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# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

No. 11.

## THE SQUATTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HALLS OF THE NORTH," ETC. ETC.

"Oh! don't stop at that man's house, Sir! let us return to the better beaten track."

"What man's—where is he? What are you staring at?"

"There he is, Sir, sure enough! As I hope to be saved, that's *him!* look, look just behind that big basswood stump! No, no, you can only see his hat now. But I saw his face plain enough, and I could swear to it anywhere,—so could any one who had once seen it."

I turned and looked in the direction pointed out by my servant.

But to make my story intelligible I see I must begin afresh.

In the year——I forget what year it was,—I was stationed with a detachment of the——Regiment, at Carillon, on the Ottawa River, at the foot of the rapids from which the village takes its name. I had little or nothing to do and my time hung heavy on my hands. And what made it worse, it was the dead of winter.

I was always fond of field sports, and having heard that moose and other deer had been seen among the mountains in that vicinity, I determined upon an excursion in quest of them. To accomplish my object I applied for and obtained a short leave of absence from my post.

After due preparations made, which consisted in packing up as many little necessaries as could well be crammed into two soldiers' knapsacks, one for myself and the other for my servant, we set off in a sleigh.

It was a fine bright morning, and so early that a twinkling star or two could still be seen struggling with the twilight. The roads were good, as smooth as glass, and we glided along at a rapid rate. It was a beautiful and romantic drive; with the river on one side, whose swift current, with its voice of "many waters," never freezes,

and the majestic mountains rearing aloft their bare and craggy summits far above the dense interminable forests at their base. In a little more than an hour we reached Grenville, at the head of the Long Sault. Here we turned off to the right for the interior of the mountainous regions away to the northward. Our progress now was much impeded by the heavy roads; the inhabitants being too thinly scattered to be able to keep them well broken. If the first part of our journey was beautifully picturesque, this was romantic and magnificently grand. At first we ascended hill after hill, and then a short but steep descent and round a beetling rock or two which warded off the cold nor-wester that we felt so keenly on the higher ground. It was indeed that day a bitter blast directly in our teeth.

On travelling some ten or fifteen miles after we had diverged from the river, the roads became so intolerably bad that I determined to leave my horse and sleigh at the first house I came to, and proceed on snow shoes. About an hour after coming to this determination, in which we could not have made above three miles, when my horse was nearly knocked up, and my patience as nearly exhausted, we were delighted, on reaching the top of a little hill, to perceive the smoke from a lonely cottage curling up, in light and fleecy folds through the thick foliage of the evergreen forest in the swampy valley beneath. On descending the hill we found a solitary track leading off to the left of the road we were going. This we naturally concluded led to the cottage, although we could now neither see it nor even the smoke from its chimney. We were right in our conjectures however, and after plunging through the snow for a couple of hundred yards or so we came out into a small clearing right upon it. The moment we did so, the keen sharp eye of my old and

faithful servant M'Phaul caught a glimpse of its owner who appeared to have been skulking behind a stump, and watching us. It appeared afterwards, when M'Phaul's madness had cooled a little, for I really began to fear he *was* mad, that he recognised him at once as the——something, but what I could not get him to tell me. He would begin his story, whatever it was, about him, but before he got to the end of it, or on some movement of the object of his terror, he would suddenly break off and reiterate those exclamations with which my tale commenced. If I attempted to go on to the house near which we now had stopped, he would place his hand upon the reins and hold me back.

The cottage or rather the hut, for it was nothing better, had neither chimney nor windows. The door, which was a little ajar, was of the rudest construction, being made of slabs of bass-wood roughly hewed, and hung by one hinge, and that only a withc. It was built of round logs which no tool had ever touched, except to *notch* them together, as it is called, at the corners. The logs were of all lengths, and protruded beyond the corners from one to five or six feet. A portion of the wall, if I may so call the side of the hut, had been cut away for a door and another for a window, leaving the remainder much less firm, and it had partially given way and was only kept from falling entirely by a rude prop or two composed of pieces of cordwood. The roof consisted of large rolls of the bark of the black ash, reaching from the ridge to the eaves, fastened down with longitudinal poles tied at each end with leather wood bark, to prevent the wind from carrying it away. An opening was left in the ridge near one of the gables as a substitute for a chimney. The size of the building was about twelve feet by eight and not more than five feet high to the eaves.

An enormous gaunt and wolf-like looking dog showed his grisly muzzle through the partially open door, barking with incessant fury as if enraged because he could not get the door opened wider to get at us. There was a little patch of cleared ground around the hut, comprising indeed the whole of the little knoll of upland in the midst of the swampy jungle of alders and cedars on which it stood.

Although the ground was low and swampy when compared with the lofty mountain-peaks around it; yet was it high above the rest of that lone and sequestered valley of which it formed the head. This was evident on looking to the westward, in which direction the valley continued to wind its tortuous way through the rugged waste of wood covered hills, or bare and bectling rocks, with now and then a lake or waterfall to

diversify the scene. Just below the knoll on which the cottage stood was a deep and darkling precipice, and so near the hut that one could not help but wonder why he built it there; perhaps it was because a little crystal fountain of pure and living water came bubbling up beside it, and wound its devious way through tumbling rocks and tangled roots directly for the dizzy height, and then, as if delighted with the chance of shewing its agility, it leapt from rock to rock, and danced and boiled and murmured at the foot as if unwilling to mix and be confounded with the lake below.

The occupant was evidently a *Squatter*, a term well understood by those who settle in the woods; but to such as are not acquainted with country life, it may require a little explanation.

A Squatter, then, is a person who takes possession of wild land without leave or license, builds a cottage, makes a clearing, and lives and looks upon it as his own. They are generally, if not universally, from the lowest of the low—the scum of the earth—idle vagabonds who never work except when they cannot help it. I had therefore no very favorable opinion of our intended host the moment I saw his rude establishment, if I may so call it, as I knew at once he was a Squatter. This unfavorable idea was rather strengthened than otherwise by the only glimpse I obtained of his features as he looked up towards us while we were endeavouring to get the horse and sleigh turned round in the deep snow. I had heeded to my old and faithful servant's wishes and entreaties, so anxiously manifested and so earnestly expressed.

The lonely occupant of this dreary solitude was a stout and stalwart man, a little above the middle size. His figure I could not distinctly see, but his head and face I had a full view of, except what was hidden of the former by a patched and scanty woollen cap. His features were large and gaunt and angular, and in his eye was a singular combination of deep cunning and stupid stolidity, or what in Scotland is called *duff*, strangely mingled at the same time with fear of the most abject kind, and brutal ferocity. He glared upon us like a tiger attacked in his own lair; I shrank from his glance as if a scorpion had bit me, and became as desirous of getting away from him as my man was.

I must now give the reader some little account of my man M'Phaul, because he has already figured so conspicuously in my story, and will continue so to do.

He was a civilian. I picked him up when I was stationed at —— in Ireland, or rather on the eve of my departure for Halifax, where the 2nd battalion of the —— Regiment to which

I belonged, had been ordered. He appeared at the time as anxious to engage with me as he was just now to get away from the Squatter's hut; this anxiety was so eagerly expressed that I hesitated to hire him, under the impression that he had been guilty of some crime by which he had rendered himself amenable to his country's laws. On referring, however, to some gentlemen in the place, I was satisfied, and a bargain was easily made, as his only object seemed to be to get to America, and I took it for granted he would leave me as soon as he did so. In this I was happily mistaken. He continued with me, as the most faithful servant I ever had, in all my wanderings through these Provinces, the West Indies and home again. And on my exchanging into another Regiment about to take the same tour of duty, he again accompanied me.

The occurrence to which I now allude took place on my second visit to Canada. I am thus particular for another reason beside the one I have mentioned, and that is to account for the familiarity with which, the intelligent reader will perceive, I treated him, more like a companion than a menial. I had indeed more causes to do so than I have mentioned. He had twice saved my life at the imminent risk of his own—he had served me when well, and nursed me when sick—he had shared in my captivity and participated in my amusements. He was a capital shot and an excellent cricketer. He had watched over me with parental kindness, (he was some ten years older than myself) while I was suffering under the overwhelming weight of a domestic calamity. He was besides all this an intelligent and well educated man for his station in life, and I dwelt upon all these circumstances and mourned over his memory as if he'd been my brother. Poor fellow! sad and mysterious was his fate. But I must not anticipate.

I have said, I acceded to M'Phaul's urgent entreaties, and returned. We soon got back to the more beaten road, but my horse shewed evident marks of distress, and I was afraid he would not hold out to the next house which we had been given to understand, if we had interpreted our instructions right, could not be less than five miles further. We pushed on of course the best way we could. To favor the poor horse as much as possible we travelled on foot the whole way except down the hills where our weight did not require any exertions to hold back the sleigh, so heavy were the roads. After about two hours hard toiling, and up a steep ascent for the last mile or so, on reaching the top, we hailed with unspeakable pleasure, the sight of another human dwelling in that desolate and inhospitable region. We saw, at least, un-

equivocal signs of one. We could not see the house itself, but there was the thin blue column of silvery smoke, indicative of a good fire, rolling up above the tops of the trees,

"A moment seen then gone forever."

This sign of a human habitation was also in the bottom of a deep valley near the borders of a beautiful and romantic lake, it was in truth the twelfth we had just or seen since we left the settlement on the banks of the Ottawa. We soon reached an extensive clearing that surrounded the cottage, and as we drove up through it a most magnificent view opened out before us.

We were evidently approaching the foot of a very large lake, which we afterwards found was eighteen miles long, and varying from half a mile to two or three in width, dotted here and there with little islands of various elevations, some nearly on a level with the sleeping waters, while others were towering high above them. On the other side were lofty and precipitous rocks of different heights, which were ever and anon, as the eye attempted to trace the sinuosities of the uneven shore, tapered off into sharp and regularly defined pyramidal mountain peaks; and through between them here and there a long and level valley could be seen stretching out among the rugged hills further far than the eye could reach. This was on the left, while to the right the wide sloping base of some gigantic promontory jutted out as it were into the middle of the lake, with the aid of a small island a little beyond it, completely hid the residue of that immense expanse of water from our view.

The house looked out with its front upon the lake with a gentle slope down to the water's edge; we were approaching it from behind; not directly, however, but a little on one side, that is to say, the road brought us to the end of the cottage where a few steps led up into a little gallery in the front of it. On the rude trellis work on the outward side of this gallery might still be seen the serene and dry and withered remnants of the clematis and the wild and indigenous convolvulus. These and a thousand other little circumstances, coupled especially with evident marks, above the deep snow, of a flower garden in front, were striking indications that the inmates of this lonely cottage belonged to a class far superior to the settlers generally found in such locations. And when I stepped upon the gallery, if I had entertained a doubt upon the subject it would have instantly been removed by the strains which I heard, of unearthly music as I then thought it, so unexpectedly did it fall upon my ear. It was accompanied by a female voice. I stood for a moment or two, till the strain ceased, I could

not have interrupted it, and then rapped at the door, which was immediately opened by a young lady, the same, as I supposed, who had enchanted me with the song.

I introduced myself and apologised for my intrusion. But I did this so awkwardly as to communicate some of my confusion, for I certainly was confounded, to the bright little fairy that confronted me; this I inferred from the slight tinge of crimson that deepened the roseate tint upon her cheek. She asked me to walk in. I thanked her and told her I only called to enquire the way to the nearest house where I could get shelter for the night, and, as I saw an ill-repressed smile of incredulity lighting up her expressive countenance I made an attempt to explain to her the object of my wandering into that wild and far off region. She looked at me as if I had spoken in an unknown tongue; she then stepped out upon the gallery as if to see whether any one was with me; on perceiving my servant with the horse and sleigh, she again begged me to walk in, or rather told me to do so in a tone of authority, which, cold as I was and worn out with wading through the deep snow, I felt not the slightest inclination to dispute. I did as I was bidden, and found myself seated in a snug little carpeted room by a comfortable fire. The furniture consisted of a square birch table in the middle of the floor, a number of common wooden chairs, a small side table between the two windows with a few shelves over it, well filled with books. The windows themselves were hung with drab damask furniture, so ample as evidently to have been made for larger ones. These, together with a hair sofa and a rather old piano, were relics, manifestly, of other if not of better days. My fair hostess left me for a moment to send directions to my servant to find the stable. When she returned she said her father was out in the bush with her brothers at work but would be home immediately and would be rejoiced to see me. As she spoke, his footsteps were heard upon the gallery, when she exclaimed "there he is!" and flew to meet him. On entering he shook me heartily by the hand and was indeed, as his lovely daughter prophesied, right glad to see me.

I saw at the first glance that there was a military air about him. Here, however, I was partly mistaken; he was a half-pay lieutenant of the other great branch of the service, the Navy. How he came there was soon told. He had bought wild land in this locality to the amount allowed to retired Officers settling in the Colony, without either knowing or caring where it was. He had fallen into the error, common to people in similar circumstances, of purchasing land where it was at the lowest rate and of course unsalable,

instead of at the highest, where the price proves it to be in great demand. He had not the means of purchasing elsewhere, and was consequently obliged to go and live upon it. He had now been there five years, during which he had not been idle. With his own labour and that of his sons, (he had three, two full grown fine young men, and the third a lad of some seventeen years,) together with that of a hired man or two which his means enabled him to obtain, he had made a most splendid farm. And the site! Oh, how I wished I could have seen it in the bright summer! It was such a picturesque and romantic spot—a perfect paradise. The whole family seemed duly to appreciate its surpassing beauty.

"We felt a little lonely at first, but that of course you know was naturally to be expected," the old man said in giving me a history of their adventures.

When I call him old it is merely in contradistinction to the other members of that happy family. He was not over forty-five. He had married very young. His first child was born while he himself was yet a minor. So at least he told me.

"But, after a little while," he continued, "what with the beauties of the place as they began gradually to be developed, the superior quality of the soil, which we soon discovered to be a great, indeed I may say, an inestimable treasure, as it brought us, in course of time, all the necessaries and comforts, and not a few of those luxuries of life in which we had been accustomed to indulge, in what we at first thought *had been* the happiest period of our lives.

"There is one item in the list—the long list of our comforts and enjoyments which I hardly know how to describe. It is indeed of a character such as you who live in the gay world can hardly comprehend much less appreciate."

"Oh! pray go on," I said as I saw he hesitated, "for I do assure you that I am more than half a settler in the wild woods myself already," and I some how or other, accidentally of course, looked towards the piano where the little lady of the lake sat with her whole attention apparently fixed upon a music book whose leaves she was rapidly turning over as if in search of something she could not find. And some how or other too, it so happened at that particular juncture, curious and improbable as such a strange coincidence may seem, her sparkling dark blue eyes looked off and away from that on which they'd been so fixed and bent for more than half an hour, and in their wanderings—no! they did not wander,—but turned at once full upon the speaker's face, and made him wish and pray that it might be his lot through life to settle down in some sequestered

valley in the wild and trackless forest, on such a lake as that far from the busy haunts of men, with such an enchanting little fairy for his bride. 'Twas but a passing thought, bright as the moon-beam gleaming through the casement, and as transient too. For her father's matter of fact remark on this little pause in the conversation broke at once the charm, dispelled the poet's dream, and brought him down from the highest regions of Elysian romance—down to the very earth from which he was originally formed, to grovel in the dust, to succumb to the power and dominion of his bodily wants—the craving of his animal appetites—for I was very hungry; I had ate nothing since my early starlight breakfast.

"Mary, my dear," her father said, as if for the first time guessing the real state of his guest's appetite, "Why do they not bring in the dinner?"

The dinner at this moment answered for itself, as it just then came in.

"Oh! here it is," he exclaimed as he saw it. "You must know," he continued, addressing his guest, while a succession of dishes were being placed upon the table by his one solitary maid of all work. "You must know that this dining at five or six o'clock is a habit I've been accustomed to so long that I cannot bring myself to give it up. Nor do I find any inconvenience arising from it, in reference to the great changes that have otherwise necessarily been effected in my new course of life. We go out and work on the farm, or in the woods after breakfast, for we do work and hard too sometimes, but that constitutes one of the greatest charms in our new state of existence,—by and bye I'll tell you how—then we come in for a luncheon at noon, when our labourers get their dinner, and at night get ours, when the duties of the day are done, and our men come in for supper."

Dinner being over, I said inquiringly: "But about the work? I should like to know how you manage to convert such a hardship into a pleasure."

"Oh! yes," he said "I'm glad you reminded me of my promise, or I should have forgotten it. When we commenced, it certainly loomed large and we were very unwilling to take the bull by the horns. We therefore began gradually to try a little, and insensibly got into the way of it. Our awkwardness was very amusing for some time, and our progress very slow, but we improved rapidly, and were soon able to handle the axe like woodsmen, and our work, there were so many of us, told wonderfully, and in a few months we saw every variety of crop flourishing and coming to maturity, over a large space of ground which had so recently frowned upon us, in so forbidding an aspect.

Our patch of cleared land has now grown into more than a hundred acres, our solitary cow has increased to a dozen, our two sheep to five and twenty, and last, but not least, our log shanty has become the cottage you see, and all this principally by the work of our own hands, and we have by no means yet done. We shall begin in the spring to clear our oldest land of stumps, and fence it off into regular fields. The pleasure and satisfaction we feel in accomplishing all these objects, far more than repays us for all our toil."

"But does not a thought of the gay world you have left, sometimes, unbidden, come to mar your happy solitude?"

My host's countenance instantly fell and I saw how thoughtlessly I'd touched the only jarring string in the harmony of that happy family.

He turned his eye upon the old worn and thread-bare uniform jacket I wore and said with a sigh, "Oh yes it does! It does! but not on my own account."

There was a long and rather embarrassing pause, which he broke by observing partly in reference to my question, but more to his own reflections.

"Were it not for that, I should not feel a wish to get back again. But I dare say," he added, and a smile of resignation if not of cheerfulness again lighted up his countenance as he did so, "I dare say it's all for the best."

What it was he alluded to I did not at the time understand but I saw it was something of a distressing nature, and I therefore could not ask for any explanation.

During this conversation Mary was playing on the piano and her brothers were reading, while Mr. Wrottesley,—such was his name,—and I were seated on each side of the fire with a corner of the table turned in between us, upon which was placed wine, biscuits, apples, &c.

I now rose from my chair and went over to the piano, conceiving that I could not otherwise more effectually turn the current of his thoughts into a less painful channel. After the strain the fair performer had been playing was finished, I begged her to sing me the song I heard when I first came to the door.

"Oh, no! not that," she said; "that's a song I never sing except when I'm alone or when my father is the only listener; but I'll sing you something else," and she instantly began, when her father also came and stood beside her, in all the doating fondness of parental love. She was evidently her father's pride.

Tea succeeded, followed by duets, trios, glees, &c., when I went to bed to dream of Mary and my strange adventure.

I was to be up betimes in the morning in order to get to the ground and back again before night. The oldest son had agreed to accompany me, and if first up was to call me.

He was at my bed-side with a light for me to dress by, an hour or more before daylight, and before I had got my eyes well rubbed open he informed me that my servant was missing; that the bed he was to have slept in, my own buffalo robes by the kitchen fire, had never been arranged, and that he must have gone away after the family had retired to rest.

I instantly got up and dressed as quickly as I could, not now for the purpose of going after the deer, the sole object of my excursion, but to ascertain the truth of my young friend's report, and to ascertain the cause of my faithful old servant's mysterious absence.

Before I proceed it will be necessary that I should make the reader acquainted with certain circumstances and secrets in the man's history which he thought proper to communicate to me during our long and tedious journey between the squatter's hut and Lieutenant Wrottesley's hospitable establishment.

The reader will remember, that the roads were so heavy, that we had to tramp it on foot the whole way, during which there was ample time to tell a long story, and he occupied it all—nor was his tale fully told when we arrived at the cottage.

The substance of what he did tell me was as follows:

One O'Gorman had a shebeen and a bit paddock of his own. That is to say in Irish phraseology, he had rented from some great landholder, a small piece of ground upon which he had erected or his forefathers had, a rude hut. For this little potato patch he had to pay, as his father had before him, a certain small modicum of rent for a definite number of years, or rather for an indefinite number, contingent upon the demise of two or three individuals who had nothing to do with the transaction. These lives fell and the land reverted back to the owner, whose agent, faithful to his trust, naturally wished to re-let it to the best advantage. The occupier, from the obliquity of vision peculiar to the Irish peasant, saw no reason why he should not have the land on the same terms as his forefathers had it; he therefore refused to give more and was turned out and was supposed to have left the country when my man, M'Phaul's father, took it; which he otherwise would not have ventured to do. Gorman soon afterwards returned, not openly however, but as if secretly and by stealth, as several of the neighbours had seen him skulking or prowling about near the big house where the agent resided.

There was a Fair about this period at Bally—something—to which every body went, at least the agent and M'Phaul's father were there and returned home together, or rather to the big house a mile or two beyond M'Phaul's shieling. The agent not caring to be alone after nightfall, especially after having heard the rumours about Gorman's strange and suspicious conduct, took M'Phaul's father home with him for protection, and would have sent a couple of men back with him for his, but M'Phaul being a sturdy resolute man, laughed at the idea and refused his escort.

The next morning at daylight, M'Phaul was found dead in a ditch by the road side, about half way between the great house and his own home.

A Coroner's Inquest was held upon the body, when a verdict was returned to the following effect: "The deceased had died of a gunshot wound through the head, wilfully inflicted, from malice a forethought, by some person unknown."

Strong suspicions were entertained against Gorman, and a most scrutinizing search was made for him during several days, but without effect. He was nowhere to be found. It was said he had come out to these Colonies.

Days and weeks and months flew by and M'Phaul and his mother returned to their usual occupations, she to her spinning and he to his work on his own potato ground, or to assist the gardener at the big house, in order to earn a trifle to aid his mother in providing the bit and the sup for the other children.

At length, when there appeared no longer any danger of Gorman's return, an acquaintance of M'Phaul's told him that on the night his father was murdered he also was returning from the Fair; that he met him coming from the big house, and on bidding him good night he knew him by his voice, it was too dark to distinguish his features. They both stopped for a moment, one or other of them expressing a doubt whether they ought to say good night or good morning, it was so very late. When they parted the young man thought he heard something on the other side of the hedge, still he walked on some five or six score paces, the thought still gathering strength in his mind, and coupling it with the circumstance of his having seen Gorman in the morning, which he now recollected, he determined to turn and retrace his steps. This he did at a more rapid rate, in the hope of overtaking M'Phaul, and that just when he was upon the point of accomplishing his object, the fatal shot was fired. He was so near that he saw him fall and heard him utter a deep groan, when his murderer rushed through the hedge uttering a curse upon his victim as he did so. The young

man knew the voice at once to be Gorman's, and knowing what a violent man he was, he hid himself in the ditch for fear of him. In a few minutes Gorman approached his hiding place, and when directly opposite and within five or six feet of him he stopped as if to listen, when the young man's heart beat so violently that he was afraid the noise it made would discover him. Fearful as his situation was, it became still more dreadful when he saw or rather heard Gorman very deliberately reloading his gun, and when he had done the young man would have called for mercy but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; there was also such a choking in his throat that he could not utter a word, so he covered up his face and prayed for mercy from on High, thinking that his hour had come. He heard the murderer's footsteps,—were they bringing him still nearer his other victim? No, no! they were receding, the sound became less and less distinct until it died away entirely in the distance.

