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HONOR FLETCHER.

AN IRISH TALE.

It was a dreary night. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind, sweeping over the mountains, pierced to the bone. I had been for some hours exposed to the fury of the elements, seeking in vain for shelter, when, wearied and worn out, I found myself, after a rather lengthened parley with the landlord, safely lodged within the walls of a lonely tavern that stood in a gloomy place, known from time immemorial, as "the Black Wolf's Pass," in one of the western counties of Ireland.

Seated comfortably by the kitchen fire, with a tumbler of the illicit before me, I soon forgot the miseries I had endured, and cast my eyes around the rude apartment. Opposite me sat an old beldame, whose strange appearance immediately excited a strong curiosity in my mind. With scarcely enough of clothing to conceal the tanned and shrivelled skin that covered her fleshless bones, she yet maintained an imperturbable dignity—a strange air of contempt and indifference. I watched every motion. When she fixed her eye, you shrink under the palpable influence of its eagle glare—and the reckless placidity of her attitudes seemed to proceed from that abstracted importance which the events of other worlds are calculated to produce. Mine host, however, allowed me little time for reflection upon this singular figure, and drawing a chair to a great table, hoked and worn into fantastic inequalities of surface, he desired me to be seated.

Bryan, the landlord, was a jolly, apparently good-humoured and good-hearted fellow: but you felt that he was a man you could not trifle with. His face was a legible index to gauger-hunting, illicit distillation, and the persecution of tithing proctors. But these were not crimes of constitution, but of necessity and circumstances: you had no apprehension when he stood before you that

you beheld a murderer or a housebreaker; yet you would instinctively avoid provoking his resentment.

I sat down to supper. The cloth presented an appearance somewhat like an old map of China with the huge wall on its borders, and clumps of domes and peaked turrets filling up the centre. But I had a relish for my fare, and ate cheerfully and looked contented.

My meal was dispatched in silence, which I was not unwilling to attribute to respect and attention on the part of my entertainers: but my curiosity concerning the old woman induced me to turn towards where she sat, when I perceived Bryan making strange signs, with which she seemed conversant, and the beldame herself replying through the same medium, with caustic and dissatisfied looks. Their conference, too, seemed to relate to me, and my nerves were not exactly in a state to fit me for promptitude or decision. I hastily asked for a candle, and desired to be shown to my sleeping room, determined to leave them and my suspicions behind me.

Bryan immediately went to fetch a candle, and the hag, taking advantage of his absence, cautiously approached, and in a suppressed tone exclaimed, "I charge you by the cross, to quit the house—your life is on a thread—he means you no evil but he cannot avert it. I charge you by the holy cross, to be gone!"

The earnestness and impressiveness of her manner obtained my acquiescence in a moment.

"I do not understand you," I replied; "but I am willing to believe you mean me a service. Lead me to the road, and you shall be rewarded."

She was preparing to follow my instructions when the last word caught her ear. She turned suddenly, and scowled upon me with a look of ineffable contempt; but, not diverted from her

purpose, she held the light and walked towards the passage, leading to the outer door.

Our intention, however, was scarcely formed, when the sound of Bryan's feet coming down the stairs reminded me that there might be more hazard in ineffectually attempting to escape, than in abiding the dangers, whatever they might be, which awaited me within. So changing my resolution as quickly as it was adopted, I returned hastily to the kitchen and resumed my place.

Again we were seated, and again I was tormented by my own suspicions and the painful grimaces of the harridan, who sat in the chimney-corner in the same attitude in which I first beheld her. I seized a candle—it was in a fit of abstraction—and I rushed, without a guide, to my sleeping apartment, which stood at the head of a narrow and crazy flight of stairs, apart from the kitchen. I will not disguise the apprehension which led me to examine every crevice of the room: I felt the walls cautiously, expecting daggers and demons to burst from their concealment. The window—the floor—the furniture—every thing in the apartment underwent as rigid an examination as a bale of suspected goods under the hands of a revenue officer: yet I could discover nothing to justify suspicion or satisfy curiosity. A room so antiquated, and yet so mandlin, it had never been my fate to sleep in before. It was thinly wainscoted all round, a circumstance very unusual in such houses in Ireland, and divided into various recesses or niches, which seemed to have been originally appropriated to purposes that had long ceased to exist: the window was in a deep and massive framework of solid oak, rudely carved, upon which strange initials and sundry unaccountable devices had been scratched and cut by visitors: over the mantelpiece a solitary plate of glass, intended for a mirror, was fastened by two enormous nails, *sans* gilding, *sans* frame, *sans* every thing: and on the opposite side a few ragged engravings, after the peculiar school of the village artists, were hung in the admirable relief of the cream-coloured wainscot. Some of these engravings represented St. Patrick, the patron saint, performing miracles and dispensing gifts: others, the Last Supper, Crucifixion, Resurrection, &c.; but all, save one, were upon religious subjects, and that one was a caricature, then very popular, of a certain lady of quality, which was appropriately placed in the centre of the group on account of the freshness and gaiety of its colouring. The chairs were modern and shabby, with the exception of a dignified old arm chair that stood alone in a corner, as if its weightiness disdained to mingle with the attenuated forms that were falling to pieces around it. The bed was placed with its head in a recess, and was as

ill-devised a resting-place as a fatigued gentleman ever courted sleep upon.

Such was my room, and whatever my doubts of security might have been, I certainly anticipated very little comfort. However, I was resolved to go to bed, and sleep if I could, and depart early the next morning. I instantly fastened the door, which to my surprise, I found so amply provided with locks, bolts, and bars, that I laughed at the old woman's solemn charge, and flung myself on the bed in my clothes.

An hour passed away silently and sleeplessly: I was not conscious of any sounds but the moaning of the trees, and the sudden flap of a night-bird against the window. The occasional low ticking of a clock fell upon my ear, and lulled me into some dim notion of home and security; slowly the curtains became indistinct and vapoury, and the whole room gradually seemed darker and darker, as I sunk into an imperfect sleep, aware of all that I had seen and heard, yet yielding not so much of necessity as wilfully to fatigue. I might have been an hour, perhaps two, in this uninterrupted repose, when I fancied that a light flashed across my eyes, and I suddenly started up in bed. I had often read of phantoms and trap-doors, secret springs, lanterns, and white sheets, and I really expected nothing less than a realization of those horrors, when I saw one of the recesses move out of its place, as a sliding panel would in a romance, and the old woman, with a hood and handkerchief on her head, and a candle in her hand, glide as lightly as the most polite of spectres to my bedside. "Angels and ministers of grace!" thought I, and my heart beat tumultuously: "does the old lady make love?" a momentary reflection passed through my mind, and I inquired—"In God's name, my good woman, what's the matter?"

"Death, desolation, black guilt, is abroad to-night, and wo to you and yours if you do not instantly follow me!"

"You seem to take a singular interest in my affairs; but unless you promise to inform me of the real cause of all this mystery, I must decline your invitation."

"I make no promise: I must not be bound, for men's lives are in my hands, and if a woman's weakness stifles her justice, she will be pitied, not condemned. I will neither promise to tell nor to bribe—to lead nor to drive—to enter the court nor the chapel. If you would be safe, rise and follow me: if you would die, your fate be upon you."

"Give me some information," I replied, "as to your object, and what kind of knowledge you so very mysteriously conceal, and I will thankfully adopt your advice."

"When we are beyond the hearing of these walls," she exclaimed, "I will place my knowledge in your power."

I only waited a reasonable excuse to confide in her, and followed her at the instant down a slight flight of broken steps at the back of the room. When we reached the bottom, a gust of wind left my guide and myself in total darkness: we were on the high road. Never shall I forget my sensations at that moment. We had scarcely escaped from the house when the sound of a gun-shot rang through my brain; it was rapidly followed by another and another. By the direction and the sudden illumination of the window, they were evidently fired into the room in which I had slept; I involuntarily grasped the arm of the old woman, and uttered I believe, something of imperfect gratitude: but she signed me to be silent, and conducted me cautiously through the valley. As we reached the extremity of it, I turned to look back upon the Black Wolf. It was a huge mass of shadow, rising amidst mountains of snow; but I could perceive a confused flickering of lights through the narrow windows, and an intermittent noise like the sound of voices. The old hag fervently blessed herself, making the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and instinctively bending her knees as she offered that mark of acknowledgment.

At the end of an hour, during which we spoke but little, and that without confidence, we reached a village. It is unnecessary to detail the circumstances which induced the old woman to put me in possession of facts that afterwards became public; and it is only necessary to state here, that at her own request I took her to a magistrate of the county, to whom in private she revealed the series of occurrences related in the following sketch. She was the means of avenging atrocities that power had long concealed; and I became, through the accident of my visit to the Black Wolf, the agent of a just and retributive Providence. From her own lips I had the facts; her connexion with them, and the motives of her conduct will be found in the following

NARRATIVE.

SIXTY-SIX years ago—that is, twenty-two years before the rebellion of 1798—the family of Stanley possessed considerable property in the county of—. The common people, whose impressions are generally produced by strong excitement, entertained towards that family a feeling of dislike approaching to abhorrence. It was said that old Stanley had made his fortune by cruel and rapacious exactions. He had gone through all the gradations of popular odium; he had purchased the titles of the rector, and harassed the tenant-

ry; he had enforced obsolete fines, and driven out his people on quarter day. In fact, the country in the immediate vicinity of his district was furnished and depopulated, or peopled only by wretched and starving paupers, who derived no protection or employment from the furl of the soil. Amidst the curses and bonfires of hundreds, he expired. His race was extinct, save in a son who inherited with the lineaments, the vices of his father. Geruld Stanley was at that period twenty years of age. He seemed not to require the experience of guilt, or the auxiliaries of time and stratagem, for the perpetration of those heartless excesses that marked the time in which he lived. He rushed into the chaos of iniquity at once, and heeded the appeals of justice and religion with the most determined ferocity.

Among the many who had fallen victims to his unbridled depravity was Honor Fletcher. Her father was driven by beggary to the unlawful practises of a poacher. A season of unexampled distress deprived him of the only resource from which he could obtain the means of paying his rent, and he and his child, a girl of eighteen, were hunted off the estate. In his desperation, he violated the laws of his country, and took by force what he could not wring from the mercy of his landlord. He was seized in the act of poaching on Stanley's farm, and was dragged before the young judge, his late persecutor.

"Well sir!" exclaimed Stanley, "you have brought yourself under the law at last. You'll be hanged for your crime."

"Wurrah! wurrah! wurrah!" ejaculated Fletcher.

"The means of escape are within your reach, however; 'tis in my power to give up your blood, or to save you!"

"Och! then, do what you never done before, and send me back with God's blessing in my mouth for you!"

"Where is your daughter?" returned Stanley.

"Honor!—Honor!—Och! then where is she, sure enough? Could I see her starve under my own eyes?—starve!—ay, and die like a dog, without trying with my own life to save hers?—She'll soon be fatherless!"

"Not if you are wise. Undertake to send her to me in an hour: I shall hear her plead your cause; and believe me she can do it more effectually than you can."

"You will?"

"I promise you."

Fletcher could scarcely believe what he heard, and, bewildered at the prospect of escape, was too much overjoyed to suspect the agency by which it was to be accomplished.

Honor was at Stanley Grove within the hour.

Her hands were raised to the deliverer of her father: her gentle eyes streamed with tears, and a broken prayer hovered upon her lips: but her appearance had no other effect upon Gerald Stanley than to suggest a deeper plan for the furtherance of his design.

"My sweet girl!" he exclaimed, in a tone of affected compassion, "do not distress me with your thanks: your tears have saved your father, and preserved you; a comfortable situation is just now vacant in my farm; it is yours. Go—go my good child, I cannot bear a reply."

Honor returned to her father, who, accepting with gratitude this unexpected boon, almost flattered himself with hopes of future prosperity and happiness.

"You were not marked for sorrow, my child!" he cried, "the good people* will never burn the sod upon you, cushla, nor throw stones into the well at your head. And I swear never to break the laws again, since my poor Honor will not want either bread or blessing."

The sequel of Honor's story is common-place and of every day occurrence: but it is not on that account the less affecting. She became an inmate of Stanley Grove, and discovered, when too late, the designs of Gerald Stanley. She had no power to retreat, because she was already sacrificed: and she was afraid to reveal her shame: and her suffering to her father. Months of anguish and increasing apprehension passed away, yet she endured her bitter portion with more than female patience. A vague hope of redress one day or another always presented itself to her mind; and that clinging attachment which a woman feels to the object of her first affections would not yet permit her to denounce her seducer. But the misfortunes which she had for months labored to conceal from her father soon reached him by another medium. A domestic at the farm, who had reason to suspect the truth, informed Fletcher of the particulars, exaggerated perhaps, by a peccant sense of personal injustice.

It was a stormy and starless night when the evil tidings reached the old man. The way to Stanley Grove lay through a rugged passage of rock and heath; and poverty and depression had wrung the elasticity of nerve and limb. He was not well fitted to journey alone on such a night; but he rushed forth without a guide, almost without reason. His long white hair hung wildly over his shoulders; his lip shook in agony; and, whatever was his intent, he looked more like madness than revenge. It was late when he reached the mansion: and after some parley he obtained admittance. Gerald Stanley had little expectation

of such a visitor, and was already retiring to his apartment, when Fletcher entered the room.

"Villain! what is it you have done?"

"Villain!" reiterated Stanley, "what do you mean, fellow?"

"Ay, ay—villain to your heart's core!" groaned the old man, and every muscle of his frame quivered.—"Villain and coward too! Eat it—drink it—sleep on it! Where's my daughter—my child? What have you done with her?"

"If you do not quit my apartment this instant," replied Stanley, "I shall have you taken into custody: I'll not stand here to be menaced by you."

"I suppose you'll swear that I shot you, and have me hanged for murder. But I am naked: I'm not worth a barrel of brass or iron, or a pinch of gunpowder, or a grain of shot. If I was Stanley,—I might—for you have broken my heart:—I might—curses, curses upon you!"

"Stand out my way, madman!" again exclaimed Stanley. "or I will alarm the house."

"No—I'll neither burn your house, nor your stacks, nor maim your cattle. Nothing of yours will I touch. But I swear, as there's a God to judge between us, that if you do not give me back Honor Fletcher, one of us will die for your crime."

"What should I know of your daughter?"

"Another moment, Stanley!" cried Fletcher, and he fixed his eyes wildly upon him:—"another moment I give you!—If I am to die of disgrace, and shame, and sorrow, I'll be buried in the cross roads for your sake."

"'Pon my honour!" stammered out Stanley, who now became seriously agitated, "I shall endeavour to discover where your daughter is: but you mistake—I—I—"

"Look at your white lips and the damnable lie upon them! What do you shake for?—Are you afraid of an old man of threescore?" Fletcher had by this time drawn over closer to Stanley who was endeavouring to get near the door, and, intercepting him, looked full in his face. "If you had a million of false oaths against me, and the sheriff, with the rope in his hands at your side, I'll have revenge!"

He gazed at him for a second, as if collecting and concentrating his energies; then, with a spring like a tiger, he flung himself upon his throat, and dragged him down.

Stanley roared from excess of pain and fright and, in a convulsive and terrible voice, cried "Murder!" Still Fletcher lay upon him, and pressing his thumb upon his throat, stifled his heaving efforts at respiration. Stanley had scarcely a minute longer to live; his face became swollen and black; his hands writhed and twisted; and his whole body coiled beneath the gi-

* The Fairies.

gantic pressure of the herculean Fletcher. At this juncture his servants, alarmed by the cries of murder, rushed into the room. Fletcher, who was too much engrossed with the object of retribution, and who had by this time nearly strangled his victim, neither stirred nor turned at their entrance, but applying his face closer to the wretched Stanley, seemed to look into his eyes to try if he could there discover any signs of life.

With difficulty they dragged him from the body; his vacant look still fastened upon it, and his hands still stretched out and clenched, as if to crush and mangle it. He was insensible; the act was done, or he was still doing it in his imagination; and when he awoke from the delirium, he found the body removed, the room dark and closed up, his hands fettered behind his back, and chains, which one man's strength could not have lifted, fastened upon his legs. His dark fate was now before him: he had anticipated death and was prepared to meet it.

When Stanley recovered, his first step was to secure, under the warrant of a magistrate, the person of Fletcher. He stated in his informations, that the unhappy man had demanded money and was in the act of rifling his desk, when, upon his interference, the attempt at murder followed, which was verified by the sworn attestation of the servants. The crime of robbery was linked by this device to the imputed design of murder, and all hope of pardon or commutation was excluded.

The day of trial arrived; the court was crowded by the peasantry, who, to a solitary individual, were satisfied of Fletcher's innocence, and sympathized with him in proportion to the hatred they bore to his accuser. The counts in the indictment were read: evidence was produced to sustain them, and spoken to by counsel: when the judge inquired what Fletcher had to urge in his defence.

Fletcher shrugged his shoulders, and remained silent.

"Have you no witness to produce to characterize?" asked the judge.

"Plenty, plenty, please your reverence!" echoed a hundred voices at once, from every part of the court-house.

The sheriff called "Silence!" and the judge proceeded.

"Prisoner, you had better reconsider. To attempt a man's life without provocation, although the law recognises no palliations in such a case, renders your situation utterly hopeless."

"My lord! my lord!" exclaimed Fletcher, "what's the use of talking? Sure I know I'll be hanged, and I told him so. I've only one witness in the world on my side, but she doesn't know

a word about this business. If he says before your honour that he never did harm to my poor child, I'll forgive him, as I'm going into the presence of my Saviour.

The indignation of the populace seemed to boil up at this last expression, and it was only by the assistance of the military, an auxiliary that has but of late been banished from courts of justice in Ireland, that the tumult was stilled.

A messenger was finally despatched for Honor, at the instance of a particular juror, and his lordship consented to postpone judgment until the following morning, in the expectation that new testimony might be elicited from her. But the errand was in vain: Honor was not to be found, although all diligence was used by the people in the neighborhood, who felt a deep anxiety in poor Fletcher's circumstances. This, together with their aversion to Stanley, increased their suspicions of foul play; and it was even believed that she had been "made away with," to suppress her evidence. The next morning came: Fletcher was condemned, and, in three days, executed in front of the goal.

The effect produced upon the people by this transaction was universal and terrific. Stanley was pursued with execrations. Wherever he appeared, his life was in peril from the fury of the mob. He was publicly accused of the murder of Honor Fletcher; and vengeance for the blood of her father was called down upon him. His servants were warned to leave his employment on penalty of death: his crops remained without reapers and gatherers; his ground was untilled; and desolation and distraction rested upon his household. In the course of a little time, the fever of the popular mind increased to an alarming degree. Honor was never heard of. Rivers, ponds, and canals were dragged, and the woods vigilantly searched, but without the discovery of any clue to her mysterious fate. The irritation of disappointment was exasperated by the increasing tyranny of Stanley, who became more imperious and coercive as his wants and his loneliness increased. His house had been fired twice, and shots were heard frequently about his lawn; when fear and prudence prompted him at last to adopt decisive measures for his protection. He placed an agent over his estate, and left the country, announcing his intention of remaining on the continent for some years.

A long interval followed, during which the mansion was despoiled of its manorial architecture, and gradually converted to the common purposes of farming: a wing, topped with battlements and flanked by a strong buttress, was, by a violent transition, transformed into a cow-house; a concert-room that had been built at a great ex-

pense, became, by almost imperceptible degrees, the favourite retreat of the dogs and the swine, which crouched in the litter under benches; where once poured the tones of flutes and violins, the bass grunt, and the yelp of the sheep-dog, now supplied their place. The library, too, a room that had been erected, but never used by the family, was converted into a laundry. Socrates and Homer overlooked the washing-tub; and Milton himself was obliged to superintend the mangle. There might have been some convenience in these changes, but they effectually altered the appearance of Stanley Grove. The hall door had lost its hinges, and its free course was obstructed by a heap of gravel that had been a tenant in possession for some time; so that it stood a-shut across the hall, as a sort of a notification that a proper door had been there formerly. Rank weeds, six feet high, covered the lawn. The walk leading to the house, originally broad, enough for a carriage, was now scarcely the breadth of a foot. The summer-houses were early defaced; and, worse than all, the obelisk on the roof of the house had rotted away and fallen in.

With the dilapidation of the ancient residence, the name of Stanley was slowly sinking into oblivion: his race was almost forgotten, and twenty-five years had elapsed since Fletcher's catastrophe. New scenes, a rebellion, new sensations and sympathies, had obliterated at least the associations of past times: and many of those who had reason to hate Gerald Stanley had been swept away in the disasters of insurrection, or forced, in self-preservation, to emigrate from the country. A social re-union had taken place among the residents of the immediate neighbourhood, and the peasantry became once more tranquil, if not prosperous.

At this crisis, Stanley returned. His character was little changed; he still retained that spirit of intolerance, which, if he had possessed power, would have made him a despot, and without it a bigot; but it was refined by ductility, and externally softened by that artful adaptiveness to habits and opinions which he had acquired during a long residence abroad. He was no longer boisterous and implacable; hypocrisy tempered crime, and threw a transitory veil over enormous iniquities. He returned with the character of reformation, and sought confidence under that disguise.

The old mansion was speedily restored to its former appearance. The peasantry obtained temporary employment while the work of regeneration was going forward; and those who recollect the story of Honor Fletcher began to acquit Stanley of any evil share in it. But the gentry, impatient of imputed disgrace, and sen-

sitively alive to character, declined to associate with him. He was not only treated with indifference, but pointedly shunned at an assize-bull which he attended for the purpose of cultivating acquaintance; and he found, at the age of fifty, that he had not yet learned how to conciliate human affections. His property in the county had, nevertheless, sufficient weight to obtain him a commission of the peace; and, invested with magisterial powers, he coolly meditated the means of revenge, through every species of annoyance and aggression. He would neither receive informations from, nor protect the property of; the persons who were obnoxious to him; and he carried his animosities with so high and public a hand, that his conduct was discussed without reserve.

About a year after his return, the mail-coach was stopped on the high road, and several shots discharged; fortunately, however, the passenger escaped; and after an investigation, which was tardily and ineffectually prosecuted by Stanley, the affair was talked of no more.

It was in the middle of a severe winter that this circumstance occurred; and a few nights afterwards the figure of a man muffled up was seen crossing an unfrequented part of the estate; few would have ventured out on so dismal a night, but the stranger fearlessly braved its horrors, and rapidly pursued his track into a furze field. He gained with some difficulty the summit of the hill that crowned it, and folding himself cautiously in his cloak, precipitately descended into an abrupt defile. When he had traversed some extent of this dark and dangerous ravine, he stopped at the door of a lone and miserable hovel that stood on a scanty spot of stunted verdure. Having carefully reconnoitered the place, he gave a low knock at the door, which was almost instantly opened.

A woman stood behind the door, and a man advanced to meet the visitor. They were the only inmates in this squalid hut. After mutual recognition, the stranger, still muffled, sat on a low stool near the window, and the man stood opposite to him. A faint light burned in a lamp on a small table, and threw over the interior of the hut a melancholy gloom, which was increased by the vapour of its damp floor. A short pause ensued, which was finally broken by the visitor.

