from their known proximity, their decision to approach you still nearer, or re-seek their wild fastnesses; if, under such circumstances, your soul did not utterly sink within your effeminate person, and your philopkine legs did not take upon themselves to withdraw your body from a scene of such danger to your delicate skin, and the blood which you inherited from your old Norse forefathers was sufficiently aroused to cause you to expand your nostrils, and with rigid muscles await the onset; if then, you did not feel something infinitely more spirit-strring than anything that ever before animated you, you should be condemned to an everlasting mission, in a crowded supper-room, for *Chalèt Russe*, for a stupid partner.

But we are forgetting the sport. The pause continued for about half a minute, when the bears, appearing satisfied, resumed their approach. Suddenly a black mass emerged from the brushwood, followed by another, and then both stopped and stood for an instant, as if to make up their minds where to commence their delicate feast. That was the decisive moment, and we were not the men to misuse it. By a well understood rule between us, Charley took the leader, I, the second, and our rifles rang as with one report,

through the re-echoing arches of the woods. Down went the leader like a shot; the second, which happened to be the dam, gave a sort of staggering leap or two, and then fell also, while the cubs ran to her and filled the air with their cries. Never were there two more successful shots—never were there two more exulting sportsmen than we, as we sprang to the ground from our perch, hurrabing, like two madmen, and rushed towards the fallen enemy. Charley arrived first at the fallen carcass of my victim, and seizing one of the snarling cubs, was about to secure it with his handkerchief, thinking the affair had been settled by the fortunate issue of our two discharges; but dire was his mistake, and terrible was the growl of the supposed dead mother, as, aroused by the cries of her offspring, with a dying effort of despairing rage, she arose and sprang at their assailer. His rifle was in the hollow of his arm, and he raised it to defend himself; but the enraged brute, with one blow of her nervous forepaw, sent it flying into the brushwood, and the next instant he was in the embrace of the outraged and wounded mother. Gnashing her teeth till the foam flew from her lips, and growling in accents that betokened her deadly fury, the bear compressed Charley's slight person between her fore-paws, and propelled by the impetus of her spring, they rolled over and over in the soft stubble. Upon seeing the bear attack him, I rushed to his assistance—my nerves strung to their utmost tension by his fearful position—and as he fell under the fatal clasp, from which few rise scatheless, I dealt a blow upon her head with my rifle-barrel, which smashed the stock to splinters, but for a moment confused her movements. Well and sportsmanlike did Charley demean himself in that dreadful moment. As he lay on his back, with the hot breath of the bear upon his face, and the foam from her lips blinding him, his hand sought the handle of his trusty-hunting knife, and in far less time than these words can be read, our blades clashed together within her ribs, and she rolled over a corpse beside her already dead comrade. Just as Charley arose safe, except some slight scratches from his fearful embrace, Abel came up, and after a moment's silent and heartfelt thankfulness for the escape of our dear friend from so horrible a death, loud were our exultations and our jubilee over the sport of the night. Half an hour saw us with our quarry, snugly ensconced beside the hospitable fire-side of the sturdy Squire, recounting to him and the worthy partner of his cares, our evening's adventures; and it was not till after an indefinite number of tumblers of whiskey and milk, that the worthy Magistrate would allow us to occupy the snug dormitory his wife had prepared for us.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO A "SUGAR CAMP."

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Most of our readers will at some time or other have read Cooper's beautiful novel of "The Pioneers," written while he was in the zenith of his fame. They will probably remember the visit of "The Judge," and his family party to "Bill Kirby's Sugar Bush,"—the old gentleman to make scientific enquiries and investigations—the younger ones to taste the luscious sweets afforded by the noble maples of our glorious forests, and to see the process by which the "raw material" is transformed into the wholesome ingredient which renders palatable "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." The following extract will serve to remind them of the pleasant time when they first read the book in question, while at the same time, it will graphically illustrate such a scene as that contemplated by the artist who sketched the picture which embellishes this number of the *Garland* :—

It was at the close of the month of March, that the sheriff succeeded in persuading his cousin and her young friend to accompany him in a ride to a hill that was said to overhang the lake, in a manner peculiar to itself.