He then rose from his hiding place and went to see McPhaul. He accosted him by his name. No answer. He took hold of one of his hands and raised it a little. It fell again by his side without life, without motion. The poor man was dead.

He had such a fearful horror of the man Gorman, that he durst not give this information until after he had left the country. It had by this time been ascertained beyond a doubt that he had done so, and the boy, he was little more, was relieved from his apprehensions and consequently told to McPhaul's son all he knew of this dreadful affair.

On receiving this intelligence McPhaul was determined to avenge his father's death,—to have blood for blood. To accomplish this he must follow him across the Atlantic, and search for him in America. But how to get there was a difficulty he never thought of. He supposed in his simplicity that all he had to do was to go to the nearest port, look out a vessel outward bound for that country, and go on board. How his mother and the children were to be supported during his absence was however a difficulty he did perceive, and it puzzled him exceedingly, and would not easily have been obviated, had not his brother, a lad of about fifteen years of age, got a promise of succeeding him in his situation under the gardener at the Hall.

With a big stick and a little bundle McPhaul commenced his pilgrimage.

He soon reached the seaport, where all his trouble and difficulties were to cease. But he found to his dismay and astonishment that they were in fact only then beginning. Money he

had none, and he discovered now, that there he could not get without it. To give up his enterprise and return home was not to be thought of for a moment. There were indeed many urgent reasons in his mind against it. In the first place, every body would laugh at him. And in the next, Gorman would escape, now that he had him, as he fondly hoped, nearly within his grasp.

Thus to give him up, he said, on arriving at this part of his narrative, "when there was but the 'say' between us, was too bad." He therefore hung on a week or ten days longer, in the hope that something or other would turn up. An Irishman never despairs, and something did turn up. It was at this juncture I fell in with him and hired him. I knew nothing at that time of all this. He never said a word about it till this very day, till we saw the squatter, whom he recognised at the first glance, partial as it was, and Gorman, his father's murderer, stood before him.

I stated at the beginning of my story that McPhaul was an intelligent man for his station in life, and so he was, at the time I was speaking of him. When he first came to me, he was certainly not stupid, far from it, yet he was extremely ignorant. So much so indeed that he was perfectly astonished to find that America was "as big and bigger nor all Ireland." And when he comprehended how much "bigger" it was, which he did before he set his foot upon its shores, he gave up all idea of prosecuting his search. He fancied I do really believe, when he left home, that on landing in America, he would find the object of his search waiting to receive him.

The reader will recollect that I was awoke by my young friend, Henry Wrottesley, an hour at least before daybreak. I immediately got up, and arrayed myself in fitting costume for our intended hunting excursion.

On looking out of my window, I didn't at all like the appearance of things; they were far from satisfactory. And yet I could see nothing—no, not a single twinkling star—

"All above was one black sky."

The heavens were completely overcast, and the wind, although it was not high, was boisterous; yet it came upon the ear by fits and starts—first in a short but melancholy blast, like the

"Bo'sain's last whistle"

and then would die away in faint and fainter moanings in the distance, till it was heard no more. A short and fitful calm would then succeed, and anon a gust would burst upon the silent solitude, and rage and bluster for a moment, just



to tell us that it was the harbinger of a coming storm; and then again another calm ensued—a dead, dark, silent, and fearful pause, as if

“The winds were in their graves,”

and then came a sudden shock that made the cottage shake and tremble to its base.

My hasty toilet being completed, I easily made my way into the room I had left the night before, where I found my young friend pouring me out a cup of coffee. By this time the wind had ceased, “and there was a great calm,” from which I inferred that we might yet have a fine day for our sport. I was not at all weather-wise, nor did I know anything then about the “signs of the times.”

Henry shook his head, and expressed a fear that we should have no hunting that day.

On finishing our coffee, I sallied forth to see after my horse and dogs. They had all been as well cared for as their master, although my man McPhaul was nowhere to be found. That he was missing I knew before, and therefore did not expect to find him.

And what could have become of him? He surely could not have gone back to the squatter's hut, when he had manifested so great a desire to get away from it. “No, no,” I said to myself, “he must have been *miffed* at something or other, and gone off in a pet to head-quarters,” my head-quarters I mean, at Carillon; and therefore I gave myself no further trouble about him, than to reflect upon the scolding I would give him for his stupid and supercilious folly.

It was snowing a little, so little and so fine and small were the flakes, if such they could be called, that it looked, in the grey dawn, more like a gauze-like haze than a snow-storm, and therefore I supposed it would soon stop. My companion was of a different opinion, especially after he had ascertained that what little wind there was, came from the north-east.

“We shall have no hunting to-day,” he said again, but more decisively than before. There was no doubt—no hesitation now.

I need not say, I hardly can indeed, how disappointed and annoyed I was; neither will I pretend to deny that in the idea of being obliged to spend a whole day with that happy family there was not enough to enable me, with philosophic fortitude, to bear up under my misfortune.

On the contrary, I will frankly here confess, that if I was not already in love with Mary Wrottersley, I entertained strong and fearful apprehensions that I should be, and that over head and ears, before the day was done.

When I say “fearful apprehensions,” I must explain that I was neither now so young nor

yet so thoughtless, as not to see the precipice on which I stood, and not alone,—as not to look into the darkling abyss beneath, down into which the trusting, innocent and angelic victim of a broken vow might fall; and yet that vow might have been made in truth and in sincerity—but how in my case would it have been fulfilled?

On my return the following day,—and I could not then anticipate a longer sojourn there,—I might be ordered off to the utmost limits of our boundless Empire, and there remain for years—perhaps for life! My regular term of duty here was nearly over, and our next would certainly be in the East Indies or Australia, most probably in the latter region.

It was now the latter end of February, and on the opening of the navigation, in two short months or so, I should most likely leave the country never to return, and I had no wish, no inclination, to be so distinguished as to secure a hold in a lovely woman's affections—a place in her young, confiding, unsuspecting heart, and then to leave it breaking when I left.

The intelligent reader will here perceive how cool my judgment and correct my theory was, but alas! it was too like a thousand other theories of a similar nature, quite impracticable as far at least as human foresight could lift the veil that hangs upon futurity, and get a peep beyond it.

The storm continued for three days without cessation, during which the snow fell to the depth—the additional depth, of two feet or thereabouts. In the last of those three days the wind rose almost to a hurricane and drifted up the roads in such a manner that three more days elapsed before they could be sufficiently broken to enable me to return; and then again the day after that was Sunday, affording another argument on their part, and another excuse on mine, for staying one day longer, thus completing a whole week. And by that time all my prudent resolutions were scattered to the four winds of heaven, and I was determined to secure if I could the lovely Mary for my own.

No vows were made, no pledges given; no I not a word was spoken that breathed of love, and yet we knew and felt as well as if there had, and better too perhaps, that we were destined for each other. What are words indeed but empty sounds? Lovers' vows and passionate promises, idle all, and vainer still—and never did and never will convey, however seductively they flow from smooth and slipping tongues, anything like a faint idea of the warmest and kindest feelings of the heart.

A single look—a gentle sigh, half stifled as it's breathed—in short, a thousand little nameless nothings, constitute the only living, loving languages of affection.

"Silence is the watch-word of the heart"—its medium of communion with its kind. Thus in tales of fiction we read of long, eloquent and splendid speeches about love in all its various phases, while those of truth—of real life—are naked, bare, and destitute of all such meretricious ornament.

The parting hour at length arrived, and could not be protracted. We were alone together for a few minutes before the last farewell was spoken, and then it was that I would have told her all I felt, and wished, and hoped, and feared; but I must not tell the reader more than that I could not, and did not say one word, neither did the little trembler by my side; and yet there was as clear a mutual understanding as if a formal engagement had been made, and signed, and sealed—the mute agreement had indeed been sealed and Mary Wrottesley was mine—the sharer of my sorrows—the participator in my joys. Mine in life—in death, and after it—mine for ever.

"The course of true love," saith the old adage, did "never yet run smooth," and truly there were obstacles in ours sufficient not only to ruffle its surface and retard its course, but to turn it into bitter disappointment and broken hearted despair. We parted. "It may be for years,—nay, it may be for ever!"

I turned and drove away from that happy family, as happy as the happiest of them all, and that was Mary, notwithstanding the big tear that stood swelling in her dark blue eye, as she said or sighed her last adieu.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HOME,

How many fond memories, how many sweet and endearing recollections, does that *one* loved word recall! It breathes of the joyous hours of happy childhood—of the bright days of sunny youth—when all was love and peace and gladness—when the benning smile and tender caresses of an affectionate mother had power to chase away the ready tear, and the approving look and kindly tones of an indulgent father would recall a smile upon the angry lip. To a wounded spirit, especially, nothing can be more soothing than these gentle visions of the past, and their balmy influence is felt and acknowledged by the downcast spirit in the hour of sorrow. And when the grave has closed over the beloved forms of those who once gladdened our childhood's home, when the endeared features shall not again smile affection upon us, nor the well remembered voice utter tones of encouragement, oh! cold and forgetful must be the heart that clings not to recollections of HOME.

M. H. N.

Beauharnois, September, 1846.

## TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,  
Whose happy home is on our earth?  
Does human blood with life imbue  
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue  
That stray along thy forehead fair,  
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?  
Oh! can that light and airy breath  
Steal from a being doomed to death;  
Those features to the grave he sent,  
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?  
Or art thou, what thy form would seem  
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see  
When burst those gleams of ecstasy!  
That light of dreaming soul appears  
To play from thoughts above thy years.  
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring  
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!  
And who can tell what visions high  
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?  
What brighter throne can brightness find  
To reign on than an infant's mind,  
Ere sin destroy or error dim  
The glory of the seraphim!  
Oh! vision fair! that I could be  
Again as young, as pure as thee!  
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form  
May view, but cannot brave the storm:  
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes  
That paint the bird of Paradise,  
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll  
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.  
Fair was that face as break of dawn,  
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn  
Like a thin veil that self-concealed  
The light of soul, and half-revealed.  
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,  
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,  
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,  
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,  
Such summer-clouds as travel light,  
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;  
Till thou awak'st—then to thine eye  
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!  
And lovely is that heart of thine,  
Or sure these eyes could never shine  
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,  
Gay, half-eresome timidity!

## EPIGRAM,

"To music's power if oaks will lend,"  
Says Jack, and scratched his head,  
"Its kind assistance it shall lend  
In felling yonder shade."

To try its force, blind Will he took,  
One morn, by break of day;  
And, while the trees old Boreas shook,  
Cry'd, "Come, lad, scrape away."

Hodge, who had silly heard the riddle,  
Thus with his booby jokes:  
"Why, Will, to doomsday thou may'st fiddle;  
For, faith, here are no oaks."

# THE DESERTED.

A TRUE STORY OF THE HEART.

BY CRISPIN, JUNIOR.

A VILLAGE in the South of England is one of the loveliest sights in nature. It looks the very nestling-place of poetry, love, and happiness. It glitters, with its cottages and white garden-walls, among the green trees in which it is embowered, like the golden fruits of Spain, peeping from between the leaves that only partially conceal them. Its meadows, its streams, its tapering church-spire, its hedge-rows, its lanes of sweet briar and wild roses, its lattices with their jessamine and honeysuckle, its gardens, with their bee-hives, its orchards with their blossoms, and, above all, its comfortable and cheerful inhabitants, ignorant of the great world, and wishing not to have that ignorance removed,—is there not in all these things a charm which the wide globe does not possess elsewhere?—I have travelled over many lands, I have stood under many skies, I have mingled with many a people, but still my heart and my imagination cling to a village in the South of England, as the spot of all others where I should most love to spend my life, cultivating the purer affections of my nature, and keeping my soul divided by a rainbow zone from the grosser atmosphere of common existence. There are many little paradises of the kind I speak of, and I should be contented with any of them, although, had I my choice, I should fix upon Woodburn before all the rest. Yet it is strange that my associations connected with the recollection of it are of a peculiarly melancholy cast; for, even here, the spoiler sorrow had found an entrance, and his victims were not unknown to me. Let me recall their story; it is a simple and perhaps too common one; but it suits well with my present mood, and I shall tell it now.

Let me paint her as I first saw her. It was in her cottage garden on a bright summer morning when the dew was still sparkling on the flowers. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading. She stood wrapped in a delightful reverie, with her eyes fixed on two young rose-bushes. I knew not then that she was an old friend's only child, yet I stopt involuntarily to gaze upon her. I had never before seen aught so beautiful. I cannot describe her features, but the effect they produced was irresistible. There was a world of expression,—an unfathomable

depth of feeling in her dark blue eye. I saw a tear start into it, but the thought that raised it was only transient, for a smile gathered upon her lips, and chased away with its light the little harbinger of sorrow. At that moment the gate was thrown open, and a youth entered. He was her lover; I knew it at a glance. A deeper crimson fell upon her cheek, and her smile kindled into one of more intense delight. They stood together; England could not have produced a nobler pair. They seated themselves in the sunshine; the youth took the book, and read aloud. It was a poet's page, over which they hung. She leant her white arm on her lover's shoulder, and gazed upon him in delighted and breathless attention. Who is it that has said there is no happiness on earth? Had he seen Edmund and Florence on that calm blue morning, he would have confessed the falseness of his creed.

Edmund was the eldest son of the village rector—a man "to all the country dear." Florence was the daughter of an old and respected officer, who had fought in many stern battles, and who now lived in retirement upon a pension given him by Government, as the reward of his long and valuable services. She had lost her mother almost before she knew her, and all her filial affection was centered in her father;—her heart she had bestowed upon Edmund, and Edmund knew the value of the gift. They had been companions from their infancy. All their recollections of time past were the same, for all their amusements and studies had been interwoven. But Edmund had made much more progress than Florence. Nature had heaped upon Edmund all those mental endowments which constitute genius. She had given him a mind that could think more profoundly, a heart that could feel more deeply, a fancy that could wing bolder flights than either the mind, heart or fancy can do in general. He as yet knew nothing of the state of society beyond the limits of Woodburn. He had never been more than twenty miles from home during his whole life. But he was now twenty, and Florence was only two years younger. They were neither boy nor girl any longer. She, indeed, could have been contented to have continued as

she was for ever, blest with her father's and her Edmund's affection; finding more than happiness in the discharge of her domestic duties, in her summer-evening rambles, in her books, her bees, her fruits and her flowers. But Edmund, though he loved her with all the enthusiasm of first-love, had more ambition in his nature. He felt that he had talent, and he longed for an opportunity to prove it. He wished to mingle with the crowd in the pursuit of glory, and he had hopes that he might outstrip at least some of his competitors. Besides, he was not possessed of any independent fortune, and exertion therefore became a duty as well as a pleasure. His resolution was at once taken; he determined to fix his residence in London, for at least a couple of years, and ascertain whether in truth ability was there its own reward.

It was sad news to Florence! but seeing the advantages which Edmund might derive from the execution of the scheme, she looked upon her grief as selfish, and endeavoured to restrain it. The evening before he left Woodburn, they were together in her garden. Florence had succeeded in keeping up a show of cheerfulness during the day, but as the yellow beams of the setting sun came streaming in through the poplars and elms that lined the wall, and as she thought how often they had seen the sun set before, and how long it would be ere they should see it set again, a chord was touched, which vibrated through all her heart, and she burst into a flood of tears. Edmund, with every tender expression, beseeched her not to give way to emotions so violent, but she only locked his hand more firmly in her own, and in the midst of a thousand convulsive sobs, repeated again and again,—“Edmund! we shall never meet more! I am not superstitious, but I know that I am right; we shall never meet more!” Her lover had recourse to every soothing argument he could think of, but though she at length became calm, a gloomy presentiment of future evil seemed to have taken full possession of her mind. Edmund, half playfully, half seriously, repeated the beautiful stanza from “Childe Harold,” in which the poet bids adieu to the most delightful scenery of Germany:—

“Adieu to thee, fair Rhine? a vain adieu!  
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;  
The mind is coloured by thy every hue:  
And it reluctantly the eyes resign.  
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!  
’Tis with the thankful glance of parting friends;  
More mighty spots may rise,—more glaring shine,  
But none unite in one attaching maze  
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.”

Many a line of poetry had Edmund read or recited to Florence, but, of them all, these were the

last. Need it be wondered that their recollection was fondly cherished?

A year elapsed, and Edmund's early dreams had been more than realized. He had started into fame at once: his reputation as a man of genius had travelled over Europe. His fortune was secured, and his name becoming illustrious. Every where his society was courted, and his opinions listened to with deference and admiration. There seemed to be no honours to which he might not aspire, no rank in the state which he might not hope to gain. His ardent spirit, and his growing ambition, became only the more insatiable. Every difficulty had yielded before him; he had flown on upon the wings of success; his life had hitherto been a brilliant dream,—a dream from which he saw no prospect of immediate waking.

It was evening, and he was alone in her splendid drawing-room with the loveliest woman in London—the daughter of a Viscount. A hundred lamps, reflected by a hundred mirrors, shone around them. There was to be a magnificent entertainment, but the company had not yet arrived. Edmund and the Lady Matilda Fitzclarence would not have cared had they never arrived at all. They sat near each other, and they talked in low tones of all that youth and beauty love best to talk about. Edmund had never felt so vain in his life before, for there were hundreds in the metropolis, blest with all the advantages of rank and birth, who would have given both their titles and their fortunes to have secured one of those smiles which the proud maiden lavished upon him. And she,—she had read his works, she looked upon his elegant form and handsome features, and forgot the hundred scions of nobility who had offered their incense at her shrine. A carriage was heard to stop, and they were soon to be interrupted. “I have taken a fancy for that emerald ring of yours,” said the Lady Matilda; “will you exchange it for one of mine?”—She took a glittering diamond from her finger and put it on Edmund's; and at the same moment his emerald became one of the ornaments of the prettiest hand in the world. It was a ring which Florence had given him the very morning he left Woodburn.

The two years he was to be away had expired—“Florence,” said her father to her one morning, “I never saw you looking so well; your cheeks are all roses, my sweet girl. Have you been seeing the sun rise?” Florence turned away for a moment to brush a burning tear from her eye; but she answered to her unsuspecting father that she had seen the sun rise. There was not a person in Woodburn, except her father, who had not observed how dreadfully Florence was

altered,—not in her manners, or habits, or conversation, but in her looks. Her cheek, it is true, was red, but it was the hot flush of fever; her eye was bright, but it was the watery clearness of an insidious malady. She had heard of Edmund's success, and there was not a heart in the world had beat so proudly at the intelligence; she had for a while received letters from him, and there was not an eye had so rapturously dwelt upon his words as her's. But she soon heard of more than of his success, and his letters became fewer, shorter, and colder. When her father was from home she would sit for hours in her garden by herself, listening, as she said, to the chirping of the birds, but weeping bitterly all the while:—

"Ah! lonely is the lot of her  
Whose path is on the earth,  
And when her thoughts are dark and dim,  
Hears only vacant mirth:—  
A swallow left when all her kind  
Have cross'd the seas and wing'd the wind."

"I have not heard you speak of Edmund lately," said her father to her one day, about the beginning of June. "I do not think of him the less," answered Florence, with a faint smile. "The old man knew nothing of his apostacy. 'I have good news for you,' said he; 'I saw the Rector to-day, and Edmund is to be in Woodburn by the end of the week.' Florence grew very pale; she tried to speak, but could not; a mist came before her eyes; she held out her hand, and threw herself into her father's arms.

It was Saturday evening, and she knew that Edmund had arrived early on the previous day, but she had not yet seen him. She was sitting in a summer-house when she heard a step on the gravel walk. She looked through the willows and honey-suckle;—it was he! he himself—in all the bloom and beauty of dawning manhood! A strange shivering passed over all her frame, and her colour went and came with fearful rapidity. Yet she retained her self-possession, and with apparent calmness rose to receive him when he entered the summer house. The change in her appearance, however, struck him immediately;—"Good God! Florence, you have been ill! you are altered, sadly altered, since I saw you last."—"Does that strike you as so very wonderful, Edmund?" said Florence, gravely; "are you not altered too?" "O Florence! I have used you as a very villain! I see it now—cruelly, fatally do I see it! I wished to believe that you did not care about me, but it was delusion—it was madness—was guilt! and now it is too late!"—"Edmund! that I *did* love you, you setting sun, which shone upon us when we parted, can still attest, for it was the witness of my grief. It

was the witness, too, of the tears I shed in my solitude,—tears no earthly eye ever saw;—and it shall be the witness even yet," the continued, an almost heavenly smile illuminating her pale countenance, "of our reconciliation,—for the wanderer has returned, and his errors are forgiven." She held out her hand to him as she spoke, but he shrunk back;—"I dare not—I dare not take it! It is too late!—Florence! I am married!"—There was not a sound escaped her lips; but her cheeks grew deadly pale; her eyes became as fixed as stone, and she fell on the ground like a marble statue.

Her grave is in the church-yard of Woodburn; she lies beside her father. There is no urn or monument to mark the spot, but I would know it among a thousand. Edmund's fame has travelled over nations, and men have looked up to him as to a demigod;—Florence was never heard of beyond the limits of Woodburn till now.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF TEME.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

Gentle evening come once more,  
Come to gild the landscape o'er,  
Dearer, sweeter far to me  
One calm pensive hour with thee  
Than all the pomp and bright array  
Of the longest summer day.

Now the mellow sun is low,  
Shedding round a beamy glow,  
Tingling valley, hill, and wood,  
Kissing tower, tree, and flood,  
Tipping every cloud with fire,  
Playing round the old church spire,  
And lighting up a golden way  
Among the aged tombstones gray.

Sweet to sit at eventide  
By the quiet river side,  
Under the willow near the brink,  
Where the cattle come to drink,  
Where the billows roll the fleetest,  
Where the evening bells sound sweetest,  
And the wild birds on the spray  
Ever tuneful, ever gay,  
Often in the mild spring weather  
Come and sing for hours together.

Here then let me linger till  
Phœbus sinks behind the hill,  
And the yellow moon I see  
Peeping through the hawthorn tree,  
And the stars begin to gleam  
In the bosom of the stream,  
While the drowsy bat by fits  
Round about the welkin flits,  
And the owl, from belfry height,  
Hastes to meet approaching night.

## NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

WORDSWORTH.

No. VIII.

JOURNAL OF THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.\*

BY G.—\*—\*.