"McGowan, you had nearly betrayed all by your absence."

"I thought there was an informer amongst us and I hid in the mountains till the sessions was over."

"Did you doubt me?" said the stranger.

"No; but I was told you couldn't save me if the business was discovered."

"Well," replied the stranger, "we are all safe now; and you have satisfied yourself that he was not in the coach that night."

"You might as well tell me," rejoined M'Gowan, "that the bog is a potato-garden, as that ould Norton was amongst them. I was the first at the coach-door—I fired the first shot."

"Wretch!" muttered the old woman.

"What's that you say?" exclaimed M'Gowan, rushing to a blunderbuss that lay near him.

"Fool!" said the stranger, interposing, "what would you do? Your good Judith is a pious soul, and is only alarmed for your safety."

"Talkerdash!" said Judith between her teeth, and paced the apartment with her arms folded.

"There's always a woman to cross us," cried M'Gowan, in a grumble of half-suppressed vexation.

"No more of that," said the visitor. "unless you would destroy us all. We must keep our own secrets, and not quarrel among ourselves." He then drew M'Gowan to the window, and inquired, in a whisper, if his fire-arms were loaded. M'Gowan replied in the affirmative.

"Then you must immediately come with me. Norton and his son are expected home to-night. They ride without attendance. They must both die—and I will not confide my plans to a third person. See, I am prepared"—and opening his cloak, he displayed a brace of pistols.

M'Gowan, who seemed to enter into the plan at once, made a sign of acquiescence, and proceeded to examine the state of his own pistols. After a short preparation spent in trying the locks and triggers, and providing a further supply of ball, he desired Judith to put out the light as soon as they were gone, adding that he would shortly return. The stranger, on leaving the hovel, threw the woman a piece of gold; it fell at her feet, and she shrunk back from it as they left the room.

They proceeded at a rapid pace, interrupted by an occasional and unconnected exclamation, until they reached the boundary of the valley. At the head of it the stranger paused.

"To the right M'Gowan; did you hear the sound of horses' feet?"

"No," rejoined his comrade; "nor is it likely you will. Do you think he'd ride home in such a night?"

"I know he must, for I despatched a letter after him, forged in the name of his wife, saying that she was taken suddenly ill, and requiring him to return immediately; and by my reckoning he should be near at hand."

They moved on to a bank that was fenced by a hedge, beyond which the high road lay some feet below them. After a sullen examination of the

spot, M'Gowan, flinging himself on the earth, petulantly inquired: "May I make bold to ask, now that Norton is so near his fate, what has he done to deserve it? To be sure it's no great affair of mine, because he swore away my brother's life in the rebellion; and I have sought him day and night, by pistol and by fire, but in vain. There's a charm over his life; but what is his crime against you?"

"It is engraven on my heart in characters of flame," rejoined the other; "it has been there a quarter of a century. Time has not yet quenched the raging fire—it consumes me—and nothing but his blood can extinguish it. Listen to me patiently, and you shall learn it all. Was that a tread near us?"

M'Gowan started to his feet, and cocked his pistol. The stranger leaped eagerly across the hedge; but the shrill whistling of the wind was the only sound that reached them. When they resumed their places, the stranger, still standing in the front of M'Gowan, muffled up in his watch-cloak, proceeded.

"You recollect Fletcher's trial?"

"Augh!" muttered his companion, with a groan of disgust; "I see the old man before me, as his corpse blackened in the air. Many and many a night I went to look at it, until his bones dropped off, one by one, and were ground into dust."

"On that occasion," continued the other, apparently heedless of the commentary, "Norton was concerned in the trial. May my blood turn to jelly when I forsake my revenge! He sat upon me and my name, he was the judge between me and my character; can I forget that?"

"Never mind that, but tell me what he did," exclaimed M'Gowan, impatiently.

"He was a juror," resumed the stranger; "and when the verdict was agreed upon by his fellows, he insisted that Honor Fletcher should be sent for, and the odium that followed fell upon me."

"Stanley! Stanley!" cried M'Gowan, in an ungovernable burst of indignation. "you are worse than a fiend. Can you name that name and not tremble? Can you lift your eyes to the red lightnings, and not fear that they will lodge in your heart, for all you did and are doing? And have you not had enough yet?"

"Never, till Norton pays the penalty of what I have suffered; on him and his race shall the blight come heavily. They shall mourn it abroad and at home, and to the last of their days the fear shall be over them."

A distant sound of voices, resembling a shout, caught Stanley's ear; and drawing a pistol from his girdle, and motioning M'Gowan to do the same, he lay upon the bank, under shelter of the hedge that divided them from the road. The sound

approached, and then again faded into distance. The night was cold and dark, and the rain fell thickly.

"It was a voice," whispered McGowan.

"Hush!" cried Stanley.

Again the shout was heard, and presently another, and the two voices seemed almost immediately to mingle, and sink into a lower tone. In another moment the distant tread of horses' feet was heard, and the patter of their hoofs was rendered more distinct by the sheets of water that covered the road. It was impossible to distinguish a human figure at ten yards distance, except when it crossed some white object, or rose upon the horizon above the height of the hedge. But the sound became more and more clear and rapid as it approached, until at last its quickness and vibration gave confident assurance to Stanley and his companion that Norton and his son were within pistol-shot. The horses were now palpably below them, and the heads of the riders, in a straight line with the spot where they lay—they could not be mistaken.

"Now," cried Stanley, in an assumed voice, "fire!"

McGowan discharged his pistol: the near figure sprang a yard out of his saddle, and, with a cry of horror, fell from his horse. It was Norton. In an instant he was dead. Stanley, who was now standing behind McGowan, eagerly watched the result, and, when he perceived Norton drop, drew a second pistol, and fired its contents deliberately into McGowan's back. The murderer and the murdered expired at almost the same moment of time, and Stanley rushed across the field and escaped.

The death of Norton, accompanied by the mysterious circumstance of McGowan's murder, excited an unusual alarm in the country. The unfortunate deceased was an extensive and reputable farmer; and having preserved a strict neutrality on all questions of conflicting politics during a long intercourse with the neighbourhood, he had obtained the respect and confidence of all parties. A person who had so justly earned attachment could not be suffered to pass away without some public token of regret, and some general exertion towards the discovery of the assassin. A meeting of the magistrates and gentlemen of the county was accordingly convened to assist in procuring evidence at the inquest. It was supposed that McGowan had perpetrated the deed, as his enmity to Norton, on account of a by-gone grudge, was universally known. McGowan's associates were men who followed pursuits of the same dark character; their haunts were in the mountains; a district within which, at that period, a king's writ had never been exe-

cuted. Had they, however, been concerned in the murder, the temptation of pardon that was held out might have induced an accomplice to give information to the authorities; but they had themselves committed too many aggressions on the law to risk its penalties by openly appearing at a moment so fraught with danger.

McGowan's cottage was searched. His wife, the woman Judith, had fled, for the wretched hut was wholly uninhabited. The inquest proceeded, therefore, without proof, presumptive or direct, to lay before the country. Stanley was among the magistrates on the occasion, and by an overwrought zeal endeavoured to blind all suspicion of the share which he had taken in the outrage. Few witnesses were brought forward, and, although they were subjected to the severest scrutiny, their testimony produced no further disclosures. At one period during the investigation a hope arose that a train of circumstantial facts would be elicited, but Stanley's ingenuity baffled the examination of the witness, and drew off attention from the point. The witness was a wheelwright, who lived in the field adjoining to that where McGowan's body lay. He deposed to the circumstance of having found, on the morning after the murder, a piece of torn paper on his ground near a track of fresh-ploughed earth that bore the marks of having been trodden by some person during the night; and, also, that close to the spot where McGowan lay, a breach had been made in his fence, as if some person had burst through it. A juror asked if he had the paper; the witness replied in the affirmative: he was desired to produce it. Stanley watched his hand, and eagerly snatching it, exclaimed,

"Before this paper is read as evidence, I have an important question to ask this witness. Can you swear that you were the first person who went out upon your grounds that morning?"

The witness hesitated.

"That is important," cried a magistrate: "endeavour to recollect whether any member of your family might not have had occasion to cross the ground at an early hour."

In the meantime Stanley took an opportunity, while the jury were waiting the reply of the witness, to turn aside to a window. He hastily examined the paper. His lips became livid, and his face ghastly pale. It was part of the back of a letter addressed to himself, which he had incautiously intended to use as wadding for the pistols. He hastily tore away the direction, and commanded sufficient presence of mind to conceal it without observation. Secure of safety, he boldly resumed his seat, and again put the same question.

The tone in which he urged it confused the

witness, who at length said, that he believed his son had been out before him that morning. Stanley, then, in secret exultation, handed the blank paper to the jury, who, unable to glean any thing from it, concluded the examination, and proceeded to consider their verdict. After much consultation, they agreed in finding to the effect, "That the deceased was shot wilfully by some person or persons unknown, but that circumstances induced a belief that the deceased, McGowan, was privy to the murder."

This narrow escape, instead of redeeming Stanley from the thralldom of his evil passions, gave him increased confidence in crime. A lucky accident had always hitherto preserved him from the terrible retribution of the laws: at one period, the disappearance of Honor Fletcher; at another, the absence of proof, and the suppression of the paper produced at the inquest: and he was still mad enough to pursue his revenge, by attempting the life of young Norton. By affording legal protection to men who had violated the peace, and by extravagant bribery, he found means to win over to his interests and purposes a few disaffected individuals, who held small lenses upon his estates. These were persons of desperate fortunes, whose immediate relatives were sacrificed during the troubles, and who became reckless of character in proportion as they were suspected and distrusted. They had no social ties, no link of kindred, no home, no hopes. Amidst such companions Stanley passed his time. To them he committed his secret counsels; and they proved fit and proper ministers. They were embarked in one common object, and mutually identified with its dangers.

During a few years that followed, young Norton was several times placed in peril; until at last it became necessary to obtain a resident police at his house to protect his property and person. Yet, even with this precaution, the precincts of his farm were frequently invaded at night by marauders, who eluded the vigilance which it was his habit to observe. His barn was burned, his cattle houghed, his dogs poisoned: and all the persecution, in detail, which midnight assailants could devise, was put into practice against him.

A particular occurrence had called young Norton to a distant part of the country, and his return was expected the very night that I reached the Black Wolf. Providentially the severity of the weather detained him, and delayed his return for several days. Stanley's emissaries were scattered through the valley and on the hills; every pass was guarded and watched, and it would have been impossible for Norton that night to reach his home alive.

Aware of these circumstances, the old woman

at the Black Wolf warned me of the hazard I encountered in remaining that night at the inn, lest I might be mistaken, as events proved that I was, for young Norton. Stanley's gang surrounded the house after I retired to rest, and fired into the room at the moment of my escape.

Having obtained this recital from the old lady, I eagerly inquired whether Bryan Murphy was a participator in these dreadful scenes. She answered in the negative; accounting for the suspicious signs that passed between them, by saying, that she followed the life of a "fortune-teller;" that the good Bryan had given her a home and a welcome; and that, whenever she related a tradition or a legendary tale, he always checked her, lest his customers might suppose that the place was haunted. "But," she exclaimed, her eyes lighting up wildly, "justice must at last be satisfied! The monster cannot for ever baffle the agents of vengeance. God! I see the blood sprinkled before me that he has shed!—I hear the dying shriek!—I see the dead body of McGowan!" Then suddenly lowering her voice, she continued, "I have often tried, and always failed in my strength, to bring Stanley to justice: I have the proofs that can hang him where Fletcher hung—and may his curse wither there! If my strength holds out, I'll do it. Take me to a magistrate: I have saved your life, and you shall preserve me from breaking the peace of my grave."

With a feeling of awe for the act, and the impulse by which it was about to be accomplished, I conducted her to the house of a magistrate, whose name I had but recently learned. When we reached the gate, she leaned against it, motioning me to ring the bell. She trembled violently and betrayed the most evident internal struggles. The colour on her cheek changed every second, and it was by a powerful effort of mind that she summoned sufficient calmness to perform the task which she had imposed on herself. As we entered the house, she requested to be left alone with the magistrate, because she wished the information to be as private as the law would permit. I acquiesced, and patiently awaited the result at the lodge in the court-yard of the house.

An hour elapsed, but the old woman came not. "Her statement, however," thought I, "is a history of fifty years' iniquities, and will take some time to arrange even in chronological order;" so I contrived to renew my stock of patience, and waited for half an hour longer—still she came not! Another half hour passed, and at last the door opened. She came out, supported by servants. She was unable even to walk without assistance; her confession had overpowered her, and her spirits sank exhausted. By the directions of the magistrate she was conveyed to a safe

asylum, to abide the day of trial, which the nature of her disclosure rendered inevitable. That night the magistrate, attended by a strong escort, rode to Stanley Grove, and inquiring for its master, was shown into his study.

"I arrest you, Mr. Stanley, in the king's name!" said he.

The shock communicated by these words was powerful and apparent. Stanley could scarcely question him respecting his authority, and in a tremulous voice desired to see his informations. They were instantly shown him: and on perusing them, he convulsively clasped his hands, and, as if struck electrically, fell upon the floor. He was finally removed to gaol, and on the first day of assize placed upon his trial.

The curiosity of the people to see a magistrate of the county in the felons' dock—and that magistrate Stanley—filled all the avenues to the court-house with crowds of spectators, and it was with difficulty that the judges could obtain ingress. Multitudes thronged from all quarters; the gentry, attracted by rumours of Stanley's crimes, and the peasantry, by recollections of the events of twenty-five years' standing, the story of which had now spread vividly amongst them. The criminal was taken in a close carriage from the gaol to the court, and the shouts of the infuriated mob, as he passed along, seemed a prophecy of the doom that awaited him; and Stanley, who felt how justly he had earned the bitter cup which he could not now put away, was not the man to exhibit fortitude on so hopeless an occasion. When he was placed in the dock, he in vain endeavoured to convert his subdued appearance into the affectation of calmness: the transitions of colour, and the restlessness of his manner, his grasping the side of the dock, and running his fingers wildly through his hair, were indications that could not be mistaken.

During the reading of the indictment, and while the counsel for the crown was stating the case, his eye wandered over the court, as if looking with impatience for some person whose appearance was important. His abstraction was quickly disturbed, however, when the first witness for the prosecution was called. He turned round, and, upon sight of her, threw his arms over the railing of the dock, and endeavoured to look her steadily in the face. It was the old woman: she never turned towards him, but looked at the jury, prepared, evidently affected, to give her testimony.

The counsel for the crown was occupied in turning over some papers connected with another case, and probably might not have observed her for a few moments longer; had not the judge called his attention to the circumstance. The coun-

sel rose, and apologizing for the delay he had occasioned, proceeded to the examination.

"Pray, my good woman," said he, "what is your name?"

A painful pause followed, during which the witness seemed to be collecting firmness: at length she broke silence, and said, "Honor Fletcher."

The populace expressed their amazement by a confused exclamation, and when order was restored the examination was resumed.

It would render the narrative tedious to relate the details of the trial, which comprised little more than the facts already given respecting Stanley. The only part necessary to repeat here is that which accounted for Honor's absence on the occasion of her father's trial, and the circumstances that finally led her to become the prosecutor of Stanley.

It appeared from her testimony, that when her father was arraigned for the alleged robbery and attempt at murder, Stanley had her conveyed to a distant part of the country, under the care of a man in whom he reposed implicit confidence: that man was M'Gowan. In the greatest obscurity they dwelt amongst the mountains until the fate of the unhappy Fletcher was decided: nor would Stanley consent to her return, till by force and violence he made her become the wife of the wretch to whose custody he had consigned her. No sooner, however, was the fatal ceremony performed, than Stanley, renouncing the character of guardian and protector, abandoned her to the savage will of M'Gowan, who, being privately instructed by his master, retired to another district, far removed from inquiry or danger. On Stanley's return from travel, he again associated with M'Gowan: and conceiving that time had obliterated all recollections, and swept away the kindred of Honor, he brought them both back to the neighborhood of Stanley Grove, imposing, however, upon Honor the obligation of assuming the name of Judith, lest even her name might awaken doubts and produce investigation. The sequel is briefly told. On the night of Norton's murder, Honor fled, partly for safety, and partly because she did not wish, even disgusted as she was with his atrocities, to take away the life of Stanley by remaining to give evidence against him. After the lapse of a year, she returned, disguised by art as well as age; and affecting the mysterious knowledge of the wandering palmists she continued to live in the neighborhood, watching over the life of young Norton, and detecting and frustrating the machinations of Stanley. At last the circumstances occurred which introduced me to Honor Fletcher: the moment and the opportunity seemed favourable to confession:

she resolved upon atonement and made it amply.

When her evidence was fully heard, and the charge of murder clearly established against Stanley, he was called on for his defence. He handed a written paper to one of the lawyers, who by permission of the court, read it aloud. It was unimportant and frivolous: affecting to rest his innocence upon the station and rank which he held in society: these, he asserted, were sufficient pledges that the charges were false; and Honor's testimony he attributed to the disappointed ambition and insatiate revenge of a deserted woman.

This paper was heard patiently to the end, and the jury were desired to consider their verdict. There could not be a division of opinion when the proofs were so decisive and the answers so vague; and, without retiring from the box, the foreman handed in to the judge a verdict of Guilty. A buzz ran through the spectators, and, communicating to the people without the walls terminated in a cheer of satisfaction. Never was popular feeling so unequivocally expressed: it was universal and simultaneous, and might have grown into a wilder demonstration, had not the judge prudently checked it, in order to give to the last office of the violated law the solemnity which it demanded. He pronounced sentence of death on Stanley, whose sense of conception was dim and confused long before it was closed.

He was executed on the same spot where the unhappy Fletcher suffered. I witnessed the last infliction of the laws, and shall never forget the awful impression which it made upon my mind. The incensed populace assembled in vast crowds, and the hills, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with dense multitudes, whose shouts rang upon the ears of the wretched criminal. His name and his race are now extinct—his possessions have passed into other hands—and the recollections of the appalling guilt that marked his career are the only memorials of him that remain.

LORD TOWNSEND'S butler in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates of a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead," cried his lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand, "how did you do it?" "Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed the second dozen upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE following beautiful, delicate, and touching incident is taken from a work on Irish Character, written by Mr. and Mrs. Hall:

Our attention was one day called to a young girl in the town of Galway, who had come in for the purpose of selling two lambs. Her sweetheart had gone to sea, bequeathing his mother, a very infirm old woman, to her care. Soon after his departure, Mary left her father's more comfortable dwelling to reside in the old woman's cabin, so that, as she said herself, "she might watch the craythur day and night, seeing she had no one to look after her."

Her parents were strongly impressed with the idea that she had thrown her affections away on a wild sailor, who would forget her; but her faith in him was unbounded. A sheep was her fortune, and she took it with her; it grazed among the crags, and in good time brought her twin lambs. These she hoped to have been able to keep towards the formation of a mountain-flock; but the season was so "pinching," that to support her old friend, she brought the two lambs into town for sale. The two creatures were coupled together like hounds; and as she stood with her eyes cast down, yet looking from them, it was impossible not to see the sorrow stamped upon her gentle features.

Several asked the price, and after beating her down, turned away without purchasing. This continued for some time, until at last she sat down, and passing her arms round her fleecy charge, she began to cry—

"I'm loth to part with them," she said, weeping, "yet I must part with them for what they'll bring. Every one is the same; its bitter poverty that would make me part any thing that has life in it."

"Then why don't you go to your own home, Mary, and take your lummies home?"

"I am at home," answered Mary, "and sure it is n't because the woman is poor and friendless that you would have me leave her, is it?"

At last, a rough-coated farmer, touched by her distress, offered her a fair value for her lambs. At first she eagerly accepted his proposal; but when she placed the tether in his hand, she raised her eyes imploringly to his face—

"Sure, it is n't going to kill them ye are?"

"No, my dear,—no, it is not; I'd be sorry to hurt a curl of their wool; they'll go to my own flock."

"God bless you," she added, and departed with a smiling countenance.

THE EMIGRANT.

WRITTEN ON SEEING AN ENGRAVING OF AN EMIGRANT FAMILY
RESTING AT NOON IN THE DEPTHS OF A WESTERN FOREST.

BY E. L. C.

It is a shady glade, shady and cool
In the old forest where that exile band
Have paused for shelter from the noontide heat.
Wearied they are, and worn with journeying
Through those pathless wilds;—sad too their hearts
With thronging thoughts of home—that pleasant home,
Which they have left for aye—left in its beauty
For the valleys wide, of the Far West.
Yet ever lies it mirrored on their souls,
That village street; with its gay orchard slope
One flush of vernal bloom,—its bright trim gardens,
Its low cottage roofs, half hid in shady coverts.
Where the birds make joyous melody,
Mingling their songs with childhood's silver tones
That on the ear gush in glad mirthfulness,
Walking within the heart, how sad so'er,
An answering thrill of joy.

But ah! the contrast.

'Tis that cherished spot, and this vast wilderness:
Moments there were, and this was one of them,
When scarce it seems, their hearts can bear the change,
They feel, indeed, how grand and beautiful
This world of trees, those boundless prairies,
And those far-off hills, whose shadowy forms
On the horizon lie, like piled-up clouds,
Skirting with fleecy folds, heaven's azure robe.
But all to them is strange: wanting that charm
Of daily, sweet companionship, which lends
A nameless witchery to familiar haunts,
And stamps their fond remembrance on the heart
Till its last pulse is still.

Long sat that group

In the dim forest aisles, holding sweet converse
'Neath those ancient trees, of their forsaken home,
Till with the softening theme each eye grew moist,
And the old grandeur striving to conceal.
The unwonted drops that dimmed his fading sight,
Rose, and led forth the weary beasts, that stood
Cropping the fragrant herbage, to the rill
Which ran like liquid silver through the grass,
Tempting the thirsty lip with its bright foam.
She, too,—that blooming girl, fair budding flower,
Transplanted in her beauty to the wild,
With woman's hopes, and youth's fond fairy dreams
Just dawning in her soul,—how swelled her heart,
Aye, e'en to bursting, as her thoughts roved back
To the green fields, the streams, and flowery dells
Of her young love: and sadder yet, to friends
Forever left—to one, alas! too dear,
Whose image hallowed every spot of earth
Till feet with his had trod. Fast flowed her tears—
But ere the sob burst forth, she quickly rose,
And bounded swift away, 'mid the deep shades
To hide her secret grief.

