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THE
LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine :

A MONTHLY REPOSITORY OF

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC,

&c. &c. &c.

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

NEW SERIES—VOLUME IX.

MONTREAL :
JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET,
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THE
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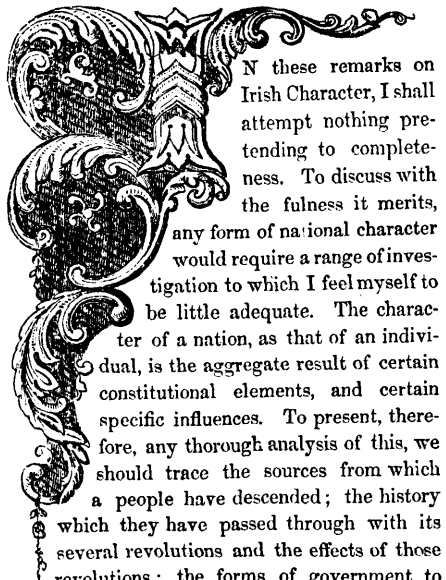
VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1851.

NO. 1.

FRAGMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. HENRY GILES.



N these remarks on Irish Character, I shall attempt nothing pretending to completeness. To discuss with the fulness it merits, any form of national character would require a range of investigation to which I feel myself to be little adequate. The character of a nation, as that of an individual, is the aggregate result of certain constitutional elements, and certain specific influences. To present, therefore, any thorough analysis of this, we should trace the sources from which a people have descended; the history which they have passed through with its several revolutions and the effects of those revolutions; the forms of government to which they have been subjected; the form of religion in which they have been nurtured. Nor should we omit physical circumstances. We should take into account the locality of a nation, its position on the globe and the consequences of climate and situation; its insular or continental existence; the extent of its shores; the nature of its soil; its geological structure—in a word, its physical capacities, united to the means of their development. How many of the characteristics of England may we deduce from the fact of its being an island, and having exhaustless wealth of coals, and iron in its bosom. We should further estimate the

moral operation of particular habits of life, the standard of comfort or luxury; the quality of food and residence, the several kinds of industry, and the amount of remuneration. When we have examined all these with scrupulous enquiry, and defined in what degrees they mingle with, and modify one another; when with the finest philosophic acumen, and the most exact statistics, we have drawn the final result, it will still be vague and general; numberless peculiarities will yet remain attached to rank, education, and even to the special districts of a country. Had I the knowledge and ability to conduct an examination of this kind, it would require an elaborate treatise, and could not be accomplished in a desultory essay, such as this. I shall therefore, at once begin to do all that I propose to do, and that is, to describe some general tendencies and forms of Irish character; particularly, as they exist among the masses of the people. I may pass these limits, but it will be only rarely.

The intellectual character of the Irish is acute, rapid, vivacious and versatile. The Irish apprehend readily, and they apprehend vividly. They delight in dialectics, and nothing gives them higher pleasure than intellectual and religious contest. They love pure science, too, but they want that practical tendency, or they have had nothing to develop it, which leads to its applications. Ireland, therefore, has no Watt. The Irish want, also that laborious perseverance which would carry them into the higher regions of abstraction and invention; and Ireland, therefore, has no Newton or Laplace, they are metaphysical within certain limits; and though in this department of human

thought, they are too passionate, too fanciful, yet two of the most subtle thinkers known to philosophical history were Irishmen, namely, Bishop Berkeley, and Johannes Scotus.

The Irish have quickness, brilliancy, but no depth of imagination. They excel the English in diffusive fancy, but are deficient in the power of intense intellect, they have not equalled them in great individuals, creative genius. They have produced no Shakspeare, they have produced no Milton; still there is more idealism among the masses of the Irish, than among those of the English, more poetic association mingles in their daily thoughts, and more enthusiasm in their daily life. And this idealism they rarely lose: it lives with them even amidst filth and famine, it is with them in toil at home, and in exile abroad: it gilds the sailor's watch upon the lonely seas, and it glorifies the soldier's vision in the midnight guard: it throws a rainbow radiance over the hardest lot, and paints the barest spot around the poor man's hut with the colorings of hope. Gay or grave, the Irish peasant escapes constantly from the work-day and walks in fancy amidst things that are not all of the dull and common earth: gay, he revels in drollery and wit, grave, he lives in superstition or reverence. He lives in the midst of wrecks which speak of distant and departed times; he turns with affection to this venerable past, his imagination peoples it with life, and his faith pays it homage. His thoughts are as various as they are vivid, and so are his emotions. Every passion vibrates in the Irish nature, and the Irish heart has chords that answer to every touch, and sound in every tone, from the lowest note to the top of the compass; pity, love, anger, hatred, remorse; every passion but despair, and not *this*, because of every other. An Irishman is rarely for any time given over to the despotism of a *single* passion; thence, the rarity of Irish madness, and the still greater rarity of Irish suicide.

A people thus as the Irish are, of quick perception, of brilliant fancy, and mirthful sensibility; it would be naturally inferred that they abounded in wit and humor, and this inference would be justified by fact. They are a people of both, affluent and glowing. Irish wit--or indeed any national wit, can be but imperfectly illustrated by pointed expressions; many of them, of very doubtful genuineness, and scarcely worth authenticating. Wit is a very subtle essence, very difficult indeed to condense, an ethereal spirit, which disclives ere you can fix or localize it. So much depends upon the context, upon co-relative ideas, upon contrasted pictures and positions, that in the very attempt to exemplify, you destroy it.

Irish wit is commonly sportive and cheerful; it has of course a sting, but it is not poisoned; it smart, but it does not leave a deadly venom behind it; like all wit, it is somewhat acid, but it does not sour the milk of kindness. It never deals in scornful and abasing irony; but it is full of odd analogies, of insinuated absurdity, and of ludicrous suggestion. But this is uttered with such vivid inflexions of the voice; such queerness of manner, such grotesqueness of look and gesture, that without the living person, all description of it is but a faint and empty echo. Without the dramatic posture, the heaven-lit eyes, and the spontaneous inspiration, what of Swift's, of Curran's or of Sheridan's can we have in the prosaic repetitions of their few remembered sayings. The wit of Swift was scathing, and caustic. One day dining with some lawyers before whom he had preached in the forenoon with great severity, a member of the profession intending to retaliate in his own coin, quietly remarked that if the devil were dead, he verily believed, a parson could be found to preach him a funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift: "I should gladly be that parson, and I would give the devil his due, as I have this day done to his children." Curran's wit was ideal as his eloquence: the one is the ideal of oddity, and the other the ideal of passion.

"I can't tell you, Curran," said an Irish nobleman who had voted for the union, "how frightful our old House of Commons appear to me." "Ah my Lord," replied the other, "it is natural for murderers to be afraid of ghosts." The wit of both Swift and Curran is too familiar to the world, now to be quoted, and I venture to insert these two instances only on account of their individual and characteristic tone and spirit. On Sir Boyle Roche, and Plunket, I must touch as slightly.