We frequently hear and as often read and speak of the Territory belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, without the slightest conception of its measureless extent. We daily see, or rather, were accustomed to see, some years ago, whole brigades of frail canoes skimming cheerily over the mirrored surface of our mighty rivers, without reflecting that they were off and away a five or six weeks voyage into the interior of our own country, to trade with nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, of whose habits and language we knew comparatively nothing.

Let the reader only imagine nineteen separate and distinct tribes of Indians (the Bishop says seventeen) on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and then let the mind's eye stretch away across those heights down to the great Pacific Ocean—on the one hand into the Territory of the United States—into that of Russia on the other—and contemplate those vast, and to us nameless hordes, scattered over those immense regions, all carrying on trade with the Hudson's Bay Company, and in some degree under its control; we say, let him picture to himself all this if he can; and he will be able to realize something like a correct idea of the extent of its territory and the magnitude of its power. A power which may be used for good or for evil, and has, indeed, within our own recollection, been exercised for each in turn and more than once. We believe, however, that now-a-days in this utilitarian age it is seldom or never abused even in the far off posts—so far away as to be almost if not entirely beyond the reach of all law and responsibility. The interest and safety of the Company's servants alike forbid it.

The work before us, which has given rise to these reflections, contains some very important

suggestions as to the mode in which the power and resources of the Company might, and we agree with the benevolent author in saying, ought, to be used for purposes of improvement in the social and religious condition of the numberless inhabitants scattered over the whole length and breadth of that all but boundless region.

It is not our intention, nor indeed does it come exactly within our province, to enter more minutely into the merits of these suggestions, important as the subject may be, but shall confine ourselves now to the only object which has induced us again to return to this interesting work, viz; the pledge, given in our last number, that we would offer our readers an opportunity of judging of its merits for themselves.

The following is a short account of some of the PARTICULAR FEATURES AND OCCURRENCES OF THE JOURNEY.

In passing through long tracts of country, where there is so little to remind you of living human beings, it is rather striking to meet with the mementos of the dead. It is the custom of the *voyageurs*, in case of death among their number, by drowning or any other casualty, to plant a low wooden cross on the spot where the body lies. We saw several of these crosses, sometimes two or three together, on the *Portages*, by the side of the rapids, in the higher parts of the magnificent Ottawa; and in the *Portage* which is called *Rocher du Capitaine* there is one, said to commemorate the death of a man whose neck was broken in carrying the canoe, and bearing this inscription rudely cut upon the arms of the cross: "*Aujourd'hui pour moi: demain toi.*" Upon a low bare rocky point in Lake Nipissin, there are fourteen crosses, serving us we were told to record the loss of the whole crew of a canoe, with which another was in company at the time. We found a few single crosses at wide intervals beyond Lake Superior. These were the mementos of men who, though such is the chosen em-

\* THE JOURNAL OF THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL, DURING A VISIT TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S NORTH WEST AMERICA MISSION. London, 1845.

blem of their faith, had darkened views of the doctrine of the cross; but we found, also, the obscure and solitary graves, concealed among the bushes, in some spots where we landed, within the Hudson's Bay Territory, of those to whom Christ was totally unknown. These graves were roofed over with birch bark. The Indians are said to deposit, with the dead, his gun, and other articles which he is supposed to find useful in the other world. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Rainy Lake Fort, where there is a resort of Indians, and where we saw them encamped, there is an oblong box, resting upon a small platform, and supported by four posts, perhaps ten feet high, which contains the bones of a chief, held in especial honour; and these bones, it appears, had been removed all the way from Fort William to a spot more frequented by the connexions of the deceased.

We experienced more cold, both in degree and in duration than I had expected. In crossing small bays, as we coasted up Lake Superior, on the 3d and again on the 5th of June, we broke our way through a thin coat of ice, which had been formed over the whole surface of these bays during the night. It is a very singular noise which is produced by the paddles in this operation, and not unlike distant thunder: so at least it seemed to me when it woke me, as I happened to be dozing in the canoe. It is only in an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances that the whole of this vast fresh-water sea can freeze over. I was assured that this happened in the winter of 1843 after a calm of four days, and during intensely cold weather. No other instance of this is said to be remembered. On the 18th of June, when we camped upon the edge of the River Kamenistiquoin, the ice formed during the night upon the paddles was a quarter of an inch thick. On the 11th, still upon the same river, there was a crust of ice found upon the water left close to our fire in a tin pot.

At Fort William, situated, as I have said, at the mouth of the river, there is a fishery carried on which employs a good many Indians, of different sexes and ages; the fish being cured for the Montreal markets, besides affording the principal food of the dependents upon the fort. The species is white-fish of a very excellent quality, and the numbers taken are something prodigious. Five thousand of these fish were taken in one morning before breakfast during the past summer. At the distance of about a day's journey up the river, from the Fort, are the Kakabékn Falls—poured down an awful chasm in the rocks—after Niagara, incomparably the grandest and most striking catarract that ever I saw.

Fort William is approached through Thunder Bay. It is a singular and beautiful scene: shut in, on one side, by an irregular range of heights, of which the lower part, consisting of densely wooded slopes, is created by very lofty and precipitous columnar rocks, entirely bare. On the other side of the bay are some other remarkable eminences and islets—one of the eminences having very much the appearance of a huge bastion, or military rounded work.

The rude and rocky solitudes through which we passed, exhibited at intervals many scenes of romantic beauty; and the features of the landscape assume, in some few instances, a softened character, as in the Rainy Lake River, and the

lower part of the Kamenistiquoin, where green sloping banks are crowned with a full foliage of well grown deciduous trees, and fringed by luxuriant shrubs and bushes. Most of the lakes abound in small rocky islets, covered partially or wholly with wood. Parts of the Ottawa—I do not speak of those which are within the verge of established civilization, and which comprehend some remarkable objects of attraction—are very beautiful; and nothing can exceed the romantic rapids known by the name of the Culbute, and the Calumet, in that river, at the latter of which the Government is engaged in constructing a slide for timber, which has already produced a nascent village. But the hand of the Creator has also gemmed the wilderness with minor decorations; and the eye is often refreshed by the sight of flowers, or trees and shrubs, in blossom. I forbear to particularise them; yet I cannot refrain from mentioning that in parts of the downward route, in July and August, our way was enlivened by the greatest profusion of white water lilies of extraordinary beauty. The only wild quadruped that we saw, on the whole journey, except some insignificant kinds, was a wolf. We disturbed upon the water innumerable wild ducks of different kinds, and we saw many loons, and some other aquatic birds, and a few of the heron tribe. We also saw a good many eagles. Lake Winnipeg is frequented by the wild swan and pelican; but we did not meet with either, and were, indeed, a little too late in the season at that spot for the wild swan, of which four different kinds are found within the Hudson's Bay Territory, and of which the down is one of the articles exported by the Company. I brought home with me a pair of antlers of portentous size, of the Wapiti deer, which were made a present to me at the Red River. In the late Mr. Simpson's Journal, this animal is called the red deer, by which name it is known among the English-speaking inhabitants; the French call it *biche*. We saw one domesticated buffalo, grazing with the other cattle, in the pastures of the Red River Settlement.

#### ROUGH SKETCH OF THE COLONY OR SETTLEMENT ON THE RED RIVER.

The Colony or Settlement of the Red River—respecting the origin, formation and early history of which it is quite superfluous that I should say anything here beyond a passing remark, that it affords a wonderfully striking example of good brought by the hand of God out of evil—extends upwards of fifty miles, taking its commencing point at the Indian church, and pursuing it to either of its terminations above the junction of the Assiniboine, or Stone River, with the stream which gives a name to the Colony. From what circumstance the stream itself derives the name is one of those points respecting which *Grammatici certant*—if the investigators in this case may be so described—*et adhuc sub judice lis est*. It has been stated to some of the missionaries that the Red Lake with which it is connected, lying within the limits of the United States, is so called from having been dyed, in a memorable battle among the Indians, with human blood, and that the name has naturally communicated itself to the River. But I have been assured by some well informed persons that it is derived from a reddish earth in the higher parts of the river,

which gives a tinge to the waters. There are small and obscure Rivers in Canada bearing also the name of *La Rivière Rouge*. In that part of it which flows through the Colony, the river is of a dull appearance, by no means remarkable for clearness, and partaking of the nature of common clay. The Roman Catholic Settlement, which is perfectly distinct from the Protestant, commences just at the point where the two rivers meet, and runs up each of them for a considerable distance.

The country is all level, forming, in fact, the commencement of the Prairies; but it was, in part at least, well wooded upon the banks of the river when the settlement was formed.\* In passing down by water from the Forts to the Indian Settlement, you find it still overhung in places by well-grown and handsome trees, principally elms, springing from rich green banks, fringed by a full and rounded foliage of shrubs, and these garnished by the intermixture, in vast profusion, of wild roses in bloom, when we saw them. There is an equal profusion of large yellow specimens of the *Lady's Slipper*—*Cypripedium flerescens*—scattered over the even surface of the plain above and below the Lower Fort, and in the same neighbourhood there are other wild flowers, which make a considerable show. This part of the plain is chequered by a small growth of trees and bushes: higher up, as you approach the upper Church, you have to your right a boundless and open expanse of level green. The country having this character, an overflow of the waters must of course, if it once take place, extend itself far and wide without check, and there was a memorable inundation about eighteen years ago, in which it could not certainly be said that the people drove their cattle *altos visere montes*; but they had recourse, both for themselves and their cattle, to whatever trilling eminence was within their reach: and, from the manner in which they still refer to this visitation, they would be supposed to be a race of still surviving antediluvians, since they speak familiarly of things which happened a year before the flood or just at the time of the flood, and so forth. The open level country extends in one direction, all the way to St. Peter's on the Missouri, and you may drive a waggon without impediment for hundreds of miles till you reach that place, where you fall at once into a line of American steamers, and have every facility of travelling onward to any part of the United States or to Canada. This is the route by which Mr. Thomas Simpson, the unfortunate but gifted discoverer of the Arctic passage, was proceeding homeward when he met with his death—an occurrence shrouded in mystery and uncertainty. The Roman Catholic Bishop of the Red River, also, has gone to Europe by that route.

It is necessary, however, that the traveller should be one of a sufficiently strong and well armed party, the vast open wilds which are to be passed being frequented by Tribes of a fierce character.

The intelligent reader, especially if fond of field sports, will be able, without taxing his imaginative faculties very heavily, to fill up and furnish a beautiful and romantic picture, from the following outline sketch of

#### THE BUFFALO HUNT.

Notwithstanding the want of market for their produce, it is the opinion of the Missionaries, confirmed by that of several intelligent gentlemen of the Company with whom I have conversed, that it would be far more for the advantage of the Red River population, to labour uninterruptedly upon their farms, than to pursue, as a large proportion of them do, during summer, the chase of the buffalo, with all its exciting scenes, and ever-shifting alternations, which not only calls them away from their homes and their ordinary labours, but tends to give them a disrelish for habits of steady industry. The time is remembered when the buffalo was seen at the Red River itself, but the herds have further and further receded, and the hunting parties are now known to be drawn sometimes 200 miles from home. The Red River pours forth, as the expeditions have been described to me, about 800 hunters, with a long train of women and children in as many carts: these carts are so arranged when they stop, as to encircle and fence in the party; if their stop is prolonged, they pitch their tents. Their appearance is that of a little army with its camp followers; and those who are engaged in the warfare, who are all, or almost all, Half-breeds, are among the most fearless, active, and alert of mankind—admirably skilled as marksmen and in horsemanship, and wonderfully adroit and prompt, as well as self-possessed in their manoeuvres, without which they would in the *mêlée*, be perpetually liable to shoot one another. The powder-horn and the fire-bag, in which the shot is carried loose, are slung upon belts crossing each other upon the breast; a ball is put into the mouth, in preparation for loading, and the powder is measured in the hollow of the palm, no wadding is made use of; and in this way they load and reload, fire, and fire again, at full speed on horseback. The object of all this preparation, and all these adventures, is not to obtain the furs, or robes—for the hair is short at this season, and all the robes are brought in by Indians, who hunt the wood buffalo in the winter; the Prairie hunters dress the hides for their own use; and among other purposes, they convert them into the covering of their tents; but the prizes which prompt the expedition are the meat and the tallow. Each cart brings back, upon an average, about ten carcases, reduced to the different preparations of the flesh and fat here described. The women who accompany them prepare the dried meat, which is cut in long slices from the ribs, and make the pemmican; which is meat cut from the more fleshy parts, and pounded with a mixture of tallow. By these two processes they have meat in different forms which is preserved without being salted; but they also make large quantities of tallow separately, which is done up in lugs of buffalo skins with the hair upon them, in form not unlike a common travelling bag. Of these the Company takes a large portion off their hands; but more for the sake of affording profit to the people than for that of affording any be-

\*A very fine grove of oaks is remembered upon a now naked point, at the mouth of the Assiniboia, the site of what is called the old fort, near the modern structures which have supplied its place. Sugar-maples were also known in the neighbourhood.



nefit to its own trade. They are often improvident and backward in turning to account the resources of their land.

#### STRENGTH AND DEXTERITY OF THE NATIVES.

The half-breeds, however, in those physical qualities and feats of skill which provoke our admiration, do not appear to have gained upon the Indians whose blood is mixed in their veins. I have been assured, by one of the most respectable factors, that he has seen an Indian pierce an itch plank with an unbarbed arrow, shot from his bow, the mere wooden point passing through and protruding on the other side. And as an example of dexterity of hand and correctness of eye, the same factor told me that he had seen one of these people, I think at a distance of 150 yards, send his arrow clear through a loop-hole in the wall of the Fort, three times out of four.

#### HARDSHIP'S AND ADVENTURES OF EUROPEAN INHABITANTS.

The factors and traders themselves have many a tale to tell of severe endurance in their own persons, hair-breadth escapes, and perilous exploits. There is one old gentleman in the settlement, who states, among a variety of other incidents, that he was once reduced, when separated from his party and lost, to seek subsistence by eating live frogs, or fishing for minnow by means of a fragment of the buckle of his hat, attached to a hair drawn from his head. There is possibly a little imagination which lends its aid to heighten some of these tales, and I forbear from pursuing them. It may not, however, be uninteresting to mention that we paid a visit to Mr. Ross, one of the survivors of the crew of the *Tonquin*, who happened to be on shore when she was blown up by her desperate and obstinate commander. We read the account of that awful catastrophe in Washington Irvine's *Astoria*, which, with some other historical works on the regions frequented by the fur traders, and which I had never read before, were lent to us at some of the Forts, to occupy a portion of our long days in the canoe, and to give us an opportunity of comparison with our own observation and experience, so far as they went. Mr Ross is mentioned by name in Irvine's book.

We have already far exceeded our limits, but the romantic interest in the following extract, which must be our last, will be a sufficient apology for transgressing still further.

#### SOME INCIDENTS OF THE ROUTE BEFORE OMITTED.

We overtook, at the Rainy Lake Fort, where we passed a night, a gentleman who has been established for a great number of years, far on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and is now one of the principal factors of the Company. He was proceeding from that remote quarter to Canada, and had under his charge a couple of youths, the sons of another factor, whom he was to place at school. There were also passengers with him, an elderly couple, decent sort of people, and he had, in this part of the route, two canoes like our own. But he had other companions also

of a different cast; and the footing upon which they were with the rest afforded a striking evidence of the strange state of society in some parts of the American wilderness, and might serve as a check to the romance of feeling which is fascinated by the adventures and varieties of a half Indian life, and attaches the idea of comparative insipidity to the settled habits of order and civilization. Two most atrocious criminals, who had in a state of exasperation, murdered one of the factors in a very barbarous and savage manner, were placed in charge of this gentleman, professedly to be brought down to Canada for trial. The crime had been committed at one of the posts established in a portion of territory belonging to Russia, and held under lease from the Government of that country, by the Company. The nearest Russian authorities, it appears, refused to have anything to do with the case, and as it would have been of mischievous consequence to leave the perpetrators of this act of blood at large in the country where it occurred, matters were so managed as to send them off as prisoners to Canada. They were, however, when we saw them, perfectly at liberty; nor was there anything either in their deportment or in the state of relations appearing to subsist between themselves and their companions, which could indicate the character in which they were travelling. The party left the fort the morning as usual with song; and the two murderers, with all the nonchalance in the world, occupied their seats, and handled their paddles, without any distinction, as part of the crew, and joined in the cheerful chorus with which they started, nearly in company with ourselves. One of them was a French Canadian; the other an Iroquois Indian. There is an Act of the British Parliament which confers criminal jurisdiction over the Hudson's Bay Territory upon the Canadian Courts of Justice; but this crime having been committed in Russian Territory it must probably have been sufficiently understood, perhaps by all parties, that these courts could not be competent to try it. The men in any case could easily escape into the United States upon reaching the *Sault Sainte Marie*. I met one of them, however, after my return, walking quietly and composedly through the village street of Lachine.

#### ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON was one day in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take very little notice. She, in pique, said to him, "Why, doctor, I believe you prefer the company of men to that of the ladies."—"Madame," replied he, "I am very fond of the company of ladies; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence."

Dr. JOHNSON being one day told by a lady of great strength of mind, and not particularly addicted to the tender passions, that she supposed the author of *Clarissa* to be a very nervous man, a man of what is called quick feelings; he replied, "Madam, I know few persons, whether nervous (as you are pleased to call them) or not, that could have written *Clarissa*."

# LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.\*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. P.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE VALET DE CHAMBRE.

CATHERINE'S death made a deep impression on Abel's soul, and the slightest actions, gestures, words, of the poor girl returned vividly to the memory of the young Count, for such a sublime love as hers could not but be painted with rays of light. Jenny had too much mind and tact, not to perceive *this effect upon the mind of her husband*; and with infinite art, she sought to drown its remembrance in the bustle and pleasures of the world; but even when in apparently the height of the gayest enjoyment, in the evening festivities, when all glances were bent upon him, and his charming wife exerted all the witcheries of a delicate mind, and a soul full of love, to interest him, an observer might have remarked the occasional flitting over his countenance, of an expression of deep grief and regret. One day, they were present at a representation of a sad piece, where a young girl dies of love, without obtaining one look of affection from him she adored. "He suffers for thee. Ah! poor Catherine!" said he, in a low voice, when it was finished. Madame de Stainville and the Countess looked at him in silence, and the latter became *deadly pale*. Abel then perceived the grief he caused her; he took her hand and clasped it to his heart, with an expression of devotion.

"Ah!" said Madame de Stainville, "I am truly happy, in loving only myself."

That evening, Abel had another adventure, which gave the Countess a yet deeper pang. He returned to his house with the Marquise, and his wife. It was one of their days of reception; there were gathered there, a circle of cultivated men, who were discoursing on some deeply interesting scientific subject, and as a matter of politeness, they turned to the young master of the house for his opinion. Abel remained silent, for it was a subject he knew nothing about. The young Countess noticed this mortifying circumstance, and as she saw the deep blush which depended on Abel's cheek, (for he could not dis-

semble,) she was pierced to the heart. But she did not show her feeling; she rallied her husband so playfully on his ignorance, and in such a way as brought out and displayed the graces of his mind; but the happier his sallies of natural wit, the more she felt his want of education; and as there are many men who are annoyed at the preference given to titles and riches, there were not wanting enough to make it known that the handsome young Count was entirely without education.

The Countess went less into the world, and attempted to become herself Abel's teacher in the elements of the sciences; if by chance she heard of such or such a master, who taught any branch of learning in twenty-four lessons, she sent for them, and confided Abel to their teaching. These quacks pocketed the money, and left the young Count with a crowd of rules, which were of no service to him, from the want of proper explanation. This perpetual stretch of the mind, the despair which spreads itself over the soul at the aspect of all it is necessary to acquire, threw Abel into a melancholy, which Jenny with all her wonderful fascinations, was unable to dissipate. The young Count found himself at the end of three months in spite of the charms of his lovely fairy, very much in the same state of mind with most who have been married years; he had lost the intoxication which made him forget the world; he had no longer the gratification to his self-love, of seeing himself the most envied and admired. When he found himself in a crowd, he enjoyed looking at the Countess, for all gazed at her with delight; he felt a new pleasure in it without being aware that it indicated less passion. He had no longer that warmth of sentiment, which served to surround them with a cloud, which separated them from the rest of the world. The young Countess adored her husband, and strange as it may seem, this very adoration in some way clouded their happiness, and the lively and *spirituelle* Marchioness de Stainville tried in vain to make her comprehend this.

"Dear friend," said she to her, "I begin to

\*Continued from page 404.

fear my prediction will be realized; you do not regulate well your connection with your husband; a woman who shews her love for her husband too much, wearies him. You would be always the goddess of the heart you adore. Well! that is very simple; a man then, is in the condition of a great lord, who sees himself assailed by petitions, he replies to them, 'put them there, I will see to them by and bye.' Suppose, on the contrary, dear Countess, a woman like me, for example, loving Abel as much as you do, but who has self-control and coolness. I should wear a careless, heedless air, and make him fearful every instant, lest I were not thinking of him. I would make him jealous; I would not allow him a tranquil moment; to-day I should be detestable, to-morrow more so; then I should transport him with all the charms of which I am mistress. There is necessary for the continuance of love more of mind, than of affection; you must display each day, unknown treasures. This is why women of perfect beauty like you, do not generally produce so lasting a passion as those of inferior personal charms, may, who are even ugly. Beautiful women think beauty suffices to please; one only who can unite to beauty, the charms with which plain women can fascinate, will subjugate the world like Cleopatra. Nature is not unjust; she equalizes all; every one has her chance."

"It is very easily seen, you do not love," said the Countess, "for love cannot calculate results."

"Then, I can predict for you only unhappiness," replied the Marquise. "But I love not to afflict my friends; I am not envious of their happiness, and I remain between my mirror and my hat, in a state of happy contentment."

Some days after this conversation, a circumstance occurred, which caused some coolness between Abel and the Countess. One of the Count's valets had left him, and a young man came to ask for the situation. The Count and Countess were breakfasting together, playing and laughing like two young fools, drinking from each other's cups, &c. Abel seemed to have found again all the first fervor of love he felt, when first introduced to the palace of the Fairy of Pearls. The young Countess reminded him in a playful tone of this, when Abel, as if a sad thought had been recalled, said in a melancholy tone, "Ah! Catherine lived then." At this moment, the steward asked leave to present the person who wished for the vacant place; they consented, and a young man came in, whose look made Abel tremble, he was so like Catherine. At the first words he spoke, Abel recognized the once familiar tones, but on examining him more closely, he burst into tears, for he saw it was impossible it could be her, for Catherine had soft

fair hair, and Justin's (so he called himself) was dark brown. Catherine spoke without accent, Justin lisped; the daughter of Grandroni was fresh as a rose—Justin like a faded lily; Catherine's eyebrows were delicate, and beautifully formed—Justin's, thick and black; his whiskers too, which were almost hid behind a high collar, quite destroyed the illusion, though their figures were very similar, and there was the same delicate contour of face and form, the same nose, and finish of features. The agitation of the Count did not escape the eye of Jenny, who felt in a moment the evil this resemblance might cause to her dear Abel; and when Justin advanced towards the Count, she cried in an imperious tone:

"This person is much too young, he is a child, and the Count requires one who has seen more service."