But quiet still

The parents sat, while at their knees, clustered
Their little ones, and the fond father
Full of manhood's hopes, and sanguine schemes,
For his brave boy shaped forth high destinies,
And for that churling girl, his youngest hope,
Saw visions bright, illumine his western home.
But with the love, holy, and deep, and pure
Of that meek mother's heart, mingled no dream
Of earthly pride—she felt her loved ones near,

Yet silent sat, wrapped in fond memories
Of the blessed past—her mild eyes dimmed,
But on her lip a smile, for in her ear
Murmured the hum of her own garden bees,
And the soft air came freighted with the scent
Of the wild grape which wreathed the rustic porch
Of her low door. And hark! that Sabbath bell!
Doth she not hear it, waking once again
The echoes of the vale? Oh, blessed sound!
Heard never in that wilderness, calling
The humble worshipper to turn aside
From the world's toils; and bend the knee in prayer.
Closer her children press, and she awakes
From her brief trance, to meet their smiling eyes
Upraised to hers, with childhood's trusting love.
Joy flushes her pale cheek, as bending low
She clasps her treasures to her grateful heart,
And thanks her God, the giver of all good,
For these most precious gifts—sweet household treasures,
Whose young guiltless souls whisper of heaven.
"Oh, e'en the wilderness will blest become,"
So murmured her fond lips, "while o'er my path
These flowers of human love, their fragrance shed."
So with the music of their infant tongues
The day-beam of their smiles, she on her way
Journeyed with cheerful heart, content to know,
That God, where'er she went, would guide her steps,
And that her new-found home must still be filled
With blessings rich, and crowned with heart-felt joy,
While round its hearth clustered these living flowers,
These gifts of love, from the bright spirit-land,
By sense unseen.

THE PLACE OF THE NATIVITY.

PERHAPS, says Wilson in his work on Judea,
there is not one spot upon the face of the globe,
that is more deeply interesting to Christians than
the village of Bethlehem. It extends east and
west, standing on a hill six miles east of Jerusa-
lem, and in which the most remarkable events had
occurred, according to those minute descriptions
given in the Record of Inspiration; but above
all, none more striking than its being the place
of giving birth to the infant Jesus, who was the
Prophet of the Highest, and came forth to give
light to those who sit in darkness. There is one
large monastery of Franciscan monks on a com-
manding height, looking down on a charming val-
ley which calls to mind the ever memorable mo-
ment when the shepherds, who were watching their
flocks, heard the heavenly choir, and saw the star
with unbounded joy, which had led the Magi, or
wise men of the East, to the place of the Nati-
vity. In the magnificent church within this mon-
astery is a chapel under ground, finely ornamented,
where fifty massive lamps are suspended, and
kept constantly burning. Here is pointed out in
the form of a star in marble the place where He
came forth, who was declared to be Wonderful,
the Mighty Counsellor, the Everlasting Father,
and Prince of Peace.

SCENES ABROAD.

No VIII.

BY ONE OF US.

OPENING my Note-Book of Pencillings by the way-side, in travel over many lands; opening it, at random, I proceed to sketch therefrom, for the amusement of the Provincial reader, and, mayhap, for his or her enlightenment, a scene or two in France, to place beside my Sketches of Barbary and Spain.

It was of a fine afternoon, in the genial month of May, I entered the Forest of Fontainebleau, distant about forty miles from Paris. The wild and savage scenery of this wilderness on a small scale, by its contrast with the highly cultivated and densely populated country around it, adorned by civilization and the arts, made a deep impression on my mind. Ranges of rock, piled into hills, frown upon the high road to the town, from amidst a magnificent forest of trees, whose lofty summits expand in the air, or whose trunks lie on the ground, in picturesque disorder. The broken and rugged country indicated by those appearances, is perhaps the chief reason, the forest exists at this day in populous and civilized France: but the sports of royalty were, doubtless, the original cause of preservation from the woodman's axe. The wild-boar once roamed within it, affording exercise and excitement to the brilliant courts of Phillip Augustus, and Francis, and the Henrys, and in those happy days, when "Responsible Government," was a thing unknown, (the wild-boars of the Forest being chief objects of solicitude to the monarch,) it may well be imagined, the Jacques Bon-Homme peasantry would have been voted, unanimously, very insufferable bores, had they asked for the Forest land for purposes of peaceful agriculture. The *Itineraire*, describing the scenery, says, "On one side are seen black and shapeless rocks; on another, strata of freestone, disposed with the utmost irregularity. One part exhibits nothing but barren sands, whilst another is covered with wood." The Forest of Fontainebleau covers no less a space than 34,000 acres.

A drive of a few miles in the sylvan shade, brought us to the town; situate, strange eno' it is, in the very heart of the forest. Walk which way

one may, in whatever direction from the town, he comes upon it. During my brief sojourn at the Hotel de la Syrene, I frequent, strolled miles into the umbrageous solitudes, and, if I did not moralize as Jacques in the Forest of Ardennes, I nevertheless gave the loosest rein to the Pegasus of my Imagination; I fancied the enlivening scenes of the "long, long ago," peopling the forest glades with gay assemblages for the chase, of gallants and ladies fair; nobles on their neighing hunters, champing the bit in impatient ardour; with stately dames and beauteous *damoisels* on palfreys, surrounded by page and menial marked by feudal badge, and foresters in Lincoln Green; and again, hearkening to the sylvan echoes ringing with the bustle and the noise of the pleasure-seeking throng, or the *tintamarre* of huntsmen's horns. Such the creative power of the imagination: such, its absorbing reveries.

The streets of Fontainebleau are broad and regular, but the houses are very plain and unpretending. It is but a small place, the population not exceeding 9,000. Every thing about it looked exceedingly dull: not the slightest appearance of bustle was there any where.

Promenading the streets and the public walks, methought I perceived in the style and air of the inhabitants, that indescribable *je ne sais quoi* which tells of proximity to Courts; that superiority in manners and address over provincial towns generally, which familiarity with elevated society invariably confers.

The "Chateau" is however the great object of curiosity at Fontainebleau, if not the sole. The Chateau created the town. Royalty came here to rest from affairs of state, or to exercise the hand with the boar-spear, and cause the blood that usually flows sluggishly in royal veins, to course rapidly in the ardour of the chase, and around clustered the bees of industry, and the poor that live on the crumbs from the tables of the rich. A town grew up.

The *comp'd'vil* of the Chateau is fine. It presents a magnificent though confused mass of buildings,

of different periods of erection, and each bearing the character of its peculiar architecture. The high peaked roof is a chief feature. There are two entrances. The principal, a vast square court, is that of the "White Horse." 'Twas in this Court, the modern Alexander bade farewell to the Imperial Guards, when going to Elba. A painter's genius has transferred the scene to canvas.

It was a most affecting sight! The great Conqueror folded to his breast the Eagles he had trained to victory. It was a trying moment for even his *glacier* fortitude. But never was tear to moisten the eye of Napoleon. He folded them to his breast, and kissed them with emotion; but that was all. Not so the bronzed soldiers who beheld the scene. They hung their heads, and down the cheeks of the sternest, the tear-drop found its way; whilst some, of less obdurate stuff, wept like children.

In less than a year, however, Fontainebleau again beheld Napoleon. Again his Eagles appeared in the court of the "White Horse." Again his "Old Guard," was there, but this time they did not weep. Their master had just landed from Elba, and the swoop of the Eagle was rivalled by the rapidity of his Veterans in rushing to meet him. He made but a brief halt at Fontainebleau. The evening of the same day saw him again on the throne of France at the Tuileries. How a nation can love one man! Himself, alone, upon the strand at Frejus, (where he landed from Elba) he was more formidable to the Bourbon dynasty than all the battalions of the proudest European monarch. In twenty-four days from the hour he touched the soil of France, he was again in the Tuileries, again Emperor of the French, and the Bourbons were lying in dismay. The blood of every Monarch and minister in Europe ran cold in his veins, as he heard the wondrous tale of the victory of "One man," over a dynasty: the conquest of a Kingdom by a single heart.

After that brief visit, Napoleon never more sat within the halls of Fontainebleau. His eagles but a short time afterwards quailed at the sight of our own red-cross; they folded their wings and never essayed another flight. Waterloo was fought, and the rock of St. Helena became his prison and his grave.

Napoleon was very fond of Fontainebleau. He was often there during his mid-day splendour. Louis Philippe honors it but seldom with his presence. The grass in the streets told the absence of the court.

It was a pet-place of the warlike Francis of France. The initial of his name, in gigantic character, is seen in various directions on the walls and in the galleries. Thus do monarchs strive to perpetuate their memory. The Chateau

gained all its importance under his reign. He sent to Italy for the most distinguished artists to superintend its embellishment. The galleries are decorated with paintings, and highly ornamented with stucco. The grand chapel is superb: the pavement of marble, of various colours. There are fine paintings in abundance, and the skill and taste of carver and gilder have been exercised to their fullest extent. The ground floor of the chateau forms no portion of the royal accommodations. In fact, in none of the royal residences on the continent, is it otherwise. The apartments of the "great folk" are invariably in what we should call the second story, access to which is by magnificent stair-ways of vast dimensions. I need scarcely say, the royal apartments, bed-rooms, boudoirs, and rooms of privacy and state, are all very superb. When people have at command the revenues of a kingdom, they are not in the habit of overlooking what Bailie Nicol Jarvie would call, "the creature comforts," and, accordingly, Fontainebleau affords every possible accommodation for kings and queens; their little responsibilities, and crowds of attendants.

Among the apartments, was a suite hung with tapestry, which were occupied by Pope Pius VII., when detained in France by Napoleon. He remained here two years; having ample leisure to ponder over the nudacity of that overruling Will that despised all authority, and bent before nothing earthly, in church or state.

In one of the apartments is shown a small-sized round table, as a valuable relic. It is a common round table, the top rising and turning on a hinge, and yet, 'twould sell for a larger price than the costliest rosewood or scagliola. It is the table on which Napoleon signed the Act of Abdication of the Throne of France and the Imperial name. This trivial circumstance has conferred upon it historic value. The room in which it is seen, is that in which the Act was signed; the room he occupied after the momentous battles of 1814 had decided his fate. The floor, the wall, the ceiling, everything in it, acquired interest. I imagined the state of his mind the night previous to his abdication: how he must have spent it, revolving past and future. I followed mentally his agitated form, traversing the apartment with folded arms and eye engrossed by thought, pondering over his fallen state. I fancied the rapid movement; the sudden stop; the pressure of the restless hand upon the brow burning beneath the fires of baffled ambition; and then, a long gaze through the open casement at the firmament where glittered the star of the "Child of Destiny;" for Napoleon, with all his intellect, entertained the idea a star of the vast host above, was his, and glistened and shone for himself alone.

The matter-of-fact voice of the guide awoke me from my reverie. I could have remained an hour in the chamber. I wanted solitary communion with my own thoughts. The presence of the menial was therefore bad enough, but when he gave me a hint 'twas time to move on, I could have done him some bodily injury, so annoying was the interruption.

This reminds me of an anecdote of Byron, which I obtained from the guide at Ferrara, who shows to the curious, the prison chamber of the divine Tasso. Byron visited the spot, alone; (as what man of taste would not choose to do?) He came not merely to look at the damp floor of earth, and the rough walls of the gloomy basement cell, (it had been used as a stable, previously, if my memory serves me); he came not as the monkey tourist does, merely to have it to say, he had seen with his eyes, the celebrated spot; he came there, to hold communion with a kindred spirit; to think over the fate of genius, (always the victim of the despicable mean and spiteful, to whom accident has given power;) to give vent to indignation against the tyrant, and sympathize with the victim. Accordingly, barely was he within the walled space, when abstraction came over him. Wrapt in thought, he surveyed the place, and looked as in a dream, unconscious of another's presence. He muttered to himself, folded his arms, and his eyes showed the working of the soul.

The guide thought he was, what is vulgarly called, *cracked*; (mean minds can't comprehend the peculiarities of genius,) and having honoured him for a time, as he thought, ventured on interrupting the poet's soliloquising mood, by hinting he had been there long enough. Byron started, and looked at him, wickedly, and then drawing forth a piece or two of gold, bade him retire, and take care he was not again interrupted. The guide was then convinced the visitor was mad; however, he did what he was bid; retired and locked the door. Curiosity made him every now and then approach it, to discover what the stranger was about. He heard him ejaculating, as if addressing another, and then the silence, for a time, would be profound. After a longer pause than usual, (more than an hour having elapsed since he had turned the key upon the visitor,) he opened the door, apologetically; but evidently to his lordship's great displeasure, for he brushed past him without speaking, manifestly in an excited state. He afterwards discovered, the visitor to have been the illustrious Byron, and I have no doubt entertained all subsequent tourists with the anecdote; as he did me. Well, in the same way, did the exhibitor of the Palace of Fontainebleau disturb my reverie, but being a very insignificant person in comparison with Byron, I pocket-

eted the affront, and smoothed down my wrinkled brow, as best I could.

One of the galleries of the chateau, is known as the Gallery of the Stags, and commands more attention from being the spot where an unfortunate man named Monaldeschi, fell a victim to the jealousy, or malice, or revenge, of Queen Christina of Sweden.

The thorough historic reader needs not be told how it happened, a Swedish Monarch should cause assassination in the Chateau of Fontainebleau; but those not versed in such lore, or whose memory is short, may be informed, or reminded, that Christina abdicated the Crown of Sweden, and retired to France. Though a monarch, she did not feel "free." Her advisers were possibly over fond of "stipulations," and pushed their notions of their powers to extreme lengths, (as is not unusual with advisers of crowned heads and governors general.) but, however that may be, she resigned the Crown. She panted for independence. The power and splendour of royalty embarrassed her. What a lesson, her's, for ambitious persons! And yet, in almost every land, are observable crowds of busy climbers up the precipice of power: undeterred by the repulsive objects, disgusting meannesses, revolting wickedness, that must necessarily be encountered in progress towards the summit; always sanguine of reaching it, though at the foot of the steep are seen the remains of thousands of climbers: where others wander, so many living Pariahs, from familiarity with the degrading practices of politicians.

Many monarchs besides Christina have voluntarily abdicated power, affording proof positive and abundant, that its possession is not happiness.

Christina, says a biographer, appears to have been a strange compound of faults and foibles, pushed to the most extravagant excess. She says of herself, "that she was mistrustful, ambitious, passionate, haughty, impatient, contemptuous, satirical, incredulous, undevout, of an ardent and violent temper, and extremely amorous," a disposition, however, to which, if she may be believed, her pride and her virtue were always superior.

Her eccentricity may be judged of by one fact, namely, that she laid aside the habit of her sex, when she left Sweden. When the ladies of the French Court, on her arrival, came to embrace her, being in male attire, she cried out, "What a strange eagerness these women have to kiss me! They take me for a man."

The precise cause of the murder of Monaldeschi is a mystery, but the passions of a woman of imperious temper, and accustomed to the exercise of despotic power, afford a sufficient clue thereto. I hope it will not be esteemed an attack on the

beau sexe. to ask, "what will not a woman of violent passions and temper do?" Few perhaps would carry wickedness so far as assassination, but many there are who dearly enjoy assassination of character; all the while reproaching wickedness. A satirist has said of such a woman:

"She loves truth, tho' she lies till she's black in the face;
She loves virtue, tho' none in her conduct you trace;
Her delicate feelings all wickedness shocks,
Though wickedness pits them, like the small-pox."

Such like, however, are but exceptions to the rule; for mankind, generally, must allow, that woman is Heaven's best gift to man.

Having forgiven me for this digression, the gentle reader will return with me to Fontainebleau.

The gardens and grounds around the chateau, are extremely beautiful. I preferred them, on the whole, to those of the far-famed Versailles. The formal gardens of the latter, where "each alley has its brother," pleased me greatly less than those of Fontainebleau, with their broad sheets of water, and wilderness of trees. The noble forest encircles them, and wild nature asserts her superiority over art, palpably, to the eye of taste. The perfection of art is fidelity to nature; variations from nature, must necessarily displease.

Extending from the chateau-grounds into the forest, are wide avenues; the centres devoted to carriages and equestrians; the sides to pedestrians. The walks being divided from the centre by rows of noble trees.

Having amused myself, during several days, inspecting the town, the chateau, its pleasant grounds, and the magnificent forest, I bethought me of diving deeper into France. A notion struck me, 'twould be infinitely more amusing and interesting to wander a-foot, over the country, than rattle across it as fast as the diligence could take me, and I determined to try it. Accordingly I purchased a knapsack, destined for the back of Charles, a servant I had picked up at the Hotel du Prince Regent, at Paris. I proposed the thing to him, and he acceded to it at once; I booked the baggage at the stage-office, for Lyons, and fixed the next morning for departure, *à pied*.

Accordingly, at 5 A. M. Charles was ready at the door of the hotel, harness on back, and walking staff in hand, joyous as a young soldier on his maiden march. The *adieux* of the people of the hotel followed us, as we left the door, and I overheard one voice expressing surprise at the perversity of man's nature, in preferring foot travel to the ease and comfort of a carriage. Charles had purchased a dog, as a *compagnon du voyage*, but as the animal was not a party to the transaction, he refused to accompany him. Charles contrived to drag him to the *barrière* of the

town, but there, the canine will proved superior to the human; for, finding he could not extricate himself from the cord by holding back, he changed his tactics, and actually made a charge at his purchaser, inflicting a bite on his arm. Charles dropped the end of the cord in a twinkling, and back to the hotel scudded the recalcitrant brute. It was worse than useless to return after him.

The forest extended several miles beyond the *barrière*, and gave us the benefit of a delightful walk, protected from the sun, and the perfume of the foliage at early morn. The scenery had a touch of ruggedness about it; high rocks at times, frowned on our path.

Shortly after emerging from the forest shade, we descended into the plains of Némours.

The occasional sight of a cross on the roadside reminded me of Canada. I was unprepared for the sight of them, inasmuch as the influence of the priesthood throughout France had been materially diminished by the events of the "glorious three days." In the capital and neighbourhood, a *soutane* would have endangered the life of the wearer. *Les Jesuites* were abhorred by the populace; the heroes of the barricades wanted the priests to follow the Bourbons. In their mad intoxication, they had hurled the cross from every steeple and tower in Paris, and substituted for the sacred symbol, the political and revolutionary, tri-color. The sight, therefore, of crosses by the way-side was unexpected, though accounted for by the distance from infidel Paris: As I penetrated into the country, I found that respect for the clergy increased in the ratio of the distance from the capital.

About two miles beyond the forest, the *parc* of Paris terminates, and the road runs through deep sand. Perchance the reader may require to be informed, that the great public roads for a long distance from the capital, are paved in the centre like the streets of a town. Every facility for the transport of supplies to the enormous congregation of human beings at that spot is thus furnished, and during the wars of Napoleon, they were important for the rapid conveyance of his artillery to the frontiers.

We met but few persons on the road to Némours, a neat little town on the river Loing, containing about 4000 inhabitants. We entered it about 9 A. M., over a beautiful bridge of stone, thrown across the river. The canal of Briare passes through it.

I remarked at the entrance of the town, hanging out of the upper window of a house, a tricolored flag on which was inscribed the name of the occupant; and his rank, as captain in the national guard. In front of the dwelling, rose a tall May-pole, indicative of his military preten-

sions, just as we see here, in the country parts, a tall pole in front of that important personage in the parishes of Lower Canada, the captain of militia. Probably this practice dates from the earliest feudal times, to indicate to serf and vassal, the dwelling of the leader of companies. It was transferred to Canada with the *Coutume de Paris*.

Entering a café to rest and refresh, I ordered a litre of wine, for wine is the universal beverage. Whilst quaffing it, a resident of the town came in, and announced the piece of intelligence, that three deaths had occurred that morning from Asiatic cholera; and which disease was then traversing France, and had made a frightful descent on Paris. He sat himself down near me, and entering into conversation, soon forgot the cholera, in a history of the *campagne de Moscou*. Get a Frenchman on this theme, and stop him who can? I heard all about *le front de Russie*, and *la grande armée*, and *la vieille garde*, and *L'Empereur*; in fact the whole stereotyped tale of French military glory, in the finest French egotism of speech. A man oppressed with fatigue is a capital listener, and a capital listener being always a great favorite with the loquacious, my Frenchman was more than nationally polite, civil, and attentive, during my halt at Némours.

Poor Charles required more time to rest than I. He had made exceeding light of the knapsack and overcoat in the morning, but a march of some eight or ten miles had altered his tone. They oppressed him terribly, and his complaints were so loud that I told him to take them to the *Messageries*, or sledge-office, to be left at Montargis; which place I hoped to reach that night. The relief threw new life into him, and he left Némours more gaily than he entered it.

A few miles from this place, we met some *Gens d'Armes*; the horse police of France. They were tall, fine-looking fellows, well-clad, wearing fierce cocked hats, and mounted on powerful horses. Their name and costume are different in the capital and neighbourhood. During the celebrated "trois jours," they stood up manfully for king Charles, and sabred the sovereign people so abundantly, that when the revolution was over, the vox populi demanded the abolition of the *Gens d'Armerie*. Accordingly the *Gens d'Armes* were no more seen about Paris, and in their stead appeared *les Gardes Municipales*; the self-named men, under another name and wearing a brass helmet in lieu of the tall cocked hat. The people were satisfied. The detested *Gens d'Armes* became the popular *Gardes Municipales*.

As they passed, they eyed us somewhat inquisitively, but did not accost us. I supposed they might ask for a look at our passports.

After a while, being oppressed with the heat and fatigue, I took advantage of an inviting flat stone, in a cool and shady spot, to throw myself down to rest. The country around was really beautiful. It was the month of May; the trees were rich in foliage and the fields with waving grain. Numerous chateau-looking edifices appeared in the distance, reminding of times before the Revolution that sent the 16th Louis to the guillotine. The beautiful *Loing*, with its plicid silvery bosom, flowed near, and, as I drank in the lovely prospect, I instinctively ejaculated, "La Bello France!"

The carts of the peasantry reminded me of distant Canada. The bon-homme and his wife were seated in them side by side, just as Jean Baptiste and Josephine may be seen any market day in Montreal, fresh from the country. The peasant girls, however, did not travel in the carts. They were mounted on donkeys, bearing panniers crammed with vegetables, en route to market. I observed that they had an equally strong penchant for red as our Canadian belles have. There was a difference however. Our damsels are fond of red, as the military garb, but the French lasses prefer it for petticoats. Here, when our eyes catch the sight of a moving object in red, we make sure it is a soldier, but, there, it never failed to be the nether habiliments of the nut-brown girl of France.

Addressing ourselves again to the road, we shortly entered a small village bearing the appetite provoking appellation of Soupe. It is celebrated for the manufacture of articles, far less digestive, such as files, carriage springs, and Brunmagem contrivances generally.

Observing painted over the door of a cleanly looking, white-washed Auberge, the words "English Coffee House," my English heart warmed to it, and entering, I ordered dinner. The good people ushered me with many bows and smiles into the "Salle à Manger."

The extremely elegant manners of the French are acknowledged and felt by all who have intercourse with them. From prince to peasant, in palace or hut, down through every gradation of society, man, woman, and child, all have an ease and grace of manner and address, not less captivating, than inimitable by rough John Bull. Our upper classes are as stiff and formal as soldiers on parade, always seemingly, in public, as actors on a stage; their imitators resemble icicles, so frigid their demeanor; while the lower classes have about as much idea of the graces, as a pig of the German flute. Some such reflections passed through my mind as mine host and hostess were laying the table, the while conversing with charming affability.