This Sir Boyle is amusingly described by Sir Jonah Barrington. He was the very personification of confused speech. He literally talked in bulls, and corrected them by blunders; yet in his utmost incongruity he had meaning and brilliancy. "What, Mr. Speaker," said he, once addressing the House of Commons, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity. Now I would ask honorable gentlemen, and this still more honorable house, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity, for what has posterity done for us." Explaining this, he said, that "by posterity, he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those who were to come immediately after them." Plunket, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was once pleading before a judge recently from England, Plunket spoke of a man who raised the wind by flying kites. "What,"

said the judge, "how is that? raise the wind by flying kites: that's new to me Mr. Plunket." "In England, my lord," said the wit, "kites are very different things from what they are in Ireland, in England the wind raises the kite, but in Ireland the kite raises the wind."

The humor of the Irish, and especially of the peasantry, I need waste no time in proving: it is plain and palpable. The Irish peasant, except sorrow and sickness be too hard for him, holds as laughing a soul in as mercurial body, as any other sample of humanity which the wide earth can shew. And his humor is indeed a soul: it diffuses itself through his whole nature: it is not an effort, but an instinct; it is vivid, rapid, careless and graceful: it flows into his phraseology, illuminates his face, moulds his gestures, and hangs around him with his costume. It is communicated to all that has contact with him, and clings to them even after separation. You would laugh at a queer Irishman's hat, if you saw it on a post: the very rim would tell you it covered a comic phiz, and you cachinnate in very sympathy. Oddity has marked him for her own, and he fulfils his destiny, it lurks in the turn of his lip; in the twinkle of his eye; it is written in the rents of his tattered coat. And this humor is full of most sympathising and kindly human nature; it is not mere external absurdity which may cover the heart of a savage or the soul of a slave; but a sportive and impulsive nature which catches the sunshine as it falls, and reflects it gladsomely around his little world. Cruelty or scorn is not hidden in the Irishman's laugh; neither is the laugh an echo from mere emptiness; it does not deceive you; it does not degrade himself. The fun of the Irish peasant is never malignant or idiotic; it never degenerates into the antics of a buffoon, or the imbecilities of a butt. It is a glow in the blood, an overflowing of the heart's life; a gala and a festival of all his faculties. It is fraught with imagination, and this constitutes to my apprehension, the distinction and the glory of Irish humor. Without lowering his own pride or wounding that of his fellows, the Irishman by the sheer oddity of his images, puts the spirits into a turmoil of exhilaration. This geniality of temper is a wonderful compensation for many ills of life. The Irish under its influence are not only patient, but gleeful. With labor that would kill the sad, and food that would drive the discontented to despair, by the hilarity of a jocund nature, they have manfully borne against fate, and have proved themselves superior to misfortune. Hard as their lot has been they have not allowed poverty to rob life of all its pleasures. To their undespending

minds, the sky is bright and the field is fair, heaven has glory, and earth has beauty: Summer evenings bring their sports, and Winter nights, society, a bright fire, and a merry tale. God is good, and they bless him with a grateful worship. They not only brave privation, but they laugh at it; they will not crouch to their enemy with sad faces, but mock him with a reckless fun; they will joke over their potatoes, and sweeten the big one with the little one. While a ray of hope can pierce the gloom about them, they have sight to catch it, and faith to walk by it.

The Irish are proverbial for readiness of reply: their answers often contain a force and pungency which at once astonish and delight. A poor man asked an Irish peer for charity. "I never give any thing to strangers," said the nobleman. "Then Your Lordship," replied the suppliant, "will never relieve an angel." They are but too lenient to the character of a witty rogue. I heard a story once of a tailor that was more amusing than virtuous. This tailor got cloth from the parish priest to make him a comfortable winter coat; the tailor thought it would be exceedingly pleasant to have for his own use, a cosy waistcoat, and a waistcoat, accordingly he cribbed. But the day of confession came and what was he then to do? "Yer riverence," he commenced, "I shtole the makins of a waistcoat, and I'll give it to you:" "no, you reprobate, I'll not have it: give it to the man that owns it." "I would, yer riverence, but he refused it:" "then keep it, and repent, you sinner."

Pathos and humor go together by a mysterious bond of union and sympathy. The buoyant joy of the Irish soul is only equalled by its tones of sorrow. The Irish laughter is hearty and sincere, but yet it is seldom far from tears. Long affliction has not passed without leaving sadness behind: and ever and anon, its shadow is falling on the memory, and a lone thrill of woe mingles with the sound of joy. The pressure of a hard condition and the recollections of a tragical history will often steal upon their gladness, and tame down the wildness of their merriment. The Irish are acutely susceptible of all the pensive passions. Their grief, if not enduring, is most piercing while it lasts: their head is water, and their eyes are fountains of tears. Never can sorrow receive more heart-rending expression than that in which they utter theirs. Their language modulates through every movement of anguish and tenderness, now in the mad sublimity of despair and again in the low murmur of complaint. Every color in which love can paint its objects; every image by which the darkened breast can

shadow forth its distress, comes teeming from the loosened and inspired tongue. The very sources of the soul seem broken, and the overwhelming torrents of affliction to gush from the springs of life. We find this specially and permanently manifested in the plaintiveness of Irish music. The spirit of melancholy is inwrought through all its movements. Using a beautiful expression of Wordsworth's, we may well call it "the sweet, sad music of humanity." It is fraught with sentiment, with reflective and solemn associations, with the melody of the affections, with the regrets of a mournful nationality. It is a dirge for the past: a long, low wail upon the grave of glory; a requiem over the dust of heroes, whose aspirations perished in defeat; a lament amidst the tombs of the conquered brave. The Irish bards whose tones have come down to us, tuned their harps in despondency, and struck the chords in unison with sighs: they sat under the shadow of their national ruins; they sang amidst the wrecks which the stranger scattered, and the echo of their grief was thrown back upon their ears, from the lonely halls which the victor had rifled; they sent forth the burden of their complaint in long-drawn sweetness, and the pallid ghosts of warriors listened to the sound in the haunted valley or the dismal cave. With all the low and lonely voices of nature this music harmonises; with the gurgle of the wave, which girds the island shore of Ireland, with the murmur of the sea; with the cataracts amid the verdant hills; with the chorus of the winds upon her solitary heaths. Irish music is the music of regret; the sighings of memory; the breathings of a dream.