"My dear Jenny!" said Abel, a little sharply, "allow me to choose my own people, I pray you—I like this young man—"

The Countess was silent—the Count appeared absorbed in a reverie, as he looked at Justin. The Countess shocked by the first unkind tone she had heard from Abel, and jiqued to see her authority despised before Justin and the steward, looked coldly on, and appeared to mingle no more in it.

"Have you never had any master?" asked the Count.

"I never had but one," replied Justin, in a trembling tone.

"Wherefore did you leave him?"

"I did not leave him; he left me."

"Of what country are you?"

"From Paris."

"You have no relatives in the village of N.?"

"No, Monsieur!"

At this moment, the Countess looked once more at Justin, and she could not but remark his feet which were so small and delicate, that if Jenny herself had been disguised as a man, she could not have surpassed it. This circumstance, and the soft and gentle voice of the unknown, disturbed her, and making a sign to the steward to take Justin out, she turned to Abel, and taking his hand, pressed it to her heart, saying:

"Thou lovest me—dost thou not? Well, if the happiness or misery of her whom thou hast taken for thy companion and friend, be dear to thee, do not take this young man for thy servant. If he interests thee, do all thou wishest for him, but oh! keep him not; I have a presentiment, he will be a source of misery—if not to thee, to thy Jenny!"

"My dear fairy, you are so winning, and command in such a sweet tone, that it is impossible to refuse thee. I will own to thee that this boy has

given me so much pleasure that it will be a great sacrifice to refuse him."

"Shall I save you the pain?"

"No," said Abel, "I wish to see him again."

"I will leave thee, then, and I confide so much in thy love, that I hope not to have prayed in vain, to my lord and master."

She left him with a smile so full of love, he resolved to obey her.

Justin re-entered, and his resemblance to Catherine struck Abel as forcibly as before; he smiled upon him—and Justin turned away his head, though he had not withdrawn his eyes from him, when his face expressed no tender feeling.

"Young man," said the Count; "you are too young and feeble for my service; how could you watch for me all night, behind my carriage, and yet rise in the morning to attend to all, which my particular service requires?"

At these words, tears fell from Justin's eyes; drawing timidly towards the Count, he said in the soft accent so like Catherine's:

"Sir! you have a reputation for goodness, which draws me to you; do not refuse my request, give me any employment you choose, no matter how disagreeable or difficult; do not fear I shall not have strength; I assure you, in your service, I shall do more than all your other servants—" his agitation prevented his finishing.

"Young man," said Abel, much moved, "what circumstance has made you thus attach yourself to me, and by what chance?"

"Ask me not, Sir! but if you pity the unhappy, and will not consign me to death, take me"—Abel could not resist the pleading words.

"Thou art such a wonderful resemblance to a woman I tenderly loved, that man or woman, Justin or Catherine, thou may'st remain in my service."

Justin approached, kissed the Count's hand, and withdrew.

This circumstance gave great pain to the Countess, and she manifested the utmost aversion to Justin, who soon conciliated the affection of all his comrades. They soon perceived his entire devotion to the Count; he could not speak his name without blushing; when the bell rang for him he trembled, and could not at table give him a plate, or anything he wished, without the deepest emotion. When his active duties were finished, he appeared to give himself up to reverie, and tears rolled down his cheeks; indeed, his whole conduct was singular; he did not refuse to sit at table with the other servants, but he ate nothing; if they entered his chamber by surprise, they found no traces of its being occupied; he conversed rarely with them, and had no further communication with his comrades than his service required.

They discovered by his manner that he was haughty, and yet he wore the livery of the Count as if he was proud of it.

The Count never appeared surprised at any thing Justin did; he received attentions from him a thousand-fold more delicate than those lavished by the Countess, and which served to shed over Abel's life a sweet influence, which day by day, became more and more strong. He soon made him his confidante, and when he had any secret trouble, he appealed to him, and the advice he received was always wise, and marked by a friendship so kind, that he hesitated not to treat him as an equal.

The Countess was troubled from the time this young man entered her house; the sight of him gave her great pain, and in spite of her sweetness of disposition and the love she felt for Abel, she could not hide her aversion, and it often led to painful scenes. Abel declared he would never part with Justin, and it was the source of perpetual discord, and the more the Countess loved her husband, the more exacting was she, and without reason in her complaints. It is difficult to mark the imperceptible lines by which two hearts who have deeply loved, arrive at moments of coldness, which soon by their frequency produce an indifference, and then an insulting reserve. In spite of their mutual devotion, and the intense love Abel had felt for his Fairy of Pearls, the Count and Countess of Ostervalde arrived only too soon at this point of conjugal tenderness, well known in too many households; but justice shall be rendered to Jenny, in saying that she still loved Abel as well as when she visited him in the cottage of the Chemist; but circumstances were about to occur, which gave the appearance of a change in her conduct and feelings.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### A RIVAL.

THE Countess frequently gave musical *soirées*, at which the best artists took pleasure in appearing. Before her marriage with Abel, a young Italian officer, banished for his political opinions, had been attracted to these re-unions by the beauty of the Duchess of Somerset. The first time he saw her, he loved her, but he thought hopelessly, for there was such a distance between them that he dared not hope for a return, and he contented himself with worshipping her as a divinity, whom he could not approach. When the Duchess retired to her estate in the country, and shut herself up, he, losing the pleasure of seeing her, went to Switzerland, where he had many adherents, and here he stirred up the troubles, which soon after broke out in Piedmont, and

soon became the hero of the day. The Duchess had perceived the deep love she had awakened in the bosom of the young officer, and had often joked with the Marquise de Stainville about it.

Some months after the union of the Duchess and Count, the arrival of the celebrated Count Tambroni, was announced in Paris, and the news spread rapidly, and all the beautiful women were on the *qui vive* to welcome the noble exile, who had won for himself so much renown. Tambroni had a fine face, that intellectual physiognomy which always belongs to men of distinguished talent; his head was large, and covered with a forest of black wavy hair; his conversation was like his character, brilliant, animated, sparkling with wit. The first person he visited, spite of the crowd of invitations which pressed upon him, was the Marquise de Stainville, and he told her he had returned only for the Duchess of Somerset, and when the Marquise informed him of Jenny's love-marriage, the Count decided to return immediately to Piedmont, without seeing her, but the Marchioness would not allow him to do so; she persuaded him to remain, and at least see her in society.

When Jenny heard that the illustrious exile had come to seek her, she felt an emotion of pleased vanity, which did not escape the eye of the Marquise.

The Countess immediately issued invitations for a grand concert. The *fête* was superb; all who were invited came, and Jenny was subjected to one of the greatest trials of a female heart. Tambroni united every grace; he won every look; rank, fortune, honor, beauty, all lavished their admiration on him. Jenny saw from his first glance, that he loved only her, and that she reigned over him, as he reigned over Turin. She looked by turns at him, and Abel her husband, and the contrast moved her whole being; she loved him devotedly, and yet this triumph of Tambroni, who adored her so much, awoke in her the most lively sensations of self-love and pride.

"I cannot but say to thee, my friend," said the Marquise, "that Tambroni is a very different being from thy Abel. My God, if I was free, nothing would keep me from being the slave of such a man as that. Now I can comprehend thy doctrine of love; to love this man, is to live with the sun."

"Yes," replied Jenny; "but see with what *naïveté* and frankness the Count does justice to him, with what warmth he praises him, and how he attaches himself to his triumphal car with such a grace; he lavishes forth all the tenderness of his soul on his head."

"Ah! what young man of twenty-two," re-

plied the Marquise, "would not feel enthusiasm for Tambroni? What pupil leaving College, is not like Abel, pretty as a woman, fresh sparkling eyes, and a soul susceptible of all tender impressions, open to all love? and dost thou compare the light of the sun to the flower of the field?"

At this moment, Tambroni placed himself at the piano, and sung a romance which made a great impression on the assembly; it was one of Schiller's ballads. His expressive eyes beamed on the two friends, and said more than words.

"Ah! if he loved me," said the Marquise, "I should beg thee to shut me up in a tower of brass, and put beds of moss around it, lest I should break my limbs in leaping from the windows to fly to him."

Abel was by the side of his wife; he compared this *fête* to their marriage festival, and the sad idea came over him that another had taken the place of love and admiration he then held. He was tender and gentle to Jenny; but she had no thought for him, and had only eyes for this wonderful Italian. Abel felt it keenly; he turned mechanically round to find some one who was thinking of him, and his eyes fell upon Justin, who stood near the door, following the Count with an expression of devoted tenderness. The Count left Jenny and went to him.

"Ah! Justin, you have heard a man with great talents; he has doubtless given you pleasure."

"No, Sir! I have only seen with delight that you are the most beautiful in this assembly."

Abel trembled. "Poor Catherine," said he, to himself, "she would have spoken so." He looked smilingly up, but Justin turned away; he always did, when his master smiled. Abel said:

"Justin, let us go away; I am fatigued with this *fête*."

The Countess did not notice the absence of her husband.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Alas! no more the rosy-featur'd morn  
Awakes the Lark to hail the new born day;  
Nor, Whyl-poor-Will upon the evening thorn,  
Pours through the grove her melancholy lay;  
Stern Winter comes to stifle every strain,  
To veil the meadows deep in trackless snow,  
To bind the rivers fast with icy chains,  
And bid the roaring winds conflicting blow.  
Yet soon shall Spring renew her flowery reign,  
And all creation own her joyful sway;  
But time once lost shall never bloom again,  
Nor own the force of renovating May:  
One hour mispent shall ne'er again return;  
Then let us time improve, and leave no cause to mourn.

# THE ROSICRUCIAN.

## A GERMAN TALE.

"And after all" said Lubeck Schieffel, soliloquising aloud, "what do I know? It is true, I have obtained the first honours of the university—I have learned all the professors can teach, and am considered the ablest scholar in Göttingen: still, how little do I know, and how unsatisfactory that knowledge is!"—"Ay, what do you know?" said a voice so near that it made him start. "I know," said Lubeck, "that you are some idle fool to be prating here at this time of night;" for he felt ashamed and angry that his soliloquy had been overheard: but both shame and anger gave way to surprise, when upon turning suddenly round to discover the speaker, he was not able to perceive any one, though the moon shone brightly, and for a considerable distance around was a level plain, without a single tree or other object which could have afforded concealment.

The astonishment of Lubeck was beyond description—he tried to persuade himself that it was some trick, but the nearness of the voice, and the nature of the place, forbade such a conclusion. Fear now urged him to hasten from the spot; being resolved, however, that if it *were* a trick of a fellow student, he should have no advantage, he exclaimed in as jocular a tone as he could command, "Tush, I know you, and wish you better success the next time you attempt the incognito." He then made the best of his way, to the high road, and musing upon this curious and unaccountable circumstance, returned to his apartments.

Next morning Lubeck went to the site of the preceding night's adventure, with the intention of ascertaining the manner in which this curious trick had been performed (for with returning daylight he felt reassured that it *was* such); but his dismay was very considerable when he arrived at the spot; for, owing to the nature of the ground, he was at once compelled to decide that it could not be a trick performed by human actors.

How unsteady is the balance of the human mind! The manner in which the strongest understandings are sometimes swayed by the most minute circumstances is perfectly unaccountable; and the smallest foundation, like the stem of a tree, often carries a wide-spreading superstruc-

ture. The wild stories of his romantic country, were for a time eagerly perused by Lubeck; and the mind, which had before delighted in them as entertaining compositions, lent them that deep attention which admitted the possibility of their reality.

Expecting that the invisible person (for such he was now persuaded, existed) would again address him, Lubeck went night after night to the same spot, but in vain! Till at length, as the event became more remote, the impressions of that night became more faint; at last, he felt convinced that the whole must have been the result of his own imagination, and was quietly pursuing his studies, when one morning a stranger was ushered into his apartment.

"I believe," said the stranger, "I am addressing Lubeck Schieffel, who gained, with so much honour, the last prize of this university."

Lubeck bowed assent.

"You may probably feel surprised," continued he, "that a perfect stranger should obtrude himself upon you, but I concluded that a person who had already obtained so much information would naturally be desirous of embracing any means of increasing it, and I believe it is in my power to point out to you a way by which that increase may be obtained."

"I certainly feel an ardent thirst for knowledge," said Lubeck; "as yet, I cannot agree with him who said, 'all I know is, that I know nothing.' I have read the books pointed out by the professors, and all that I have read only confirms the justness of this conclusion."

"And rightly," said the stranger, "for of what use are the majority of the ancient writings, but as they furnish excellent rules of morality, and specimens of elegant or amusing compositions! We may admire the descriptions of Tacitus, the simple style of Livy—be dazzled by the splendid imagery of Homer, or melted by the tender traits of Tibullus or Euripides,—we may laugh with Anacreon, or enjoy the still beauties of nature with Theocritus—we have love in Sappho, satire in Juvenal and man in Horace—we——"

"Stay, stay," said Lubeck. "Swell the list no further; from all these books some knowledge I have drained, but am still not satisfied. I still

thirst, still pant for knowledge; and am sick to the soul of knowing no more than the rest of the world. I would——"

"If you look to gain," said the stranger, interrupting him, "such universal knowledge from books, you must be disappointed. It would consume nearly a life to read all that has been written upon any one science, which, when known, is but one step forward, and while we are striving to reach wisdom, death overtakes us. Besides, you learn nothing *new* from books, for inventions must *precede* science, and clear a path for her, while the compilers of books but follow at a distance and record her steps. Still you need not despair, for though thousands in vain strive to open the portals to that knowledge, which is closed by a bar which no force can remove—still, to some it may be given to find a hidden spring, which, touched——"

"And you have found this spring," said Lubeck, sardonically.

"It has been found!" said the stranger, "it has been touched; the hitherto sealed portals have been opened, and the hidden knowledge—full—complete—is revealed, but only to few, and even those conditionally."

"You speak allegorically," said Lubeck, "what mean you?"

"You must be aware," said the stranger, "that he who wishes to excel in any *one* science gives it his undivided attention; is it not rational then to suppose that something *extraordinary* must be exacted of him who wishes to excel in *all*?"

"Full, complete attention," said Lubeck, "and intense and unwearied application."

"If undivided attention, or intense and unwearied application, would have availed," said the stranger, "would you now have been seeking it? Attend. Suppose a fraternity had existed for many centuries, living in a place rendered *invisible* to all the world but themselves, by an extraordinary secret, who are acquainted with every science, some of which they have improved to the highest degree of perfection, who possess a multitude of valuable and almost incredible secrets. Possessed of the art of prolonging life very much, indeed, beyond its usual limits, and having so great a knowledge of medicine, that no malady can withstand them, they laugh at the diseases which you consider mortal. They possess a key to the Jewish Cabala, they have copies of the Sibylline books. But, alas! how many discoveries which they have made, and have divulged with the intention of benefiting mankind generally, have proved in the event a heavy curse to part!"

Lubeck began to feel a strong conviction that he was listening to either the dreams of some wild enthusiast, or the reveries of a madman, but

though the ideas of the stranger were so wild, neither his look, tone, nor manner, seemed to warrant such a conclusion; he therefore, was greatly embarrassed how to proceed. At length he observed—"For what purpose, may I ask, do you endeavour to amuse me, with relating what to me seems simply impossible?"

"Impossible!" repeated the stranger. "Impossible! thus it ever is with mankind. Whatever escapes their investigation—whatever they cannot readily comprehend or explain, they pronounce to have no existence, or to be utterly inexplicable. Consider how many things, which to you appear possible, to one of less information would appear what you pronounce this to be; and thus was Galileo imprisoned, and forced to deny truths which were not comprehended. You admitted to me, a short time past, that all *your* knowledge amounted to nothing. Still, the moment I tell you of what you cannot *comprehend*, you at once pronounce it to be impossible. Listen!" continued the stranger, and immediately the same remarkable voice which Lubeck had before heard, exclaimed——

"Ay! what do you know?"

The tenor of the stranger's conversation had not recalled to Lubeck Schiessell the event of that memorable night, but now it rushed upon him in an instant, and before him he conceived was the supernatural being who had haunted his steps.

"This extraordinary society," of which I was telling you," continued the stranger, "received its name from Christian Rosencrucz, who was born in Germany, in the year 1359. He was educated in a monastery, and excelled in most ancient and modern languages. A powerful desire urged him to seek a more extensive range of information than could be obtained within the precincts of a cloister, and he determined to travel. The religious feelings, common about the close of the fourteenth century, led him to visit the Holy Land. Having seen the Holy Sepulchre, he proceeded to Damascus, where he was in great danger of losing his life. This circumstance, however, was the cause of all his fame and greatness; for he learned from the eastern physicians, or (as they are sometimes called) philosophers, who undertook and completed his cure, the existence of many extraordinary secrets, by which his curiosity was so highly excited, that he spent much time travelling over most of the eastern world, till he became master of the most wonderful secrets, which had been preserved by tradition from the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Brahmans, Gymnosophists, and the Magi.

"Upon the return of Rosencrucz into his own country, he collected together several men of similar pursuits with himself, and to them he com-

unveiled those secrets, the fruits of his labors and discoveries. This was the origin of the *Rosicrucians*, or, *Brothers of the Rosy Cross*: they were likewise called *Immortales*, because of their *long life*; *Illuminati*, on account of their knowing all things; *Invisible Brothers*, because they appeared not. Its existence was concealed till about the year 1600, when, by some unaccountable means, it became known. Some time after, two books were published, which, it was pretended, were the productions of members of this society; the one was entitled '*Fama fraternitatis laudabilis ordinis Rosaruericis*—the Report of the laudable order of the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross; the other *Confessio Fraternitatis*,—the Confession of the Fraternity. These books gave a pretended account of the society and its views. That these books were the production of those they pretended to be, was openly denied in 1620, by Michael Bete, who publicly declared that he knew the whole to have been fabricated by some ingenious persons. A great number of persons falsely pretended to belong to this society, especially Robert Hudd, an English physician; Michael Mayer; and above all, in the year 1600, Joseph Behman, (often called the Teutonic Philosopher), but he was a mere enthusiast.

"It was believed that Rosenerux died in the year 1448. But, in truth, so famous a man could not disappear from the world (as he was bound to do by the rules of the society) without the greatest curiosity existing to ascertain the particulars. It was therefore pretended that he died, although he lived in the society for above two hundred years after that feigned event."

"Two hundred years!" said Lubeck, in astonishment.

"The way of prolonging life is, as I told you, one of our great secrets, which can only be communicated to the initiated; but thus far I may tell you—its duration depends upon the *influence of the stars*."

"Do all men's lives depend on them? I have often heard that the *planets* have influenced the *actions* of men—which to me seems strange; but how can they affect the *existence* of you, and you only?"

"I wonder not at your question; but I may tell no more, for an *attempt* to divulge certain secrets would cost my life." The stranger continued;—"The renowned Paracelsus was also one of our fraternity, and it is to him we are indebted for the *elixir of life*. He was reported to have died also, in the year 1541, but he survived above a century. The members of our society or fraternity bind themselves by a solemn oath to keep our secrets inviolable; the

nature of this oath is so extraordinary, that even a mere attempt to violate it is prevented by death. Suppose this fraternity to consist of a stated number of persons, one of whom occasionally retired, if you had an offer to become one of them, would you accede to it?"

"But if I recollect aright," said Lubeck, "you said something extraordinary would be required?"

"We have conditions," said the stranger, "but by you they are easy to be fulfilled. You must be free from crime, you must separate yourself from the world, and all that is in it,—parents,—relations,—friends—and take a vow of celibacy!"

The look of eager hope and delight, with which Lubeck had, till now, listened to the latter words of the stranger, changed at once to disappointment and sorrow. His expectations, which had been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, were now dashed to the ground at once.

"It cannot be—it cannot be!" he hastily exclaimed; "never, never can I consent to abandon Hele. I am engaged to be married,—nay the day is fixed."

"Can you be so infatuated as to reject my offer?"

The lover, in his imagination, has no comparison to her he loves; her form exists, perfect, supreme, and all-absorbing, in his mind. No tasteful imagery, no descriptive words, could give the feelings as they there exist; to him the plainest language speaks the best, for his own mind then adds the most to that which gives the least. Lubeck briefly replied,

"You never saw her!"

"Consider, I pray you," resumed the stranger, "that in fifty or sixty years, your earthly career will have run, and in how much less time will *beauty* have passed away; that beauty, at whose altar you are about to sacrifice continued youth, health, and surpassing knowledge."

"But," added Lubeck, "even when her beauty shall have faded, her mind will still remain."

"Still," said the stranger, "still! what mean you?—Some fifty or sixty years! And can you balance these few years with *centuries* of that enjoyment which you so late desired? Believe me, if your marriage be happy, joy will make you grieve for the brevity of life; but if, as it too often happens, you find the temple of Hymen borders too closely upon the burying-place of Love, then sorrow will cause you to be weary of its length."

The stranger here paused a few moments, and then continued:—"It is said, mankind petitioned Jupiter that Hymen and Love should be worshipped together in the same temple; for in consequence of their dwelling apart, many an offering had been given to Love, which should have been



dedicated to Hymen; and that Hymen had received many a vow which ought first to have been offered to Love. To this reasonable request, the god promised compliance, and Hymen and Love descended to earth to erect a temple for that purpose. For some time the two gods were undecided as to where the structure should be placed, till at length they fixed upon a spot in the domains of Youth, and there they began erecting it. But alas! it was not yet completed when Age came and usurped the place, and turned their temple to a ruin, and used them so harshly that they fled. From thence they roamed about, Hymen disliking one place, and Love another; here, parents consented, and children refused; there, children solicited and parents forbade; and the world was continually throwing obstacles in their way. Poor Love, who was a wavering and tender child, felt the effects of this, and was already thinking of returning, when they fortunately hit upon a spot which they thought would suit them. It was situated about midway up a hill; the prospect was neither extensive nor confined; one half was in the domain of Wealth, while the other stood on the precincts of Poverty, before them was Content; Pleasure resided in a splendid palace on one side, and Industry in a cot on the other; Ambition was above them, and vice below. Here then, they erected their temple. But Love, who had been wearied with the length of the road, and fatigued with the hardships of the journey, in less than a month afterwards fell sick and died. He was buried within the temple; and Hymen, who has ever since lamented him, dug with his own hands his grave, and, on the monument erected to the memory of the little god, whose effigy was carved in marble, he laid his own torch. And there before the torch of Hymen, and on the tomb of 'lost Love,' many a vow was offered up, and plighted hearts have wept to find the temple of Hymen the burying-place of Love. Alas! your happiness is like polished steel, rusted by a breath; nor can you hope to quaff the full cup of pleasure, and find no dreags."