"Besides, cousin Bess," continued the indefatigable Richard, "we will stop and see the 'sugar bush' of Billy Kirby: he is on the east end of the Ransom lot, making sugar for Jared Ransom. There is not a better hand over a kettle in the county, than that same Kirby. You remember, 'duke, that I had him his first season, in our own camp; and it is not a wonder that he knows something of his trade.'"

The sugar-boiler, who was busy in his "camp," at a short distance from the equestrians, turned his head with great indifference, and surveyed the party, as they approached, with admirable coolness. To each individual, as he or she rode close by him, he gave a nod that was extremely good-natured and affable, but which partook largely of the virtue of equality, for not even to the ladies did he in the least vary his mode of salutation, by touching the apology for a hat that he wore, or by any other motion than the one we have mentioned.

"How goes it, sheriff," said the wood-chopper; "what's the good word to-day?"

"Why, much as usual, Billy," returned Richard. "But how is this! where are your four kettles, and your troughs, and your iron coolers? Do you make sugar in this slovenly way? I thought you were one of the best sugar boilers in the county."

"I'm all that, Squire Jones," said Kirby, who continued his occupation; "I'll turn my back to no man in

the Otsego hills, for chopping and logging; for boiling down the maple sap; for tending brick-kiln; splitting out rails; making potash, and parling too; or hoeing corn. Though I keep myself, pretty much, to the first business, seeing that the axe comes most nateral to me."

"You be von Jack All-Trade, Mister Beel," said Monsieur Le Quoi.

"How?" said Kirby, looking up, with simplicity, which coupled with his gigantic frame, and manly face, was a little ridiculous; "if you be for trade, mounsheer, here is some as good sugar as you'll find the season through. It's as clear from dirt as the German Flats is from stumps, and it has the real maple flavour. Such stuff would sell in York for candy."

The Frenchman approached the place where Kirby had deposited his cakes of sugar, under the cover of a bark roof, and commenced the examination of the article, with the eye of one who well understood its value. Marmaduke had dismounted, and was viewing the works and the trees very closely, and not without frequent expressions of dissatisfaction, at the careless manner in which the manufacture was conducted.

"You have much experience in these things, Kirby," he said; "what is the course you pursue in making your sugar? I see that you have but two kettles."

"Two is as good as two thousand, judge; I'm none of your polite sugar-makers, that boils for the great folks; but if the real sweet maple is wanted, I can answer your turn. First, I choose, and then I tap, my trees; say along about the last of February, or in these mountains, may be not afore the middle of March; but any way, just as the sap begins to cleverly run—"

"Well, in this choice," interrupted Marmaduke, "are you governed by any outward signs that prove the quality of the tree?"

"Why there's judgment in all things," said Kirby, stirring the liquor in his kettles briskly. "There's something in knowing when, and how much to stir the pot. It's a thing that must be larnt. Rome wasn't built in a day, nor, for that matter, Templetown 'ither, though it may be said to be a quick-growing place. I never put my axe into a stunty tree, or one that hasn't a good, fresh-looking bark; for trees have disorders just like creators: and where's the policy of taking a tree that's sickly, any more than you choose a foundered horse to ride post, or an over-heated ox, to do your logging."

"All this is true: but what are your signs of illness? how do you distinguish a tree that is well, from one that is diseased?"

"How does the docter tell who has fever, and who colds?" interrupted Richard; "by examining the skin, and feeling the pulse to be sure."

"Sartain," continued Billy, "the squire an't far out of the way. It's by the look of the thing, sure enough—Well, when the sap begins to get a free run, I hang over

the kettles, and set up the bush. My first boiling I push pretty smart, till I get the vartoo of the sap : but when it begins to grow of a molasses natur, like this in the kettle, one musn't drive the fires too hard, or you'll burn the sugar : and burny sugar is always bad to the taste, let it be never so sweet. So you ladle out from one kettle into the other, till it gets so, when you put the stirring stick into it, that it will draw into a thread : when it takes a kerful hand to manage it. There is a way to drain it off, after it has grained, by putting clay into the pans ; but it isn't always practysed: some doos, and some doosn't.—Well, mounsheer, be we likely to make a trade?"