If my remarks thus far are correct, the *ideal* and *emotional* are principal elements in the character of the Irish. The Irish are strongly affected by the past and the spiritual; and this disposition, all their traditions, their superstitions, and their religion tend to cultivate. The Irishman lives surrounded by the past, and he cannot escape from it; it flows through all his associations, and its mementos are constantly before his senses. Olden story fills his mind, and sacred monuments surround his sight. Ireland had the light of the Gospel in her homes when the neighboring countries were covered with the darkest paganism: the feet of Messiah's messengers were beautiful on her mountains, when Germany was crouching to bloody Odin, and Britain was reeking with the terrible immolations of the Druids. Retreats for erudition and piety, sanctuaries of faith and knowledge were to be found in every part of the kingdom, and these when all besides, was ravage, were safe and sacred. In the most

stormy confusion no arm was lifted against priest or scholar; no hand of plunder violated the altar or the shrine. The fragments of many grand and solemn structures are still scattered over the face of the country, and these are not wholly dead, wholly without power. The history of Ireland before the British invasion, it is true, is but the wreck of a vision, the reflection of a dim and distant dream; still it has shot glancings of light and beauty across a long night of mourning and lamentation. The weed has grown upon the castle tower, and the grass is rank in the courtly hall; the raven screeches where song resounded; the owl makes his habitation where man gloried in his bravery and woman rejoiced in her beauty; the walls crumble to dust, but the recollections of other days do not crumble along with them: "even in their ashes live their wonted fires." Through gloomy ages of humiliation, the peasant turns towards those palmy days, which his imagination encircles in a golden halo; and dreary as the intervening period seems, the proud persuasion that his country had once been the home of saints and sages, gives some dignity to his own sordid lot. He toils in the field under the shadow of a lonely monastery; and the soil that he tills has been trodden by venerable feet; if he is on a journey, he turns from the road, to rest at mid-day in the shelter of an ancient castle, or to pray in the cloister of a solitary abbey: he hears the voice of a thousand years in the halls of the sainted dead, where the bones of his fathers lie and where the spirits of his fathers speak.

As tradition fills the past, superstition peoples the present. In conformity with the social and kindly character of the Irish, their superstitions are also social and kindly. No spot in the green island is a desert, and no hour is lonely. The stream that bubbles along has invisible multitudes on its brink that chorus its sportive music. In the moon-lit grove, the secluded glen—the fairies love to congregate; there they play their pranks unscared under the silver stars and the glowing sky: there they dance merrily to the jovial sound of their elfish bag-pipes: there the marauders eat and drink what they have stolen from well-stored cellars, and from housewife's dairies; and there occasionally they entrap a roving wassailer as he staggers home in the highest region of bravery and Usquebaugh. In more solemn scenes, we hear of the Banshee, the lonely and fearful shade, the mournful spirit of loyalty, who attends the generations of her tribe and wails over the hour of their death and sorrow: whom no change of fortune can repulse, whom no

fall from greatness can scare, but under cottage window or castle wall, sings her plaintive warnings or her moaning requiem in lamentation of the long descended.

The Irish are religious—especially in that form of the religious sentiment, which nourishes trust and resignation, and holds intimate communion with the invisible and the future world. In all their habits of thought, in their daily life, they evince a tranquillity of pious submission which must have its source in a profound, and habitual experience. Their recognition of Providence in all the events of existence is unfading, and therefore their patience under miseries which would drive more discontented natures to madness. Wrong, too, as we Protestants may consider their views of saints, and the condition of the dead, no doubt, I think can be, that these views to many minds give impressiveness to spiritual existences. The intercourse of saints and angels the mass of the Irish people realise as a fact. The angels to them, are in every deed around their path; the saints about their bed: the world of spirits to the poor untutored peasant is not remote and unkindred, but at his very door, an object so dwelt on by faith that it almost brightens to a thing of sense: the whole army of martyrs, the glorious company of the apostles are constantly recalled to his imagination; the benignant and the beautiful Mary, blessed among women, and blessed for ever, is linked with his reverential affections, these with all their associations familiarise the things of a higher life to his daily thoughts—they sanctify the toilsome earth, and they humanise the distant heaven. And false, too, as we may conceive their doctrine of the dead, it is not without a spirit of goodness and of love. The Irish to whom their friends in life are so dear, think they can even follow them with good offices beyond the grave. And how is the memory kept in kindly action by these impressions; the widow has something taken from the pang of desolation—the orphan feels around him a watching parent, the bereaved have invisible communion with the spirits of the faithful, they recal the departed in every sacred hour, they turn towards them in every sad and solemn experience, they hold them by every bond of feeling as well as faith, they enshrine their memories in the visions of the sanctuary, and they embalm them in the sighs of prayer. And these charities to the dead are not without their charities also to the living; and though logic may disprove them, and theology repudiate them, they have yet an element of truth bound up with all the instincts of the heart, which no argument can subvert and no dogmatism eradicate.

In the moral character of the lower Irish, incongruities appear which are often urged severely against them. Their phraseology is sometimes characterised by exaggeration or evasion; and occasionally, it is positively false. Thence, not a few will maintain that they have no regard for truth. They conceal their money, at times, on a rail-road or in a steam-boat, and try to lessen or escape the fare: thence they are deemed sordid. Too sadly and too often they have done violent deeds, thence they are sanguinary. They have not always been free from petty thefts, thence they are dishonest. Paradoxical as it may be considered, admitting these not to be entirely groundless charges; I will yet insist that on the whole, the Irish are not faithless, sordid, cruel, or dishonest. Exaggeration of phrase to *our* apprehension is a simple idiom to the Irish peasant; he means what he says, but he says it after *his own* fashion, and not *ours*. Evasion, he has been taught by his masters; by laws which he has never seen friendly, and which he had no scruple to defeat; by landlords who have ground him beyond his power, to whom he first gives his whole substance, and then gives his excuses. Their terrible exactions first make him a beggar, and then make him a liar; first denude and emaciate his body, and then distort and deform his soul. Thus it is always with dependence and poverty.

Long oppression goes far to root out manliness. Moral courage is the virtue of independence, and cunning is the weapon of the slave; the freeman is frank because he has no fear; he uses no evasion, for he does not dread the consequences of open speech. The poor exile that by some odd obliquity of mind quibbles about a cent, will yet remit all he possesses to comfort his aged parents, or to bring over his brothers and sisters to this land of plenty. Nay, he will share his only dollar with a fellow creature in distress, who has no claim but sorrow, and no kindred, but a common nature. And although the humble Irish sometimes commit small transgressions on the law of *mine* and *thine*, yet in matters of value they are scrupulously faithful. Ireland is a poor land, but crimes against property are of rare occurrence. A traveller loaded with wealth may pass from the north to the south, and although hunger and hardship surround him as he goes, he need fear no evil for his money. I know not the country in the wide earth in which as an in-offensive stranger, I should feel greater security than in Ireland in purse and person; and there is not a peasant's hut in the loneliest bog in which I would not if need required, commit myself to