"Life may be like an ocean of troubled water," said Lubeck; "but there is a pearl for which we venture on its bosom. In vain, in vain, you endeavour to change my determination. No—love is all of life worth living for. If I were to enter your fraternity, should I quaff the waters of Lethe?—No!—remember then, our memory is like a picture gallery of past days; and would there not be one picture which would haunt me forever? and should I not curse the hour in which I bartered happiness for knowledge!—Do you not think—?"

"It is in vain," said the stranger, interrupting

him, "it is in vain to argue with you now: a heart boiling as yours does, with such violent emotions, must send intoxicating fumes to the head. I give you a month to consider—I will then see you again; time may change your present resolution. I should regret that an unstable, evanescent passion, like love, should part us; however, should your mind change in the mean time remember where we first met. Till then, adieu."

"That time," said Lubeck, will never come; but, before we part, pardon an injustice which I did you in my own thoughts. The extraordinary nature of your conversation led me at first to conceive that I was listening to the reveries of a madman. Farewell! You cannot give me happiness like that of which you would deprive me."

The stranger smiled, and bowing, left the apartment.

The time was rapidly approaching which had been fixed for Lubeck Schieffel's marriage with Hela, when, on the morning following his conversation with the stranger, he received intelligence that she was attacked by a violent illness. The most celebrated physicians of the place were summoned to attend her, but the symptoms, which from the first had been serious, now resisted their utmost efforts, and soon became alarming. Day after day passed on, and the disorder still increased, and it appeared that a few days at furthest, and she would no longer exist, for whom Lubeck had so lately given up length of life and surpassing knowledge.

The crisis arrived, and the dicta of the physicians destroyed that hope to which the lover till then had clung.

Lubeck, nearly distracted, was gazing intently on the fair and faded form which lay before him, and marked the hectic red slowly give place to that pale wan hue, the sure foreteller of the approach of death. On one side of the bed of his dying child, sat the aged father of Hela;—he was silent—for he was hopeless; on the other side stood the physician, who to the frequently uplifted, and enquiring eye of the old man, shook his head, expressive of no hope. "Will nothing save her?" whispered Lubeck, his tremulous voice broken by sobs: "Nothing save a miracle!" "Nay, then it must be—" said Lubeck, and rushed out of the room.

A week only had elapsed, and Hela was restored in a most unaccountable manner to health and beauty, by an unknown medicine, procured by Lubeck from an unknown source, which no enquiry could induce him to divulge. Week passed after week, and nothing had been said by Lubeck of the approaching marriage; he was impressed by a deep melancholy,

which every attention of Hela seemed but to increase.

They were taking one of their accustomed rambles; it was one of those beautiful evenings, which are frequent towards the latter end of autumn; the sun was just sinking behind the dark blue mountains, and the sky seemed one continued sheet of burnished gold. The bright leaves of the trees, the surrounding rocks, and the distant hills, were gilded by the same heavenly alchemy. This gradually changed to a deep red, glowing like the ruby, mingling beautifully with the brown and yellow tints which autumn had spread over the scene; not a sound was heard, save at measured intervals, the long drawn melancholy note of some distant unseen bird, and, but for this, they two might have seemed the sole inhabitants of a silent world; 'midst nature's beauties the most beautiful, the bright setting sun seemed to have lent its lustre to their eyes, its colour to their cheeks, and to delay its setting, as if unwilling to quit a scene so lovely. Slowly he set, and as slowly, and almost imperceptibly, the glowing red changed to the soft pale twilight, and the moon, then in her full, gradually ascended, mistress of the scene: and then the stars peeped forth, one by one, as if fearful of the light; at length another and another came, till the whole face of heaven was filled with brightness.

It was Hela's voice, that, almost in a whisper, broke on the silence around. "It will be fine to-morrow—it always is after such a sunset as this."

"I think it will—and I hope it may," said Lubeck, "if you would have it so! but why to-morrow?"

"Oh! to-morrow was to have been our wedding day."

There are remembrances we would fain suppress; thoughts which recalled, lie heavy on the heart; idens, which we have struggled to keep down, on which to dwell were far too great a pain, and these the mind when wearied has forgotten. And yet—one word, one little word, shall recall every thought, bring in an instant each remembrance forth, and waken memory though it slept for years.

"Hela!" exclaimed Lubeck, dreadfully agitated,—“that day can never be!”

"What! Lubeck!" she replied, doubting that she heard correctly.

"Hela," continued he, "when you lay upon your bed of sickness; when mortal aid seemed unavailing—your life despaired of, remember it was then I brought the medicine which so unaccountably restored you;—driven to desperation by your impending fate,—I sought relief from

beings who had the power to give it—even then, —from them received that medicine; but it was purchased by my happiness,—I took a vow that parted us forever!"

"Dreadful!" said Hela, "What!--?"

"I cannot tell you more," he hurriedly exclaimed. "In your absence I have often resolved to tell you this, but never before could I mention it when we were together. I feared it would break your heart—I felt it was breaking mine. I could not bear to think of it—I would have persuaded myself it was a dream—I tried to conceal it from myself; I would have forgotten all—but that I saved you. Ah! I could not hide it from myself, and it were cruel to have hidden it longer from you. Hela! I could not bear to hear that day named, and not to tell you that day can never be!"

"What mystery! Lubeck—speak plainly—let me know all!"

"Listen," he continued, "since I must tell you. You have heard of the Rosicrucians, and believed, perhaps, that they had existed only in the imagination of the superstitious and foolish; too truly I can prove the truth of what you have heard. Vast, indeed, their knowledge; vast, indeed, their power; to them it may be given to penetrate the secrets of nature—to them a being coexistent with a world; but to me they possessed that which was more valued than their power, than knowledge, or than life itself—it was that that saved you! To obtain it, I was compelled to take that fearful oath which separated us forever—an oath of celibacy.—I am a Rosicrucian!"

Long—long was Hela silent; the dread with which this avowal had at first filled her mind, was slowly giving way to what was to her more terrible, a doubt of its truth; her tearful eye marked the long painful hesitation between rooted affection and disdain of his supposed perjury.

"Farewell!" she at length, exclaimed. "Had you loved me with half the devoted fervor that I loved, you sooner would have died than given me up; but let it be. Farewell! time will soon take my remembrance from your heart—if ever there existed love for me; go—seek some other favourite—and in your length of years quit her as easily as you part from me; boast to her of the foolish fondness of an innocent heart, and tell the simple tale of one who could not live to prove your story false!"

"False! Hela, false!" exclaimed Lubeck, driven to desperation by her reproach, "you never more shall doubt me! I had thought that when I gave up all my happiness, dooming myself to a long life of misery (for life without you is misery),—I had thought; that she, for whom this

sacrifice was made would, at least, have been grateful, and have known my motives: this was my only hope; but now, when I have told the oath that gave her to life, and me to misery, she thinks me false. The only consolation I expected was her thanks, and these I have not. No, Hela, no, you never more shall doubt me! I cannot spare you this, my last resource, to prove how true is the heart you have doubted—

"Hela, look on the beautiful heavens; how often have I gazed with deepest reverence on their varied lights, but never with that intensity of feeling that I do now; for I feel that I partake a being with them. There is a star this night shed its last ray—a world hath ceased to exist—a life must perish with it. See yon small cloud that comes slowly over the face of heaven; and mark,—it wings its way to that pale star!

"Now, Hela! now you never more shall doubt me!—on that star depends my—"

She turned—and lifeless at her feet lies what was once her lover; silent awhile she stood, as if she doubted what she saw was real; then her clasped hands convulsively pressed her head; and in her heart she felt ages of anguish in one moment's woe.

Hark! what is it that troubled echo so repeats—that wakes the fox, and startles all around?—the wolf bays fearfully; the startled owl screams harshly as she takes her hurried flight.

It was a shriek, a long and fearful shriek—and oh! the tale it tells is of despair—that every joy is fled—that hope is vanished, and a heart is broken!

Silent is echo now; the angry wolf is heard no more; the startled owl has rested from her flight and terror, and stillness once again commands the scene.

The moon has climbed her highest, and sinking, follows darkness to the west; a little while, and then—full in the east appears the pale small arch of light, that darkens, and then brighter comes again; and then the long faint rays of the approaching sun, and last himself in all his brightness comes, like a conqueror, and deposes night.

The birds are chirping gladly among the trees; and gently on the ear comes by degrees the distant hum of an awaking world. But there is a silence man can never break, there is a darkness suns can never light—there is a sleep that morn shall never awaken, and such is death—and Hela's.

## THE DYING HEIR.

BY R. E. M.

The setting sun streamed brightly in  
The casement of a splendid hall,  
And lit up the rich tapestry,  
That decked the castle wall;  
And costly vases glittered there,  
Mid gems of sparkling worth,  
And treasures from each distant part  
Of this rich and sunny earth.

And as the eye this gorgeous scene,  
Entraptured wondered o'er,  
From the lofty fretted gilded dome,  
To the pictured corridor,  
And rested on the paintings there,  
The gems of priceless worth,  
The heart felt 'twas indeed th' abode  
Of a favored child of earth.

Yet stay—look farther! on that couch  
With curtains breathing rare perfume,  
Whose rich and silken folds scarce stirred,  
The air of that gorgeous room,  
A child was lying, whose fair brow  
Had not yet numbered twice six years,  
And yet, his bright and sparkling eyes  
Were dimmed with bitter tears—

For sickness laid its blighting hand  
Upon that fair young form,  
And chilled that smile, whose witching power  
Could eye the worldliest charm.  
O'er his fever'd couch there hung,  
A form of speechless, pale despair,  
With livid lips and pallid brow,  
Yet, oh! how fair—how wondrous fair!

And who was she that thus disturbed,  
The languid sniffer with her sighs;  
Oh, need we ask! the mother beamed  
Full in those deep impassioned eyes.  
Well might her form be bent with grief,  
Disbelief'd be her raven hair—  
He was her only hope, her joy,  
That lordly castle's only heir.

With him expired the every hope  
That in her gentle heart had place,  
Even their proud name must pass away—  
He was the last of all their race,  
With frenzied wien she turned unto  
The pitying kind leeches near,  
And offered gems and wealth untold  
If he would save that life so dear.

But vain her offers, vain his art;  
Not all Golconda's wealth,  
Could to that pale and youthful cheek,  
Restore the hue of health.

For some few minutes that little form,  
Unmoved and passive lay;  
Then fixed on her, one look of love,  
The soul had passed away!  
In the humblest cot, the lowliest roof  
There was no such grief as did enshroud,  
The breaking hearts of the inmates lone,  
The owners of that castle proud.

## A CRUISE UP THE BLACK RIVER.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

IMAGINATION can picture nothing more beautiful than the Falls of Shawinnegamme and Grand Mère. Niagara has created such a sensation in the sight-seeing world, that many of the minor, though equally picturesque falls, are entirely overlooked by the traveller. When at Chaudière in the spring of the present year, I heard a party discussing the comparative merits of that magnificent torrent and the one at Shawinnegamme; and as the preference appeared to be given to the latter, I immediately entertained a desire, and formed a determination, if possible, to make a journey to Shawinnegamme and judge for myself; as I naturally considered that any cataract which could surpass Chaudière in the romantic wildness and beauty of its scenery, must be very well worthy of a visit. On enquiry, however, I found that Shawinnegamme was not quite so accessible as some less enthusiastic people might have wished, in consequence of its being situate some distance up the St. Maurice, a river which has the misfortune to be unnavigable to vessels much larger than the canoe. This to my mind clothed it with an additional charm, as I cannot help thinking that the individual (always excepting he be a cripple or an invalid) who is not willing to purchase a pleasure of so exalted a nature by a temporary deprivation of the comforts and cosinesses of civilized life, had much better remain in the snug chitane corner of his own fireside. But to return to my subject. Spring, the most fitting season for viewing cascades and waterfalls, had passed away, summer had come and gone, and autumn was following in their steps, before I could carry my design into execution. Three Rivers I found to be the starting post, and accordingly to Three Rivers I repaired. As the steamer arrived there late at night, and no progress in my projected trip could be made till morning, I had nothing left but to retire to bed, previously ascertaining the possibility of getting a couple of "voyageurs" to start with me as soon as it was daylight.

At the appointed hour my two friends arrived, and as the canoe (which was about seven feet long, and a foot and a half wide, and by no means a desirable conveyance for a corpulent gentleman) was in readiness by the river side,

away we trudged, in the best possible spirits. I went the bag of provisions, and then the kettles, and then the paddles, and then the axe (a very useful implement by the by) and then myself, and then my two guides, one taking up a position in the head of the little bark, and the other in the stern, if such it can be called where both ends are precisely alike. The morning looked cloudy and unpropitious enough, but on discovering that we were not going to be disheartened, or rendered otherwise uncomfortable by any black looks it could put on, it brightened up at once, and the first ten or fifteen miles of our journey were soon accomplished. And then to our chagrin it began to rain in earnest, so by a sort of mutual understanding we drew our canoe up the beach, turned it bottom upwards, stowed away the kettles, axe, paddles, &c., underneath it, and made our way to a house on the banks, the only one we were to see or to be entertained in on our voyage up the Black River.

It was a barn house, and the family occupying it was of course a Canadian one, and if I relate a grave occurrence or two which took place during our short sojourn with them, it must be distinctly remembered and understood that I have not the most distant intention of casting any reflection upon the modesty of its fair occupants, but on the contrary a laudable desire of furnishing a testimonial (if such were needed) to their admirable self-possession and philosophic coolness under trying circumstances.

Having partaken of the contents of the bog, we began to speculate upon the best mode of disposing of ourselves for the night. As there was but one bedroom, and that one was appropriated to the use of my fair hostess and her blooming daughters, I had resolved to make a pillow of my coat, and a bed of the floor, but this was not to be. The lady intimated her intention of putting me into her own apartment, to which arrangement, after some hesitation, I assented, and in a few minutes I was in bed, that is as much of me as the bed could conveniently accommodate, for that article of furniture being of nearly four feet in length, seemed to consider its duty discharged by the mere reception of the body of

the individual in possession of it, so that all below his knees were left to provide for themselves. I had not lain there above five minutes when the heat emitted from the stove reduced me almost to the verge of suffocation. As the cold weather was only just about setting in, and it was my first year in Canada, it was also the first time I had had an opportunity of experiencing this diabolical process of slow cookery, and the perspiration rolled from me in streams. To sleep was impossible, so I gave up all thoughts of it, and did what I could to persuade myself that my situation was anything but disagreeable, and rather preferable than otherwise, on the score of novelty.

In this amiable frame of mind, I heard symptoms of the family retiring for the night, then the door opened and my hostess presented herself with a candle, a measure which induced me to make another frantic but futile attempt to draw in that portion of my legs which depended gracefully over the foot of the bed. Very proper and considerate thought I, she is come to satisfy herself that all is comfortable, and will retire again presently, doubtless. Nothing of the kind. She put the candle down, and began to arrange the clothes of another bed, that stood on the opposite side of the room. Well, there was nothing in that either; it was for her husband, or one of my guides, or probably, that blue-night-capped gentleman her brother; so I coughed and did what I had not done previously, took a survey of the apartment. What was my horror on perceiving its walls one mass of cockroaches, which, headed by half a dozen veterans of superior size and accomplishments, were chasing each other from floor to ceiling, and window to door, in the highest possible state of mirth and good fellowship. I shuddered involuntarily, and sprang into a sitting posture, observing which, my Canadian friend laughed, and said, "Ne les regardez pas, monsieur," at the same time whipping off her head-dress, and depositing it pleasantly on the bed post. A new light now broke in upon me, and I lay down and gave vent to a hearty fit of silent mirth. They say travellers see strange sights, and certainly, had I entertained any doubt of the veracity of that adage, that night's experience would have fully established it.

In a few minutes, all preliminaries having been satisfactorily adjusted, the lady abruptly disappeared among the blankets, and was immediately joined by her affectionate spouse; that personage, however, previously kicking out the mildest of mastiffs, (who had, in the ardour of his attachment, mistaken his master's bed for his own,) and extinguishing the lamp. I had then occasional glimpses of two plump white figures flitting about, and as quietly vanishing in the

gloom, which induced the belief that they were anything but male apparitions, and promoted another fit of silent merriment.

All was now a dead silence, except the plash of the rain against the windows, the ripple of the waves on the shore, the thick breathings of the sleepers, and the occasional chirp of a cricket. Now whether anything had tickled the winds this night in particular, I do not know, but certes it is that they appeared to have sallied out from their respective but unknown dwelling places, bent upon a little pleasant excitement and recreation, for they came rushing down from the hills in a body, roaring and whistling their loudest, wrenching up trees by the roots, lashing the river into a foam, and indulging in a variety of other interesting freaks too numerous for recital. In fact it blew a perfect hurricane, and then lulled as suddenly; I thought it was over, but they were merely preparing for a new exploit. There was a treacherous silliness, then I felt the house lifted up into the air, and expected it every moment to take a flight similar to the enchanted palace in the Arabian tale; but a new idea must have struck them, as they put it down again, and raced off in an entirely different direction, making a clean sweep through the forest, and twisting and tearing up all that offered any opposition to their progress. So much for the wind, which was far preferable to what ensued. There was a sound as of an extensive herd of swine passing in procession close to my bed side. It was intolerable. My Canadian friend, and the unconscious partner of his joys and sorrows, were what is termed "heavy sleepers;" they were also heavy snorers. How to induce them to desist I didn't know, but "Necessity is the mother of invention." Finding that friendly exhortations were productive of no effect, I seized a long wild-duck gun which stood rather temptingly within my reach, drew out the ramrod (which as some ramrods are wont to do, terminated in a sharp spiral point,) and with this weapon made a smart lunge under the blankets. The effect was as instantaneous as it was startling. There was an immediate cessation of the offending sounds, and a shower of "sneres" vented upon the lady by her deluded husband, with a polite warning not to venture it again on peril of her life. But the snoring commenced again louder than ever, and another vigorous thrust was the result. It was the lady's turn to be "sneré" this time, which she did to some effect. A severe skirmish ensued, the gentleman fought and plunged, and the lady scratched and kicked; counterpanes, sheets, and pillows flying above and around them in all directions like foam upon a troubled sea. When it had ceased, and I stole a glance at them, I could

just see; by the sickly gleam of the waning moon, a confused heap of lacerated legs, torn blankets, and dishevelled hair, but to the present hour I am ignorant as to which side the victory leaved. I need not observe, that what with the cockroaches, and the bugs, and the rain, and the wind, and the stove, and my own reflections, and the eccentricities of my neighbours, I did not get much sleep that night, and was thankful when morning broke, and my two guides expressed themselves ready to start.

But where was our canoe? The winds before alluded to had carried it, from the spot where we had placed it the preceding night, about two hundred yards down the river. They had evidently been making pretty free, for our kettles had also been abstracted, our paddles whisked away, and our axe filched. By degrees, however, we had the good fortune to recover them all, with the exception of one kettle, which baffled our strictest research. By no means put out of humour by these trifling incidents, we launched away once more. The morning was mild and beautiful, and the river like glass; the scenery every mile becoming more varied and fine. We had now left all signs of civilization far behind, and I could not help feeling elated at the contemplation of soon wandering about in those lonely woods, where the axe had never rung, and the sod never been trodden by any but the moccasins of the Indian hunter.

At the falls or rapids of "La Gabelle," was our first "portage." The canoe was hauled up the beach, and every thing taken out of it, and made into a bundle; that bundle was fixed by the aid of a strap, (passing round his forehead,) to the younger guide's back. I followed with the axe and paddles, and the old hunter, (for though he was but a middle-aged man, he was an old hunter,) with the canoe, which he carried, inverted, over his head, with one of the thwarts resting on his shoulders, looking, as he wound through the forest, exactly like a huge alligator on two legs.

These portages are extremely pleasant things—for two reasons: Firstly, because the fatigue of sitting for several hours in a cramped posture, is exchanged for the excitement of a scramble through the forest; and secondly, because it is one of the most stirring sights imaginable, to watch your guide, with a heavy canoe on his head, leaping from tree to tree, and crag to crag, and gliding along the edge of a shelving rock, with all that buoyancy of motion and elasticity of step, that a lively young lady would exhibit in tripping through a quadrille, after supper is over, and the champagne has been in pretty brisk circulation. I repeat, that it is a most beautiful sight, and frequently, when I have watched him

as he sprang from one rock on to the extreme point of another, where a false step would have dislocated his neck, and shivered the canoe to atoms, I have felt an almost uncontrollable inclination to run up and slap him heartily on the back for his prowess. This portage passed, we had several rapids, and a powerful current to stem; the scenery still changing, the eternal forest frowning down upon us in all its serene and gloomy grandeur, and the distant roar of Le Gras saluting our ears at intervals.

On my way up the St. Maurice, I had not been able to appreciate the Le Gras Falls, as the portage is made on the left bank of the river, and they are partially hidden; but, on my return, I had a grand view of them. To describe their beauty is impossible. The spectator becomes completely bewildered. They are above him, and beneath him, and around him, and he no sooner turns to feast his gaze on the one side, than the waters, jealous of his applause, roar and bellow so vociferously at him from the other, that he turns involuntarily round, to convince himself they are not plotting some infernal scheme to take him by surprise and hurl him to instant destruction. What with the rocks piled so magnificently round, and the immense volume of scattered water, and the mist, and the foam, and the roar, and one thing and the other, it is a scene which cannot soon be forgotten, and one, to my mind, as well worthy of a visit as the great Shawiniganne itself.

As this was Portage No. 2, the contents of the canoe were again taken out, and the two-legged alligator was netted afresh, that greatly-gifted gentleman displaying some new feat of agility with every league we travelled. The roar of Le Gras had no sooner died away, than that of Shawiniganne began to be audible and I was all impatience to see it: but as we were anxious to reach Grand Mère by nightfall, and encamp there, we found it prudent to push on and defer paying our respects till we returned. I confess it was some time before I could reconcile myself to this step, as I could see the mist of the falls rising in the distance, and feel the ground trembling underneath my feet.

The scenery of the Black River now underwent an agreeable change; it appeared less like a river than a succession of enchanting little lakes, which open one into the other, in the most unexpected and charming way imaginable, and are dotted over with lovely islands. If these islands looked beautiful in autumn, when the leaves had lost their bloom, and the sky was overcast, what would they be in spring, with the sun gilding their green foliage, and the wild birds singing on every bough? It is remarkable, how much the beauty

of all scenery is dependent on the state of the weather. I have known two people visit a celebrated spot on the same day; the one had the misfortune to arrive there in a shower of rain, and pronounced it the bleakest and most wretched place in all creation; while the other, who saw it *after* the shower, and when the sun was setting, declared it to be a perfect Paradise.