The table was soon spread. As might have been expected from the name of the place, soup figured first, followed by the *bouilli*, flanked by a loaf of bread about as long as a yard-stick, and proportionably slender. A long necked bottle of wine, added its grace to the array of *comestibles*. The wine was very agreeable, price 12 sols the bottle! Think of that, ye bucks, who at the hotels of New York pay six dollars a bottle for Old Madeira, *sans grimace*.

Saying bon-jour to the civil people of the inn, and encouraging Charles to another pedestrian effort, I was again *en route*. The road still followed the course of the Loing.

Charles had none of my enthusiasm for seeing the world; beside, he was in his own land, where every thing was as familiar to him as a "thrice-told-tale," or the village spire. Whereas, to me novelty invested the scenery, the people, the dwellings, every object, animate or inanimate, moving or stationary, with more or less interest. Accordingly, fatigued as he was, and sore at foot, he was any thing but a pleasant companion. He trudged on as moodily as a taciturn John Bull. All the national gaiety had evaporated, and sombre was his face. Unaccustomed to marching, or long walks, blisters began to rise on his feet; and he grumbled and groaned so abominably that I wished him in the red sea or any other equally convenient and agreeable place. About 5 P. M. we reached the hamlet of Fontenay, and here, he fairly mutinied, persisting, all I could say to the contrary, on entering a mean looking cabaret at the entrance of the hamlet. What with fatigue and pain, from his blistered soles, he was completely knocked up, and he gave in.

What befel me and Charles at Fontenay, I reserve for another chapter.

AN ASKER.

A LADY was recently visited by a female servant who had been married, and seeing that she presented an appearance of having very much bettered her circumstances, she enquired the nature of her husband's profession. To this interrogatory the young woman replied, "He is an asker, ma'am." "An asker!" inquired the good lady with amazement, "and what in the world is that?" "Oh, ma'am, he stands at the corner of street and asks." "Why, you don't mean to say that you have married a beggar, do you?" "Yes, ma'am, but it's a very good business. My husband thinks it very bad work indeed, if he don't bring more than five shillings a day."

I WILL not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

THE HUMMING BIRD'S SONG.

I HAVE come—I have come from my own dear nest,
Where my young lay sheltered beneath my breast:
I have come, while the dews on the flowers lay,
To sip their sweets, and then lie away,
Humming along, as with slender wing
On the cups of the flowers I trembling cling.

Down in their deep and honied cells,
Where their perfumed sweetness all hidden dwells,
I go—and revel a moment there,
Murmuring still on the fragrant air;
On their loaded petals, a kiss I press,
While I'm folded away in their perfumed breasts.

Then away, away through the tangled dell
I roam o'er the flowers I love so well,
Now bending me down to the daisy meek,
Now hid in the columbine's wild retreat,
Humming along as I joyous go,
Where the hidden wild flowers sheltered grow.

But back I hie when at even tide
The shadows are spreading all far and wide,
And safely gathered within the nest,
My little ones shelter beneath my breast;
While a heavenly goodness through all the hours
Still keeps me in safety and guards the flowers.

B.

THE BUTTERFLY.

WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY A PICTURE OF THE BUTTERFLY
AND ROSE.

THE butterfly was a gentleman
Of no very good repute,
And he roved in the sunshine all day long,
In his scarlet and purple suit—
And he left his lady-wife at home
In her own secluded bower,
Whilst he like a bachelor floated about,
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she stirred,
She loved him better than all the world,
Though little for her he cared;
Unheeded she passed the day—she knew
Her lord was a rover then,
But when night came on, her lamp she lit
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray;
Some evil bird had seen the neglected one
And flown with her far away.
Then beware ye butterfly, all beware,
If such a thine should come,
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish
You had cherished the lamp at home.

B.

MAKE no vows of enmity while you are smarting with a sense of neglect or cruelty; pain speaks with little propriety.—*Zimmerman*.

A NIGHT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE BORDERER'S DREAM.

Not very long ago, one William Laidlaw, a sturdy Borderer, went on an excursion to a remote district in the Highlands of Scotland. He was a tall and very athletic man, remarkably active, and matchless at cudgel-playing, running, wrestling, and other exercises, for which the Borderers have been noted from time immemorial. To his other accomplishments, he added an excellent temper, was full of good-humour, and a most capital bottle companion. Most of our modern travellers would have performed the greater part of the journey he undertook in a steam-boat, a stage-coach, or some such convenience; but he preferred going on foot, without any companion except an old oaken cudgel, which had been handed down to him from several generations, and which by way of fancy had been christened Knock-him-down. With this trusty friend in his hand, and fifty pounds sterling in his pocket, he found himself, by the fourth day, in one of the most dismal glens of the Highlands. It was by this time night-fall, and both William's appetite and limbs told him it was high time to look for a place of repose, having, since six in the morning, walked nearly fifty English miles.

Now, the question which employed his cogitations at this moment was, whether he should proceed at the risk of losing his way among the bogs and morasses, for which this district is famed, or remain till day-break where he was? Both expedients were unpleasant, and it is difficult to say which he would have adopted, when about a mile to the left, a glimmering among the darkness attracted his notice. It might have been a "Will-o'-wisp," or the light of some evil spirit at its midnight orgies; but whatever the cause might be, it decided Mr. Laidlaw as to his further operations. He did not reflect a moment upon the matter, but exercising "Knock-him-down" in its usual capacity of walking assistant, he found himself in a few minutes alongside the spot from which the light proceeded. It was a Highland cottage, built after the usual fashion, partly of stone, and partly of turf; but without examining too minutely the exterior of the building, he applied the stick to the door with such a degree of

force as he conceived necessary to arouse the inmates.

"Wha's there?" cried a shrill voice, like that of an old woman; "what want ye at this hour of the night?"

"I want lodging, honest woman, if such a thing there is to be got."

"Na, na," replied the inmate, "you can get nae lodging here. Neither gentle nor simple shall enter my house this night. Gang on your ways, ye're no aboon five miles frae the Clachan of Balaeher."

"Five deevils!" exclaimed the Borderer; "I tell ye I have walked fifty miles already, and could as soon find out Johnny Groat's as the Clachan."

"Walk fifty more, then," cried the obstinate portress; "But hero you downa enter while I can keep you out."

"If you come to that, my woman," said William, "we shall soon settle the point. In plain language, if you do not let me in wi' your gudo will, I shall enter without it," and with that he laid his shoulder to the door, with the full intention of storming the fortress. A whispering within made him pause a moment.

"And must I let him in?" murmured the old woman to some one who seemed in the interior.

"Yes," answered a half-suppressed voice; "he may enter—he is but one, and we are three—a lowland tap, I suppose."

The door was slowly opened. The person who performed this unwilling act was a woman apparently about seventy, haggard, and bent by an accumulation of infirmity and years. Her face was pale, malignant, and wrinkled, and her little sharp peering eyes seemed like those of the adder, to shoot forth evil upon whomsoever she gazed. As William entered, he encountered this aged sybil, her natural hideousness exposed full to his gaze by the little rush-light she held up above her head, the better to view the tall Borderer.

"You want a night's lodging, say you? Aye, nae doubt, like many others frae the south, come to trouble honest folks."

"There's nae need to talk about troubling,"

said Laidlaw. "If you have trouble, you shall be paid for it; and since you are pleased, my auld lady, to talk about the south, let me say a word of the north. I have got money in my pouch to gay my way wherever I go, and this is mair than some of your bonnie Highland lairds can say. Here it lies my lady!" and he struck with the palm of his hand the large and well replenished pocket-book, which bulged out from his side.

"I want none of your money," said the old crone, her eyes nevertheless sparkling with a malicious joy; "walk in; you will have the company of strangers for the night."

He followed her advice, and went to the end of the cottage, near which, upon the floor, blazed a large fire of peat. There was no grate, and for chimney, a hole in the roof sufficed, through which the smoke ascended in large volumes. Here he saw the company mentioned by the sybil.

It consisted of three men, of the most fierce and savage aspect. Two of them were dressed as sailors, the third in a sort of a Highland garb.

He had never seen any persons who had so completely the air of desperadoes. The two first were dark in their complexions, their black bushy beards apparently unshorn for many weeks. Their expressions were dark and ominous, and bespoke spirits within, which had been trained up in crime. Nor were the red locks of the third, and his fiery countenance, and sharp, cruel eyes, less appalling, and less indicative of evil.

So near an intercourse with such people, and under these circumstances, would have thrown a chill over most hearts; but William Laidlaw was naturally a stranger to fear, and, at any rate, his great strength gave him a confidence which it was very difficult to shake; he had, besides, a most unbounded confidence in scientific cudgel-playing, and in the virtues of "Knock-him-down."

These three men were seated around the fire; and when our traveller came alongside of them, and saluted them, not one returned his salutation. Each sat in dogged silence. If they designed to recognise him, it was by looks of ferocious sternness and these looks were momentary, for they instantly relapsed into their former state of sullen apathy.

William was this time beset by two most unfortunate inclinations. He had an incorrigible desire, first, to speak, and secondly, to eat; and never had any propensities come upon a man so *mal-apropos*. He sat for a few minutes absolutely nonplussed about the method of gratifying them. At length, after revolving the matter deeply in his mind, he contrived to get out with the following words:—

"I have been thinking, gudewife, that some-

thing to eat is very agreeable when a body is hungry." No answer.

"I have been thinking, mistress, that when a man is hungry he is the better of something to eat." No answer.

"Did you hear what I was saying, mistress?"

"Perfectly weel."

"And what is your opinion of the matter?"

"My opinion is, that a hungry man is the better of being fed." Such was the old dame's reply; and he thought he could perceive a smile of bitter ridicule curl up the savage lips of his three neighbours.

"Was there ever such an auld hag!" said the yeoman to himself. "There she sits at her wheel, and cares nae mair for a fellow-creature than I would for a dead sheep."

"Mistress," continued he, "I see you will not tak hints. I maun then tell you plainly, that I am the next door to starvation, and that I will thank you for something to eat."

"This produced the desired effect, for she instantly got up from her wheel, went to a cupboard, and produced a plentiful supply of cold venison, bread and cheese, together with a large bottle of the finest whisky.

William now felt quite at his ease. Putting "Knock-him-down" beside him, and planting himself at the table, he commenced operations in a style that would have done honour to Friar Tuck himself. Venison, bread and cheese, disappeared like magic. So intently did he keep to his occupation, that he neither thought nor cared about any other object.

Every thing which came under the denomination of eatable having disappeared from the table, he proceeded to discuss the contents of the black bottle which stood by. He probably indulged rather freely in this respect, for shortly after commencing, he became very talkative, and seemed resolved at all risks, to extract conversation from his mute companions.

"You will be in the smuggling trade, frien?" said he, slapping the shoulder of one of his dark complexioned neighbours. The fellow started from his seat, and looked upon the borderer with an expression of anger and menace, but he was suddenly quieted by one of his companions, who whispered into his ear, "Hush, Roderick; never mind him: the time is not come."

"I was saying, frien," reiterated Laidlaw, without perceiving this interruption, "that you will be in the smuggling trade?"

"May be I am," was the fellow's answer.

"And you are a fish of the same water?" continued William to the second, who nodded assent.

"And you frien', wi' the red hair, what are ye?"

"Humph."

"Humph!" cried the Borderer; "that is one way of answering questions—humph, aye humph, very good: ha! ha! your health, Mr. Humph!" and he straightway swallowed another glass of the potent spirit.

The three personages, during the whole of his various harangues, preserved the same unchanged silence, replying to his broken and unconnected questions by nods and monosyllables. —They even held no verbal communication with one another, but each continued apparently within himself the thread of his own gloomy meditations. The night by this time waxed late; the spirit began to riot a little in the Borderer's head; and concluding that there was no sociality among persons who would neither drink nor speak, he quaffed off a final glass, and dropped back on his chair.

How long he remained in this state cannot be known. Certain it is, he was rather suddenly awakened from it, by a hand working its way cautiously and gently into his bosom. At first he did not know what to make of this: his ideas were as yet unruined, and by a sort of instinct, he merely pressed his left hand against the spot by way of resistance. The same force continuing, however, to operate as formerly, he opened his eyes, and saw himself surrounded by the three strangers. The red-haired ruffian was the person who had aroused him,—the two others, one of them armed with a cutlass, stood by: William was so astonished at this scene, that he could form no opinion on the subject. His brain still rung with the strange visions that had crossed it, and with the influence of intoxication.

"I am thinking, honest man, that you are stealing my pocket-book;" was the first ejaculation he got out with, gazing at the same time with a bewildered look on the plunderer.

"Down with the villain!" thundered one of these worthies at the same instant; "and you, sir," brandishing his cutlass over the Borderer's head, "resist and I will cleave you to the collar!"

This exclamation acted like magic upon Laidlaw: it seemed to sober him in an instant, and point out his perilous situation.

The trio had rushed upon him, and attempted to hold him down. Now or never, was the period to put his immense strength to the trial. Collecting all his energies, he bounded from their grasp, and his Herculean fist falling like a sledge-hammer upon the forehead of him who carried the cutlass, the ruffian tumbled headlong to the earth. In a moment more he stood in the centre of the cottage, whirling: "Knock-him-

down" around his head, in the attitude of defiance. Such was now his appearance of determined courage and strength, that the two ruffians opposed to him, although powerful men, and armed with bludgeons, did not dare to advance, but recoiled several paces from their single opponent. He had escaped thus far, but his situation was still very hazardous, for the men, though baffled, kept their eyes intently fixed upon him, and seemed only to wait an opportunity when they could rush on him with most advantage. Besides, the one he had felled had just got up, and with his cutlass had joined the others. If they had made an attack upon him, his great skill and vigour would in all probability have brought one of them to the ground, but then he would have been assailed by the two others; and the issue of such a contest, armed as one of them was, could not but be highly dangerous.

Meanwhile the men, although none of them ventured to rush singly upon the Borderer, began to advance in a body, as if for the purpose of getting behind him. "Now," thought William, "if I can but keep you quiet till I get opposite the door, I may show you a trick that will astonish you." So planning his scheme, he continued retreating before his assailants, and holding up his cutdgel in the true scientific position, till he came within a foot of the door: most fortunately it stood wide open. One step aside, and the threshold was gained—another, and it was passed. In the twinkling of an eye, swift as a thunderbolt, fell "Knock-him-down" upon the head of the most forward opponent, and in another out bolted William Laidlaw from the cottage. The whole was the work of an instant. He who received the blow fell stunned and bleeding to the ground, and his companions were so confounded, that they stood mute and gazing at each other for several seconds. Their speed was, however, employed in vain against the fleetest runner of the Cheviots, and they were afraid to separate, lest each might encounter singly this formidable adversary, who perhaps might have dealt with them in the same manner as *Horatius* did with the *Curatii* of old. The pursuit continued but a short way, as the yeoman more than double distanced his pursuers in the first two minutes, and left them no chance of coming up with him.

It was by this time three in the morning. The intense darkness of midnight had worn away, and though the sun was yet beneath the horizon, a sort of reflected light so far prevailed as to render near objects visible. In the course of an hour, the hill tops became exposed above the misty wreaths which hung heavily upon their sides, and which began to dissolve away and float slow-

ly down the glen in pale columns. In a short time, a hue like that of twilight rendered distinctly visible the mountain boundaries of the vale. William walked onward with his usual speed.

Such at last was his prodigious rapidity of movement, that he utterly lost the use of his senses. He appeared to himself to fly rather than walk over the earth; his head became giddy, and it is difficult to say where his slight might have ended, when "Knock-him-down" was suddenly swept from his hand. This in a moment arrested his speed, for such was his sympathy with his companion, that he could not possibly get on, or even live without it. "Knock-him-down—where are ye?" was his first exclamation at the departure of his favorite. "I say, Knock-him-down—where are ye?" Here honest William sat down upon the heath, to bemoan his misfortune. Now for the first time in his life he parted with all recollection. A strange, mysterious, indescribable ringing took place in his ears—the hills reeled—his head nodded once, twice, and again—and in a few seconds, he dropped into a profound sleep.

This may be considered an epoch in the yeoman's life, for here he, for the first time, according to his own account, was visited by a dream. Out of the pale mist of the glen he imagined he saw approach him the very person to whose house he was bound.—The aspect of this man was melancholy—his face deadly pale—and as he stood opposite the Borderer, and said, "William Laidlaw!" the latter felt his flesh creep with an unutterable dread.

"William Laidlaw," continued he, "you are going to my house, but you will not find me at home. I have gone to a far country—Neil McKinnon and his two cousins sent me there.—You will find my body in the pit near the Cairn of Daigulish. The money you are bringing to me, give to my poor family, and may God bless you!" Having pronounced these words, the figure vanished, nor had the Borderer the power to recall it. He did not, however, awake, but lay in the same restless state till the sun, shining in all the splendour of an August morning, burst upon him.

William awoke a sober man. The morning was indeed beautiful. The sun shone in his strength, lighting up the vale with a flood of radiance. On the summits of the hills not a cloud rested—all was clear and lucid as crystal, and the untainted sky hung like a vault of pure sapphire over the thousand rocks and glens beneath.

The object which first arrested our friend's attention was "Knock-him-down," stuck up in the middle of a whin bush, and his immediate impulse was to relieve it from this inglorious situation.

Having done this, stretched his limbs, and examined his pocket-book, which he found tight and well, he proceeded on his journey. He was naturally the reverse of superstitions, but somehow or other a train of unpleasant thoughts came over him, which he could not get rid of. His mind was so unaccustomed to thinking of any kind, and, above all, to gloomy thinking, that he knew not what to make of the matter. He whistled and sung in vain, to dispel the feeling. The same lead hung upon his mind, and oppressed it grievously.

In this train he found himself at length in front of the Clachan of Ballachter. This small village was in possession of the individual to whom he was journeying. His dwelling a large farm-house was in the centre; the cottages which surrounded it were occupied by his servants and tenantry.

It was about mid-day when he entered the village. It was deserted, while a strange and subdued melancholy seemed to hang over it. He strode slowly on, but no human being made his appearance. At length a funeral procession, followed by many women and children, came silently up the middle avenue of the village. It might be a deception of his fancy; but he thought the looks of the mourners were more sad and more profoundly interesting than he had ever witnessed on any previous occasion.—He followed the convey to the cemetery which was not far distant, and when the last shovelful of earth was thrown upon the grave, he enquired whose funeral it was.

"It is that of Allaster Wilson, our master," was the reply.

"Good heaven!" and how did he die?" cried William deeply agitated.

"That no one knows," answered an old man who stood by; "He was found murdered; but the day will come when the Lord will cause his blood to be requited on his murderers."

"And where was his body found?" said the astonished Borderer.

"In the chalk-pit near the Cairn of Daigulish," replied the senior, and he wiped his aged eyes, and walked slowly away.

William started back with horror, and instantly recollected his dream. It was indeed the very individual to whose house he was journeying, that he now saw laid in his grave. His first duty was to go to the bereaved family of his departed friend, and to comfort the widow and the fatherless. A tear rolled from his manly eye as he entered the mansion of sorrow; and when he saw the relict and the weeping family of his friend, he thought his heart would have died within him. Having paid into their hands the money he owed them, and performed various offices of kindness, he bade

them for the present adieu, and went to Inverness.

He had no business to transact there; his only object was to obtain the aid of justice in pursuit of the three men whom he supposed to be the murderers. Neil McKinnon was apprehended at the house where Laidlaw first saw him, but though his guilt was strongly suspected, no positive proof could be adduced against him, and he was dismissed. The two other men were never heard of. It was supposed that they had gone on board a smuggling cutter, which left Fort-William, and afterwards perished, with all its crew, in the sound of Mull.

The dream still continued to agitate the young yeoman's mind to a great degree, and from being the gayest farmer of the Borders, he returned as thoughtful as a philosopher.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Oh! what is life? 'Tis like a flower
That blossoms—and is gone:
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on;—
Death comes—and like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

Oh! what is life?—'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow—
But while we look they die:
Life falls as soon; today 'tis here—
'Tomorrow it may disappear.'

Lord, what is life?—If spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

CRUELTY OF MEHEMET ALI'S SON-IN-LAW.

THE notorious Defurdar had a den in his garden, in which he kept a lion, which became so tame that he ran about the grounds at liberty, and followed his master like a dog. But before he was quite domesticated, and while yet in confinement, one of the gardener's assistants was guilty of some error, of which the superintendent complained to the Defurdar. In no case dilatory in passing judgment, he ordered the accused, without going into details, to be cast into the lion's den. This order was immediately complied with; the beast, however, treated the poor condemned wretch like a second Daniel; it not only did him no harm, but to the astonishment of the beholders, licked his hands. The gardener's assistant was

not the animal's attendant, but had occasionally thrown some of his bread into the den in passing. The noble animal had not forgotten this kindness, and spared his benefactor's life.

The Defurdar, on hearing this, was by no means pleased; but blood-thirsty as ever, and without feeling the slightest appreciation for this act of generosity, ordered the lion to be kept fasting during the whole of the day, and the delinquent to remain in confinement; thinking, in the anger of ungratified hunger, to force the beast to become the executioner of its benefactor. But even hunger could not overcome the magnanimity of the royal animal, and the poor gardener remained the whole day unhurt in the den with the lion. In the evening he was liberated, but did not long escape the vengeance of the tyrant, who, meeting him one day in the garden, where he had brushed up a heap of leaves, accosted him with—“Dog, thou art so bad that a lion will not eat thee, but now thou hast made thine own grave.” Hereupon he commanded him to carry the dry leaves to an oven, and then to creep in himself. When this order was executed the tyrant had the leaves lighted, and the poor wretch expired under the most horrid tortures.—*Travels in Kordofan.*

HEBREW MUSICIANS.

I SPEAK not of the past, though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it in the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers—not an orchestra in a single capital—that are not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate—too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your “Muscadins” of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel!

A FALSE friend is like the shadow on a sun-dial,
and vanishes at the smallest cloud.

THE OULD DRAGOON;

OR, A VISIT TO THE BEAVER MEADOW.

BY J. W. DEBARR MOODIE.