slumber, and no dream of injury would intrude to disturb my rest. Violent and cruel actions certainly take place in Ireland. So they do in England; so they do in America; so they do everywhere—when men become excited: unfortunately, the causes of irritation in Ireland are constant and manifold; judged by the sources of provocation, the popular patience, rather than the popular outrages, will perhaps, be the matter of surprise. The peasant has burned the house from which he was driven, and he has shot the man who claimed the right to drive him from it; yet that home was never closed upon the wretched; and the door was always open to the poor, who sought it for a refuge. The Irish have a quick sense of wrong and they want that considerate wisdom, which teaches the folly and the crime of becoming our own avengers. They are a people of impulses, and the circle of human life is small, indeed, in which impulses can be safe or virtuous guides in action. The Irish have had the worst possible education from circumstances, and hardly any instruction from schools; they have grown up amidst a chaos of anomalies and contrasts—with squalid hunger and abundant crops—with a Protestant church, and a Roman Catholic people, the church the richest in the world, and the people the poorest. Judge the Irishman in his own position, and not in yours, this is what justice demands and what justice will concede, and after all, mercy requires you to judge him with clemency, and not with rigor. Sympathy is the basis of the Irish virtues, the highest principle is the idea of duty; all else is uncertain. We find, accordingly, the Irish failing in many of the sterner virtues, yet excellent in those that concern the affections,—in the love of kindred,—fidelity in service, and in friendship, hospitality to strangers, and pity to the poor. The Irish are not prudent, but as a people, they are pure. They are not slaves to the appetites; and physical good is not their strongest motive. The sacred relationships of home are revered, and a guard of sanctity is thrown around the humblest hearth. They rarely act in gross and naked selfishness; they rarely commit iniquity for money. The Irish are accused of being improvident and indolent, this accusation of improvidence is an odd accusation against people that have nothing in the present to waste, and nothing except hunger, in the future to foresee. Nor is that of indolence less amusing where no work is to be done,—where, if there was, nothing is to be had for doing it. Ireland is as good a school for economy and industry, as Bohemia would be for navigation and sailors. Habits of saving and activity in Ireland might indeed find a place in

the fancy of an Irishman—for no anomaly is too strange for that—but, they would be as productive of comfort as a dream of eating would be of nourishment, or as the feast of Barmecide was of enjoyment. Here, we know that the Irishman can work and does, as our rail-roads show—and that he can *save* there is bank-documentary evidence—evidence also of another kind, that has its record elsewhere than in cash-books or ledgers. Show the Irishman his reward, and while a muscle or a sinew lasts, no toil deters him; the dismal drudgery, from which others shrink, he patiently undergoes: he labors, and complains not. Life and limbs the poor Irish in this country are constantly risking; and though life is often lost and limbs are often broken, they relax not in the heroism of unpraised but honest exertion.

Let me not dwell upon the tendency to combat of which the Irish are accused, and not, certainly without justice. I trust the period draws near when improved influence will suppress these barbarian conflicts, not only among the peasants of Ireland, but among the nations generally, who set them the example of bloodshed in the proportion of a deluge to a dew drop. But while we condemn this savage pugnacity which every man who honors Ireland deploras, we must give some credit to that dauntless courage with which it is connected, a courage that has been signalised in every region of the earth and sea. Where is the print of British power that there is not the trace of Irish blood? Where is the spot in the world-wide empire of British dominion, that has been contested most manfully and won most gallantly, and purchased most dearly, that Irish hearts have not burst in the struggle, and Irish hands urged on the chariot of victory? Ask, if the Irish are brave, a thousand places from Andes to Alps, if they had a voice, would shout back the answer; and if the ocean could give up the dead, the witnesses would come in multitudes. The ranks would stretch from Copenhagen to Nile, wherever the sea had opened for the bold sailor, obscurity and a grave. And still more numerous would be the land in pouring forth the myriads which have sown it with the dust of Irishmen; ask the sands of India; ask the plains of Africa; ask the valleys of the Pyrenees, and the shout of victory from Calcutta to Corunna will echo in reply; ask the same question on the field of Waterloo, and if the blades of grass had tongues, they would tell that they have grown from Irish dust, or have been made green by the streams of Irish life.

If the Irish are brave, they are also eminently faithful; and this fidelity is not a habit but a

sentiment, not a submission but a reverence; not an admiration that depends merely on outward splendor, but that clings to some imperishable ideal. The olden recollection, the traditional regality; the glory of genius, the memory of good deeds, are secure of their perpetual veneration, secure of it in every fortune, adversity and poverty only root it the more firmly, and nothing can alienate it, but treachery or dishonor. The instances of fidelity to honor in the case of humble Irish in the face of every temptation might be cited until we filled volumes with the record. The case of the poor shoe-black who discovered Lord Edward Fitzgerald by the name on his boots, yet kept the secret, when thousands were offered for reward, is only one out of hundreds. An anecdote in the life of Swift gives an affecting illustration of the same characteristic. When the Dean published his *Drapier's Letters*, containing some of the severest philippics on government that indignant eloquence and envenomed wit ever hurled at power, a sentence of heavy penalty was pronounced against the author, and a large reward held out for his discovery and conviction. His man was in the secret. Happening to be negligent in some service—his master conceived that he presumed on his trust, ordered him instantly to leave the house and do his worst. True-hearted as the poor fellow was, he dreaded his own strength to stand against hardship and hunger, which as it was a period of great distress, he would encounter out of place. On his knees he prayed, that he might not be thrown on the temptation, but retained, until the period of the proclamation was exhausted, and then he would go forever. The incensed ecclesiastic remained inexorable, and the domestic was dismissed. He endured all wretchedness and kept his faith. He was not only rewarded with the silent approbation of his conscience, but with the affection of his master. When the period expired, the Dean recalled him. After a few days, he was summoned to the Dean's presence, and ordered to lay aside his livery. He thought a new caprice was about again to banish him, but no, when in plain clothes, in the presence of the assembled household, he was proclaimed to be no longer a servant but an officer in the cathedral. He would not, however, leave the Dean, and while the Dean had mind to know any one, this man was dear to him. As to servants, Ireland has had many a Caleb Balderstone. I have, myself, known more than one, but of one especially, I will say a word. He was a man of seventy, and had spent the greater portion of his life in the family of an eminent physician. Larry in the era of his grandeur was of

most consequential manner and most caustic temper, even to his master his replies were more remarkable for pungency than patience, like the steward of Sir Peveril of the Peak, he believed that a major-domo was entitled to swear according to his degree. But a change came, the doctor lost his practice, and grew poor, Larry then lost his crossness, and grew meek,—the doctor had several daughters, fair as they were good; the world's wind might visit their fortune, but noble souls, do not bend before the storm. These ladies, Larry idolised, but though in prosperity they might have supposed his affection, it was only in their poverty they could have known the compass of it. Their father was imprisoned for debt; in prison he died, and they were left to their own struggles, and the fragments of broken and perplexed possessions. They dismissed all servants, but Larry was a fixture; they could not stir him; and he would take no wages; he was everything, he was cook, butler, kitchen-boy, waiter; and though peevish as winter to all besides themselves, when he turned his wan, worn old countenance towards those young ladies, the light of a fatherly smile, spread over his emaciated features, and though he knew, that they often dined upon bare potatoes he complained outside to the neighbors how his old age was cumbered and occupied with much serving—overburdened with the cares of luxurious house-keeping. They lived to reward him, better times came; they closed Larry's eyes with tears, and laid him in a quiet grave.