"I will give you, Mister Beel, for von pound—dix soons."

"No, I expect cash for't : I never dicker away my sugar. But seeing that it's you, mounsheer," said Billy with a coaxing smile, "I'll agree to take a gallon of rum, and cloth enough for two shirts, if you take the molasses in the bargain. It's raal good. I wouldn't deceive you or any man : and to my drinking it's about the best molasses I ever seed come out of a sugar bush."

"Mr. Le Quoi has offered you ten cents," said young Edwards.

The manufacturer stared at the speaker, with an air of great freedom, but made no reply.

"Oui," said the Frenchman, "ten penny. Je vous remercie, monsieur; ah ! mon Anglais ! je l'oublie tous-jours."

The wood-chopper looked from one to the other, with some displeasure, and evidently imbibed the opinion that they were amusing themselves at his expence. He seized the enormous ladle, which was lying in one of his kettles, and began to stir the boiling liquid with great diligence. After a moment passed in dipping the ladle full, and then raising it on high, as the thick rich fluid fell back into the kettle, he suddenly gave it a whirl, as if to cool what yet remained, and offered the bowl to Mr. Le Quoi, saying :

"Taste that, mounsheer, and I guess you will say it is worth more than you offer. The molasses itself would, fetch twice that money."

The complaisant Frenchman, after several timid efforts to trust his lips, in contact with the bowl of the ladle, got a good swallow of the scalding liquid. He clapped his hand on his breast, and looked most piteously at the ladies for a single instant, and then, to use the language of Billy, when he afterwards recounted the tale, "no drumsticks ever went faster on the skin of a sheep, than the Frenchman's legs, for a round or two : and then, such swearing and spitting, in French, you never seen. But it's a knowing one, from the old countries, that thinks to get his jokes smoothly over a Yankee wood-chopper."

The air of innocence with which Kirby resumed the occupation of stirring the contents of his kettle, would have completely deceived the spectators, as to his agency in the temporary suffering of Mr. Le Quoi, had not the reckless fellow thrust his tongue into his cheek, and cast his eyes over the party, with a simplicity of expression that was too exquisite to be true to nature. Mr. Le Quoi soon recovered his presence of mind, and his decorum; he briefly apologized to the ladies for one or two very intemperate expressions, that had escaped him in a moment of extraordinary excitement, and remount-

ing his horse, he continued in the back ground during the remainder of their visit, the wit of Kirby putting a violent termination, at once, to all negotiations on the subject of trade. During all this time, Marmaduke had been wandering about the grove, making his observations on his favorite trees, and the wasteful manner in which the wood-chopper conducted his manufacture.

"It grieves me to witness the extravagance that pervades this country," said the judge, "where the settlers trifle with the blessings they might enjoy, with the prodigality of successful adventurers. You are not exempt from the censure yourself, Kirby, for you make dreadful wounds in these trees, where a small incision would effect the same object. I earnestly beg you will remember that they are the growth of centuries, and when once gone, none living will see their loss remedied."

"Why, I don't know, judge," returned the man he addressed : "It seems to me, if there's a plenty of any thing in this mountaynous country, it's the trees. If there's any sin in chopping them, I've a pretty heavy account to settle ; for I've chopped over the best half of a thousand acres, with my own hands, counting both Vermont and York States; and I hope to live to finish the whull, before I lay up my axe. Chopping comes quite nateral to me, and I wish no other employment; but Jared Ransom said that he thought the sugar was likely to be scarce this season, seeing that so many folks was coming into the settlement, and so I concluded to take the 'bush' on sheares, for this one spring. What's the best news, judge, consarning ashes? Do pots hold so that a man can live by them still? I s'pose that they will, if they keep on fighting."