It is delightful to observe a feeling of contentment under the most adverse circumstances: and though we can hardly repress a smile at the rude attempts of the isolated Backwoodsman to obtain something like comfort, still we cannot help enjoying the buoyant spirits of the light hearted Irishman, who can make himself happy where all others would be miserable. A certain degree of dissatisfaction with our present circumstances is necessary to stimulate us to exertion, and thus to secure future comfort:—but where the delusive prospect of future happiness appears too remote to encourage any reasonable hope of ultimate attainment—then, surely, it is true wisdom to make the most of the present, and to cultivate a spirit of happy contentment with the lot assigned to us by Providence. “Ould Simpson,” or the “Ould Dragoon,” as he was generally called, was a good sample of this happy character: and we shall proceed to give the reader a sketch of his history, and a description of his establishment. He was one of that unfortunate class of discharged soldiers who had been tempted to sell their pensions far below their true value, for the sake of getting a lot of land in some remote settlement where it was worth nothing, and where they would have the unenviable privilege of expending the last remains of their strength in clearing a patch of land for the benefit of some grasping storekeeper, who had given them credit while engaged in the work. He had fixed his abode on the verge of an extensive Beaver Meadow, which was considered a sort of natural curiosity in the neighbourhood; and where he managed, by cutting the long rank grass in the summer time, to support several cows which afforded his chief subsistence. He had also managed, with the assistance of his devoted partner Judy, to clear a few acres of poor rocky land, on the sloping margin of the level Meadow, which he planted year after year with potatoes. Scattered over this small clearing, here and there, might be seen the but end of some half burnt hemlock tree, which had escaped the general combustion of the log heaps, and now formed a striking con-

trast with the white limestone rocks which showed themselves above the surface of the ground. “The Ould Dragoon” seemed moreover to have some taste for the picturesque, and by way of ornament, no doubt, had left sundry tall pines and hemlocks neatly girdled to destroy the foliage, the shade of which would be detrimental to the quality of the “blessed prairie” underneath:—and which, like martyrs at the stake, stretched their naked branches imploringly to the smiling heavens, from the rude clearing. As “Ould Simpson” was a kind of hermit, from choice, and far removed from other settlers, whose assistance is so necessary in new settlements, he was compelled to resort to the most extraordinary contrivances, while clearing his land, and after felling the trees, instead of chopping them into lengths, for the purpose of facilitating the operation of piling them previous to burning, which would have cost him too much labour, he resorted to the practice of “niggering,” as it is called: which is simply laying light pieces of round timber across the trunks of the trees and setting fire to them at the point of contact: by which means the trees are slowly burned through. It was while busily engaged in this interesting operation, that I first became acquainted with the “Ould Dragoon.” After treading my way among the uncouth logs which covered the blackened ground, and which were all smoking under the “niggering” process, I encountered the old man attired in an old hood of his wife Judy’s, with his canvas trousers rolled up to his knees, one foot bare, and the other furnished with an old boot that had seen better days. His person was long and sinewy, and there was a light springiness and elasticity in his step which would have suited a younger man, as he stepped along with a long thin log over his shoulder. He was singing a stave from the “Inniskillen Dragoon,” when I came up with him—

“With his silver mounted pistols and his long ear-
bino gun,
Long life to the brave Inniskillen Dragoon.”

His face which would have been one of the most lugubrious imaginable, with his long tangled black hair hanging confusedly over it, in a manner which has been compared to a bewitched haystack—had it not been for a certain humorous twitch or convulsive movement, which ever and anon affected one side of it, when any droll idea passed through his mind. It was with a twitch of this kind, and a certain indescribable twinkle of the eye, as he seemed to form a hasty conception of the oddity of his appearance, to a stranger unused to “the bush,” that he welcomed me to his clearing. He immediately threw down his burden and leaving his “niggers” to finish their work at their leisure, he insisted on our going to his house forthwith, to get something to drink, for the weather was hot. On the way I explained to him the object of my visit, which was to run the side lines of a lot of land I had received as part of a military grant, immediately adjoining the Beaver Meadow, and I asked him to accompany us, as he was well acquainted with the different lots, “Och! by all manner of names, and welcome; the devil a foot of the way but I know as well as my own clearing; but come into the house and get a drink of milk and a bite of bread and butter, for sorrow a drop of the whiskey have I had for the last month, and its but poor entertainment I can give you; but sure you’re heartily welcome.” The precincts of the homestead were divided and subdivided into an infinity of enclosures of all shapes and sizes. The outer enclosure was a bush fence, formed of trees felled in a row, and the gaps filled up with brush-wood. There was a large gate, swung with wooden hinges, and a wooden latch to fasten it:—the smaller enclosures were made with round poles, tied together with bark. The house was of the rudest description of shanty, with hollowed bass wood logs for a roof, instead of shingles. Every where there was a total absence of iron or leather hinges,—wooden latches for locks,—and bark strings for nails. There was a large fireplace at one end of the shanty, with a chimney constructed of split laths plastered with clay. As for windows, that was a luxury which could well be dispensed with, as the open door was an excellent substitute for one in the daytime; and at night none was required. Every thing wore a Robinson Crusoe aspect, and though there was no appearance of plan or foresight, there was no lack of ingenious contrivance, to meet every want as it arose. Judy dropped us a low courtesy as we entered, which was followed by a similar compliment from a stout girl of twelve, and two or three more of the children, who all seemed to share the pleasure of their parents in receiving the strangers in their unpretending tenement. Many were the apologies that

poor Judy offered for the homely cheer she offered us, and great was her delight at the notice we took of the “childre,” as she called them. She set little Biddy, who was the pride of her heart, a reading in the Bible, and she took down a machine from a shelf which she had “contrived” for teaching the children to write. This was a flat box or frame filled with sand,—which saved paper, pens and ink. Poor Judy had seen better days, but with a humble and contented spirit she blessed God for the food and scanty raiment their labour afforded them. The only sorrow was the want of “education” for the children. She would have told us a long story about their trials and sufferings before they had attained their present comparative comfort and independence; but as we had a long scramble before us through cedar swamps and beaver meadows, and over pine ridges, “the Old Dragon” cut her short, and we started on our toilsome journey. Simpson was one of those happy fellows of the “light heart and thin pair of breeches” school, who when they meet with difficulty or misfortune, never stop to examine their dimensions, but hold in their breath and run lightly over them, as if they were crossing a bog, where to stand still is to sink. Off we went with the “Old Dragon” skipping and bounding on before us over fallen trees and mossy rocks;—now ducking under the low tangled branches of the white cedar, then carefully piloting us along rotten logs covered with green moss, to save us from the discomfort of wet feet. All this time he still kept one of his feet safely ensconced in the boot while the other seemed to luxuriate in the water as if there was something amphibious in his nature. We soon reached the Beaver Meadow, which extended two or three miles; sometimes narrowing into a small gorge, then spreading out again into an ample field of verdure, and presenting everywhere the same unvarying level surface, surrounded with rising grounds covered with the dense unbroken forest, as if its surface had formerly been covered by the waters of a lake. In many places the meadow was so wet that it required a very large share of faith to support us in passing over its surface, but our friend the Dragon soon brought us safe through all dangers, to a deep ditch he had dug which carried off the superfluous water from the part of the meadow owned by himself, and which afforded us firm footing to the opposite side, where we sat down to rest ourselves before commencing the operation of “blazing,” or marking the trees with our axe along the side line of my lot. Here the great mystery of the solitary boot was explained, for Simpson very coolly took off the boot from the hitherto favored foot, and drew it on the other. He was not a whit ashamed of

his poverty, and candidly owned that this was the only boot he possessed, and was desirous of giving his feet fair play. Nearly the whole day was occupied in completing our job, in which the "Dhragoon" assisted us with the most hearty good will, enlivening us with his inexhaustible fund of good humour and drollery. It was nearly dark by the time we got back to his shanty, where the kind hearted Judy was preparing a huge pot of potatoes and other "combustibles" for our entertainment. Previous to our starting on our surveying expedition we had observed Judy very earnestly giving some important instruction to one of her little boys, on whom she seemed to be most seriously impressing the necessity of using the utmost diligence. The happy contentment which beamed in poor Judy's still comely countenance bespoke the success of the messenger. She could "not call up *sprits* from the vasty deep"—but she had procured some *whiskey* from her next door neighbour some five or six miles off, and there it stood somewhat ostentatiously on the table in a "grey beard," with a "corn cob" for a cork, smiling most benevolently around on the family circle, and looking a hundred welcomes to the strangers. An indescribable enlivening influence seemed to exude from every pore of that homely earthen vessel, diffusing itself in all directions. The "Ould Dhragoon" jumped and danced about on the rough floor of the shanty, and the children sat giggling and nudging each other in a corner, casting a timid look, from time to time at their mother, for fear she might check them for being "over bould." "Is it crazy ye are? ye ould onadhawn!" says Judy, "the likes of ye I never seed; you're too foolidge entirely, have done now with your deviltries and set the stools for the gentlemen; while I set the supper for ye's." Our plentiful though homely meal, was soon discussed, for hunger like a good conscience, can laugh at luxury,—and the "grey beard" made its appearance with the usual accompaniments of hot water and some maple sugar, which Judy placed on the table in a saucer, all the cups being engaged. The "Ould Dhragoon" knew no bounds to his hilarity; he laughed and he joked and he sung snatches of old songs, he had picked up in the course of his service at home and abroad. At length Judy, who doted on him, and looked on him as a "real genius," in spite of the mad pranks he played, when under the influence of his untameable animal spirits, begged him to "sing the gentlemen the song he made when he first come to the country," and with which I shall conclude this hasty sketch of the "Ould Dhragoon":—

Och! its here I'm entirely contented,
In the wild woods of swate 'Merica;
God's blessing on him that invented
Big ships for crossing the say.

Here praties grows bigger nor turnips,
And though cruel hard is our work,
In Ireland we'd nothin' but praties,
But here we have praties and pork.

I live on the banks of a meadow,
Now see that my maning you take:
It bates all the bogs of ould Ireland,
For six months in the year it's a lake.

Bad luck to the heavers that dammed it,
I wish them all kill't for their pains:
For, sure, though the creatures are clever,
'Tis certain they've drowned my domains.

I've built a log hut of the timber,
That grows on my charming estate,
And an illigant root house erected,
Just facing the front of my gate.

And I've made me an illigant pig stye,
Well littered wid sthraw and wid hay,
And it's there, free from noise of the chilther,
I sleep in the heat of the day.

It's there I'm entirely at ease, Sir,
And enjoy all the comforts of home,
I stretch out my legs as I please, Sir,
And dhrame of the pleasures to come.

Sure it's pleasant to hear the frogs croaking
When the sun's going down in the sky,
And my Judy sits quietly smoking
While the praties are boiled till they're dhray.

Och! then if you love independence,
And have money your passage to pay,
You must quit the ould country entirely,
And start in the middle of May.

DUE PROPORTIONS.

"JOCK," said a farmer's wife to the herd callant—"Jock, come in to your parritch, (porridge), the flies are drowning themselves in the milk."
"Nae fears," replied Jock, moving very deliberately towards the scene of action, "Nae fears; they'll wade through't." "Od, you little rascal, do you say you dinna get enough o' milk?" "Ou ay, plenty—for the parritch."

A SHORT time since, two young ladies, near Camberwell, were accosted by a gipsy woman, who told them that, for a shilling each, she would show them their husband's faces in a pail of water; which being brought, they exclaimed—'Why, we only see our own faces!' 'Well,' said the old woman, 'those will be your husbands' faces when you are married!'

GOOD SIR WALTER.

SIR WALTER MEYNELL was born in the last year of the seventeenth century, and was an only son, although he had several sisters. He went through the education which was then becoming fixed as the course proper for the Meynells, and which, in fact, has descended as regularly as the family plate ever since. Eton, Oxford, and the Grand Tour formed this system of training, which was continued unremittingly till the French revolution, together with one or two other slight changes that it wrought, took away from the rising Meynell of the day the power of travelling with a bear-leader through the principal parts of Europe.

But no such naughty doings existed in the days of Sir Walter's adolescence. He was accordingly presented at the court of the regent, Duke of Orleans, where nothing naughty was ever heard of, and thence duly performed the whole of that itinerary which has been named the Grand Tour, from the circumstance, I suppose, of the traveller going straight on end, and returning almost precisely the way he came. Sir Walter, however, brought but little of foreign fashions back with him to England. He returned the same hearty, bright-spirited fellow he went—with some additional cultivation indeed—for his mental qualities were keen and sound—but in no degree warped or made foreign by his residence abroad.

Not long after his return, he succeeded to his title and estate. His mother had been dead some years; and he came and settled at Arlescot, retaining his eldest sister at the head of his household, as she had been in their father's time, and all the others remaining exactly as they had been. Sir Walter was not the man to put forth his sisters because they ceased to be daughters of the house—he loved them all dearly, and delighted to have them around him. "Arlescot," said he, in answer to his man of business, who spoke to him on the subject, "shall ever be their home till they marry. I wish, in every respect, to fill my poor father's place as much as possible." And, indeed, if it had not been that the niece at the head of the table was some thirty years younger than that which had been there so lately, one would scarcely have known that any change had taken place at Arlescot-hall.

There was a very considerable difference between the age of the eldest and the youngest of Sir

Walter's five sisters, so that he continued to have a lady-house—(and the word, though I coin it for the purpose, carries with it a most comprehensive signification)—for many years. There was none of that loneliness, which so often sheds a chill over a bachelor's dwelling. There were always snuffing faces and merry voices, to welcome his return home;—and all those elegancies and amenities, which exist in no society among which there are not women, constantly graced, and at the same time gave added animation to the circle that congregated within the walls of Arlescot. Indeed, celebrated as that venerable pile has always been for its hospitality and joyous society, the days of Sir Walter and his sisters have come down as the most brilliant and festive of all. The numerous Christmas party seldom broke up till it belied its name, and was trending on the heels of Lent; and the beautiful woods of green Arlescot; as they waved in the full pride of summer, ever saw bright and happy groups beneath their shade, and echoed to the sounds of springing voices and young laughter.

In a word, Sir Walter lived during these years a most happy life. He had around him those whom he loved best in the world: he not only saw them happy, but he helped to make them so. Indeed, so thoroughly did the milk of human kindness pervade his heart, that he drew his own chief enjoyment from conferring it. To the poor, he was indeed a benefactor. Not contented with an alms hastily given, or a dole regularly meted out at the gate, he would personally enter into their interests—assist the beginner, encourage the rising man, and protect and provide for the destitute, the aged and the sick. He would give his attention to their representations, and deal to them a merciful justice. He would speak a kind word, as the flower of that beautiful tree of charity of which the kind action was the fruit. Before he was thirty years old, he had acquired, among the peasantry around Arlescot, the epithet of "Good Sir Walter!" If any one met with injustice—"Go to good Sir Walter, and he will see you righted;" if any one fell into distress—"Go to good Sir Walter, and he will set you on your legs again."

And among persons of his own station, Sir Walter was equally popular. He had shortly af-

ter his coming into the country, been the means of reconciling a most distressing quarrel between two of his neighbors of the highest consideration—and this attracted the attention of the neighborhood towards him. His constant good humour as a companion—his extreme hospitality—the delightful footing upon which the society at Arlescot was placed—his readiness to perform a friendly office, and the excessive reluctance with which he refused a favour,—all combined to make the gentry adopt the language of the poor, and say—“they have given him the right name—he is indeed, Good Sir Walter.”

One very natural consequence of the position in which Sir Walter was placed, was that he remained a bachelor. The smile of woman constantly cheered his home, while her accomplishments gave to it all the advantages of refinement and taste. In short, even the most manoeuvring mammas in ——— shire had given up the matter as a bad job—and set Sir Walter down as a man that would never marry.

The youngest of his sisters was very much younger than any of the family; and, indeed, there was almost twenty years between his age and hers. At the time this sister, whose name was Elizabeth, was about ten years old, there was only one of the others left unmarried, and Sir Walter began to feel, with sorrow, how much their happy family circle was diminished. This circumstance drew his affections most vividly towards the little Elizabeth. He felt that she was his last stay—that when she left him, he would be widowed quite—and, accordingly, his kindness towards her increased so greatly, that she would have gone near to become a spoiled child—if it had not been that her nature was of a most excellent disposition, and that that nature had been directed, originally, by her eldest sister, towards the best and most beautiful issues. Accordingly, when, at about ten years old, her brother began to be over-indulgent towards her, the effect produced upon her was scarcely more than to render her affection for him every day stronger and more fond, while it left untouched the admirable temper, and generous character, which were hers already.

It was a year or two later, just after the marriage of their only remaining sister, and when Elizabeth and Sir Walter were left alone, that a particularly-esteemed friend of the latter, who lived in the near neighbourhood of Arlescot, had the calamity to lose his wife. Mr. Adair—so he was named—was left with an only child, a daughter, about a year younger than Elizabeth, who had thus become motherless. Sir Walter had been in the constant habit of going to Mr. Adair's, and had always remarked the extreme beauty and

animation of this child. Accordingly, after the first burst of sympathizing sorrow for the loss his friend had sustained,—and it was no common one,—for Mrs. Adair had been a woman of a degree of merit indeed rare,—Sir Walter's mind turned upon the thought of what the deprivation of such a mother must be to such a child!—“Poor, poor Lucy!” he exclaimed, “what will become of her now!—I pity her from the bottom of my soul. Such a disposition as hers needs most a mother's guidance; and now, at these tender years, she is left without female help, direction, or support!”

And justly was Sir Walter's pity bestowed. What, indeed, can deserve pity more than a girl who, at eleven years old, has a precocity which increases her age by at least half of its real amount—with the promise of an eager and wild temperament, and of singular yet great beauty—*who has lost her mother?* Such a being as this may escape great misfortunes—but the chances are sadly the other way.

Lucy Adair had been a playfellow of Elizabeth Meynell's. The difference of age between the latter and her sisters had caused far more companionship to exist between these two, than Elizabeth ever had enjoyed in her own family. Their tendencies of disposition were widely different, and yet their attachment to each other was extreme. Elizabeth was mild and sweet in temper, firm as well as decided in principle, and possessed, as yet almost unknown to herself, a strong and vivid energy, which it needed only some fitting occasion to call forth. Lucy, on the other hand, was all animation, and wildness, and fire—playful as are the most playful of her age, yet occasionally displaying a burst of violence, of mingled temper and feeling, which was far, far beyond it. In fact, to any one who observed her minutely, she formed a subject for metaphysical study and prophecy, rather than of that sweet and simple contemplation which beautiful children of her age commonly afford.

It was in consequence of the peculiar intimacy subsisting between these young people, that, when he went to pay his visit of condolence to Mr. Adair, Sir Walter took Elizabeth with him. He felt, moreover, and with pride and joy, that she was one who, even now so young, was eminently fitted to administer such consolation as can be administered on an occasion like this. “Lucy, I am sure, suffers deeply,”—said Sir Walter to his sister—“It will be for you, dear Elizabeth, to bring her mind to a state of calm, and to infuse into it that resignation which is alike our duty and our refuge when those we love are removed from us by death.”

When they arrived at Wilmington they found

Mr. Adair alone. The warm and cordial grasp of Sir Walter's hand was, indeed, cordially, though more feebly, returned—but the widowed man shrank from his friend's glance, and, turning away, covered his face with his hands, to gain a moment to recover his composure. After a short pause, he said: "This visit is, indeed, kind, dear Meynell—I know the goodness of your heart, and what you must feel for me at such a moment as this. I am, indeed, desolate!"

Sir Walter answered his friend with that delicacy, yet depth, of feeling, which showed how far beyond the formal courtesies of the world were his expressions of sympathy—expressions, indeed, which could come only from a most sensitive heart under the influence of warm and strong friendship.

At length he broke a pause which had supervened, by asking whether his sister might not see her young friend. "Assuredly—and yet I fear the meeting will be almost too much for her—Oh, Meynell, you can form no idea of how that child has suffered!" As he spoke, he rang the bell and desired his daughter to be called.

An object of more beauty and interest than was Lucy Adair, as she entered the room, it would be most difficult to conceive. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and the contrast between her dress of sorrow, and the feelings of joyous gaiety which ought to be those of her age, and more peculiarly so of her individual disposition, was most striking and sad. The change altogether in her appearance struck Elizabeth most painfully. Her jet-black hair, which commonly tossed in a profusion of ringlets, was now plainly parted upon her brow—her large dark eyes, which usually flashed with animation and buoyant life through their lashes of singular darkness and length, were now sunken, and, if I may use the phrase, *pale* with the cold moisture of protracted tears;—and her cheek, instead of flushing and mantling with the brilliant blood of health and youth, was now of a whiteness equal to that of the ivory neck, which showed in such startling contrast against the mourning dress.

When Lucy entered, her pace was slow, and her eyes were bent on the ground. She seemed to be under the action of violent feeling, for her breath came and went rapidly, as was shown by the almost tumultuous heaving of her bosom. At length she raised her head, and running forward to Elizabeth, uttered one cry, and fell into her arms in a paroxysm of convulsive tears.

Mr. Adair turned to Sir Walter—and merely uttering these words: "You see,"—left the room to regain that composure so necessary before his child, and which he found it impossible at that moment to support.

Sir Walter sat down silently, and gazed with emotion upon the picture before him. Two beautiful children, the one wrapped in an agony of grief, sheltered and cherished in the bosom of the other, whose gentle countenance, now tinged with sadness and pity, might almost, her fond brother thought, form a model for that of an angel sent from heaven on an errand of mercy—such a group as this could not be contemplated without feelings of the softest, purest, and most plying nature. The violence of Lucy's tears had now passed away—and she lay upon her friend's bosom, her gentle sobs coming at increasing intervals—like the ebbing of a calm tide at evening.

Sir Walter kept withdrawn from the young friends as much as possible, and heard only the murmuring of their voices as they spoke, the one in complaint, the other in consolation. At length, Elizabeth gently disengaged herself from her friend's arms, and coming to her brother, said to him—"Dear Walter, I have a great favour to beg of you, but I feel sure you will not refuse it. Lucy says, that if I could be with her for a few days, I should be the greatest support to her: she says that, after having now seen me, and our having talked together, the first dread of meeting me which she felt, is over, and that she shrinks from falling back upon her own sad thoughts, and seeing her father shed tears over her. I feel sure that she is right, and that I should indeed be of service to her, as her feelings are now. So you will let me stay with her. Walter, won't you? and you must get Mr. Adair to consent—I will promise to keep quite out of his way; he may almost believe I am not here—nobody but Lucy shall see me."

"Good, kind girl," said Sir Walter, kissing her brow: "most willingly do I consent to your staying with your poor Lucy—I will arrange it with Adair. God bless and protect you," he added, addressing Lucy as he passed her, and placing his hand upon her brow. "That is, indeed, a most extraordinary child," he continued in thought.—"pray heaven the issues of her destiny may be happy!"

Elizabeth remained with her friend; and, in a short time, the smile again began to beam, and the color to bloom, on Lucy's cheek. Truly has it been said—

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the rain-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry!"

And a most benevolent provision of Nature it is, that thus it should be! If a heart were to suffer, at that age, the sorrows of maturity, maturity would never be reached.

Elizabeth's visit, at this time, tended greatly to increase the intimacy and the intercourse between the two families. Lucy constantly came to Arlescot to profit by sharing in the progress of her friend's education. In music, especially, they advanced together—and Sir Walter would hang with delight upon the union of their voices, as they joined in their frequent duets. Lucy's voice had an early richness, peculiarly rare. At the age of twelve it had a round, full sweetness, scarcely ever possessed till years afterwards. But in everything, except perhaps in stature, her precocity was most striking. The flash of her eye had more intelligence, the lively *mot* more point, the bright smile more archness, than is almost ever possessed till the hoyden girl ripens into the "young lady." Still, there was no lack of the fine, springing spirits of her age. She would race along the broad bowling-green at Arlescot—or canter off on a donkey with a pad, instead of her own highly-manned poney, with all the buoyant *inconsequence* of a mere child. And yet, at night, she would rivet every ear by the melody with which she would give the songs of Ariel, or cause the most rigid to follow with admiring laughter the truth with which she rendered the mischievous archness of Puck.