The Irish character has therefore its greatest excellence in the social tenderness and the natural affections. The Irishman's nature is not one of self-seclusion or self-satisfaction; he is eminently social; his emotions must not perish in his own breast, they must be reflected in the souls of others, the melody of his joy or the tempest of his wrath must be heard, his passion must be shared and felt; it is not a hidden fire but an open blaze; the light of his heart is not a sun over a desert, but a glow amongst his companions; the sound of his gladness is not a voice in the wilderness, but the revelry of a merry multitude; even the moan of his grief does not perish in stillness; associates surround him to echo his complainings. In the hour of injury, he collects his neighbors and friends to reveal his wrongs; in the day of prosperity, he assembles them to his feast to participate his success; in the triumph of happy love, he cannot dispense with the wedding gathering; and in the solemnities of death, an imposing concourse follows the departed to the grave. No misfortune in actual

life would press more heavily on the heart of an Irish peasant, than the idea that a company should be wanting to watch his inanimate remains, or a mile-long procession to convey them to their resting place. Among his fellows the Irishman must live, and among them also must he die; living or dying, his heart responds to the primitive and divine announcement, "it is not good for man to be alone." All kindred and human relations hold the Irish with tenacious power. Their love to those whom nature has made dear is true as instinct and sacred as inspiration. It endures undimmed and undiminished through every fortune. In vagrant exile, they recollect those whom they left in poverty at home. In spirit, they are with them in perpetual communion; their images arise upon their nightly dreams; and their shadows come upon their daily sunshine. Despised in the low drudgeries of England, bewildered in the chilly wilds of Canada, buried in the depths of American excavations, they laugh and labor; but the thoughts of friends away beyond the wild Atlantic, arise at every turn of recollection; then, the moistened eye and silent prayer bespeak affection sublimed by faith, and the hard-bought earnings are hoarded with pious thrift, and wafted with unselfish love to those to whom the untravelled heart ever fondly turns. Generous and holy is this attachment of the poor to the poor in the divine strength of human nature: lovely is it, and of good report. The Irish emigrant looks back with the wistful sympathies which the God of kindred has implanted in the breast, to the cottage where he slumbered upon straw, to the fields in which his ragged childhood sported, and distance and years have overspread them with a golden sun. He has had no heritage from parents or from country, except the sad one of ignorance and indigence: he can boast of no glory and no wealth, yet for him as for the most exalted, there is a magic in the name of home, and a rare beauty on his native hills—in their suffering his memory holds to them with a stronger loyalty—in that afflicted Erin was the bosom that gave him life, that pillowed his infant head—the sweet, soft voice that murmured music over his infant sleep—upon that bosom the sod of Erin is green and light—shall he forget the land which his father trod—and where his mother sleeps? No, no! when he shall cease to bless her, let his apostate tongue cleave to the roof of his accursed mouth. I shall not dwell upon the pure and generous devotion of Irish woman. To the honor of woman it must be said, that this is the quality of her sex, and not the distinction of her nation. The beauty of goodness is everywhere her portion.

Other charms she may want or lose, but this is hers for ever. Her face may be dark and her features may be coarse on the plains of Africa; her person may be worn and weakened by wretchedness in an Irish cabin; the loveliness which made men mad may have passed away with years; but those blessed charities which glorify her soul, can be reached by no blackening sun, can be extinguished by no privation, can be exhausted by no age; it is enduring as it is fair. I allude to woman in Ireland only, because of the trials which there encompass and exalt her. The full fidelity of her nature has its noblest manifestation in adversity; and of this training it has had a long martyrdom in Ireland. In blood and struggle, in sickness and hunger, in every human calamity, which that country of affliction is heir to, she has borne a full share of the burden. Pure in her home, constant in her toil, uncomplaining amidst many wants; as wife, mother, daughter, sister, friend, true to all her godly instincts, in every relation, and every sphere, she has been a guardian and a ministering spirit. Often bound to one unheeding of her worth, she has resisted evil with good, subdued passion by patience, and kept the light of love alive in a breaking heart: often united to one whom the laws have first depraved and then destroyed, she has followed him to the prison and to the scaffold, then returned heroically to her orphaned infants and youthful widowhood, strong in meekness, and in the terrible strife of agony, more than conqueror. Even nurses have done as much in the day of distress, for those whose childhood they had tended in happier hours. The affection of Irish nurses, says Mrs. Hall, for their foster children, is one of the most powerful and devoted feelings of which human nature is capable. They will follow and serve them through evil report and good report—in poverty, in prosperity, in foreign lands as well as in their own country, and one instance, I well remember, of a poor nurse, who when she heard her foster child—the younger son of a family that had been both respectable and respected in former times—was in an English jail, came over, attended him in his sad and lonely hours of imprisonment, and when he was doomed to an ignominious death, never left his side, until he exchanged time for eternity. She talked to him of those he loved before his soul and his name became polluted with evil, and it was a holy thing within the prison walls to hear that grey-headed woman put up her heart-felt prayers to the Almighty, for the object of such pure affection. When all was over, she claimed his body, waked it after the fashion of her country, sold all she pos-

sessed in the world to give it decent burial, and was herself his monument, for a few nights after, she was found dead upon his grave. Such a story does not need the embellishment of fiction. The Irish are hospitable—and this I do not say to announce a fact, which is sufficiently admitted, but to indicate a peculiarity which is not so commonly noticed. “The heart of an Irishman,” says Curran, “is social, and he is hospitable;” but he is hospitable to those who need it; and that is being more than social, it is *Christian*. This is more than the generosity of barbarism, more than ceremony, more even than courtesy, it is the sentiment of an evangelical compassion. The humble Irish are hospitable in the true sense; hospitable after the manner of Christ’s commandment. The object of their care is hungry and they give him to eat, thirsty, and they give him to drink, he is a stranger and they take him in. Their door is open to the wanderer, their roof is spread for the homeless, their fare, such as they have it, is given freely to the needy without money and without price: the face of want is a letter of recommendation, and the utterance of real distress is unflinching eloquence. In the time of scarcity they share out of their penury, in feasting they distribute their plenty and their joy; even when their lot is hard, they pity those who are more wretched than themselves; and when good things abound within their gates, when a blessing is on their basket and their store, they gather those around to whom, but evil days have come: their guests they literally collect from the lanes and the highways, and literally, they are the lame and the halt, and the maimed and the blind.

I shall, now, endeavor to describe two individuals, true natives of Ireland, and not uncommon natives either. Each contained within himself that happy mixture of good temper and broad humor which properly constitutes a droll genius. The one a peasant, and the other a Squire, each was perfect for his class and country.