"Thou reasonest with judgment, William," returned Marmaduke. "So long as the old world is to be convulsed with wars, so long will the harvest in America continue."

"Well, it's an ill wind, judge, that blows nobody any good; I'm sure the country is in a thriving way; and, though I know you kalkilate greatly on the trees, setting as much store by them as some men would by their children, yet, to my eyes, they are a sore sight at any time, unless I'm privileged to work my will on them; in which case I can't say but they are more to my liking. I have hearn the settlers from the old countries say, that their rich men keep great oaks and elms, that would make a barrel of pots to the tree, standing round their doors and humsteads, and scattered over their farms, just to look on. Now I call no country much improved that is pretty well covered with trees. Stumps are a different thing, for they don't shade the land; and besides, if you dig them, they make a fence that will turn any thing bigger than a hog, being grand for brachy cattle."

"Our notions on such subjects vary much, in different countries," said Marmaduke; "but it is not as ornaments that I value the noble trees of this country; it is for their usefulness. We are stripping the forests as if a single year would replace what we destroy. But the hour approaches when the laws will take notice of not only the woods, but the game they contain also."

With this consoling reflection Marmaduke remounted, and the equestrians passed the sugar-camp, on their way to the promised landscape of Richard. The wood-chopper was left alone, in the boom of the forest, to pursue his labours.

TRUISMS ABOUT OURSELVES AND THE TIMES.

HARK, friends, it strikes: the year's last hour,
A solemn sound to hear:
Come, fill the cup, and let us pour
Our blessing on the parting year.
The years that were, the dim, the gray,
Receive this night, with choral hymn,
A sister shade as lost as they,
And soon to be as gray and dim.

"TIME is on the wing"—and he seems, old as he is, to grow in activity. The years, now-a-days, seem like the months which we remember nearly half a century ago, when, as Nicholas Nickleby hath it, "our step was lighter, and our hair not grey." Nearly half a century! It is a long time to look back upon—and yet it is not long either, when measured by standards more durable than the frail and fleeting life of man. One fifth of that time has been spent, gentle reader, in your service, and regularly once a month, during these ten years, have we laid our offering at your feet, satisfied if we could render more pleasant to you the passing hour. Ten years! what a gap in the conscious life of man. How many changes have been wrought even in that brief time. The children of those days have grown into laughing bright-eyed girls, and noisy romping boys,

"While the faty-like and joyous girls
Are thoughtful women now,"—

Many of them having already assumed, or are about assuming, those "matron cares," which, while they subdue the mirth, increase the happiness, and endow with grace and dignity the enjoyments with which human life is favored by the beneficent Giver. The thoughtless boys, "grown to gallant men," have already learned some of the rude lessons which belong even to those whose career is prosperous and successful. Those who had scarcely more than entered upon the cares of manhood, have now neared the meridian—while those who were then in the full summer of their lives are approaching towards its autumn,—and these in turn, are, at times, as we are now, admonished, that when a few more summers, and a few more winters shall have passed, the sere and yellow leaf of their lives and ours, will have arrived. Change is written upon all—its dominion is seemingly universal, and every day and every where, we see the evidence of its power.

Truisms these are, gentle reader! And why do we write about them? We have only been thinking with our pen, and such thoughts, we doubt not, are at times familiar to you all, even at a season like this, when happiness and kindly wishes are on every lip, and—let us hope it is so—in every heart. The kindly customs, time-honored and universal, which grew up among our simple and hospitable forefathers, in the far-off and dimly-remembered past, are still in bloom and vigour among us. Let us hope that neither Time nor Change shall have dominion over them, and that, generation after generation, and age after age, will transmit them to the far-away future, ever beautiful, and bright, and cheering, as they have been and are now.