Indeed, it might almost be fancied, that one could trace some connection of race between these fairy creatures, of whose doings she was so fond, and Lucy herself. She was, if anything, otherwise than tall; but formed with a perfection which gave to every motion the grace and lightness of a fay indeed. Her hair was profuse—and black as the raven's feather; her eyes—large, full, dark, brilliant—ever gave the prologue to her actual speech, by a glance of fire, of wit, or of feeling, according to the subject which engrossed her at the moment. But though, on occasion, the strongest bursts of feeling would break forth, yet the general character of her temperament undoubtedly turned towards the gay and more brilliant order of mind. Every one who met her, admired, wondered at, and delighted in, her animation, vivacity, and wit; and, at the same time, could not fail to be gratified, and sometimes touched, by the indications of kind, warm, and delicate feeling which were frequently apparent; but it was only those who knew her well who were aware of the deep well-head of stronger and more passionate emotions, which lay, as yet, almost untouched, within. And this is the true portrait of a girl not quite thirteen years old!

Time wore on: Lucy lived almost as much at Arlescot as at Wilmington, and Sir Walter had thus the opportunity to watch the maturing of her person, and the expansion of her mind. Ever the kindest of the kind, his attention to the com-

forts and pleasures of his dearest friend's daughter, and his dearest sister's friend, were naturally great; and, for her own sake also, Lucy Adair was most high in the good baronet's favor. The house was always more cheerful when she was there: music, dancing, *petits jeux* of all sorts, were always far more rife while she was at Arlescot—so much so, indeed, that there often seemed to be a blank on the day of her departure. Sir Walter felt this, though he was scarcely conscious that he did so—and, accordingly, exerted himself in every way to make Arlescot pleasant to "quaint Ariel," as he often called her, and to keep her there as much as possible.

"Really your brother deserves his title of Good Sir Walter," said she one day to Elizabeth—"see how he has been bedecking 'Ariel's bower,' as he calls my room. You know when I was here last, there was a debate as to which was the sweeter, heliotrope or verbena, and when the point was referred to me, I said I could not decide between them, they were both so exquisite; and now, lo! Prospero's wand itself could not have raised a more luxuriant blossoming of both plants than he has placed in cases, ornamented with moss and 'greenery,' in the embrasures of both my windows. Good, good, Sir Walter!—how heartily will I sing to him to-night

"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under these blossoms that hang on the bough!"

And she did so:—and Sir Walter more than half sighed as he murmured between his teeth Prospero's thanks—"Why, that's my dainty Ariel!—Alas!" he added, as he gazed upon her brilliant beauty, now budding into all the attraction of dawning womanhood,—“I may complete the line, and say, 'I shall miss thee!'”

Sir Walter's allusion was prompted by something which was passing in another quarter of the room, where a young gentleman, for whom he entertained the most sincere regard, was playing Ferdinand to Elizabeth's Miranda. "Yes," Sir Walter soliloquized in thought—"I shall lose my last, my dearest sister soon! Dear, dear Elizabeth, it wrings my heart to part from one who has engrossed that heart's best affection for so many years!—And yet, I cannot be so selfish as to wish it otherwise—as it is, she has stayed with me later than any of the others. She evidently values and loves Sir Arthur—and he is worthy of her if any man can be. Heavens! what a wife, what a mother that woman will make!"

His reverie was interrupted by Lucy drawing forth Elizabeth from her corner, and engaging her in a duet, while Sir Arthur Leonard stood by

—————"watching the *Potti enbitos*."

"The air was lively, the words arch—but even this and it was an old favorite, drew sighs rather than smiles from poor Sir Walter. "Ah!" thought he "I must bid farewell to all this!—Losing one I shall lose both, for *she* is not my sister," looking strongly, as he thought thus, upon Lucy's brilliant face, as it beamed in accordance with the spirit of the song—"Would that she were! But when Bessy goes, Lucy, dear, darling Lucy, must go too. I have watched her from a child—growing daily in beauty, and grace, and intelligence—and it is hard to lose her now, just when she is coming into the full possession of all she has promised from infancy. Alas! would that she were my sixth sister!"

Whether this was exactly the wish that Sir Walter really felt, I leave it to my readers to judge. At all events it was that which he formed into words in his own mind.

The wedding of Sir Arthur Leonard and Elizabeth Meynell followed not long after—and Lucy was bridesmaid. Good Sir Walter presented her with a set of pearls upon the occasion, of which, besides the ordinary ornaments, there were braids to intertwist with her raven hair, a mode equally advantageous to the snow-whiteness of the one, and the ebony line of the other. It was scarcely possible, indeed, to see anything more fascinating than Lucy Adair was this day, as she accompanied her friend to the altar. The beauty of Elizabeth was of a calmer and serener order. She was near the full perfection of her charms; and the momentous importance of the occasion, and the sorrow she felt at leaving her beloved and excellent brother, gave to her countenance a chastened and almost solemn expression, which rendered her, beautiful as she was, an object between whom and her bridesmaid, no comparison could be instituted—so totally different was their appearance in every point. Lucy was shorter in stature, and of a bearing less collected and dignified—but what it lacked in those points was amply supplied by its animation and grace, its bounding and brilliant joyousness. She had no cause for grief to dash the many causes which conspired to give her delight. She left no long-loved home, no dear protector who had fostered and cherished her during her whole life, as was the case with Elizabeth; she did not, like Sir Walter, lose a beloved sister and companion—her who had made home deserve that invaluable name, and whose departure now left it blank and desolate. On the contrary, to Lucy everything on this occasion of festivity was matter of real joy. Her dearest friend was united to the man she loved—that he was also one of wealth and rank Lucy never thought of—everything was gay and brilliant around her—there was a splendid festival—she was the Queen of the

day—"and that was dear Bessy's wedding-day."

The ceremony was performed in the old chapel at Arlescot, and Sir Walter gave his sister away. His heart swelled heavily within his bosom as he pronounced the words—but good Sir Walter ever was ready to sacrifice his own feelings to the happiness of others, and he uttered them with a cheerful tone, though a sad spirit. But when, at the conclusion of the ceremony, he gave his sister the kiss of congratulation, and called upon God to bless and make her happy, the sensation that she was about to quit his roof, to leave him altogether, rose upon him with a choking gush, which speedily found vent in tears. As he turned aside to hide and check them, Lucy gazed at him. She was deeply touched, and a cloud came over the brightness of her countenance. "Poor, poor Sir Walter!" she muttered—"no wonder that he should grieve to lose such a sister as that! Alas! how different Arlescot will be now!"

In those days, newly-married couples did not whirl off in a carriage-and-four from the church-door. The bridal festivities were animated by their presence. Accordingly, the old hall at Arlescot rang that night with sounds of revelry and rejoicing; and all were gay, and glad, and mirthful, save the host alone. His heart was indeed sad! and as yet he did not clearly know the full cause of its sadness. In very truth, his sister's departure did give rise to pain, and spread gloom over his soul—but it was not this alone which caused the whole extent of that pain, the full *depth* of that gloom. There was the feeling, also, of all that his sister's departure would carry with it—that no youthful voice, no tripping step, would awaken the echoes of the hall in which he stood—that his favorite songs and airs would no longer gladden his ear—in a word that Lucy Adair would be gone also! Yes! great as was the difference between their ages, and dissimilar in so many respects as they were, it was nevertheless undeniable that this young and wild creature had touched the hitherto impenetrable heart of Sir Walter Meynell.

But as yet this secret was not revealed to him. Absurd as the hackneyed assertion of love existing unconsciously, usually is, there are some few occasions in which the doctrine is true; and this was one of them. Lucy had been bred up under Sir Walter's eyes—he had known her from her very birth—she had been the constant companion of a sister whom he almost considered as a daughter—and his affection for both of them had, for years, been exactly of the same quality. Thus, therefore, when latterly a strong change took place in the character of that which he felt towards Lucy, although it bore copious fruits in fact, Sir Walter remained ignorant of its existence. It

never struck him to regard little Lucy in any other light than that in which he had considered her so many years. while, in truth, Time had caused her to gain a hold upon affections never yet called into action, but not the less strong and sterling on that account.

"Oh! Sir Walter. Sir Walter!—what do you think?"—exclaimed Lucy, renning to him, her whole countenance beaming with the expression of uncontrolled gaiety and pleasure. "Old Crompton, the fiddler, has composed—or got composed, poor fellow—a new tune to open the ball on Miss Lizzy's wedding-night; as he chooses to call her—and he says he has given it a name which he is sure will make it find favour with her, whether the music be good or bad—he has called it 'Good Sir Walter'—Oh! how delighted I shall be to dance it!"

"The more so for its name, Lucy?"

"Tenfold!—there is no one in the world so good and kind to me—no one whom I love half so well—except my father, and I assure you, he is often jealous of you. Oh! how I shall delight in this dance—I shall make it the tune of the whole country. You must dance it with me, Sir Walter, in honor of our dear Bessy's bridal." Sir Walter smiled and sighed almost at the same instant, as he answered, "You know, dear Lucy, I never dance——"

"Oh, but you do," she interrupted—"I recollect your dancing Sir Roger de Coverly with me, the day I was ten years old—and, I am sure, our baronet is the better of the two. Besides, consider it is Bessy's wedding. Such events as that do not occur every day."

"Thank God, No!" murmured Sir Walter, as he took Lucy's hand, and led her towards the dance.

He was deeply moved, in some degree by the attachment thus shown him by his humble neighbors, but far more by the manner in which this mark of it had been announced to him. "Alas! this is the last time I shall see her thus at Arlescot!"—thought he, as he gazed upon the brilliant creature who stood opposite to him, waiting with impatience for their turn to begin—and his heart heaved the heavier for the merry music to which they had given his name.

The first week after his sister's marriage was probably, the most wretched Sir Walter had ever passed. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible for a life to have flowed on more happily than his. The better and happier feelings of humanity had combined to render his path one of sweetness and enjoyment, and the fiercer passion, had never, by their action, caused a tumult in his soul. Cheerfulness had, especially, been the characteristic of Arlescot Hall;—thus poor Sir Walter, when he

found himself a solitary man, suffered to a most pitiable degree. There is a term in use in some of the counties towards the midland, which we have no word in general English to render. This word is *unked*. To those who know Oxfordshire and the counties around it, its very sound will convey far more than any elaborate description I could give of Sir Walter's state. He was very *unked*—that is, he felt that desolate sadness, and chilly sinking of the heart, which arise from being left in solitude by those we love—but this periphrasis does not convey half what the low provincial word does to those who have been familiar with its sound.

Oh! how cheerless was his breakfast!—Instead of his sister's kind face at the top of the table, (to say nothing of a brilliant one which used often to beam at the side,) there was—a blank! He literally started when the first morning after his guest's departure, on coming into the room, he saw one solitary chair placed for him before the great tea-urn, and all the breakfast apparatus.

"I am alone, then?"—he said aloud—"quite alone at last—I shall never be able to endure this"—and truly there was no sweet voice, or friendly smile to strike upon his ear, or meet his eye—as both eye and ear craved their accustomed objects of enjoyment.

Dinner was perhaps more intolerable still. It is probable, that Sir Walter had not dined alone for seventeen years—and those who are in the habit of making one of a happy family circle round a hospitable board, need not be told how *unked* a solitary dinner is. But to Sir Walter it was totally a new state of existence. It had never occurred to him before to be alone at Arlescot!—It seemed to him a solecism in nature. "I cannot endure it!"—he exclaimed, the third day, as the butler closed the door behind him, after taking away the cloth. "I will have half-a-dozen people here before this time to-morrow, or my name is not Walter Meynell."

Accordingly, he assembled a bachelor party, who remained with him about a week. But even this would not do for a continuance: to a man who had been in the constant habit of living in society in which there are women, a continued male party, like a regimental mess, is intolerable. When they came into the drawing-room after dinner, they found no one to give change to the hunting, the politics, or the something worse, which had formed their topics of conversation;—there was no music—the pianoforte closed, and the harp, in its case, frowned in fixed dumbness upon those whom they had so often charmed—there was no _____ in a word, there were no women in the house, and Sir Walter had never been without them before.

I am quite aware that a great deal of this may, to some hypercritical people, appear very trivial: it is, nevertheless, perfectly true, as I am sure many persons, who are something far better than hypercritical, will bear me out in asserting.

It so happened that, on the night before the last of this party were to leave him, Sir Walter, in passing along the gallery at the extremity of which his bed-room was situated, chanced to inhale the scent of the verbenas, which were still preserved in "Ariel's Bower." He opened the door, and went in. There was a strange mixture of effect in the aspect of this room, from some remains of particular and individual habitation, which were still apparent, and from its actual absence. With the careful housewifery of that day, the curtains, both of the windows and of the bed, were pinned and papered up, and a chimney-board showed that there was no near prospect of a fire: but, on the other hand, the heliotrope and verberna still flourished in their green beds, and shed a powerful fragrance throughout the room; while some drawings of the house and grounds of Arlescot, which Lucy herself had done, hung on the walls, and gave token of who had been the occupant of the chamber.

But Sir Walter needed no such extraneous fillip to divert his mind towards Lucy. He had, indeed, though he had scarcely mentioned her name, even in his own mind, thought of little else since she had left him. But now, as he stood in her very chamber, and gazed upon the traces, not only of herself, but of her interest in Arlescot, he gave the reins to his thoughts, and drew fairy visions of events, scattered through a long series of years, which had taken place during her visits, and of which she had been the heroine—and, though the last, certainly not the least, was the adventure of "Good Sir Walter," on the night of Elizabeth's wedding.—"I will go over to Wilmington tomorrow"—said he—after having remained some minutes surveying the room, and all that it contained—"it is time I should. Lucy will think I am forgetting her—or, what is worse, she will forget me."

Sir Walter was most graciously received on his visit to Wilmington. Some little complaints were made of its delay—"I thought," said Lucy, "you had died of solitude—and the ghosts, now you are left alone in that dear, rambling old house. Mercy! how desolate it must look without Elizabeth, or me, or any of us!"

"It is, indeed," said Sir Walter, with a melancholy tone, which struck Lucy with remorse, for having touched upon what she believed to be the string that had jarred his parting from his sister.

"Nay, you must not let your sorrow for Elizabeth's departure depress you thus. She will come

and visit you in the spring, and we will renew our merry doings as of yore. Mind you keep the bower in full bloom and beauty for Ariel—her 'blossoms that hang on the bough' in particular."

"They are all thriving—I visited the bower last night—and oh! Lucy, how desolate it looked! I could scarcely bear it!—yet I went again this morning, to bring a sample of the flowers to their absent owner." As he spoke, Sir Walter produced a beautiful bouquet of the two plants so often mentioned, and gave it to Lucy.

There was a difference in the sort of tone, not easy to analyze or describe, in which Sir Walter addressed her—but which may easily be felt. He had never used it towards her but once before, and that was when he wished her good night on the evening of Elizabeth's marriage. It was perhaps, more rapid and stronger then, but it was more clear, firm, and decided now.

The fact is that, on the former occasion, it was unconscious, and now it was designed. The visit to Ariel's Bower the night before—all the retrospect of his past feelings, and the examination of his existing ones, had served finally to dissipate the film which was already fast falling from Sir Walter's eyes. He felt that he loved Lucy Adair—and so gradually had the sentiment been gaining possession of his heart, that when, at last, he became thoroughly conscious of its existence, so far from shrinking from it with the surprise and fear which he would have felt some months before, he welcomed it with delighted and unchecked joy. Still as he rode alone towards Wilmington, he had felt the strongest despondency as to his chance of success. "She has always thought me so much older than herself—and, truth to say, there are some one-and twenty years between us—she has known me since she was a child, and looked to me as her father's friend—though there are eight good years, the other way, between us again, which is some comfort—and then she is so beautiful, and of such brilliant animation and wit!—No—she can never love me!—And yet I have all the feelings of long-rooted affection on my side. My sister is her dearest friend—and her affection for her is unbounded. It is true that sister might almost be my daughter—but still the name of sister's friend is something!"

Accordingly, the tone of which I have spoken was purposely thrown into the voice—or rather the voice was given free scope—and, all control over it being removed, it spoke in the key that nature prompted.

Sir Walter's visit ended by Mr. Adair asking him to come the next day and stay a week, "as he must be so lonely at home." "Truly I am so," answered Sir Walter—"I will come most joyfully."

It so chanced that there was at this period staying at the house at Wilmington, a young gentleman, equivalent to what would now be an officer of hussars, which individual species is a more modern exotic—who had come down to shoot, and who thought that so beautiful a girl as Luey, and the succession to the Wilmington property, might be worth adding to his exploits during his campaign in the country. But, in despite of the moustache, and the town-air, and the undeniableness of all the appointments of the dragoon, he made but little progress in his *chasse à la l'ère-tière*. He had not "taken her in hand," as he phrased it, more than a quarter of an hour, before she regarded him in the light of Dogberry, and "wrote him down an ass." In truth, without being quite that, he was by no means a man to cope with Luey Adair. She went a good deal too fast for him, and put him out of breath—she went a good deal too deep for him, and left him floating on the surface of Information, in infinite fear and danger of being drowned. "Still," drawled the exquisite, (to call him by the name he would now bear,) "she will have, at least, four thousand pounds a year; and, as for all this nonsense, let me once marry her, and she shall not dare to say her soul's her own."

With this moderate and humane intention, the dragoon continued his siege—and on the day Sir Walter arrived, in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner, he was in the net of carrying on what for him was a very brisk cannonade, when Sir Walter entered the room. If the dragoon had cut six at his unprotected skull, he could scarcely have started back with more dismay than he did at this vision of a young and tolerably well-looking man in moustaches, rendering suit and service to Luey. This was a contingency which, down in a remote part of the country, he had not at all expected—and the blow was proportionately severe.

Sir Walter advanced to Luey, however, and though his voice shook a little, his How-d'yes had all the fond friendliness of old times—perhaps a little more. Luey dropped the dragoon, and was in the middle of a recapitulation to Sir Walter of a letter she had received that morning from Elizabeth, when dinner was announced. The officer, who had been during this time, to use a most expressive Scottish phrase, "like a hen on a hot girdle," then stepped forward, and stretching forth a pinion towards Luey, muttered, "Permit me"—"I believe, Sir," said Sir Walter, "I have the privilege of *ancienneté*—I am an older friend." So saying, he offered his arm to Luey, who, slightly bowing to the petrified equestrian, passed on with Sir Walter.

The presence of this puppy was a constant plaster to poor Sir Walter's feelings—though he

kept a perfect command over his temper. "The fellow is handsome—there's no denying it,"—thus argued Sir Walter, who, not being able to rate him as a Cyclops, chose to consider him an Apollo at once—"he wears moustaches, and belongs to a crack corps—and he is always at Luey's ear;—" "I fear this blank was filled up with an expletive not fit to be written in these delicate times, but which may be considered as invoking upon the head of the unhappy bestrider of chargers a very hearty curse. The real fact was, Sir Walter had before his mind the constant consciousness that this man was fifteen or sixteen years younger than himself, and this was wormwood to him. It is true that Luey gave him no encouragement—but the fellow's coolness and assurance were such that he did not seem to need any—but went on as though he was received in the most favorable manner possible. Once or twice, indeed, he was protected from annihilation by that shield thicker far than the seven-fold buckler of Ajax—namely, that of perfect and unshaken Ignorance. Otherwise had a shaft from "quaint Ariel's" bow slain him more than once.

Sir Walter could not long endure this feverish state of existence. It need, therefore, cause no very great surprise that on the fifth morning of his visit—when the soldier had been peculiarly pugnacious the evening before—he said to her—"Luey, I want to have a long conversation with you—put on your capote, and come and walk with me along the river." She complied frankly and at once.

And now the single heartedness and open manliness of Sir Walter's character were most conspicuous. He was placed in a situation in which, many men of far greater commerce with the world and with women, lose all self-possession, and behave like ninnyes. He on the contrary under the strong and steady impulse of a pure and generous passion, spoke, with gentleness indeed, but clearly, firmly, and straight-forwardly.

"Luey," he said, "I think you will feel great surprise at what I am about to say to you. I myself, indeed, feel great surprise that I should have it to say. Two months ago I would not have believed it possible, and yet it is the work of years. Luey, *I love you*; not with that brotherly affection which bound us with Elizabeth in such sweet union at Arlescott—but with a love in comparison with which *that* is pale and poor;—I love you, with as fervent and as fond a passion as man can bear towards woman. It is only since my sister's marriage that I have known this—but I know that the sentiment has existed long—long. Oh Luey! you cannot conceive my desolate state of feeling when I found myself suddenly cut off from your society,—I felt—I feel—that I cannot

live without you." He paused for a moment to collect himself—he found that the violence of what he felt had carried him beyond what he had intended. Lucy spoke not. She kept her eyes upon the ground—her cheek was flushed—and the hand which rested on Sir Walter's arm slightly trembled. He continued. "But I must not suffer my feelings to run away with me thus—I must first learn what you feel. I am aware, perfectly aware, of all the disadvantages under which I labor. The close friendship which binds you to my sister cannot conceal the fact that I am more than twenty years older than you are—or that you may possibly consider my disposition too staid to harmonize with yours.—But yet they never jarred," he added in a softer and more broken tone—"we have passed happy days together—and could you feel aught approaching to that which has gained possession of my whole soul, those days might be renewed with tenfold happiness. At all events don't reject my suit hastily. Pause before you destroy for ever the visions of joy which my busy thoughts, almost against my will, have woven for us—at least consider what I have said."

"Sir Walter," answered Lucy, in a voice in which resolution and agitation struggled hard for mastery—"this conduct is like all your actions candid, manly, noble. I will strive to return frankness with frankness, and to throw aside all petty evasions, as you have done. In the first place, what you have said has not caused me surprise. I have been prepared for it since your first visit here, after my return from Arlescot—and I then saw that I ought to have had nothing to learn on that score since the ball on Bessy's wedding night. Sir, I hope these acknowledgments are not unmanly—I hope not, for they are the truth." "Then did feel surprise—surprise that one like Good Sir Walter Meynell should feel interest of this nature for such a wild, thoughtless giddy girl as I am. Next it made me feel proud that with all my faults, such a man should have cast his eyes upon me; and lastly, the crowd of old recollections which flooded my heart and mind, made me feel that my best and dearest happiness had been known at Arlescot—and that while I had long felt towards its owner as a dear brother, a short time would enable me to love, as well as respect him as a husband. You see," she added in a tone scarcely audible—"you are I am frank, indeed."