Darby Quirk was a character. Every thing about him bore a laughing air; the very rents in his old coat seemed so many gaping grins of fun. Darby was a graceless wight, but for all that, he was amazingly popular. The neighbors said of him: “Troth, there’s no harm in the crathur, barring his hand findin the way too often to his mouth, and a trick he has of batin people when they vexes him: but it’s his crass, the poor boy.” Darby was remarkable for the poetry of his prose, and for relying far more on his imagination than his memory in the statement of facts. He was the politician of the parish, and for this

he was qualified by an irresistible strength of face and unlimited fluency of speech. His special dignity, however, was that he possessed a razor, and could use it. Darby, with his rusty razor, gave some forty or fifty jaws, weekly, the honor of martyrdom. Darby scraped away at his victims, with a magnanimity as tranquil as a cook skinning eels; and while some one read a newspaper six months old, the others went successively through their writhings under Darby’s merciless hook. There was but one man of whom Darby had any fears, and that was the priest. The priest often gave Darby a lecture, and Darby was always a penitent in promises. One day the pastor caught him, and determined to wring his very soul. “You are a reprobate,” said the priest. “Musha, it’s thrue for your riverence,” said Darby. “Why don’t you come to mass, you heathen.” “Because yer riverence av my respect for religion.” “Yer respect for religion.” “Yes, yer, riverence. Do you think I’d have the audacious contimpt to go into the beautiful and holy timple wid such a ragga-muffin av a coat as I have, and the rashcal of a waishecoat that’s a comerade for it? They’re the greatest temptations a poor boy iver put on his back, yer riverence. They’ll be the ruination of me, they will, the ugly disciples. They’ll wear every bit of religion out of me, if I had as much as the Psalter of Cashel or St. Bridget herself. They’ll make a hathein ov me with cursin and swearin at thim. If I had the patience ov Job himself, this coat id soak it all out ov me. Look at it yer riverence, it would purvoke the blessed David, so it would, an faix—it’s more than sivin pintintial Psalms he’d want to be afther composin for all the sin it would timpt him to commit. Upon my veracity yer riverence, av you wor jist in this coat, naboklish, bud you’d sware like a throoper. I’ll tell yer riverence the whole ov it. My coat you, percave, has as many windies and doors in it as the King’s palace, and faix it’s as hard to get into it; and you could read a newspaper dacently through my waishecoat; my sowl to goodness, av you mightn’t as well put your corpus into a piece of herring net, well. Whin I thries to stack my rags upon me in the mornin, I ram my hand through the corduroy, and thin I bawls out, O shweet bad luck to you, for a spalpeen of a waishecoat. I runs a skiver into it for want of a button,—tear it goes—and out I roars—the divil tare you, it’s hung up to keep off the crows, you ought to be. But, yer riverence, my coat bates Banagher: it’s the biggest scoundrel ov a coat undber the livin sun: it would take the pope himself to work out his salvation in it, and it’s wid

fear and trimblin, he'd do it: it's a pinance to get into it, it's pinance to get out av it; and the warin of it is worse than the thread mill; whin I wants to run my arm into the shleeve, pop, it dashes through the back: the curse ov Cromwell on you, says I: another offer, worse agin; the ould boy run away with you, says I louder still; afther more labor nor a day's ploughin I gets one arm in and part ov another: then smash it opens from the collar to the skirts; thin I gits right out of my wits: tarnation to you, I shouts for a double distilled wagabone, is it worse and worse you're growin in your ould age, whin you ought to have sinse; it's harder to get into you than into the ministhry or a place in the post office—and whin once a body's in you, he'd bether be in the pillory. Yer riverence, this coat is the sorest crass I iver had, it's a missenger from the bad one, so it is; deliver me from it, it's goin to have my sowl, he is, by the dint of patches; och, av I could throw it in his teeth and let him make chicken soup ov it, or mutton pics, av he liked them better; shure enough, av I would'nt be a jewel of a chrishtian, and a pathern for the parish." Darby, it is said, inveighled a suit of clothes from the priest, promising for the rest of his life to forsake swearing and to attend prayers.

I shall now, sketch an eccentric character in a different grade of life—one of those queer country Irish squires, that are at this day all but extinct. I shall call this personage Squire Grady. Squire Grady, at the period when I refer to him, was in years, and somewhat corpulent. He was over six feet high, wore a broad brimmed hat, and had a large nose; this feature could not be called of any positive color, but it came the nearest to purple. Squire Grady had once a large fortune which was now a small one; he had fought several duels, and had killed two of his antagonists. His house was the true Castle Rack-rent fashion; you might in a moment guess what it had been, but it would require a long time to describe it. The piers within the memory of some old inhabitant had a gate between them, and images carved on each, but now, there was no such inhospitable barrier, and of the images, one was short of a head, and the other wanted a leg. The hall door had no knocker, the steps were broken, and the windows rejoiced in as many old hats as would have furnished the company with which Sir John Falstaff refused to march through Coventry. Bacon and fowl were generally plentiful on his table, and he never wanted whiskey. Latterly, he never went out from home, for enemies in the hideous shape of creditors lay every-

where in wait for him. Against this portion of mankind he had sworn like Hannibal on the altar of his country. If he detested any other portion of our species more than these, it was bailiffs, and these he detested with all his soul. "Crocodile ruffians," he used to call them—"foes to liberty—haters of mankind, by Jove—with a touch worse than the sting of a scorpion or the bite of a rattle snake. You must know," said he, one day, to a friend, "that these ruffians are constantly calling at my house, and disturbing the peace of my family. Mrs. Grady had become a bit of a methodist, and I never could get her to say that I was'n't within; but, I've set her conscience, poor thing at rest: I have called one of the rooms Limerick and another Cork, and now, when the vile infernals come, she tells them I'm in Limerick or in Cork. The other day, she was in a puzzle, and I had to roar out 'Tare and ouns, Mag, don't you know I'm in Limerick,' when the spalpeen heard me, and didn't make himself scarce, until I showed him the bull dogs." Upon a particular occasion, in 1815, a tenant of his, named Paddy Whelan, called to see him. "What news?" asked the landlord. "O, poor Boney is defated, and we're goin to have pace, we are, as sure as a gun," replied the tenant. "No such a thing, Boney is *not* defeated: my cousin, Jackson Doodle, Justice of the quorum for three counties, has received a circular from government, giving a full and true account of the whole affair. Ah! Paddy, but a circular's the thing for a proper cogitated complication of political diplomatics." "But, yer honor, *if* Boney's made a hare of, praties 'ill be for the askin and pigs 'ill be for a song, and wont yer honor make an abatement in the rint?" "What," said the Squire, "are you still making irs of it? Didn't I tell you that Justice Doodle got a circular, and what more do you want? But I'll make it as plain as A, B, C. Let me show you how things stood at the very latest accounts. Now, Paddy, pay attention, and, "naboklish," if I don't show you what you may call a battle." "Faix, yer honor, we'd as tight and dacent a bit of a skrimmage as you'd wish to see in the last fair of Bally-Whackem, when Tim Dooley was killed—a bed in heaven to his sowl, poor fellow!" "What, man, about your battle, it was'n't a flea in St. Paul's Church, I tell you to Waterloo, as I'll convince you, if you hold your botheration, and let me explicate it. But Paddy, the places are a terrible long way off, with horrid black-guard French names on them; so I'll bring all to your nose, you, thief, you. I'll make it all here, so now, you spalpeen, put on your considerin cap, and look as