When we commenced we had intended writing about "ourselves"—for we feel that we are entitled to be a little egotistical at least once a year, but we find that the subject is not a fertile one, and that we are likely to end pretty nearly where we began. It is needless for us to review our labours for the half-score years now past. They are before you, and you have judged kindly of them. But this *is* egotism! They have not been *our* labours. The true builders of the reputation of our magazine are among the many gifted whose talents would adorn any country and any time. That *they* will continue to sustain our efforts, and that we have many new writers to introduce, who will become favorites in time, is the best evidence that we can offer, that the future shall not suffer by comparison with the past; and upon that we rest our hope that your favor will be continued, and that you will still be enabled kindly to judge of us, and welcome, until another New Year, our monthly visiter.

And now, gentle reader! in the expressive language of Shah-wah-nah-woo, we "shake hands with you in our heart," and wish you cordially and sincerely, a "Happy New Year."

CAVATINA.

Bellini.

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

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 are in the key of B-flat major and 4/4 time. The music begins with a series of eighth-note triplets in both hands, followed by a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

The second system continues the piece. The right hand features a melodic line with some grace notes and a final sharp sign. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth-note patterns.

The third system shows the continuation of the melodic and accompanimental lines. The right hand has a more active melodic line with some slurs, while the left hand maintains its rhythmic accompaniment.

The fourth system features several eighth-note triplets in the right hand, marked with a '3' and a '3' above the notes. The left hand continues with its accompaniment, including a dynamic accent (>) over a note.

The fifth and final system of the page shows the concluding part of the piece. It includes a melodic flourish in the right hand and a final accompanimental phrase in the left hand.

CAVATINA.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a more complex rhythmic pattern. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a series of eighth notes, some beamed together. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) is placed above the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth notes and includes a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with eighth notes and includes a triplet of eighth notes.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a series of eighth notes with a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with eighth notes and includes a triplet of eighth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a series of eighth notes with a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with eighth notes and includes a triplet of eighth notes.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a series of eighth notes with a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with eighth notes and includes a triplet of eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

OUR TABLE.

CHRISTIAN SONGS, BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE, L.L.D.

A NEAT volume, containing some very beautiful poetry, under the above title, has reached us; and we have had much pleasure in glancing over its contents. The poetry, as the name implies, is almost entirely of a religious character, and the author evidently feels the importance of the subjects chosen by him for illustration.

As a specimen of the author's powers we quote the following verses. The subject, The Magnetic Telegraph, although at first sight, it may seem scarcely a theme for the poet, is in reality full of food for the imagination. The every day uses to which it has been made subservient cannot deprive it of its own intense interest, and our author has fully appreciated it. The lines themselves are very beautiful:—

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Along the smooth and slender wires,
The sleepless heralds run
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun;
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat nor winter's hail
Can check their rapid course;—
They meet unmov'd the fierce wind's rage,—
The rough wave's sweeping force:—
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or wo,
To thousands far away.

But, faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord,—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on Earth
With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though nor outward wish is breath'd,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in Heaven:—

Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

The book, as we have said, is very beautifully got up, on fine paper, and altogether, both for its contents, and for its mechanical appearance, is well worthy of perusal and preservation.

STARKE'S POCKET ALMANAC.

ANOTHER reminder that the old year is giving place to its successor, is before us, in the shape of the beautiful Pocket Almanac now for the eighth time offered to the public. This admirable little work maintains its well earned, and justly deserved reputation, as essential, not only to the counting house, but to the private housekeeper, who must find it exceedingly useful for daily reference. The copy before us is beautifully bound in velvet, and redolent of gold. We have to thank Messrs. R. & A. Miller for it, as an elegant specimen of the very elegant binding which they so frequently give us occasion to admire. By the bye, the specimens before us we think are sufficient to convince even those who may have doubts about the fact, that in both printing and binding, Cahada will not disadvantageously compare with either America or England. And this we say, not in a spirit of boasting, but as a simple fact, which the incredulous may investigate, when we are sure they will be incredulous no longer.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, BY VICTOR HUGO.

A CHEAP edition of this long established favorite work has just been issued, and a copy of it sent us by R. & A. Miller. It is well known for the rich train of thought which pervades it, and for the interest of its incidents and of the story. We need do no more than cordially commend it to the attention of all who have not read it, assuring them that they have a pleasure before them, which they will appreciate and enjoy.