It was evening when we reached Grand Mere. Thousands of little floating isles of milk-white foam announced its vicinity, and when a sudden turn in the river brought us in sight of it, what a thrill of rapture shot through my veins! This cataract pours its waters into a noble and spacious basin, which is of an amphitheatrical form, and surrounded with fine rocks and bold forest heights. There are two falls—one body of water rolls smoothly to the edge of the steep, and bounds over at once, while the other flies off magnificently to the left, makes the whole sweep of an island, and gathers itself for the leap exactly abreast of its more impetuous neighbour. I am at a loss to speak as to the best position from which Grand Mere may be viewed. Those who have particularly sure feet and steady nerves may land on the island before mentioned, scramble to the summit of the rock which overhangs the falls, and there gaze, wonder, and admire. The less adventurous will be content to view it from the front, but it cannot be seen to disadvantage, stand where and how you will.

It was not until the cataract was completely undiscernible in the gloom of night, that I felt at all inclined to descend from the dizzy crag on which I had perched myself; and that was about as formidable and break-neck a business as any I recollect ever to have been engaged in; however, after a variety of scratches and contusions, (owing to an extraordinary propensity I appeared to have for alighting everywhere on my head,) I did contrive to do so at last, and reached the encampment; where, thanks to the old hunter and his companion, all looked as comfortable as heart could wish. In the first place, there was a roaring fire, over which, suspended from a tough stake, whose thicker end was thrust firmly in the ground, hung the most cheerful of kettles, which was bubbling and singing away melodiously, and ever and anon lifting up one corner of its lid, as if to threaten with instant expulsion one or two refractory potatoes that had worked themselves into a high state of steamy excitement. Secondly, two more sturdy upright stakes had been driven into the sand, and another placed lengthwise on their tops, over which, a sheet of white canvass had been passed, so as to form a tent of the shape of the capital letter A. At the back of the tent the canoe had been placed on its side, to exclude

as much of the cold night air as possible, and, on what we may call the floor, had been strewed a number of flat fringy pine boughs, as a substitute for bed and blankets. And thirdly, in front of the tent, their faces glowing with health and heat, and their twenty throats pleasantly turned to the blazing fire, sat my friend the hunter and his comrade, awaiting my return to commence operations on the contents of the kettle. A jovial party we were. Bacon stuck on the end of a forked stick, and frizzled over the red hot embers, never ate with such a relish. Scalding hot potatoes, plucked out of the pot and skinned with the fingers, never had so fine a flavor. Bread, (which had been carefully sat upon by the younger guide for a couple of days,) never was so rich and sweet; and water, scooped up from Grand Mere, and covered with its sparkling foam, never smacked so much of champagne, from the day water was first invented, to the moment that it was raised to our thirsty lips that memorable and eventful night! When the meal was finished, and a variety of facetious jokes had been cracked, each stretched himself blissfully on the primitive couch described, and lay alternately watching the fire and the stars, till, lulled by the roar of the falls, and exhausted by the fatigues of the day, our eyes involuntarily closed and we all three fell fast asleep.

A cold autumnal night, with a snap of frost, is not exactly the one the generality of people would choose to sleep out in. In addition to this, it happened that I had torn the buck out of my coat in sliding down a crag the previous day, so that the reader will not much wonder if I felt a little chilly towards morning, and crept out of the tent to the dying embers of our forest fire. I was by no means displeas'd subsequently at having been roused from my slumber at such an hour, as one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed was then in store for me,—day-break at Grand Mere, of which it would be preposterous to attempt a description. It was one that I can never forget, and I sighed for some congenial hearts on the other side the Atlantic to enjoy it with me.

The moment the sun peeped over the distant hills, we were on the move once more. The tent was struck and the canoe carried over, the falls and launched again for Grand Pile, which, according to the information of my guide, is the last fall to be met with on the Black River, for some thirty or forty leagues.

From our present position we had a noble view of Grand Mere. I have once or twice alluded to a peculiar rock, rising between and immediately on the edge of the two cataracts; owing to the mist now curling fantastically round it, it

might, by a lively imagination, have been mistaken for the sole surviving tower of some sturdily old castle in an active state of siege. And then the wonderful contrast between the waters above Grand Mère, and those below it; here, all tranquillity, beauty, and peace, and there all thunder, and fury, and foam, and desperation.

As I was anxious to return to Shawinnegamme and encamp there that night, our canoe now shot rapidly along the river in the direction of Grand Pile which lay about three or four leagues further up. A similar succession of lakes had to be traversed, and a similar variety of lovely islands to be expatiated on all the way to the Little Pile Rapids. The forests here appear extremely venerable. I had no adequate conception of what forests were, until I wandered about in them alone.

Their stillness was perfectly appalling. Not a leaf stirred, not a dew drop fell, and when I got up a shout to try the effect of it, it quite startled myself, and induced a sort of belief that the old trees were disgusted at my familiarity. Many of these trees appear to have been the growth of centuries. Some huge old fellows were reduced to touchwood. Some, perhaps tired of their existence and bent on suicide, had kicked up their thousand heels into the air and divided head foremost into the river, where in the course of time they had expired comfortably of water on the brain. Some, probably a freak of the late hurricane, had been lifted completely off their legs and were lying full length on the shoulders of half a score of their comrades. I could not help thinking it looked very like a funeral procession. Others, stripped of every branch and twig, and tapering beautifully to a point, protruded far over the banks of the river, in the precise position in which a fishing-rod is usually placed; so closely indeed did they resemble that implement, that once or twice I was in momentary expectation of seeing some gentleman of correspondingly gigantic proportions, sitting calmly on the bank, with his eyes intently fastened on his float, and a bait-can resting on his knees.

Grand Pile is well worthy of the tourist's attention, though it will not bear a comparison with either Lac Gras, Grand Mère, or Shawinnegamme. The height of the fall is trifling; its merit does not consist in this so much as in its picturesque beauty, and the frantic haste and engerness with which it leaps and tumbles among the fine rocks scattered around. It has evidently an appointment several miles below, and is half an hour behind the time; it dashes down a slight descent, trips, tumbles, throws half a dozen desperate somersets, gathers itself up, and is off again like lightning. It is a fine sight, and makes one thirsty to look at it.

Art, or rather accident, has given an addi-

onal beauty to Grand Pile. A pine log has drifted down and stuck itself bolt upright between two masses of rock. The waters come rushing impetuously at it, and finding the log maintain its position with the most ridiculous and immovable composure, leap gallantly over it, forming a very pretty and graceful frill of white foam.

We had arrived at our destination, and now began to think of returning, wishing to reach Shawinnegamme by sunset. As the current was in our favour, we were whisked back again occasionally at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, now and then shooting some rapids, a pleasing and exhilarating sort of pastime.

Towards mid-day, we were again at Grand Mère. The portage here has to be made over a bold hill and down a steep descent, and to walk steadily, even empty handed, down this descent, after a smart shower of rain and a sharp frost have done their best to make it as slippery as possible, is by no means an easy matter; and I found it so. When I came to the brow of the hill I very prudently allowed the younger guide to lead the way. He went a first and second step pretty well, and a third, and even a fourth, and then he gave a great slide, and shot down like a bolt from a cross-bow, bundle, kettle and all, to the very bottom. It was then my turn. Hesitation was useless. I made two strides, intending to do something or other, I don't know what; my heels flew into the air, and when I looked round I found myself in a sitting posture, with my back to the trunk of a large pine. Feeling much revived by the novel experiment I gathered up my axe and paddles quietly, and stood waiting the arrival of the alligator, whom I confidently expected to see shoot the declivity with a celerity similar to that exhibited by the younger guide and myself, but I was quite mistaken. I have seen a man walk half a mile on a thin rope, and never stagger, but that was a trifle to what I was now to witness. The hunter strode boldly to the top of the hill, and then majestically down it without so much as a stumble. Once, in a particularly greasy part, I saw the corners of his mouth pucker up, and his left eye wink it is true, but that was all. Subsequently to this I was not astonished at anything he did. Had I lost sight of him for a few minutes, and then seen him balancing his person on the extreme tip of his nose, on the topmost twig of the tallest pine, I should have surveyed him with the most perfect calmness, and viewed the feat as one which he had done forty times before, and was in the habit of doing once or twice every day.

At sunset, as anticipated, we reached Shawinnegamme. There was a cloud of mist and spray rising in the distance, and a perpetual roar



as of a hundred pieces of artillery. Silently we glided down the river, almost to the edge of the treacherous falls, then shot off to the right for the portage, lunched again, and encamped at the foot of a small mountain, over which a rugged path had been made to the edge of a precipice, for the accommodation of those who wish to see this magnificent torrent. It is a rough, but delightful scramble. What with the steep bank one has to climb, and the pools of water one has to jump over, and the obstinate branches one has to creep under, and the prostrate trees one has to walk along; and what with the excitement, and loss of breath, and knocks, and bruises, it forms one of the most agreeable pieces of recreation that can be enjoyed, and were the great cataract one whit less difficult of access it would not be worth visiting at all.

The precipice, on which the spectator stands, exactly faces the torrent, and though the "hell of waters" is a hundred and fifty, or (as I have heard it said) two hundred feet below him, he can still enjoy the pleasure and privilege of being wet to the skin with the spray, which is eternally rising and falling in dense clouds. As at Grand Mère, the larger body of water comes dashing and thundering terrifically down at once, into the wildest and most romantic of glens, while the lesser makes the circuit of an island, and pours itself through a narrow channel of rock fifty or sixty yards in advance of the other, though they presently meet and mingle. I am totally at a loss to describe the beauty of Shawinnegamno, and but for a piece of praiseworthy coolness on the part of the guide who accompanied me, the reader would even have been spared the infliction of what is already written. There was a ledge of green turf, immediately overhanging the precipice, which appeared to be quite safe and firm, and I was about to step on it to get a better view of the rocks scattered about in such grand confusion below. While in the act of effecting this however, the fingers of my guide insinuated themselves into my cravat, and I was drawn quickly and powerfully back. The net needed no interpretation; under a slight pressure the ledge crumbled instantly away. I mention the circumstance only as a hint to the enterprising and adventurous; or as others might perhaps render it, the daring and fool-hardy.

For reasons that will at once be intelligible to those who delight in cataract scenery, I wished to view Shawinnegamno with the sun shining on it, but the moment I presented myself, I had to undergo the unspeakable mortification of seeing that luminary (as if it were a premeditated thing) retire precipitately behind such a mass of cloud, that there seemed no possibility of his being able

to extricate himself for several hours; but I was not to be put off in any such way, and sat down quite resolved to await his reappearance, even if it had been a couple of days in coming about. Nor was I to be disappointed this time. In about three quarters of an hour he thrust the clouds haughtily aside, in the same manner an emperor would the folds of his tent, and walked majestically out. The effect upon Shawinnegamno was magical. An exquisite rainbow instantly spanned it from side to side, and that tremendous mass of tumbling foam and spray glittered in the golden beams as if all the jewels of heaven had suddenly been poured into it.

Our encampment to-night was not quite so comfortable as the previous one. A shower of rain had fallen, and we had some difficulty in kindling a fire at all; and when we succeeded at last in getting the touch-wood to catch, we all three had to go down on our knees and blow away with the most alarming vigour, to coax it into a blaze; that once accomplished, each fell to work to gather fuel, and we soon had as hearty a one as the chilliest of mortals could have sighed for. Then the bacon, and the potatoes, and the champagne, came into requisition again, and fresh tales were told, and fresh jokes cracked, some of which might have dated pretty nearly as far back as the Flood, but were very well received nevertheless; and after that, we laid our great coats under our heads, turned our feet to the fire, and dozed.

It might have been the bacon, or it might have been the potatoes, and it might have been neither, but, like the Irishman, I was quite unable to sleep for dreaming to-night. The old hunter, like all true Canadians, was in the habit of smoking a fragment of a broken, black, greasy, clay pipe. This pipe had about an eighth of an inch of stem to it, in fact, just enough for his teeth to hold on by; all the rest was bowl; and when the contents of it were in an active state of combustion, I had always marvelled how it was that his nose, which jutted immediately over it, and looked like a piece of meat broiling, had not long since been reduced to ashes. The presentiment that a calamity of so painful a nature would some day inevitably take place, so possessed me this evening, that I fancied the ill-fated feature had at last caught, and was consuming with frightful rapidity. I accordingly jumped up, and made a careful examination of the article in question, but, finding all quite safe, lay down again. A second, and a third time I got up, and went through a similar piece of pantomime, and with the same success. At length, the idea gained such ground, that, as the readiest and most feasible method of allaying the supposed conflagra-

tion, and calming my own anxieties, I was compelled to keep the kettle with a good supply of water constantly at hand, and ever and anon to pour a portion of its contents gravely over the nasal organ of my sleeping friend, who, far from suffering any inconvenience from the mode of treatment to which his proboscis was subjected, snored away louder and more approvingly than ever, and remained, all the night through, in the most blissful state of unconsciousness of the pleasant piece of service that was being rendered him.

Towards morning, I was awakened by a series of sharp shooting pains in my back and shoulders, and on looking up, and finding the fire nearly out, I seized the axe, procured a fresh supply of fuel, and again had the satisfaction of seeing a blaze big enough to have roasted a buffalo. But preferring natural warmth to artificial, I continued my amusement with the axe, till I was interrupted by a great snorting and trampling of twigs, which caused me to suspend my operations and listen very attentively. My first persuasion was, that my friend the hunter was taken in a fit, but on glancing back, I saw him lying motionless just as I had left him, with his face turned up to the sky, and seven or eight of his toes protruding through his grey stockings, and glistening in the rays of the fire. A repetition of the same agreeable sounds somewhat louder than before followed, and as I had completed what I was about, I walked with what (could any one have witnessed it,) I have little doubt was a most ludicrous assumption of composure, back to the tent, in momentary expectation of meeting some elucidation of the mystery; but though the snorting and trampling continued for many minutes, and though I felt pretty well convinced that some interesting animal, rather heavier than a domestic cat, was taking a survey of the premises. I was unable to gain a glimpse of him, as the glare of the fire wrapped everything around in deeper gloom. At daybreak the next morning, the following grave incident took place. A Canadian who had joined our party fell in with a bear. The bear, which was a corpulent one, not being prepared to receive company, and being moreover taken somewhat by surprise, faced about and took to his heels. The man, acting upon a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, started off in pursuit. Now, whether the bear began to reflect that his conduct savoured of the cowardly, and that if the matter got abroad, he might lose caste among his friends, or not, I cannot say, but certain it is, that Mr. Bruin presently made a dead stop and wheeled about. This unexpected piece of politeness was too much for the terrified Canadian, who, in his turn wheeled about, and fled

as fast as his legs could carry him; the bear keeping up the chase with great spirit till both parties reached the banks of the river, when the superior agility of the Canadian put a termination to the sport.

We started from Shawiniganmie soon after dawn, as we had a long journey before us, and in case we delayed and a wind sprung up, we should have no alternative but to encamp another night in the forest. On our way down we passed an Indian, who, with his wife, was about to spend the winter in the bush. Of all the villainous countenances I ever beheld, this gentleman's was the most demoniacal. I could not look at him without thinking of Magua, the treacherous Dahcotah chief.

As the day wore on, the breeze, as the guide had anticipated, freshened up almost into a gale, and our progress was but slow; our little birchen bark breasting the billows gallantly, and now and then shipping a sea, which, though no doubt it would have been particularly pleasant to all persons who had a predilection for sitting up to the hips in water, did by no means contribute to our comfort. Towards noon the breeze lulled again, and we shot a rapid, while effecting which, I had the satisfaction of knowing, that if I coughed, or sneezed, or moved the hundredth fraction of an inch from the position in which the guide had placed me, the canoe would have been shivered to atoms, and ourselves mashed to mummies on a ledge of rocks that stuck pertly up above the stream, and had distinguished themselves on more occasions than one. This was the last incident worthy of notice in this interesting little voyage. An hour or two afterwards we reached Three Rivers, and by six o'clock the next morning I was in Montreal.

#### CURIOSITY A HOPEFUL SYMPTOM.

To be without curiosity is nothing less than to be a confirmed hopeless dunce. There is a story told of Dr. Johnson, that, as he was once on the Thames, engaged with a friend in discussing some point of fabulous history, he turned round, in a fit of good-humoured caprice, to the young boy who happened to be rowing them, and asked him whether he could tell them anything about the Argonauts. "No," said the boy, "but I should like to know about them, if I could get anybody to teach me." This so delighted our good sage that he added a sixpence to the boy's fare, with many words of encouragement, and kind looks into the bargain. The man of morals and of letters proved himself here to be something more and higher—a man of sound, practical, and gentlemanly wisdom.—*Self-Formation.*

# NOTES ON HISTORY.

NOTE THE SIXTH.

## LORD MACARTNEY'S EMBASSY TO CHINA.

THE following account of the occasion of Lord Macartney's Embassy to China in 1792, written shortly after the time, will be found very interesting to our readers, especially when contrasted with our present commercial relations with that country:

The principal object of the embassy to China, as will naturally be supposed, was to promote and regulate the commercial intercourse between that country and Great Britain, which certainly was carried on in a manner that required a change. The subjects of other nations had been fortunate enough to render such services to the Chinese as to procure them, in some measure, a familiar and confidential reception; but no such circumstances had occurred in favour of the English. The Portuguese, in return for benefits the Chinese believed they had received from them, had lands assigned them for building a town, near to a safe harbour at the southern extremity of the country, with several other advantages; and notwithstanding the decline of their power and reputation has gradually led to a diminution of their privileges, they are still received in China with a marked preference, in particular instances, before other Europeans. The Dutch, likewise, having supplied the Chinese with assistance for the reduction of a formidable rebel, named Co-singa, whose fleets infested the eastern coasts of China, towards the middle of the last century, were for a time much favoured by the established government, and invited even to Peking, where the first emperor of the Manchoo Tartar race was then sitting on the throne. His successor the great Cunn-hi, or as more accurately pronounced, Caung-shee, during a long and prosperous reign, received very favourably any foreigners skilled in such arts and sciences as were better understood in Europe than by his own subjects. He admitted into his service and confidence many of the missionaries, who not only gained proselytes to their religion, but, by their talents, knowledge, and the strictness of their morals, gave a favourable impression of the countries from which they came.

But the English had no opportunity of rendering themselves acceptable by public services, nor had they any other means of securing respect for

their character or encouragement for their trade. Mercantile speculations from England to distant countries had indeed been sometimes encouraged and assisted by the special countenance and recommendation of the sovereign on the throne.

"Queen Elizabeth," according to the History of Commerce, "in the last year of the sixteenth century, sent out John Mildenhall over land from Constantinople to the court of the Great Mogul, for obtaining certain privileges for the English, for whom she was then preparing a charter. He was long opposed by the arts and presents of the Spanish and Portuguese at that court, and it was some years before he could entirely get the better of them." It is recorded that the same wise princess wrote strong recommendatory letters to the Emperor of China, to be delivered by the chiefs of an expedition intended for that country in her time; but misfortunes at sea prevented the ships from ever arriving there.

No regular trade, however, appears to have been attempted with China, to which empire the Portuguese seem to have long arrogated the exclusive privilege of resorting, until the year 1634, when a truce and free trade to China, and all other places where the Portuguese were settled in India was agreed to between the viceroy of Goa, and several English merchants, to whom a licence for trading to the East Indies had been granted by King Charles the First, notwithstanding the exclusive charter of Queen Elizabeth to others.

These grantees, accordingly fitted out several ships, under the command of Captain Weddel; but when they arrived at Macao, the procurator came on board the principal ship of the English, and said, that, for matter of refreshment he would provide them; but there was a main obstacle to their trading, which was the non-consent of the Chinese, who, he pretended, held his (the Portuguese) people in miserable subjection. The English determined, however, to discover the river of Canton, and fitted out a large and pinnace, with above fifty men; and Thomas Robinson and John Mounteney, who appear to have acted the principal parts in this expedition, entered the river, which was not permitted even to the Portuguese. The Chinese, alarmed at their ap-

pearance, came down the river with twenty sail of tall *junks* (Chinese ships) all well furnished with ordnance, and treble manned. They dared not, however, oppose the pinnace in any hostile way; but desired the English to come to an anchor, which they accordingly did: after which Mounteny and Robinson went on board the chief mandarine; when the Chinese at first began somewhat roughly to expostulate with them, inquiring what had moved them to come thither, and discover the prohibited goods and concealed parts and passages of so great a prince's dominions; also asking who were their pilots? Robinson replied that they were come from Europe to treat for a free commerce, such as might conduce to the good of both subjects and princes; and, as for pilots, they had none, but were themselves able by their art to discover more difficult passages than they had found. The Chinese afterwards began to be more affable, and, in conclusion, appointed a small junk to carry up Captain Carter, Robinson, and Mounteny, or whom else they pleased, to the town of Canton, if the English would promise that the pinnace should proceed no further. This was agreed to; and the next day they were conveyed to within five leagues of Canton, whither, it seems, the rumour of their coming, and fear of them, was already arrived. Here they were requested, in a friendly manner, to proceed no further, but to repair on board their own ships; with promise of assistance in the procuring of licence for trade, if they would seek it at Macao, by the solicitation of some they should find there, and would instantly abandon the river. With this request, as they were satisfied with the discoveries they had made, they complied. In a little time the Portuguese fleet, of six small vessels, set sail for Japan; and the English applied for licence to trade, which was now, however, flatly denied them, with sneers at the same time at their credulity. On this it was resolved that the whole fleet should sail for the river of Canton. The Chinese now imagined they were prepared for them, having, in the night-time, put forty six iron-cast ordnance into a fort, which was before deserted, on the bank of the river, with which they fired upon one of the barges passing by to find out a convenient watering-place. Upon this the whole fleet immediately hoisted the bloody flag, and, weighing their anchors, stood up with the flood, and began furiously to batter the castle, which the Chinese soon abandoned. They then landed a hundred men, took possession of the fortress, dismounted the ordnance, hoisted the British flag upon the walls, fired the council-house, and demolished what they could. They also seized two or three small vessels, and, by the boat of one of them,

sent a letter to Canton, complaining of the breach of faith of the Chinese. They contrived, however, by throwing all the odium on the perfidy and intrigues of the Portuguese, so far to satisfy the Chinese, that a reconciliation was effected, and a licence granted them for a free trade.

The whole of this relation marks the moderation of the Chinese towards strangers, or perhaps the weak and unsteady administration of a declining government; but it shows, at the same time, under what adverse auspices, the English were first introduced in China—these rash adventurers appearing as if not belonging to any nation, or atowed by any power, and misrepresented by those on whom they had placed dependence. Nor had they been preceded by any English traveller, actuated by motives of piety or curiosity, who might announce at least the name of his country to some advantage. It continued to be so little known, even after the English had begun to traffic at Canton, that they were long distinguished only by the contemptuous appellation of *Hooong-mow-zhin*, which, as nearly as it can be translated, may answer to that of *curtly-juted-rdce*.

The ancient and deep-rooted prejudices of the Chinese against all strangers likewise induced them to make the most cautious regulations to restrain the conduct of all Europeans visiting their coast. One port only was left open for foreign ships; and when the season came for their departure, every European was compelled to embark with them, or leave, at least, the Chinese territories; thus abandoning his factory and unfinished concerns till the return of the ships in the following year. There was little scruple in laying those restrictions on foreign trade; the Government of China not being impressed with any idea of its importance to a country including so many climates, and supplying within itself all the necessaries, if not all the luxuries, of life.