"I don't know whether my readers will be surprised at this—but, *mutatis mutandis*, the same course had worked the same effect upon Lucy as was had upon Sir Walter. She had been deeply touched by his manner, during the interval between the announcement and the celebration of

Elizabeth's marriage. She saw plainly what pain the general break-up of their intercourse and all their habits of daily life gave him, and it was by no means with a light heart that she had left Ariel's bower for the last time. She knew that it probably was not the last time in reality, inasmuch as when Elizabeth came to Arlescot, she would of course be there; but still she felt that it was for the last time as regarded the *lang syne* tone and footing to which she had been habituated for so many happy years. "Dear, good Sir Walter,"—she had said to herself, as her carriage drove from the door—"well may they call him so—for, certainly, never did a better heart beat within a human bosom. Alas! for the dear days of Arlescot—I shall see them no more!"

It was on Sir Walter's visit, that the tone of voice which I noted so minutely, and his general manner, opened Lucy's eyes to the whole truth; they might have opened the eyes of the blind. Her surprise was extreme. "Can it really be?" thought she—"Oh no—I am deceiving myself—it is only the additional kindness of manner which an absence after such a parting would naturally give. But if it should be——" And she proceeded to sift and analyze her feelings as regarded him. The result of that self-examination we have already seen in her frank avowal to Sir Walter.

The effect of this frankness upon him it is not for me to paint. We will leave them to that most delicious of lovers' conversations—the "comparing notes," of the dates and progress of their affection.

It was just a month after Elizabeth's wedding that Sir Walter brought his bride home to Arlescot. Elizabeth herself was there to welcome her, and never did welcome spring more strongly from the heart. The idea of the union of her brother with her friend had never crossed her mind—but, when he wrote to inform her of his approaching marriage, she was in amazement that she had not always desired and striven to unite them.

"Here is her bower decked for Ariel"—said Sir Walter, as he led his bride into this loved chamber, which was now changed from a bedroom to a boudoir. She started: in addition to her favorite flowers growing in their accustomed beds and her drawings of Arlescot, which were mounted in splendid frames, there was over the chimney-piece, a full-length portrait of herself, as Ariel, mounting into the air, after her freedom has been given to her by Prospero.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, in the first moment of her surprise—but then recollecting the interpretation her words might bear, she ad-

ded quickly, and with blushes, "I mean the painting."

"It is all beautiful!" said Sir Walter. "How often have I seen you look exactly; thus as you have sung 'Merrily, merrily,' and I have almost thought you would rise into the air."

"I will change the word to 'happily,' now," said Lucy, in a low tone, "and you need not fear that I should wish to leave the blossoms of this bower.—But hark! I hear music."

"Yes!" said Sir Arthur Leonard, who looked from the window—"there are the maidens of the village come to strew flowers for you to walk on as you go to the Chapel—and there is old Crompton, with his followers, at their head. You hear what time it is he is playing to herald you to your bridal."

"Certainly I do," answered Lucy, in a low tone, "Good Sir Walter!"

GOOD WOMEN.

BY A MATRON.

TRULY pious women have invariably been extensively useful—they have a field peculiarly their own. To aid them in their arduous duties; they have softness of manner, tenderness of heart, warm and steady affection, quickness of perception, powers of persuasion, and a flexibility which enables them to accommodate themselves to different kinds of dispositions. But how often do we see these natural advantages lie dormant? How painful is it to see many who might be useful, wholly indifferent to the best interests of those around them; or wasting their energies on a course of life which cannot yield any satisfaction. Their responsibility is great; yet they think not of it. Their opportunities of doing good are many; yet they avail themselves not of them. Their kind smile might encourage the feeble-minded; their counsel might instruct the ignorant; their gentle efforts might soothe the dejected; they might discountenance immorality, and set an example worthy of imitation. It seems strange that any should be regardless of such high privileges. They have access to the sick room; and who so useful there, if they would but call into action all their varied qualifications. Men are often influenced by them; children are under their control and guidance; and early impressions are most lasting. How much, then, might be expected from the united efforts of several women, who (laying aside envy and jealousy,) would make the advancement of piety and morality, the main-spring of all their actions. Who could calculate the amazing results? It

is to be regretted that the present system of education seems adapted to make females showy rather than useful characters; and many well-disposed women are consequently (by a desire to be pre-eminent,) prevented from joining others in plans for the general advantage of society. "Union is strength." Single efforts can effect but little. Therefore it is much to be wished that all love of distinction should be laid aside. A meek, quiet, unobtrusive spirit ought by every Christian woman to be sedulously cultivated. She can do nothing really beneficial for husband, children, or friends without it.

Many, perhaps, are desirous to do good, who fear they may appear singular while living among the slaves of fashion; but, such should remember it is better to pursue the right paths, even alone, than to "follow a multitude to do evil."

Many impediments have to be overcome, when we determine on a course of usefulness; but, the satisfaction resulting therefrom is more than a recompense for any degree of labour, fatigue, or suffering endured. Let the wavering take courage; and when difficulties arise, think of the excellent women, who have by their faith, patience, meekness, benevolence, admonitions, diligence, and example, turned many to righteousness.

On entering the world as young women, it is essential that a plan for future conduct be formed and steadily adhered to: habits once acquired cannot easily be changed.

But while the young are to consider their advantages; women at any age, who find themselves leading a useless life, should persevere in endeavouring to overcome idleness, by exertion; selfishness, by zeal for the welfare of others; vanity and pride, by meekness and humility.

It is never too late to attempt anything beneficial or commendable, though we cannot expect a good result, unless we solicit the strength from above.

PALM WINE.

THIS wine, which is frequently mentioned by ancient writers, is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the palm tree, and inserting a quill or reed through which the juice exudes. It is extremely pleasant to the taste, but strongly intoxicating; and you are frequently much amused in the East, by observing its effects upon the lizards, which, as soon as you leave the tree, run up and suck the juice. They immediately become intoxicated, and in that condition lie about, looking up stupidly in your face. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but have never been observed to be the worse for it.

A SUB-MARINE SKETCH.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

IMMENSE as the depths of the ocean seem, when compared with those of most fresh water rivers and lakes, still they are not altogether to be considered as immeasurable abysses. There is undoubtedly much to be done before the geography of those parts of the earth, over which the ocean forms a permanent deluge, be as far advanced as that of the countries which have been for centuries dry and uncovered; yet, when we consider the vast progress which human knowledge has made, within the last thousand years, with regard to the figure, elevation, &c. of the habitable portion of our globe, we may reasonably expect that a similar improvement will be experienced, in our knowledge of those parts of the terrestrial surface, now covered by the mass of waters. Notwithstanding the imperfection of the means of investigation employed, the science of hydrography is already sufficiently far advanced to give us some idea of the more fathomable seas which surround our coasts. Even without the aid of the diving-bell, the ocean is no longer to us that inscrutable abyss, which it was considered by our ancestors to be. Navigators having now, by their surveys, settled the boundaries of its extent, have only, by their soundings, to determine its depth; and the exploration of its recesses which has been commenced in every direction, only requires to be vigorously followed up.

Some such speculations as these, advanced in a French periodical, have induced us to enter into a somewhat minute examination of the sub-marine surface, as reported on by recent hydrographers; and we now present the result of our investigation, as far as regards the Baltic and North Seas, and those portions of the Atlantic Ocean which wash the shores of Great Britain and the neighbouring countries.

For the more clear elucidation of our subject, let us for an instant suppose those seas to be totally drained off. This effort of the imagination, so gigantic when we look only to man and his petty powers, is comparatively very small when viewed in relation to the globe itself. In fact, it only requires that the bed of these seas should be raised to a distance almost incalculably small

in relation to the diameter of the globe, in order to lift its surface above the level of the sea, and to throw back, into the basin of the Atlantic ocean, all the water which at present extends to the confines of Britain and France. Let us be content, for example, with the elevation of this portion of the earth to the height of 100 fathoms above what it is at present. Now the diameter of the globe being 7964 miles, or upwards of seven millions of fathoms, the elevation we have assumed would bear to the earth's diameter only the proportion of 1 to 70,000, which is about the proportion that the thickness of a single leaf of paper would bear to 240 volumes of the GARDIAN.

This projection would suffice to produce a very great change in the figure of the European continent, in the quarter of which we are at present treating; for, as the depth of the sea, according to the numerous soundings taken by British and French mariners, does not exceed 100 fathoms, until we advance a considerable distance into the Northern and Atlantic Oceans, the extent of the continent would consequently be increased in all these directions.

The new figure which the North-Western extremity of Europe would thus assume, may easily be traced out on the map. The new line of coast would strike off from the Norwegian shore, a little above Bergen, and, first forming a deep bay towards the South-West, for two degrees, sweep round to the northward of the Shetland Isles. Thence, trending again to the south-west it would embrace the Hebrides, and proceed onward in the same direction, till it reach a point opposite Galway Bay—about 200 miles from the present shore. It would then run nearly due south until opposite Ushant, where turning to the south-east, it would pursue a course parallel to the coast of France, at the distance of about two degrees and a half.

The space included within this imaginary line, would appear under our supposition, as dry land, but it would require a minute and elaborate chart to display the diversified appearance of the new surface, as well as the numerous changes experienced in the already existing countries. Great Britain and France find themselves united by a line inter-

mediate province, yielded by the draining of the English channel, and watered by the continuation of the Seine and the Severn. The North sea, as well as the Baltic with its branches, the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, totally disappear; while the Scandinavian peninsula is united on one side to Russia and the north of Germany, and on the other to England, Denmark and the Netherlands. The great rivers of Germany, the Weser, the Elbe, the Oder and the Vistula, after forming, in all probability, great lakes and extensive marshes, take their course across the New-found-lands towards the north, along with the eastern rivers of Scotland—such as the Forth, Tyne and Tweed; while the Thames, the Meuse, and the Rhine more probably unite their waters and join the Seine in its route to the Atlantic. Great Britain coalesces with Ireland, the Hebrides, the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and whilst she thus stretches out in a point towards the north, extends also her conquests towards the west; which would be watered by the Clyde, the Mersey, the Barrow, and the Shannon. France, in like manner, encroaches on the territory of the Atlantic off the coasts of Brittany and Poitou, and through this new acquisition extend the channels of the Loire and Garonne.

Such are a few of the results that would follow from the general lowering of the waters of the ocean, or, according to our more simple hypothesis, from the partial and local rising of the shell of the earth, to the extent we have indicated. There is no portion of all the seas of which we have been treating, so deep, but that the summit of a tower half as high again as the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, built on its bed, would appear above the surface of the water; or, to use another illustration, were a ship of the line sunk in their very deepest part, the depth of water above the top of her main-mast would only be half as much more as the length of the mast from keel to truck. Even this is certainly a considerable depth, but still not so much as is generally believed.

It is almost needless to say that in the vast regions that would be thus revealed, there exists no chain of mountains; for, were there any, they would necessarily be seen above the present actual level of the sea. The rugged crests of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, rising in some places as high as three thousand feet above the bottom of the sea, would be the most remarkable projections of this kind. This great country would accordingly bear much resemblance to the general appearance of the Netherlands and the north of Germany, in neither of which are any considerable mountains to be found. We would see there immense undulating plains, sometimes ending abruptly at long lines of rocks, such as form the present

boundary of some of our coasts—as would happen on the shores of England, Normandy and Norway; and sometimes continued with a gentle sloping ascent until they merge into these plains now above water, as would be experienced in passing up from the bed of the North sea to the coasts of Holland, or from the bed of the Baltic to those of Prussia and Denmark. These vast sub-marine plains are not, however, altogether level; like most of our low lying districts, they are diversified by undulations, more or less decided. Many ranges of hills or hillocks have been observed following each other in the same direction, and at present forming dangerous sand-banks; were our supposed change to occur, these would become sand-hills, like those which are to be met with in so many parts of the continent, or like the *steppes* of Russia. By the aid of the lead, many remarkable depressions have also been discovered at the bottom of the sea, in the form of valleys, in some parts of which, the surface gradually rises, and then all at once sinks down by steep declivities to the depth of 200 or 250 feet. The most ordinary direction of these hollows—called by the fishermen *silver pits*—is towards the North East, and they would seem to be fractures of the ground occasioned by former earthquakes. Although there certainly exists an analogy between these depressions and the valleys through which rivers run across our plains, still, properly speaking, these sub-marine countries do not present any real valley. Let us suppose, as before, these districts to be elevated above the level of the sea; the waters proceeding from the rivers which had watered the pre-existing plains, will now be augmented by the accumulating rains and turned directly upon these reclaimed lands; here and there where obstructions occur, lakes and marshes will be formed; the waters will again accumulate till an outlet presents itself, when they will burst forth and continue their devious route towards the sea. The path thus followed will be worn away and hollowed out by the continued action of the flowing rivers, and thus the plains will become intersected by numerous valleys and ravines.

The mineral character of the soil, as might be expected from the analogy of what we find on dry land, is not uniform throughout all this extent. Those tracts lying opposite the mouths of great rivers, particularly opposite those of the Rhine or Meuse, are covered with the deposit from these streams, so that were they elevated above water, they would constitute vast plains of a soil thoroughly argillaceous; other regions where the sea beats constantly on the rocks and reduces them to sand and gravel, are of a sandy nature; and there are others again where the soil is entirely

composed of fragments of shells heaped on each other; these last present much resemblance to some districts, such as Touraine in France, where the land is in like manner formed of a sort of calcareous gravel, entirely composed of broken shells. Specimens of this soil, though on a small scale, are to be found scattered throughout the province; in the neighbourhood of Montreal and of Bytown, they are particularly abundant.

It may be asked what change the figure of Europe would experience on the supposition of a new and farther elevation equal to the preceding, and whether it would continue to encroach upon the Atlantic in the same proportion. It has been ascertained, that notwithstanding such a change of level should take place, the extent of the continent would be very little increased, because immediately beyond the boundary line we have endeavoured to trace, the bottom of the sea falls so abruptly as, at a very short distance, to attain every where the depth of 200 fathoms. An additional rise of 100 fathoms, then, would only serve to surround the pre-existing continent with steep rocky shores of very small extent, and the figure presented would differ in a very slight degree from that we have already sketched.

Though the depths of the ocean, in the central parts of its basin, have never been exactly determined by actual survey, enough is known to assure us that they are much more considerable than those of which we have just been treating. The celebrated Astronomer Laplace, by abstruse calculations of the influence of the sun and moon on our earth, arrives at the conclusion that the least depth of the ocean—properly so called—should be about 3000 feet, while its greatest cannot exceed 26,500 feet—a depth fully equal to the height of the highest mountain on the surface of our globe.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO SOME SWEET VIOLETS.

Oh! violets sweet and bright,
Back to my mind ye bring the days of yore,
Days when with heart so light,
I tasted pleasures which return no more—

To tell me of the hill—
The sunny sloping hill of gladsome green,
Ah! do they grow there still,
Those violets, the bluest ever seen?

Again I view the stream
Whose gently murmuring waters cooled the air;
And the strong sunset gleam
Plays through the willow boughs as sweetly there.

The speckled sycamore
Stretches its arms across the whirlpool still,
I hear again the roar,
And find in its old place the aged mill.

And the bright waters pass
Beneath the graceful elm, and turning sweep
Around the nook of grass
Where grew the barberry. Ah, me! I weep!

For 'tis not these alone,
But sweet flowers bring back a youthful face,
A musical light tone,—
A form whose motions all were full of grace.

Her black eye now I see,
Her ringing laugh comes thrilling on my ear—
Oh! Memory, but for thee,
This world would be a path of sadness drear.

How happy were we then,
How quickly did the early morning pass,
When far from books and men,
We searched for violets in the dewy grass.

How little heeded we
The straggled frock, wet feet, disordered hair,
Which older ones could see,
Made violet gathering "a sad affair!"

Dear Susan, thou art far
From the bright scenes through which we used to stray;
Dost thou still watch the star
We named our own, and hail its changeless ray,

As a bright omen sent
To tell us, as we struggle on our way,
That, when our time is spent,
Eternity unfolds its endless day?

Thou hast seen sorrow, dear,
Since with our arms entwined, we roamed along,
And my heart joyed to hear
Thy mellow voice pour forth its rich, full song.

Thou hast formed other ties,
Say, do they make thy life so full of joy,
That thou forgettest all
When playing with thy first born darling boy?

But I must stay my rhyme,
This bouquet has conferred one precious hour,
Has brought back childhood's time—
A world of memories lurks within a flower.

Fading they seem, and are,
Yet each succeeding summer fills their place,
And the Creator's care
Year after year continues each fair race.

And that same wondrous power,
Will from the dust lift up man's fallen head,
Oh! what a glorious hour,
When the last trumpet shall awake the dead.

Lord! may I then be found,
With those who gladly hail thy coming bright,
And with an upward bound,
For ever dwell in unobscured light.

Montreal, 1844.

Z.

CARELESSNESS.

A LADY once remarked that "carelessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design."

THE FIRST COW.

A STORY OF THE BACKWOODS.

CLOSE by the side of a road that crosses one of the most eastern townships of Canada, stood the shanty of William Crawford. It was winter; to the north of the hut rose a huge snowdrift, higher than its humble roof; the keen frost of a January midnight brightened the fire which was gradually consuming the maple logs in the stove; while in peaceful slumber lay the children of the dwelling; the baby on his mother's bosom, the youngest girl, clasped in the arms of her sister, in a little bed close by, and the two elder boys on a *shake-down* near the stove. "Will we get them made for Sunday, mother?" murmured Billy in his sleep; for he was dreaming of his new clothes.

William Crawford had left his native country, the north of Ireland, though he had not himself money enough to pay his passage to this; but the relative who advised his coming had assisted him with a trifling loan. On his arrival in the township he found himself among friends, who were willing to do all they could to assist him; but with scarce a dollar in his pocket, and with a wife and four children beside him. He purchased land, as most of the settlers there have done, on credit, engaging to pay annually the interest of its price. Some of his neighbours assisted him to build his shanty, some offered to let his wife have buttermilk for the children, some gave him seed potatoes to plant for his first year's crop; and this was all they could do. But William could work, his wife could work, his eldest girl could nurse the baby, his boys were willing to learn and to do all they could, and no dread of disease, incident to change of climate, darkened the prospect before them; for the pure and rapid streams, and the clear keen air of that elevated region seem to have drawn a *cordon sanitaire* around it, and of its inhabitants it may well be said—"the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations."

But hard must the settler work and many privations must he endure, if he has, at the outset, to toil for a maintenance, and to clear, enclose, and pay rent (though a trifling one) for the land to which he looks as the source of his future independence and comfort. The sugar maples had been given on halves; but all that was realized the first year from their produce was barely sufficient to supply some articles of apparel which

were absolutely necessary. For two successive seasons a sucking pig had been bought, and reared, and fattened; but the rent took that and more; and Mrs. Crawford had now and then suppressed a sigh, when, as she received the buttermilk, always kindly given, full in her view stood the small neat tinner, into which her more fortunate neighbour was carefully packing its quota of butter: an article she herself so well knew how to manufacture, while as yet—she had no cow.

11.

"You have wrought well, boys," said William, on the evening of the day on which he had completed planting his second year's crop of potatoes; "you have wrought very well. You may take a day's fishing to-morrow; or if you like that better, you may take the bushel of potatoes that's just come from Standon and plant them for yourselves. There's plenty of good land to hold them, back where we got the burn. Put them in to-morrow if you like, and make your best of them."

"We'll take the potatoes—we'll plant the potatoes," exclaimed the delighted boys.

"We'll eat them to-night," added the younger, and fetching a knife and a basket, he seated himself on the floor beside the bag that contained them; and his brother followed his example. The sun had set before they commenced, but in that hilly country the evenings, even in May, are chilly; the wood fire blazed cheerily in the hut; by its light the boys completed their undertaking, and the next morning when the sun shone on the dewy grass and bright green woods around, the hoes of the two young labourers were ringing on the stones which are mingled in such abundance with the soil of that rocky township.

"Good luck to you, lads," cried a departing traveller, who, benighted on his homeward road, had been kindly invited to partake of such fare and shelter as the shanty could afford, "good luck to you. Ye're at it brave and early."

Whether the old man's good wishes had any influence, or whether it was that the boys really weeded and hoed their potatoes with more care than their more experienced relatives, is still matter of doubt. One thing however is certain, there was not that season in all the township a crop equal to theirs.

"Now, mother," said Billy, as he returned from assisting to put in the cellar the last of their forty bushels, "now mother, as soon as we get our potatoes sold, I can buy a warm cloak for you."

"Na, na," cried his mother—the dialect of her native north, which had been somewhat modified by her intercourse with strangers, rushing to her tongue in that moment of emotion, and flowing on in all its breadth and depth, "nae cloak for me this winter. Proud was I be, Billy, to wear a cloak of your winnin'! but look at your rain claws, an' look at Richard's—an' not a penny have we to buy new for you. You'll jist buy claws for yourself. Maybe you'll get a chance of some Canadian coming up with their gray cloth—*toffe*, as they ca't,—wantin' praties."

There was no gainsaying this; for in truth the jackets and trowsers of the two boys were covered with patches, if not of divers colours, of divers shades, and if they had not, as is sometimes said—grown too little—it was evident the young wearers had grown too big.

No Canadian with *claffe*, however, had as yet made his appearance. Some had come with traines, some with carriages, tubs, half-bushel and peck measures, everything in fact which is usually offered in exchange, except the article most wanted. At length came two, to purchase potatoes, offering not cloth but money in payment. Neither the boys nor their father were at home; but their mother had full power to act for them, and when they returned from their day's labour thirty-five bushels of potatoes were on their road to the *seigneurie*, and six dollars and a half were laid on the table before them.

"And for the five bushels of *outwights*, boys," said their mother, "I'll give you the first cash I get o' my own winnin'. Poor fellows! you've wrought for it late and early."

"Now father," said Richard, "will we have to wait till some one comes with cloth?"

"No, for your uncle is going to St. Austin on Monday, he'll take me with him, and I'll get cloth for you at the old Dutchman's store," was the reply.

It was no wonder then, that on Sunday night Billy should be dreaming of his new suit of clothes.

The stars were yet twinkling in the blue depth of the cloudless sky when William rose, renewed the fire in the stove, and set out for the dwelling of his brother-in-law. At sun-rise they were both on their road. It was a cold, but calm and beautiful morning; the sunshine gleamed through pine trees which sometimes met on high above the narrow road by which they had to pass through the bush, but it gleamed on recently fallen and yet untrodden snow, loading the branches, weigh-

ing down the young trees, and cumbering the path; so they advanced but slowly, till they emerged into the open country, and there, sometimes on the already beaten road, sometimes on the frozen bosom of the Echemen, sleighs, carriages, and empty traines, were careering along to the merry ringing of their own bells, still giving place to the loaded vehicles which from time to time claimed the middle of the road.

The spire of St. Austin was glittering in their sight when they overtook a Canadian driving slowly on with a small, lean, but young and well formed cow, tied to the end of his train; a sign that the animal, if not recently purchased, was now for sale.

"Vends?" cried William.