wise as an arch-bishop. The French, do you see, drew up on Castle Grady lawn; and their forces reached all the way down to Darby Foley's shebeen, with the sign of "the cat and the bagpipes." Do you know Darby's, Paddy?" "Och, yer honor, does a duck know the path to the wather, or a cat to the dairy?" "Well, the French, as I was saying, turned out at Castle Grady; while the English collected in your meadow, on the other side of the road, and the Hessians mustered beyond Ben Jacob's, the Quaker's Mill: to it, they fell, ding, dong, hammer and tongs: such a hubbub, to be sure, as they did knock up; the French peppered away at the English; and if the English didn't make them smell gunpowder say I'm a monkey—and then there was grape shot, and cannon shot, and cannister shot, and chain-ball and bomb shells; and then, there was such a hurly burly of Russians, Prussians, Hessians and Hannoverians, Germans, Jebusites and Cappadocians:" "Jebusites and Capodocians! who are they—yer honor?" "They are people from the North Pole, and that's all I can tell you about them. Boney's fellows then crossed the road, and put Wellington into a cold sweat: 'tare an ouns,' said he, in a terrible passion. 'where's Blucher? where is he at all, at all—does't he know an besmashed to him—what a confounded comfustification I'm in?' with that, d'ye see, he put his men into three cornered and four cornered squares—and then if he didn't show fight—you and I are donkeys. Who should come up after all, but a squad of Prussians, and by the fortunes of war, the two factions fell on the French, pell mell, they turned tail, and horse and foot got over the hedge again as fast as their legs could carry them. Night about this time, darkened and put an end to the fight. Boney marched to "the cat and bag pipes," and his men laid down to take a doze in the hay stacks. 'I tell you what it is, Blucher, my old boy,' said Wellington, pulling up his new leather smalls, 'we'll have a hard tussle for it yet: 'I believe we shall,' says Blucher, 'but in the mane time, let us get a taste of supper and a drop of the crather.' Thus it stood, Paddy at last accounts: all's not lost, that's in danger." "Troth, yer honor, it was a clane and dacent turn out; but faix, maybe poor Boney's dished after all, and thin the rint." "Not a word, Paddy, not a word, you may take your corporal oath upon a circular."

How certain the man of a weak head, a bad heart, and great fortune, is to obtain the attention which needy merit is in humble competition for.

A SKETCH.

It was on the last night of December, 18—that the family of my friend Ellen Clay were lingering over the drawing-room fire, between the hours of eleven and twelve.

There were Ellen Clay and her father and mother. They had lapsed into deep silence, seeming to have retired into the recesses of their own hearts; and, if one might judge from the shadows that were gathering over their faces, there was nothing there particularly light or cheering. The last hour of the year is one of those marked points of time when Conscience, with a torch glowing, with heavenly fire, throws a light over the whole track of the outrun year, showing every wilful departure and every careless deviation from the right path.

Ellen sat on the ottoman beside her mother, her head resting on her mother's lap; both were abstracted. Mr Clay had been reading at the table the book was still open before him, but his hands were clasped over its pages.

There sat on the sofa a person who was a remarkable contrast to the other members of the party.

He was a man about sixty, of small stature, and of so delicate a structure, that as you looked in his heavenly face, you wondered how that frail body served so long to detain its celestial guest. Never was the record of a character and life written more plainly than on that beaming countenance, where peace was stamped, and love and charity seemed, every year of life, to have been accumulating their treasures. If you would shrink from his far-seeing, penetrating, spiritually discerning eyes, the benevolence enthroned on his serene brow, and the gentle tenderness of his countenance, manner, and voice, would have encouraged you to confide to him, sins sedulously hidden from less perfect and therefore less kind fellow-beings. It is "perfection that bears with imperfection." One might have told him the sorrowful tale of self-condemnation with much the same feeling with which it is poured out in the confessions of secret prayer. I shall merely designate him as the Clays' friend—a friend he truly was, and is to the whole human race. He was the first to break the silence of the party by saying in a low thrilling voice—"My friends, I have ever thought this hour between eleven and twelve of the closing year, one of the gracious periods of life. Our Heavenly Father seems interposing for us—stretching out His arm to us, to help us over the dreary distance that some of us have interposed between Him and ourselves. It is one of

those high points of life whence we see before as well as behind, and if the burden of sins, voluntarily borne thus far, weighs heavily, we are incited by its galling to throw it off. We perceive some glimmering of our immortal destiny—we feel that the chords of our true life are interwoven with every thing enduring in the universe, and that when the sun, moon, and stars, whose revolutions now mark to us the periods of our lives, shall be blotted out—the fire of their urns all spent—we shall still live in our spiritual relations to the Divine Being—still be going on with a progressive and unfolding being, Does not this thought," he continued, taking Ellen's hand, and addressing himself to her, "give a dignity to your present life? does it not make existence appear to you an infinite good? It seems so to me."

Ellen looked in his face for a moment, and then said, "It may to you—it should; but to me."—she burst into tears and was again silent.

"My dear child," he said, "I fear there is something wrong here. Clouds should not hang over the closing year. Your father and mother look sad too. There is sometimes much good in the confessions of the Catholic church—a tangible form is given to the vague and phantom floatings of the mind. An honest priest," he added with a smile, "may help you to separate the true charges of conscience from false self-accusations; and perhaps he may suggest to you some availing pilgrimage or penance. Come, my dear Ellen, make me your confessor; tell me what trouble is in your mind."

Ellen looked to her father and mother.

"Do Ellen," said her mother; "I will make my confession too."

"And I mine," said her father "and we will all be upon honor to tell the true story."

We must premise that there is in the technical sense of the word no *story* to tell. There is nothing striking in the history or condition of the Clays. They are wealthy and respectable inhabitants of one of our large cities. Neither are their characters very strikingly marked, though like all other human beings they have their individualities,

Ellen Clay has a pleasing countenance without distinguishing beauty. She is well-educated, in the common acceptation of that phrase, having passed through the thoroughfare of English and French schools; but as she has reached unmarried, the advanced age in American city life of four-and-twenty, and as, having several joint heirs of her father's property, her share is not enough to attract those worthies who make marriage a mo-

ney contract, she began to feel the chill atmosphere that surrounds a reserved modest young woman among the budding of freshly blown young people that constitute the gay society of our drawing-rooms. Ellen went to parties because it would seem odd if she did not; and she gave them in her turn, because she was expected to give them. She had the customary round of home occupations. She rose late, and dawdled through the morning with devising changes in her dress, or reading the morning paper—or running through a new poem, or a new novel. If the day were fine she made visits or received them, or shopped, or took a short stroll in the sunshine. After dinner she took a nap, and if the evening were passed without society, she occupied it with the monotonous varieties of hemming and stitching that fill a young woman's work-box, or she might be so fortunate as to have on hand that most exciting of the needle arts—a bit of worsted-work. Occasionally she played and sung agreeably a few tunes, or she sketched a head, or painted a flower, but she had no passion for music, nor a talent for drawing that could call forth her energy. Certainly there was nothing in such a life as this to satisfy a creature endowed with a conscience!