Though the natives, immediately engaged with foreigners in mercantile transactions, have been very considerable gainers by such an intercourse, the body of the people is taught to attribute the admission of it entirely to motives of humanity and benevolence towards other nations standing in need of the produce of China, agreeably to precepts inculcated by the great moralists of the empire, and not to any occasion or desire of deriving reciprocal advantage from it.

For a considerable period, indeed, there was little demand for European goods in the Chinese markets; and the consequent necessity of paying for the surplus value of their commodities in money, an object so desirable for nations which may often have occasion to remit cash elsewhere,

was thought, in China, where such a want seldom can occur, to be productive of little other alteration than to increase the relative weight of the metal representing property; and which increase was in that respect considered rather as an inconvenience than as a benefit.

With such an opinion of foreign trade, those who presided over it being indifferent to its progress, and suffering it rather than seeking it, there was a very slender chance of favourable attention, or even common justice, towards the strangers who carried it on, especially the English at Canton, who had not the faculty of asserting their own cause upon the spot; and were entirely without support at the capital, where their hardships might be redressed. They were, in fact, subjected to many oppressions in their dealings, and insults upon their persons. They did not, however, conceive that such treatment was authorised by the Emperor of China, or even known to him; and therefore several of the East-India Company's agents, employed in the Chinese trade, suggested the propriety of an embassy to His Imperial Majesty to represent their situation, in the hope that he might issue orders for the removal of the grievances under which they laboured. Upon general reasoning, it appeared that every motive of policy or commerce, which led to the maintenance of ministers from Great Britain at European courts, and even in Turkey, applied, with equal strength, to a similar establishment, if practicable, at Peking. The trade between the subjects of the two countries amounted, annually, to some millions sterling; and, though the kingdom of Great Britain be distant several thousand miles from the capital of the Chinese empire, the dependent territories of each state approach each other within about two hundred miles on the side of Hindostan; and many of the petty princes who inhabit the intermediate country were frequently at variance with each other; but connected with, or supported by, one or other of their two powerful neighbours. In the common course of events, such a relative situation might be expected (as has indeed already been experienced) to produce discussions, which, without the intervention of persons in a public and confidential character, might lay the foundation of disagreeable disputes between the two courts.

An accident happened at Canton, not many years ago, which is said to have very much endangered the continuance of its foreign trade. On some occasion of compliment or rejoicing, the guns were fired from one of those vessels which navigate between the British settlements in India and Canton; but not in the employment or under the regulation or discipline of the English East-

India Company; through want, no doubt, of precaution on the part of those who directed the firing, two Chinese were killed, in a boat lying near the vessel, in the river of Canton. The crime of murder is certainly less frequent, and excites sensations of deeper horror, in China, where it is never pardoned, than it does in many parts of Europe. The viceroy of the province demanded that the gunner who committed the fact, or the officer who ordered the firing, should be delivered up to him; nor would he listen to any representations that what had happened was purely accidental. Prepossessed with an ill opinion of the English, whom he considered as prone to every kind of wickedness, he insisted the gunner should be delivered up to him; and, to secure his object, seized on the person of one of the principal supercargoes. This extraordinary step alarmed the other factories, and united them with the English as in a common cause. The European ships then lying in the Canton river were in considerable number and force; their commanders and the individuals of the factories seemed to collect together, and dispose themselves for resistances to the intentions of the viceroy, who immediately ordered vast numbers of his troops to line the banks of the river. Extremities could only be avoided by the delivery of the unhappy gunner, with some vain hope that he would not be made to suffer.

The trade to China is important, independently of every consideration of gain, since one of the chief articles of import from the country, and not to be had elsewhere, is become a necessary of life in most of the ranks of society in England. Tea was not known in Europe before the commencement of the last century. Some Dutch adventurers, inquiring for commodities which might fetch a price in China; and hearing of the general usage there of a beverage from a plant of the country, resolved to try whether the European herb *sage*, once so much extolled by the Salernian school of physic for its salubrious qualities, would not be salvable there. They carried *sage*, and brought tea in return. The European herb did not continue long in use in China; but the consumption of tea has been gradually increasing in Europe ever since. In the beginning of the present century the annual public sales of teas by the East-India Company did not much exceed fifty thousand pounds weight; they now approach to four millions of pounds, being an increase of four hundred fold, in less than one hundred years. No substitute that could be offered would prevent the sudden deprivation of an article in such universal consumption and request from being considered as a calamity.

It appeared, therefore, of great importance to

form, if possible, such a connection with the court of Peking as might, in its consequences, tend to place the British trade to China upon a less precarious footing than hitherto it had been; as well, also, as to prevent the difficulties, and allay the jealousies, which the intrigues and misrepresentations of the respective dependents or allies of China or Great Britain might be likely to occasion on the side of Hindostan. It was not to be expected, however, that such a connection could be brought about on a sudden. The court of Peking is guided by maxims peculiar to itself: it is little fond of a promiscuous intercourse with foreign states, and considers its subjects as placed in the vale of happiness, where it is wise to seclude them from a profane admixture with other men; nor can it be expected that an exception from this rule should be made, at once, in favour of a nation, of whose wealth, enterprise, and power, the emperor and mandarines were sufficiently persuaded; but of whose virtues they had little heard.

Besides the considerations of policy and commerce, a view to the improvement of knowledge was entertained by the promoters and patrons of this undertaking. Among the transactions which give lustre to the present reign, some of the most memorable are the voyages made under the immediate auspices of the sovereign, by which the boundaries of science were enlarged, and the globe was circumnavigated, without the motives of gain or conquest. The few who had hitherto found means to penetrate into China, had contributed rather to raise the attention of other persons than to satisfy their curiosity. Of the accounts given of it, some were contradictory, and some suspicious; but all concurred in asserting that in respect to its natural and artificial productions, the policy and uniformity of its government, the language, manners, and opinions of the people, their moral maxims, and civil institutions, and the general economy and tranquillity of the state, it is the grandest collective object that can be presented for human contemplation or research.

When the embassy was resolved on, it next became necessary to select a person of tried prudence, as well as of long experience in distant courts and countries, to conduct a business of such delicacy and difficulty. Lord Macartney was in the number of those whose reputation was established for talent, integrity, and an aptitude for business. While he was, formerly, His Majesty's envoy at Petersburg, he had concluded with that court a commercial treaty, to subsist for twenty years, on such advantageous conditions, that the sovereign of Russia, at length perceiving the balance to be too much in favour of Great Britain, refused for a considerable time to renew

it. His lordship had other occasions afterwards to exert both address and prudence for the public advantage in different quarters of the globe. He had, since, indeed, declined the government general of Bengal, of which the power and the profit exceed, no doubt, that of any other within the recommendation or the gift of ministry. But a visit to the court of Peking was on other accounts so uncommonly inviting,—it presented so much to an ardent inquisitive mind,—that, upon the first intimation, he readily engaged in the attempt, and was, accordingly, appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China.

On this occasion the First Lord of the Admiralty, thinking that one of His Majesty's ships could not be better employed in time of peace, determined that a sixty-four-gun ship, the *Lion*, should carry the ambassador out and home, leaving it to Lord Macartney to nominate the commander. His lordship selected Captain Sir Erasmus Gower, who, at an early age, had been twice round the world, and suffered, and contributed to overcome the vast variety of evils incident to such perilous and protracted voyages, by which his mind was inured to, and provided resources against, the accidents of untried routes.

To add to the dignity of the mission, a military guard was also allowed to attend the person of the ambassador. This guard was not numerous, but consisted of picked men from the infantry as well as from the artillery, with light field pieces, the rapid exercise of which, agreeably to the recent improvements, together with the various evolutions of the men, might convey some idea of the European art of war, and be an interesting spectacle to the Emperor of China. This guard was commanded by Major, now Colonel Benson, assisted by Lieutenant, now Captain Parish, and Lieutenant Colonel Crewe. Doctor Gillan was physician to the embassy, and Doctor Scott surgeon; Doctor Dinwiddie and Mr. Barrow—both conversant in astronomy, mechanics, and mathematics—had appropriate appointments. Mr. Acheson Maxwell, and Mr. Edward Winter, were made joint secretaries to the ambassador; and Mr. Henry Baring, lately appointed a writer in the service of the East-India Company, was allowed to accompany the embassy to Peking, as qualified to improve his residence there to the purpose of becoming afterwards more serviceable to his employers at Canton. Two botanic gardeners also were provided; one at the public charge, and one at the expense of an individual of the embassy.

One office more was still vacant, which was as necessary as it was difficult to fill up: that of Chinese interpreter and translator. No man ca-

pable of that employment then existed throughout the British dominions; and it was by no means advisable to depend on finding fit persons at Canton for serving in that capacity. Some of the natives there had just enough of an European language, either Portuguese or English, to interpret for foreign merchants in sale or purchase; but would be embarrassed to make out a conversation upon any other subject; nor is the dialect of the Chinese, usually spoken by them, intelligible at Peking; and experience had taught to doubt as much of their fidelity as their knowledge. It was necessary, therefore, to make inquiry on the continent for persons capable of discharging this office; and accordingly the secretary of the embassy set out in quest of such, in January 1782. His first route was to Paris, where two foundations still existed; *The Maison de Sainte Lazare* and the *Maison des Missions Etrangères*. The former was said to contain at that time none who had ever been in China. At the latter, was one who had but a faint remembrance of the language, and was not disposed to visit that distant country again upon any terms.

The Secretary, therefore, proceeded to Italy, crossing the Alps at a most inclement season. He found in the Chinese college at Naples, several young men from China, and by the assistance of Sir William Hamilton, His Majesty's minister at Naples, and Don Gaetano d'Ancoà, a respectable Neapolitan, in the confidence of the curators of the college, he procured two of these Chinese of amiable manners, and of a virtuous and candid disposition, as well as perfectly qualified to interpret between their native language and the Latin or Italian, which the ambassador understood. They accompanied the secretary of the embassy, on his return to England, in May, 1792, in order to embark for China.

They began early to be of use in suggesting, from what they knew and recollected of their own country, some of the fittest preparations for an expedition thither. They pointed out what they thought would be acceptable to the Emperor and his court. On this head something else was to be collected from what was known to be in the greatest demand, and to bring the highest profit at Canton. Extraordinary pieces of ingenious and complicated mechanism, set in frames of precious metal, studded with jewels, and producing, by the means of internal springs and wheels, movements apparently spontaneous, which had often borne excessive prices. They were, indeed, of no sort of use; but the imagination of the governing mandarines had been struck by them; and an intimation often followed to the native merchants to procure them, no matter at what price. This

mandate it was dangerous to disobey; and the machines were afterwards accepted, formally, as gifts; or a sum, small and disproportionate to the cost, was given in return for them, in order that the transaction might have the appearance of a common purchase. Toys of this kind, *sing-songs*, according to the corrupt jargon of Canton, to the enormous value of at least a million of pounds sterling, were in this manner introduced by private traders into China. Most of these expensive articles found their way finally into the palaces of the Emperor and his Ministers. Having been obtained by the mandarines of Canton for little other consideration than the promise of protection, they soon transmitted them, without reluctance, to Peking, in order thereby to secure the favour of their superiors.

It would have been vain to think of surpassing in the public presents of this kind, either as to workmanship or cost, what had already been conveyed to China through private channels; it seemed, likewise, not improbable that the momentary gratification produced by these gaudy trifles, had been, in a great measure, satiated by the accumulation of them. But it was thought that whatever tended to illustrate science, or promote the arts, would give more solid and permanent satisfaction to a prince whose time of life would naturally lead him to seek, in every object, the utility of which it was susceptible.

Astronomy being a science peculiarly estimated in China, and deemed worthy of the attention and occupation of the government, the latest and most improved instruments for assisting its operations, as well as the most perfect imitation that had yet been made of the celestial movements, could scarcely fail of being acceptable.

Specimens of the best British manufactures, and all the late inventions for adding to the convenience and comforts of social life, might answer the double purpose of gratifying those to whom they were presented, and of exciting a more general demand for a purchase of similar articles.

To carry out these presents, together with such persons as could not be conveniently accommodated on board the *Lion*, the East-India Company appointed one of the largest and most commodious ships in their service, under the command of an experienced and judicious officer, Captain Mackintosh. A smaller vessel was also provided as tender.

It became necessary, while these preparations were making, to embrace the earliest opportunity of formally announcing the intended embassy to the Chinese government; intelligence being frequently conveyed to China from foreign parts. Without this precaution, the undertaking might, through error or design, be made to assume a

warlike or suspicious appearance, the ambassador's reception be therefore rendered dubious, and the intentions of government completely frustrated. To prevent the effect of such impressions, which are always with difficulty eradicated, three Commissioners, who had been selected by the East-India Company to manage their affairs at Canton, were empowered to communicate, with due solemnity, the intended mission of Lord Macartney, and to deliver a letter, correspondent thereto, from Sir Francis Baring, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, in so public a manner to the viceroy of Canton, as to prevent, if he had been so inclined, the possibility of its being kept from the knowledge of the emperor.

The letter stated that "His most gracious sovereign, having heard that it had been expected his subjects settled at Canton should have sent a deputation to the Court of Peking, in order to congratulate the emperor on his entering into the eightieth year of his age, but that such deputation had not been immediately dispatched, expressed great displeasure thereat; and being desirous of cultivating the friendship of the Emperor of China, and of improving the connection, intercourse, and good correspondence between the Courts of London and Peking, and of increasing and extending the commerce between their respective subjects, had resolved to send his well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Lord Macartney, a nobleman of great virtue, wisdom and ability, as his ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China, to represent his person, and to express, in the strongest terms, the satisfaction he should feel if his mark of his attention and regard should serve as a foundation to establish a perpetual harmony and alliance between them; and that the ambassador, with his attendants, should soon set out upon their voyage; and having several presents for the Emperor from His Britannic Majesty, which from their size and nicety of mechanism, could not be conveyed through the interior of China, to so great a distance as from Canton to Peking, without the risk of damage, he should proceed, directly, in one of His Majesty's ships, properly accompanied, to the port of Tiensing; approaching, in the first instance, as near as possible to the residence of the Emperor of China." And Sir Francis ends the letter by "requesting the information thus given to be conveyed to the Court of Peking, trusting that the imperial orders would be issued for the proper reception of the King of Great Britain's ships, with his ambassador and suite, as soon as they should appear at Tiensing, or the neighbouring coasts."

The presents sent on this occasion, and mentioned in the above letter, were, indeed, so choice

and valuable, that they were illiberally suspected by some of the diplomatic corps to be intended for extraordinary and improper purposes. One of these attributed to the British administration, and the East-India Company, the design of engrossing the whole trade of China; and proposed to his court to undertake a counter embassy. So far, however, was the impracticable project of an attempt at such a monopoly removed from the minds of those who were thus suspected of it, that a communication of the intended embassy was expressly made to the States-General of the United Provinces, with offers of service, to be performed by the ambassador, in case that any circumstance in the commercial position of the Dutch factory at Canton should call for particular interposition.

The general scope of the present mission cannot indeed be better ascertained than by His Majesty's private instructions to the ambassador, signified to him through one of the Secretaries of State; in which, after observing that "the English traders in China remain unaided, and, as it were, unavowed, at a distance so remote as to admit of a misrepresentation of the national character and importance," and that, under these circumstances, "it became the dignity and character of His Majesty to extend his paternal regard to these his distant subjects, even if the commerce and prosperity of the nation were not concerned in their success; and to claim the Emperor of China's protection for them, with that weight which is due to the requisition of one great sovereign from another;" it is added, "that a free communication with a people, perhaps the most singular upon the globe, among whom civilization had existed, and the arts been cultivated, through a long series of ages, with fewer interruptions than elsewhere, was well worthy also of being sought by the British nation, which saw with pleasure, and with gratitude applauded, the several voyages undertaken already, by His Majesty's command, and at the public expense, in the pursuit of knowledge, and for the discovery and observation of distant countries and manners;" but that, "in seeking to improve a connection with China, no views were entertained except those of the general interests of humanity, the mutual benefit of both nations, and the protection of commerce under the Chinese Government."

In the same spirit, it is said, in His Majesty's letter to the Emperor of China, that "the natural disposition of a great and benevolent sovereign, such as His Imperial Majesty, whom providence had seated upon the throne for the good of mankind, was to watch over the peace and security of his dominions; and to take pains for disseminat



ing happiness, virtue and knowledge among his subjects; extending the same beneficence, with all the peaceful arts, as far as he was able, to the whole human race;" that "His Britannic Majesty, impressed with such sentiments from the very beginning of his reign, when he found his people engaged in war, had granted to his enemies, after obtaining victories over them in the four quarters of the world, the blessings of peace, upon the most equitable conditions;" that "since that period, not satisfied with promoting the prosperity of his own subjects, in every respect, and beyond the example of all former times, he had taken various opportunities of fitting out ships, and sending in them some of the most wise and learned of his own people, for the discovery of distant and unknown regions; not for the purpose of conquest, or of enlarging his dominions, which were already sufficiently extensive for all his wishes, nor even for favouring the commerce of his subjects; but for the sake of increasing the knowledge of the habitable globe, of finding out the various productions of the earth, and of communicating the arts and comforts of life to those parts where they had hitherto been little known; and that he had since sent vessels with animals and vegetables most useful to man, to islands and places where it appeared they had been wanting;" that "he had been still more anxious to inquire into the arts and manners of countries where civilization had been improved by the wise ordinances and virtuous examples of their sovereigns, through a long series of ages; and felt, above all, an ardent wish to become acquainted with those celebrated institutions of his (Chinese) majesty's populous and extensive empire, which had carried its prosperity to such a height as to be the admiration of all surrounding nations;" that "His Britannic Majesty being then at peace with all the world, no time could be so propitious for extending the bonds of friendship and benevolence, and for proposing to communicate and receive the benefits which must result from an unreserved and amicable intercourse between two such great and civilized nations as China and Great Britain."

The object of the embassy was indeed so little confined to mercantile concerns at Canton, that Lord Macartney had discretionary authority to that vision, besides China, every other country (in that division of Asia which may be termed the Chinese Archipelago) from whence utility or important information was to be derived; and he had accordingly ambassadorial powers, addressed to the Emperor of Japan, and the King of Cochin-China, as well as a general commission to all princes and states where he might have occasion to touch in the Chinese seas.

At length every thing being ready and the ships at Portsmouth, all those who were to accompany or attend the ambassador, to the amount of nearly one hundred persons, including some musicians and artificers, besides soldiers and servants, joined His Excellency there in September, 1792; and, on the twenty-sixth of the same month, the Lion and Hindostan set sail, accompanied by the Jaekall brig, intended to serve as a tender to the Lion. The wind being fair for clearing the channel, the ambassador, anxious to have the whole benefit of it, resisted his inclination, notwithstanding an invitation sent him to stop at Weymouth, where their Majesties then were, with most of the Royal family. The weather, however, soon changed; and the ships in the darkness of the night soon lost company of the tender, and were themselves forced to take shelter in Torbay; where, in the delay of a couple of days, which an adverse wind made necessary, the arrangements for the future voyage were made, to the general satisfaction.

#### STANZAS TO MY FLUTE.

Hail! sweet companion of my lonely hour,  
 'Tis thou I love thee, oh! mine ebon flute,  
 When all around me, even books are mute,  
 Thy friendly voice, with cheering notes, hath power  
 To soothe my sorrows, charm my solitude,  
 And drive away dull thoughts that would intrude.

Yes! I do love thee! soon wilt thou dismiles  
 A world of cares, and teach content of mind;  
 Thou art both friend and mistress, all combined  
 My fingers press thine own, and kiss for kiss  
 We interchange, with ever new delight;  
 My breath thy life, and thus our souls unite.

Our feelings to express, we need not words;  
 How dead mere words, without the aid of tone!  
 Melts not the heart into a gentle moan?  
 How eloquent are not the warbling birds?  
 And most like thee, the gentle nightingale,  
 Outvying all with her melodious wail.

Nor yet confined to mellowness thy range,  
 Nor to the monody and plaintive mood—  
 Thy voice can wrestle with the rushing flood,  
 Echo the tempest thro' its ev'ry channel;  
 Shrill mingle with the trumpet and the drum,  
 And swell the thunders of the bursting bomb.

But heroes, by thy of the sea or land,  
 Deserve the smiles and praises of the fair;  
 Behold how radiant is each happy pair,  
 Put forth thy merriest airs, and lead the band—  
 Announce the graceful waltz and light quadrille,  
 And mate each pulse with wild enjoyment thrill.

Adieu, mine ebon flute! I must retire—  
 The midnight bell proclaims the sacred day,  
 When all are taught to worship, and to pray—  
 Oh! may I dream I hear thee in the choir,  
 Where seraphim and angels singing fly,  
 Round the Eternal throne of the Most High.

## THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Thus every good his native hills impart,  
 Imprints the patriot's passion on his heart;  
 And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,  
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
 Dear is that shed to which the soul confoms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts you to the storms;  
 And as a child, when searing sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwinds roar,  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

THIS is one of the assertions which people believe to be true, because nobody has taken the trouble to contradict it; but in reality it is totally against nature, and therefore must be false. The *maladie de pays* of the Swiss peasant is quoted as an example of the love of country, which its poverty and bleakness rather enhance than diminish. Do you think that the hardy Switzer, who is toiling under the weight of great fur caps and ponderous muskets, in the sunny plains of Lombardy, hates those plains merely because they are sunny, and loves his own mountains merely because they are bleak? No such thing, but in the intervals left him between war and danger, he recalls the scenes of his youthful hours, of his youthful joys—the craggy hill is made dear to him by the recollection of his having wandered among its steeps with his young Annette,—by his pulling the solitary harebell which grew up fur on the rock, and fixing it with a trembling hand and beating heart among the soft curls of the bright-haired mountain maid. He thinks of those scenes, as connected with “the old familiar faces” that light up his memory like dreams; he sees the rude hut that sheltered his youth standing upon the rugged heath; but he sees also his grey-haired mother's smile, and hears his father's voice almost tremulous with age, and shaking with emotions, the bitterest a father's heart can feel, when parting forever from his only son. He hears the light songs of his sisters, and sees the arch sparkle of their eyes, as they banter him about the beautiful Annette—and the young man starts from his waking dreams to sad realities—and marvel ye, as his eye takes in the blossoms of the vine, or his ear drinks the wild carols of the vintage train, that he despises them as things foreign to his heart, and his affections; and that he longs with a passionate longing, for the rude rocks which friendship has clothed for him with beauty, and the desolate height which love has sprinkled for him with flowers? Reverse the matter, and see if the proposition holds. Take some fat Cockney, for instance, and keep him in any of the Highland moors for a year—see if he won't have a longing to return to his snug house, his pint of port, and

rubber of whist. Ask him, when he was sojourning among the roes, and moorcocks, if he didn't frequently wish to be comfortably seated on his sofa in the parlor, with his wife by his side, and his two or three children about his knee? and then ask him after looking at Johnny's squinting eye, and little Sophy's swelled cheek, whether he was anxious for his home, merely because it was warm, and bien, and comfortable, or whether it was not the presence of his wife and little ones that made him pant for it as the hart does for the water-brook? Even Betty, his Dorsetian cook, with her red arms and carrotty air, seemed to him in his dreamings on that Aberdeenshire desert, more beautiful than the loveliest mountain lassie that tripped barefoot among the heather, and vanished in a moment from his jaundiced eyes, as light as the butterfly that fluttered among the thyme which bloomed beneath her feet. Think ye not that the peasant of some rich land in England loves that plain in all its richness of vegetation and beauty of sky, as truly and as devotedly as the “habitant” of the Hebrides loves his native hut, with the cañtract roaring over the linn a few yards from the door, and the tempest howling down the unsheltered ravine, where at midnight he fancies he hears the yelling of disembodied ghosts, and the voices of the spirits of the storm? Every man loves his country—but it is not the earth, the insensate clod, that is the bond—it is the associations of his youth, his manhood, or even his ancestry which bind him with such intensity of strength; and never may those feelings be eradicated from human hearts! Still dear to men be the home, however bleak, where first their pure hearts rose to heaven, and taught their young lips to lip the name of God—still dear be the sunny vale or barren heath, or the shrubless mountain, where they wandered in their thoughtless youth—and dear be the solemn Isle or small desolate church-yard, where they have hid their wee bairn that died, with its sweet smiles and long, soft hair, and where they may shortly be laid themselves, to mingle their bones with their fathers and grandfathers, who lived and died in the same quiet valley, an hundred years before.