"Oui monsieur?" replied the owner.

"How much?" said William again.

"Twelve dollar," replied the Canadian.

"They passed on.

"How much you give?" cried the Canadian.

William looked back; he fixed his eyes on the animal, and seemed to have set his heart on her.

"It's little use," said he, as he sprang from the train; "for I can't buy her, but I may just look at her."

She lost nothing in his eyes on a closer examination; he returned to his companion. "O, man but she is a fine young beast. What a prize she would be to Martha."

"But the cloth?"

"The cloth! I'm sure the boys would want the cloth to get the cow. I'll give him a bode; but, oh! he'll never be fool enough to sell her for seven dollars."

"I can lend you half a dollar," said his brother.

"Let me have it then."

William counted his stock: besides the price of the potatoes, there was a quarter dollar, which had been a lone dweller in his purse for nearly a month back, and a three shilling piece which his wife had received for work on Saturday. This, with the added half dollar, made almost eight.

Some of my readers may wonder how a French Canadian and an Irishman can make out to buy and sell. Truly their dialogues are sometimes very amusing, but it would make my tale too long to insert one here, and besides the bargain was soon made. The buyer was willing to give all he had, the seller believed his assertion that it was all; he had only time to consider whether he would take it or go on. His wife was sick, he had left her and their two infants to the care of a neighbour, he knew she stood in need of comforts which she could not get till his return; he managed, by the aid of gestures, to tell this; and, in the picture of distress thus presented to his

view, William forgot for a moment the advantage he was likely to derive from it; but that moment passed, and the Canadian had decided.

"I will get more if I go to Quebec;" thus had he reasoned with himself, "but I must be at some expense, my wife may die ere I return. "Take her," said he, in French; "take her; but she is far too cheap."

William turned back immediately, and alone, driving the cow gently before him to the township, and stopping only to get some bran for her at a tavern where he was known. The declining sun was shedding among the hills that deceptive brilliancy which so often in winter robes the western side of the snow-clad mountains in the mellow hues of an autumnal field, when William reached his own line fence, and, well satisfied as he was with his purchase, he did not at that moment feel perfectly at ease. He looked around, he saw no one, but he heard the stroke of the axe and observed on the slope of the hill, the top of a slight birch tree nodding; he spook not, he stirred not, till the crash announced its fall.

Then: "Ho boys, ho!" hoeried; and at the sound their father's voice, emerging from their shadowing boughs, down came the young woodmen; the door of the shanty opened, and, before he had advanced three steps, all his family were around him. "Boys," said the father, "I have not bought the cloth." The boys stood silent, listening for what was to follow. "I've bought this cow with your money. Are you content to wait for the cloth till your mother can sell butter to buy it?"

But before he had ceased speaking, "a cow! a cow!" in the accents of gladness, burst from every lip.

"O yes, father, we're well content," cried both in a breath. "A cow, mother!" said Billy. "O now we've got a cow, you'll never need to go through the rain for buttermilk again."

"We'll soon get everything, now that we have got a cow?" said Richard. And plenty, comparative plenty, they had before long.

A temporary shelter—hastily erected, an end of their dwelling forming one side of it, and the roof, covered with brush wood, received the gentle and wearied animal; a *white drink* was given to her that night, and before ten days went by the sound of the plumper in the churn was heard in the shanty. That shanty is no longer the dwelling of William Crawford; his house stands on a rising ground twenty or thirty yards from the road, and his barn at a little distance to the north of it. There are sheep, and cows, and young cattle, and a mare with a fine foal at her side, grazing in his meadow; but still William dates the commencement of his prosperity from the day that he bought his *first cow*.

AFFECTION AND LOVE

BY A MATHRON.

By many persons, the terms Love and Affection, are used indiscriminately, as if meaning the same feeling, but, if we give due reflection to the subject, we may find there is a wide difference. Originally the word *love* comprised all we can express by affection, but the former term has been so misused of late that it now seems difficult to affix any positive meaning thereto. It means most frequently a transient fancy. Sometimes it means a violent attachment, but seldom a permanent one.

Affection, of a lasting kind, it is to be feared, is not very common: some temperaments are not favourable to its growth: when it does exist it is very easily distinguished. That cannot be affection, which seems to delight in attracting the observation of others: sincere regard usually avoids all unnecessary exhibition; though it would not resort to falsehood in order to conceal it. Those who feel a very strong attachment are frequently unable to express their sentiments; though by kind attentions they are studious to evince it; and thus it is often mistaken for insensibility. That fervour which is pleasing to ardent minds seldom has any durability. Much of sorrow and disappointment would many avoid if they could in so important an affair judge rightly. True affection blinds us to the faults of friends: nothing can diminish its force: absence seems rather to strengthen it: even when reason requires it should be subdued; the heart refuses to forget, though the external conduct may be disciplined. But modern love is not proof against the slightest trial of its stability. A short interruption of daily intercourse; a malicious whisper: temporary embarrassments; a misunderstanding may separate for ever those who have seemed to love sincerely.

How can this be? some might ask. Those may wonder, who, having formed an attachment, cannot change, though circumstances should. There would be no broken engagements; no secret pinings; no blights of the finest, best, first feelings: if there were no mistakes as regards real affection.

How desirable then is it, that persons should distinguish the difference between *affection* and *modern love*.

OBSTINACY and perseverance, though often confounded, are two very different things; a man may be very obstinate, and yet not persevere in his opinion ten minutes. Obstinacy is resistance to truth; perseverance is a continuation in truth or error.

NOTES ON HISTORY.

NOTE THE FIRST.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

In the perusal of Historical Works, the reader often meets with an allusion to some object or event of very small importance, it may be, to the general current of the narrative, but his ignorance of which still tends very much to prevent a due apprehension of the subject, and consequently, to lessen the interest and value of his studies. We therefore propose to lay before the readers of the LITERARY GARLAND, from time to time, short papers illustrative of some of these minor points, in the hope that such a series might be rendered useful, by affording such information on certain *minutiae* of History, as may not be usually encountered in a general course of reading. Many of our readers, we are persuaded, only require the *will*, to become writers; and we would gladly hail the co-operation of any such, who may be induced to assist us in our task.

To this task we now proceed, and shall take, as the subject of our first paper, the connection which has been supposed by many able investigators, to exist between

THE PICTS AND THE WELSH.

The Romans, on their invasion of Britain, found that portion of the island now known as the Principality of Wales, inhabited by several tribes of Celtic descent, called respectively, the *Carnarii*, the *Ordovices*, the *Demetae* and the *Silures*; and in the famous geographical work of Ptolemy of Alexandria, written in the beginning of the second century, the three last-named are recorded as still having possession of that country. In none of these names, however, can the slightest resemblance be traced, either to the term *Welsh*, applied by their English neighbours to the race that at present inhabit the Principality, or to the designation of *Cymry*, which they themselves assume. In personal appearance, too, they are very different from their predecessors, one tribe of whom, the *Silures*, were noted by Tacitus for their dark curling hair and swarthy complexions. Their

own traditions represent them as being successors of a race who had been occupants of the Welsh territory long previous to their arrival there. All these considerations constrain us to the belief that, since the time of Roman domination in Britain, there has been a total change of the race inhabiting this district of country.

Our next step must be to ascertain whence this change arose; and what was the origin of the people who have thus superseded the ancient inhabitants of the land. Their English designation of Welsh does not assist us much in this enquiry, for it is evidently the same as the German word *Waelsh*, which denotes any race of strangers or foreigners, but is, we believe, principally applied to the Italian people and country, which are respectively denominated *Waelsh* and *Waelshland*. The other name of *Cymry*, however, affords us more aid in our search.

Amongst the most powerful of the nations that inhabited ancient Caledonia were the Picts, a tribe of Teutonic origin, whose emigration from the Peninsula of Jutland, then called, from its inhabitants, the *Cimbriae Chersonesus*—seems well established. Their possessions were for many years confined to the north of the Forth, comprising the counties of Fife, Perth, Aberdeen and Forfar. In the course of the second century, we find them established further south, having founded, under Hurst the son of Erp,* the kingdom of Strathclyde, otherwise called *Regnum Cambrensse*, or the kingdom of the *Cymry*, of which Dunbarton, then called *Alecluyd*, was constituted the capital.

The names bestowed on places by any people or nation, are always the last marks of their occupancy to be effaced, and such traces are to be found throughout this last named region;—as, for instance, in the village of *Cumbernauld*, or the

* The age and martial achievements of this sovereign, obtained for him, from bards and chroniclers, the title of "King of a Hundred Years and of a Hundred Battles."

stream of the Cymry, or on the coast of Ayrshire,

"Where *Cumbria's* isles, with verdant link,
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde."^a

Whether the Cymry had extended their borders through mere love of conquest, or whether they had been forced to this step by the incursions of their warlike neighbours, the Scots, certain it is that we discover another step taken in their southward progress, by their establishment of the kingdom of *Cumbria*, on the North West coast of England, part of which is still known as the county of *Cumberland*.

These kingdoms of *Strathelyde* and *Cambria* remained as separate and independent states, till they were finally subdued by the Scots, in the tenth century; the ancient kingdoms of the Picts having previously been subdued by a sovereign of the same race, Kenneth II., in the year 843.

The destiny of the conquered people remains unnoticed by the chronicles of the day, but as we have thus traced the descendants of the Cimbri or Cimmerii of Jutland to the very borders of Wales, it requires very little play of fancy to suppose that, driven from their former seats, they had continued their course southward, and settling amid the mountains of Wales, became the ancestors of the present Cymry.

Besides the evidence of this fact, thus afforded by history, there is very strong corroborative proof, which we shall now proceed to adduce.

We have already noticed the strong reasons we have for believing the present occupants of Wales to be the successors of a more ancient race; and to this we may now add, what Lhuyl and other Welsh antiquaries, have unhesitatingly acknowledged, that the oldest names of many localities in Wales are not Welsh, but Celtic. This assertion may startle some who have long held as an undoubted fact, that the Scotch, Irish and Welsh Gaelic are all dialects of the same tongue. There may have been—nay, we might say, there must inevitably have been—some intermixture of Celtic infused into the Pictish language, by the original settlers whom that people found in possession of the country, on their invasion of Wales; and this infusion of Celtic was likely to be still further increased, by the introduction of those Britons who sought refuge amongst the Welsh Highlands on the Anglo-Saxon invasion. Still, as complete languages, the Welsh on the one hand, and the Irish and Gaelic on the other, have been declared to be irreconcilably different by almost every writer who has critically studied the subject. Amongst these

writers may be enumerated the English Bishop Percy, the Welsh Roberts, the Irish O'Connor, (who declares that the Cymraeg or Welsh, and the Irish "are as different in their syntactic construction as any two tongues can be;") the Scottish Chalmers, the French Vallancey, the German Adelung; and, to return again to England—the learned and ingenious philologist, Sir William Betham, who devoted himself for many years to the critical study of both languages, in order fully to determine his opinion on this point, and who expressly says—that "even in vocabulary they exhibit very little resemblance to each other." A circumstance, in itself trifling enough, but which bears weight when taken in connection with others, has been noticed by a critical writer of the last century, the Rev. James Adams, as displaying the greater affinity of the Welsh to the German or Teutonic, than to the Celtic. "The Welsh dialect (of the English language) is characterized," he remarks, "by a peculiar intonation, and by the vicarious change of consonants, *k* for *g*, *t* for *d* and *p*, *f* for *v*. and *s* for *x*. Now this *wg*, *tl* and *chgn* being common to the Germans, and moreover, not to be found in Irish, or Highland English,* there is an opening for a curious enquiry—I never met with."

The Cymry, then, not being the original colonisers of this country; the question naturally arises—whence did they come? Their own traditions furnish an answer to this question in exact accordance with the theory we now advocate, and refer clearly to the former establishment of their race in Scotland.

"Most of the Welsh pedigrees," observes Mr. Moore, † "commence their line from princes of the Cambrian kingdom, and the archæologist Lhuyl himself boasts of his descent from ancestors in the province of Iredig in Scotland, in the fourth century, before the Saxons came into Britain. To this epoch of their northern kingdom all the traditions of the modern Welsh refer for their most boasted antiquities and favourite themes of romance. The name of their chivalrous hero, Arthur, still lends a charm to much of the topography of North Britain; ‡ and among the many romantic traditions connected with Stirling Castle, is that of its having once been the scene of the festivities of the Round Table. The poets Aneurin and Taliesin, the former born in the neighbourhood of the banks of the

* *i. e.* English as spoken by an Irishman or Scottish Highlander.

† History of Ireland.

‡ The famed eminence of Arthur's seat, that overlooks the Scottish metropolis, and that curious remnant of antiquity on the banks of the Carron, called Arthur's Oon or Owen, may be named as instances of this.

^a The Lord of the Isles.

Clyde, graced the court, we are told, of Urien, the king of Reged or Cumbria, and the title Caledonius bestowed on the enchanter Merlin, who was also a native of Strathelyde, sufficiently attests his northern and Pictish race.*

This theory of the origin and language of the Welsh sets at rest a question which was long and keenly agitated—whether the Picts were a Celtic or Teutonic race? Camden, Innes and Chalmers, on the one hand, collected a great mass of evidence to prove that the Pictish and Welsh people were the same, and therefore—assuming the Welsh tongue to have been the British Celtic—that the Picts were Celts. On the other side, Usher, Stillingsfleet, Pinkerton and Jamieson, from a minute examination of historical evidence, formed the conclusion that the Picts were the descendants of the Cimabri, and therefore Teutons. Admit the Welsh language not to be Celtic, and the arguments of both parties coincide most amicably.

Of the Cimbric language only one undoubted word has been preserved—*Morinarus*—which is given by Pliny as the name applied by them to the dead sea. *Mor* in Welsh signifies the sea, and *Maru* dead, showing an almost absolute identity in the two languages. In like manner, only a single authentic Pictish word has been retained—*Pengwael*—the name given by them, according to the Venerable Bede, to the place where the Pictish wall commenced; and this word has been acknowledged by philologists to be pure Welsh.

The names of many localities in the districts formerly occupied by the Picts, and which, as totally distinct from the Celtic or Saxon names in the neighbourhood, may be supposed to have been bestowed upon them by that nation, acquire at once a signification when examined by a Welsh linguist. For instance the Gaelic term *Inver*, in conjunction with the name of any river, is used to denote places situated at its mouth, as in Inverary, Inverness, &c. Throughout the ancient kingdom of the Picts, however, we find many towns and villages situated in such a locality denoted by the term *Aber*, such as Aberdeen, Aberdour, Aberbrothwick, (or Arbroath,) nay, the very capital of that kingdom itself, Abernethy. Now, in Gaelic, no meaning at all attaches to this prefix, while in Welsh it has exactly the same signification as the Celtic *Inver*, and as such, is extensively used in Cumbrian nomenclature, as in Aberystwith, Abergavenny and Abergely. The same resemblance might be traced in many other points; but this example may suffice.*

The following concise summary of the argument, as given by a late able writer,† may form an appropriate conclusion to these remarks:

“Here then are two remarkable facts: the one, that the part of England now occupied by the Cymry, as the present Welsh call themselves, was apparently not occupied by them in ancient times; the other, that the part of Scotland, known to have constituted what is called the Pictish kingdom, was in ancient times occupied by a people speaking the same language with the modern Welsh. It seems impossible to resist the conclusion, that the same Cymry who are now settled in the West of England were previously settled in the East of Scotland—in other words, that the present Welsh are the descendants of the Picts.”

MILDRED ROSIER.

MUCH disappointment will be experienced, on opening this number, to find that it does not contain the continuation of “Mildred Rosier,” a tale which has deeply engaged the interest of the great mass of the readers of the GARLAND.

The regret which we have felt on account of the omission has been increased greatly by the melancholy cause of it. By a most unfortunate accident the authoress has been lately bereaved of a fondly cherished child; and the sorrow which so distressing a calamity naturally occasions, has unfitted her mind for any continued effort of a literary nature. We are sure that there are none among the multitudes to whose enjoyment she has contributed so frequently, who will not sympathise in her affliction, and forget their disappointment in their sorrow for the cause to which it must be attributed. We indulge a confident hope that in our next number we shall be enabled to resume the publication of the tale.

of Pictish names of places which are thoroughly Welsh; and the latter writer shows that the names of the Pictish kings are not Irish or Gaelic, but “undoubtedly Cumbro-British.”

* In the Pictorial History of England.

† Camden—and after him, Chalmers—gives a long list

SPANISH BOLERO.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *ff^{mo}*. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a *Fine* marking above the treble staff and a *ten: rra* marking below the bass staff. The music concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a *Fine* marking above the treble staff and a *ten: rra* marking below the bass staff. The music concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a *Fine* marking above the treble staff and a *ten: rra* marking below the bass staff. The music concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

Pia
Ped

Ped

*D.C.**

SOLDIER'S SONG.

BY H. J. K.

In manhood's prime I may not woo
Fair woman's smile, as wont to do.
In youth, ere the fierce wars begun,
Then many a gentle heart I won;
Yet loved alone Glenfillan's flower,
Whose beauty was her only dower,
And that confiding love and truth,
So sweet and fond in artless youth.

The light of love in that fair girl
Was pure as rays of ocean's pearl,
Her song sweet as the bird of Spring,
Her breath perfume of angel's wing—
I've asked her in my serenade
To walk with me the greenwood glade,
And share first love's delicious dream,
By mossy lake and mountain stream.

I since have met more wealthy dames,
With courtly airs and noble names,
But never will I deign to part—
For gems or gold or rank my heart.
My soldier fame gave me access
To princely halls—where loveliness
Was throned in light,—these never yet
Have bent me to a coronet.

But heart and hand are hardened now,
There's gloom upon my dusky brow;
In scenes of strife, too harsh has grown
My voice, to breathe love's gentle tone;
In bivouac—in marching files,
'Mid lordly cheer or ladies' smiles,
Her dark eye still before me burns,
Her image to my soul returns.

THE RESCUED CHILD.

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

BY EDMOND HUGO-MONT.

A Mother sits within her cottage porch,
 A bower affection's simple art had rear'd,
 With woodbine and with clematis o'erarch'd,
 From which the fragrant flowers in rich festoons
 Fall gracefully around—a sylvan shade:
 Some task of busy housewifery employs
 Her active fingers: but her eyes are bent,
 With fond anxiety, within her home,
 A smile of heart-felt happiness while
 Beaming upon her placid countenance,
 Let us within!

In truth, a glad some scene!
 Nay! how can it be else, when light-soul'd youth
 Is here the guiding spirit—when the laugh
 Of merry childhood rings throughout the room,
 And its sweet presence rings a halo round—
 An atmosphere of joy! Mark with what care
 That little urchin, midst his boisterous sport,
 Attends his little sister! She the while
 Laughing with glee—she scarce indeed knows why—
 Looking up with confident security
 To his experienced age and proud protection,
 Her reverent seilor by full fifteen months!
 Sweet little rose-bud! Ev'n that noble dog,
 The pleased companion of their childish sports,
 Seems, by his softer step and gentler mood,
 To pay due homage to her helplessness—
 Kinder and more affectionate in instinct
 Than many of our fellow-men—(alas!
 That we must say it)—in the strength of all
 Their boasted reason—often boasted most
 When most unreasonably used.

But now
 Sleep waves her downy pinions o'er the babe,
 And sheds her drowsy popples on her head,
 The mother's vigilance detects, ere long,
 The languid step and gently closing eye:
 And soon at rest the little slumberer lies,
 The tender parent watching by her side.
 With curious eye the urchin stands a while
 Beside his sister's couch, and marks the smile
 That, even in slumber hovers round her lips:
 But, too impatient for that noiseless spot,
 He leaves a kiss upon her peachy cheek,
 And softly stepping past, he whispers low,
 "Mother! I must return ere long—Come, Neptune!"
 What, as he hastens through the porch, thus takes
 His hurried glance and checks his eager speed?
 'Tis his rude skull, late thrown neglected by,
 A toy his busy hand one morn had framed
 —Some cast-off shoe the scarcely floating hull,
 The mast a splinter, and the sail a rag!
 Seizing his prize, away the youngster speeds
 To launch the bark upon the neighbouring stream,
 His brute companion coursing by his side,
 With rough caress and joyous gambolling.

Could we interpret now the reverie
 That fills the mother's breast with placid joy,
 —Singing the while her simple lullaby—
 What dreams of future bliss might we unfold!
 Through the far vista of succeeding years
 Her mental vision traces out a world
 Of calm enduring happiness. Perchance

She sees her son—train'd up in virtue's path,
 Attain, spite of the world, the world's applause.
 She sees him in some mart of commerce, 'midst
 Its merchant princes, honoured and revered
 For his integrity and worth, or else,
 High in the ranks of science and of art
 She sees his name inscribed—a name illustrious,
 Recorded in his country's history.
 Perchance she sees him—his lofty still,
 And dearer far to her maternal pride—
 A favor'd servant of the King of Kings—
 (Man's noblest occupation here below,)
 Urging his fellow-men, with sacred zeal
 And eloquence sublime, to thoughts and deeds
 Of faith and holiness. But still amid
 All various changing fantasies, he seems
 Ever the same—kind and affectionate,
 The stay and solace of her waning age,
 As once the darling of her earlier years—
 Tending her tottering steps with gentle care,
 And smoothing down her pathway to the grave.
 And she—the little sleeper by her side—
 Shall she not shine in beauty and in grace,
 And form the pride—

But hark! a shrill-voiced scream
 Of terror and alarm dispels her vision:
 A scream whose childish tones strike to her heart,
 Known by a parent's instinct—Hark! another
 Answered again, though all unwittingly,
 By the affrighted mother. Forth she flies,
 And guided by the faithful dog's deep bay
 She seeks the river's brink. Ah! should it be
 That all her hopes of earthly happiness—
 All her dear visions of felicity—
 Are thus untimely and forever quenched?
 Beneath the thought, her reason almost reels—
 Swift—swiftly on she speeds, until ataining
 The eminence's brow, a single glance
 Displays her child, upborne amid the waters.
 By his loved Neptune—answering now at need
 The thousand petty acts of kindness—
 The thousand fond caresses—that had won
 His rough affection. With a shriek that seem'd
 To give relief to her oppress'd heart,
 She cried aloud: "MY CHILD! MY CHILD IS SAVED!"
 And frantically yet joyfully rushed on.

Another moment and her child is held
 In safety in her arms—a sunny smile
 Breaking through all the shadows fear had trac'd
 O'er his pale countenance; whilst his preserver,
 With wagging tail and almost speaking eye,
 Looks up to meet his mistress' thankful glance—
 Nor looks in vain.

Oh! how can words express
 The tenderness that in the mother's heart
 Gushed forth resistless? Who can picture forth
 The speechless gratitude, that in her eyes
 Beam'd with a holy lustre? as she knelt
 Upon the sod, with her recover'd treasure
 Clasp'd to her throbbing breast convulsively,
 —As if she almost fear'd the rescued stream
 Would yet arise, and rend his rescued prey
 From her encircling arms.