DANCING ACADEMY,

No. 228, St. Paul Street,

OPPOSITE THE OLD CITY BANK BUILDINGS.

MR. CREEAR respectfully intimates to the Gentry and Public of MONTREAL, that he has opened his ACADEMY, as above, and is desirous of forming a DANCING CLASS on the Afternoons of TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, from Four till Six, exclusively for the younger branches of Families; and an Evening Class from Eight till Ten, on the same Days, for those young people who cannot attend at an earlier hour.

In addition to the usual routine of the Assembly, viz.—*Quadrilles, La Polka, Valse à Deux Temps, Galop, &c.*, Mr. C. will instruct his Pupils in a variety of pleasing Exercises, which are admirably adapted to impart a graceful carriage, and a freedom and buoyancy of step; taking every care to eradicate all awkwardness of gait and deportment. Also, the *Scotch Strathspey and Reel* taught in true National Style.

SCHOOLS, FAMILIES AND PARTIES ATTENDED.

Mr. C. begs leave to state, that having excellent Apartments, he will be glad to accommodate a Select Party, once a week. Good music, &c. &c. will be provided.
MONTREAL, October, 1848.

SELECT SCHOOL.

MISS O'CONNOR continues to give INSTRUCTION in ENGLISH, FRENCH, and MUSIC, at No. 5, St. Henry Street.
Reference kindly permitted to the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE, Rev. Mr. LEACH, Rev. Mr. ADAMSON.
November, 1848.

EDUCATION.

ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL,

Anderson Street, Montreal,

UNDER THE CARE OF

THE REV. J. A. DEVINE, A. M.,

Alum. and Grad., King's Coll. University, Aberdeen.

THE course of Study pursued in this School, embraces the ordinary Branches required for Mercantile Pursuits, as well as the higher departments of Classical and Mathematical Study.

The immediate province of Education being the formation of suitable Moral and Intellectual Habits, rather than the mere memorial accumulation of facts, due attention is paid, both in the classification of the Pupils, and in the direction of their studies, to this primary object.

It is deemed necessary to recommend, on all fitting occasions, the fear of God, and the love of our neighbour, as the only safe foundation on which learning can rest. Parents and other Guardians of Youth, are respectfully invited to visit the School, as by inspecting the ordinary daily routine of the Classes, a better opportunity of testing the merits of the system of teaching, and the actual proficiency of the pupils is supplied, than by *stated Exhibitions*, at which a correct estimate of comparative merit can with difficulty be formed.

CURRICULUM AND TUITION FEES:

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

	Per Quarter.
Junior Class—Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic.....	£1 0 0
Senior Class—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Composition, History, Geography, and Natural Philosophy.....	1 10 0

MATHEMATICAL DEPARTMENT.

Geometry, Algebra, &c.....	1 10 0
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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Junior Class—Latin.....	1 10 0
Senior Class—Greek, Latin and French.....	2 0 0

Private Lessons in Book-keeping, Rhetoric, Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy.

N. B. Pupils belonging to the Classical or Mathematical Department, are at liberty to pursue any branches in the Senior English Class, *without extra charge.*

FEES PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

Arrangements have been made for the reception of a limited number of Boarders, to whom every attention would be paid. Terms made known on application.
Montreal, April, 1848.

ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY

IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, BABY LINEN, LADIES' DRESS MAKING, MILLINERY,
AND GENTLEMEN'S READY MADE LINEN,

AT

MRS. JACOBS', No. 111½, NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL,

WHERE Ladies will find a splendid assortment of Infants' Robes, Caps, Braided Cashmere Cloaks, Hoods, Baby Linen, Children's Braided and Plaid Dresses, Pelisses, Sack Coats, Pinafores, Aprons, Ladies' Morning and Dress Caps, Gentlemen's Ready Made Linen, of the latest French and English Fashions. INFANTS' TROUSSEAUS, COMPLETE.
Montreal, June, 1848.