## COLESHILL CUSTOM.

THEY have an ancient custom at Coleshill, in the county of Warwick, that if the young men of the town can catch a hare, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, the parson is bound to give them a calf's head, and a hundred eggs for their breakfast, and a grant in money.—*Mount.*

# THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D GUEST.

A BALLAD.

LARGETTO CON ESPRESSIONE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with various note values, including quarter and eighth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The word *Pia* is written in the left margin of the upper staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a more active melodic line with many sixteenth notes, while the lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The word *Pia* is written in the left margin of the upper staff.

The third system of musical notation includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes: "They tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest Of ev'ry fair and brilliant." The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The word *pia* is written in the left margin of the lower staff.

through; No wit like thine to make the jest, No voice like thine to breathe the

song; And none can guess, so gay thou art, That thou and I are far a -

part.

## SECOND VERSE.

Alas, alas! how different flows  
 With thee and me the time away!  
 Not that I wish thee sad, heav'n knows—  
 Still, if thou can'st, be light and gay;  
 I only know that, without thee,  
 The Sun himself is dark for me.

## THIRD VERSE.

Do I then haste to hail and bow,  
 Among the proud and gay to shine?  
 Or deck my hair with gem and flower,  
 To flatter other eyes than thine?  
 Ah, no! with me love's smiles are past—  
 Thou had'st the first—thou had'st the last!

## THE SOLDIER'S TREE.

BY LANTER.

ON the banks of the St. Lawrence opposite the rapids, stands a solitary oak, beneath whose shade a soldier is buried. He met his fate during the last war, and his body having floated down the river, was rescued by the villagers, and by them interred.

Sleep peacefully, above thy lonely grave  
Thy country's oak extends her leafy arms,  
And at thy feet the rushing waters lave,  
And murmur an undying song. Nor 'harm,  
From foe, nor loss of friend, now needs't thou fear,  
Calmly reposing from thy warlike toil,  
And yet though thus at rest, a starting tear,  
Bedews, for thy sad fate, the grassy soil.

Far from thy friends and kindred thus to die,  
No loving lip to murmur a farewell,  
Or o'er the stilling river, breathe a sigh;  
Such was thy lot lone warrior, who can tell  
What beating hearts are longing thy return,  
What eyes were strained thy coming form to see?  
Perchance for thee a mother's heart did yearn,  
Or a young sister bent in prayer the knee.

Or yet another, fair to thy fond eyes,  
Whate'er she might have been to stranger's glance,  
And to thy heart bound by those mystic ties  
Which make all joy or woe within th' expanse.  
Of this sad world. Perhaps one such as this,  
Of sighs for thy return and counted days,  
And weary months, and hoped for future bliss,  
While longing on thy face again to gaze.

Did thoughts like these oppress thee in the strife!  
Or visions of thy home before thee rise,  
When the great conqueror of human life,  
Was severing with rapid hand the ties  
Which round the soul its earthly garments bind:  
Or a lone being wert thou, knowing naught  
Of all those links, which round the heart are twined,  
And of life reckless thus its ending sought?

Hushed are thy lips, a dark'ning mystery lies,  
Over thy name and lineage, yet may we  
Learn from thy grave a lesson, while the sighs  
Of the wind 'midst the leaves of yonder tree  
Seem like a requiem. Vain thine earthly aim,  
Fading and worthless in the laurel wreath,  
For every footstep on the path of fame.

With some brief changes leads to naught but death.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN WESTMORELAND.

BY CHARLES GREATHEX.

'Twas the simplest of spots where her ashes were laid,  
Where the pride of the valley was sleeping;  
A Hawthorn hung o'er it, and under its shade  
A young village maiden sat weeping;  
For the flowers her hand had strewn over the sod,  
The first-born of the sunny spring weather,  
Were fresh from the fields they so often had trod,  
When they wandered in childhood together.  
How pure were those tears that thus started and fell  
O'er the grave where that innocent slumbered!  
Though unseen by the cold world they crept from their  
cell,

By angels above they were numbered;  
And for each feeling drop that so pliously sprung,  
And each sigh from a heart that was broken,  
Some joy shall be hers, which no minstrel has sung,  
In a world where no farewells are spoken.

## THE YOUNG NOVICE.

BY R. E. M.

The lights yet burned on the holy shrine,  
The incense hung around,  
But the priests were gone and the silent church  
Re-echoed to no sound,  
But stay—oh! Is it a seraph bright,  
That kneels in lowly prayer?  
It cannot be but a child of earth,  
So young, so heavenly fair!

The blue eyes veiled by the lashes long  
That rest on the polished cheek,  
Are humbly bent, while the snowy hands,  
Are clasped in devotion meek.  
While in the chiselled lip and brow,  
Each feature of that face,  
'Twas easy seen, that she was one,  
Of a proud and noble race.

But what can mean that gloomy robe,  
The dark and flowing veil,  
The silver cross,—oh! need we ask!  
They soon reveal their tale;  
They tell that following in the path;  
That fair as she have trod,  
She hath renounced a false cold world,  
To give herself to God.

Her trusting love to one of earth's  
False sons she hath not given,  
Hers is a higher, holier lot,  
She is the bride of Heaven,  
And wisely hath she chosen too:  
Of Heaven she knew the worth:  
There is her proper home, for she  
Was all too bright for earth.

## SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD.

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade,  
Brief Time! and hour by hour, and day by day,  
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,  
And like a summer vapour steal away.

And have not they, who here forgotten lie  
(Say, hoary chronicler of ages past,)  
Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,  
Nor thought it fled—how certain and how fast?

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,  
Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath;  
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,  
And 'dust to dust' proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,  
Careless alike; the hour still seems to smile,  
As hope, and youth, and life, were in our power;  
So smiling, and so perishing the while.

I heard the village bells, with gladsome sound  
(When to these scenes a stranger I drew near),  
Proclaim the tidings of the village round,  
While memory wept upon the good man's bier.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells  
Ring merrily when my brief days are gone;  
While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,  
And strangers gaze upon my humble stone!

Enough, if we may wait in calm content  
The hour that bears us to the silent sod;  
Blameless improve the time that Heaven has lent,  
And leave the issue to thy will, O God.

## OUR TABLE.

### LIVONIAN TALES—THE DISPONENT—THE WOLVES —AND THE JEWESS.

It is not only gratifying but positively refreshing to the minds of those who are fond of light reading, to come down from the lordly castles and baronial halls, and take a walk with our lovely and amiable author—we are sure she is both,—into the lowly cottages around them, and to accompany her into such of them as have a bright window and a clean swept hearth. To descend from the easy circumstances, and independent fortunes of the generality of the heroes and heroines of romance, to the hard earnings and pinching economy of the honest and hardy peasant, toiling successfully for his daily bread, and when his day's work's done, to see him surrounded by his cheerful and happy family, returning thanks with pious and heartfelt gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the blessings he enjoys, or submitting with enduring patience and holy resignation to the hardships and oppressions too often incidental to his lot. What on earth, for instance, can interest the liveliest sympathies of our nature so deeply as the following scene in the cottage of Mart Addafer, the hero of the first of these tales, on the eventful morning of the day that was to decide his fate as to whether he should remain with the little wife he had lately married, and his old grandmother, both of whom were dependent upon his daily labour for their livelihood, or to be drafted as a recruit into the Russian army, and sent away to unknown regions, from whence most likely he never would return.

With us a recruit is often raised in the scale of society, but with the simple Lettish peasant, situated as he is in that far off Province, in the Great Russian Empire, the case is very different with him; no change in this changeable world can be conceived more total and sudden than that which he undergoes on being drafted into the army. It is not that he is simply fallen in his estate, or lowered in his condition; his very self is completely transformed. His home and country, his friends and connections, his habits and his religion—nay, even his very language, all—all alike, are gone and must be given up, and he is henceforth to know nothing, and to feel nothing he had ever known or felt before. A change, in short, as radical and as complete as if his very soul had migrated into another state of existence.

But to return to the cottage of Mart Addafer, and the interesting scene alluded to, which could hardly have been understood without these digressive preliminary remarks:

The next morning Anno was still asleep, when Mart rose and went to his grandmother. The old woman was prepared, and the hymn-book had been in her hand since day had dawned.

"Grandmother," said Mart after a short pause, "my time is come; I must go. I cannot speak much to you, for I feel more like a weak child than a strong man. But give me your blessing to think of when I put my hand into the jar."

"Oh! my son," said Liso, "my blessing you have—the blessing of an old mother upon the most dutiful of sons. I could give you nothing better, if I would; for God will set his own hand to this. Go, then, and be strong in His strength. Think not of your old mother, nor of your young wife, but think only of the Heavenly Father who is ever nigh. They may take you far from us, but they can't take you far from Him."

Mart covered his face with his hands, and the big tear-drops trickled through. Old Liso's voice failed also. "I hoped not to have done this, Mart; but He knoweth whereof we are made, and I have never shed a tear of sorrow for you before. Go, go; you have no strength to spare, and I have none to give now, but strength will come when need is there. Go and the blessing of a poor old woman be with you."

Mart stood for a moment, then with a peaceful expression he said, "Your words have done me good, grandmother. I can go better now," and he turned to depart, but something lingered yet at his heart; he came back. "Take care of my Anno, *my* grandmother;" and here his voice broke, and he turned away.

The great point in the moral of the story is the reward that awaits its hero, for his patient and persevering endurance and submissive resignation under circumstances of oppression and persecution from the brutes of his own species, of a character so grievously harassing and annoying as to bring out in bold relief his devout, and firm undoubting reliance in an overruling and superintending providence, the blessed fruit of a religious education—a glorious illustration of the wise *saw* of the wisest of men "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

We can hardly refrain from entering more largely into the important subject of religious education, upon which we entertain some peculiar, and as we think, original opinions, but as they would be rather out of place here, and as we intend in some future number of our Miscel-

lany to enlighten our readers on this interesting subject, we will now return to our Livonian, and advert to a fearful adventure he had with the wild and savage brutes of the forest, and this must be the last extract—our limited space will not admit of more—from this most entertaining and instructive of all the tales we have ever read:—

As we have said before, Mart kept most of his lost ways and overturns in drifts and such incidents from the two women; but one incident he could not conceal. The scarcity and hardness of the season affected the inhabitants of the forest as well as those of the villages, and the wolves came out from their fastnesses, with a boldness they do not often show. Many a single one and even couples together had skulked across Mart's path with an evil look, but quickened their retreat at that shrill shout, at the top of his voice, which he had practiced since a child.

One evening his way home led through a desolate, morassy wood, which stretched for ten wersts on one side of his little farm, and where the track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed and his senses heavy with weariness, nevertheless he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly; again it jerked forward—quicker still—and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front; all was as usual, a wild scanty forest, standing knee-deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow which showed the huge ant-hills of the country—the heavens bright—the earth white—not a living object but the horse before him. He looked behind—the scene was just the same—white snow, and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind. The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that—he knew that it was his horse they wanted *first*; and saw in a instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track the chances were much in its favour, for the moment the wolves turned off in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed; but should the horse, in its terror, plunge aside and flounder in the snow, Mart knew that it would be lost. He leaned forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand on its back as he was often wont to do, in times of fatigue or difficulty—the poor beast knew the kind voice and haul—raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an even pace.

Mart shouted violently—but the wolves were either too keen or too many—it made no impression. It was an awful time both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eye watched the ferocious brutes, who were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it and grasped it in his hand, but forebore to use it, for the closer the wolves kept

at the back of the sledge, the less were they seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinking eyes of the little animal had caught sight of the dreaded foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eye with anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow track.

One of the wolves was more than usually huge and long-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eyeballs. It turned off again—the snow laid firmer for a space—the wolf kept its footing—it gained—for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eye glared round at it. Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arm's reach, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. The horse was now in desperate gallop, and the wolf just abreast—it suddenly turned sharp towards it—now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow—the wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow, and in a moment was yards behind.

The distance from home was now quickly shortening beneath the horse's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became a source of fresh anxiety.

Mart was quite aware by this time that these were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp-set determined brutes, to whom man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the signs of man's dwelling as is usually the case, and there was an ugly werst of wide open space between the outskirts of the forest and his house, which he looked to with real apprehension.

They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became open—the wolves gained on each side—the horse bounded furiously forward, caught the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace, and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw had slit the throat and down the front of his sheepskin—it was well Anno's wrappers lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute and rose—his hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall—he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight, two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man, and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost, he could do no more, and in an instant was surrounded.

Here we must leave him, however cruel it may seem. Meanwhile the two women were as usual expecting him anxiously at home—for Mart was late. Anno was sitting beneath the pine-wood candle at the spinning-wheel. Liso had risen from her's and gone into the smaller chamber, especially devoted to her. Old Karria Pois was lying before the stove fast asleep. Of a sudden the dog pricked up his ears, listened, rose—ran to the door and whined—then, returning to Anno, wagged his tail, ran back and whining again, scratched at the door. Karria Pois usually gave signal of Mart's approach, though not in so urgent

a way, and Anno opened the door expecting to see her husband. The dog dashed furiously out, but no sign of Mart appeared. The young wife went out into the piercing air—saw and heard nothing, and was slowly turning in, when a sound caught her ear—it was the sound of hoofs striking full and sharp upon the frozen ground. So had Mart never approached before. But there was no time for wonder, for the next moment the horse galloped up to the door and stopped. Anno saw instantly that something unusual had happened—the animal was dripping with foam and trembling all over—the sledge was reversed, and above all, Mart was not there.

Anno was the girl still; she called quick to her grandmother—the old woman did not answer—she flew into the inner room. Liso was standing motionless with her face turned from the door. There was no light save from the little snowed up window; but Anno saw enough to know that she stood in prayer. "Oh! *Jummal!*" (God) said the poor girl to herself, "hear her!" and leaving her undisturbed, she ran again out of the house, gave one look at the trembling horse, and then all trembling herself, began to retrace the jagged track in which it had come.

We must now return to Mart, whom we left in a frightful position. He knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling matches, and it was such as, shoulder to shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was as nothing now against the heavy weight, the vicelike teeth—the rending grasp, that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The blood-hounds closed upon him—they pulled him down!

People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers—they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of fearless scenery. The sweets of this earth—the home that lay so near—the mystery of heaven, swept over poor Mart's mind; nay, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night—how his mangled remains would tell all in the morning—Anno's despair, the village lament: he thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of hungry wolves! Then those foul lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was over. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on the throat was suffocating him—his senses reeled—when on a sudden—dash came another animal hard-breathing along; threw itself into the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognised his brave dog. For a second he stood stunned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreating, and all three attacking the dauntless *Karrja Pois*. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow, within arm's length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the blows he dealt.

One wolf soon lay dead at his feet; the other cowed, and retreated, spilling his blood as he went, and held off, skulking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster, which held *Karrja Pois* in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs, and laid bare the gaunt backbone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor *Karrja Pois'* case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very parts he sought to wound, when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder started him, and his wife fell on his bosom.

"Mart!"

"Anno!"

Long did the young couple stand in speechless embrace; but the weaker supported the stronger, for Mart's manly nerve was gone, and he leant on Anno like a strengthless child.

"Mart, Mart! Oh! you are safe—dear Mart!" For all answer, Mart pressed her closer.

"But what is here?" for her hand, which laid on his shoulder was wet with a warm clammy substance, and there was light enough to see that dark stain which nothing else is like.

"Mart! you are hurt, you are bleeding!" and going back a step, she saw for the first time her husband's condition. The two dead wolves, the gasping dog—the bloody and farrowed snow! and the full and dreadful truth came upon her, and she burst into passionate sobs.

In truth Mart presented a frightful aspect; his sheepskin hung in strips, for each claw had cut it like a knife, his shoulder was bare, not only to the flesh, but to the bone; his long hair was dishevelled; every article of clothing was torn and awry. It was too evident that some dreadful struggle had taken place, and Anno now saw with what.

It was now Mart's turn to support; his strength was returned, and with it his unlagging sweetness.

"Anno! *Einoheine!* Anno! *pai!* don't cry so; I am safe and well, only a few scratches on my skin; you'll have to patch me up, as well as my clothes. Let's attend to poor *Karrja Pois*—nobody but you could have made me forget him—I fear he's more hurt than his master."

And the young couple leant over him and tenderly examined his wounds. Then with many tears Anno related how in the deepest sleep the faithful old dog had seemed to receive tidings of his master's danger; and Mart described how he had reached his side when his need was at the greatest—though he did not say how great that need had been—but Anno knew; and then both caressed him more and more.

There was life in the old dog yet, and more than they had ventured at first to expect; his throat was lacerated, his ear torn through, and many a bite and a rent had he on his body, but he licked the hands that felt his wounds, and, rising on his feet, shook a shower of blood from him. Then he deliberately smelt first at one wolf's carcase, and then at the other, to see that all was right,



and having done this, hobbled off towards home, as if he felt he was no further required.

"Come home, Mart; can you walk?" said Anno.

"Yes, yes, as well as ever; but I have not done with these grey men yet, (this being a common appellation for the wolves by the peasantry,) the night's work is worth two silver roubles to me; the rest of the brutes will be down their companions' throats before the morning;" and so saying he cut off his ears, by which token the Lettish peasant is entitled to a reward in money on showing it to a magistrate.

Mart was soon seated in his own warm house, waited on by his two tender companions, who examined his wounds and injuries with alternate horror and gratitude.

"You were praying for me grandmother, Anno tells me, when she left the house;—God heard you. Never say again that you and Karris Pois are of no use; you two have saved my life."

These words were more than the venerable parent could endure with composure; and she turned away to lift up her heart again.

"All have been of use tonight," said Anno in a low tone, "grandmother, Karris Pois, even the poor horse; only I have done nothing."

"You are my own *Einhokenne*," said Mart; lower still and leant his weary head against her.

"Now, Anno, *pai!* go and wash Karris Pois too." This was done, and soon master and dog were deep in slumber.

There are two other tales in the book, "The Wolves" and "The Jewess." From the former we extract a passage. It is one of many anecdotes illustrative of the ferocity of the savage animals which give the tale its name. The narrator is a lady, who, having seen the foot-prints of a wolf in her own garden, was naturally in terror for the safety of her own children:—

A woman, whose husband, being a *Junker*, or something less obnoxious than a *Disponent*, lived in a more comfortable way than the usual run of peasants, though still classing as a peasant, was washing one day before the door of her house, with her only child, a little girl of four years old, playing about close by. Her cottage stood in a lonely part of the estate, forming almost an island in the midst of low, buggy ground. She had her head down in the wash-tub, and, hot and weary, was bending all her efforts to complete her task, when a fearful cry made her turn, and there was the child, clutched by one shoulder, in the jaws of a great she-wolf; the other arm extended to her. The woman was so close that she grasped a bit of the child's little petticoat in her hand, and with the other hand, screaming frantically, beat the wolf with all her force to make it let go its hold. But those relentless jaws stirred not for the cries of a mother—that giant form cared not for the blows of a woman. The animal set off at full speed with the child, dragging the mother along, who clung with desperation to her grasp. Thus they continued for two or three dreadful minutes, the woman only just able to hold on. Soon the wolf turned into some low, uneven ground, and the woman fell over the jag-

ged trunk of a tree, tearing in her fall the piece of petticoat, which now only remained in her hand. The child hitherto had been aware of, its mother's presence, and, so long as she clung, had not uttered a scream; but now the little victim felt itself deserted, and its screams resounded through the wood. The poor woman rose in a moment, and followed over stoek and stone, tearing herself pitifully as she went, yet knowing it not; but the wolf increased in speed, the bushes grew thicker, the ground heavier, and soon the screams of the child became her only guide. Still she dashed on, frantic with distress, picked up a little shoe which the closing bushes had rubbed off, saw traces of the child's hair and clothes on the low, jagged boughs, which crossed the way; but, oh! the screams grew fainter, then louder, and then ceased altogether!

"The poor mother saw more on her way, but I can't tell what that was," said the lady, her voice choked with horror, and her fair face streaming with tears. Her hearers did not press to know, for they were chilled enough already.

"And only think," she continued, "of the wretchedness of the poor afflicted creature when her husband returned at night and asked for the child. She told me that she placed the piece of petticoat and the little shoe before him, but how she told him their great misery, God only knows! she has no recollection.

We have spun out this article to an unusual and undue length; and our only apology is that we did not know when to stop.

Every succeeding number of the "Home and Colonial Library" confirms and establishes the high opinion we have entertained and expressed in former numbers, of its claim to the patronage of the public,—the reading public of these Colonies.

One word as to the "Anonyme" of the amiable author, to coin a word for the nonce, and we have done. We thought in our wisdom, pluming ourselves upon our superior judgment and deep and acute penetration, that we had discovered in the fair writer, the spirit and genius of the greatest of our female authors, Mrs. Ellis; although we have subsequently found out the real name of author, and consequently our mistake, yet do we feel impelled to say, (and we could not pay her a higher compliment nor one that she deserves more richly,) that she has caught the full flowing mantle as it fell from that distinguished writer, on her last soaring ascent from the sad and stern realities of this changing scene of ours, high into a purer region, far, far, beyond it.

To the other tale in this pleasing collection, our limits, already far exceeded, will not permit us to advert.