"I am to go first to the confessional," Ellen said, following her tears with a smile—"well I must produce my condemnation book, as I regard it." She left the room, and returned with a little book bound with green morocco, lettered in gilt letters—"Book of Resolutions for 18—."

"I bought this book," she said "on the last day of the last year, and I wrote in it, as you see, several pages of very good resolutions. Not one of them have I kept. Please to run your eye over them. You see I began with sundry resolves in relation to health."

"Which you justly considered, I suppose, my dear Ellen, essential to usefulness and enjoyment?"

"Certainly, sir, and accordingly you see what fine plans I laid to keep in the fresh air a certain portion of every day; to prepare my feet for bad walking, and then to defy it; to eat and drink in such modes as I found to contribute to the highest health, &c. &c. After the first month of the year, I never opened my book, and thought only of these resolutions when I was reminded of them by a headache or cold incurred by my own folly." She paused for a moment, and then as she saw her friend turn over leaf after leaf, without dwelling long enough on any one to peruse it, she said, "You do not think it worth while to read them, but indeed I wrote them with an earnest desire to

shun the faults I specified, and to do the good I proposed."

"I do not doubt it, my dear child, and I rejoice to see in this multitude of things to be done and to be avoided, the evidence of your high aspirations. But there are too many of them, Ellen. You have set fence behind fence, till you can scarcely yourself see the marked and fixed boundary between good and evil. You have proposed to yourself such a multitude of good deeds to do, that you have made a pressure on yourself from every side, so that you could not feel the force of any one of them. Throw away the book, my dear child, and look into the depths of your own heart—consider your nature and its capacities—your relation to your Heavenly Father, and to his universe; the dignity of the existence which is but beginning to unfold before you, and I think you will soon feel a principle at work that will bring you with the love of Mary to the feet of Jesus. When the fountain is filled and purified, the streams will burst forth on every side."

Ellen was silent and sad for a few moments. She then said in a low voice, as if breathing aloud her thoughts. "But the year is gone, and here I am, with my broken resolutions and forfeited hopes. Who can give back this lost year?"

"Could I by a spell restore it, Ellen, would your purposes be firmer, your hopes renewed?"

Ellen was discouraged, and she hesitated before she ventured even to say, "I do not know—I want something to rouse me—something to do."

"Do always the duty nearest to you."

"But I want something more than little everyday duties to stimulate me, an action that when done shall make me feel as if I had brought something to pass."

"Well, my dear Ellen, I think I can point out such an employment to you. It was suggested to me yesterday, by your mother telling me what a skilful nurse you were to Anne when she had the bilious fever. You need not go on a mission to find good to be accomplished. Our Heavenly Father has given us a mission of love and mercy, about our very doors. My profession, Ellen, has carried me often among the sick poor; and I have often wished that young women, gifted and instructed as you are in the modes of alleviating the suffering of illness, would make it their business to go among them to teach them the importance of ventilation; of airing their bed-clothes, which may be done even if they have but a single change; to show them how best to give their medicines, and to prepare and regulate their food; how much relief might be obtained

by rubbing and bathing—means as much within the reach of the poor as the rich. These offices are often performed by the Sisters of Charity, in countries where poverty is most abject and revolting. It would be better if we Protestants derided the Catholics less, and imitated their good deeds more."

The clouds began to clear away from Ellen's face, and her friend continued,—“I leave you to ponder on this my child; your mother is waiting to come to the confessional, and it is almost twelve o'clock.”

Mrs. Clay made her lamentation over resolutions formed at the beginning of the year now expiring—resolutions broken and forgotten, till the recurrence of this solemn period brought then before her conscience with the light of the Judgment hour. The loudest reproach seemed to be that she had done nothing towards subjugating an irritable, exacting temper. She concluded as her daughter had done;—“The year is gone and nothing accomplished.”

“What if I give it back to you?” said her friend. She raised her head, startled by his thrilling tone, and then sank down again in silence and despondence.

Mr. Clay's story was a common one. “He was the slave of business. He had no time for anything but business. None for domestic enjoyment—none for friendship—none for social life—none for the great philanthropic objects that are stirring the world's heart—none for his God. At the close of last year he had resolved it should be otherwise, but instead of extricating himself he had gone on multiplying and complicating his concerns. Now he was utterly dissatisfied with himself, and desperate of amendment.”

A thoughtful silence followed, which was broken by their venerable friend quoting those two lines of thrilling philanthropy—

“Man's grief is grandeur in disguise,
And discontent is immortality”

“My friends, your souls are uttering in these complaints your wrongs against them—they are proclaiming their immortal birth and destiny. I augur much good from your general discontent, from your unqualified and honest confession,”

“Alas!” said Mr. Clay, “it is too late—the year is *lost!*”

“To be found,” said his friend. The clock struck twelve. “Almighty power and goodness does give you back the year. A new period of time like that lost and lamented is begun. Try now the *reality* and force of your repentance, and when the last sand of the year now opening is run out, may you, my dear friends, be among those of whom it may be said, ‘Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.’”

ATHENS AND ITS VICINITY IN 1835.

BY J. E. DOW.

“WHAT rocky Isle, what bay is this?
The rock, the bay, of Salamis!”—*Byron.*

IN the autumn of the year 1835, “Old Ironsides” entered the port of Athens, and anchored under the tomb of Themistocles. It was a beautiful day when we sailed up the Ægean: and, as we left our white trail upon the dark blue waters of the restless sea, island after island of the Archipelago, like the heroes of antiquity, passed like fleeting shadows away. Paros and Anti-Paros, Egina and Hydra, the Columns of Sunium, and the rock of Salamis—they rose and faded upon the sight, beautiful even in their loneliness. Oh, it was a glorious time: and the two half spent showers that passed away, at our approach, the one to the mountains of the Peloponnesus, and the other to the hills of Attica, gave evidence that the stars of glory floated above our halls of iron thunder. A rainbow hung over Athens as the “Constitution” came to in the Piræus.

Our Commodore was something of a wag. He had a frank bluff way with him, which pleased his friends and confounded his enemies. I was a chicken of his, as they say at sea, and therefore had more frowns and smiles than generally fall to the lot of an idler on board a man-of-war. It was about sunset when we anchored. The next morning was the Sabbath, and the sun came up, over the hills of Attica, and with a gorgeous smile, welcomed us to the Tomb of Agis. Athens lay before us, and the Albanian glowed upon us from the treeless shore.

A Sabbath in Greece—a Sabbath among the Tombs—No sound of “the church going bell” was heard, pealing from the hill tops and green valleys, or dying away in melodious echoes amid the ravines of the grey headed mountains. A few kiacks glided swiftly by us, and a Greek boy lay watching us on the brown and quiet shore. How different from my own New-England, teeming as she was with thousands of happy worshippers and the thought of her altar-covered hills, came across my mind like a pleasant dream, and carried me back to my school-boy days, when I read of the Venetians at the Piræus, and the capture of the Lions of Saint Marks, which rested upon the abutments of the gateway through which we

had entered. The abutments were plainly to be seen below the green waters; but the lions were in Venice. It is customary on board of vessels of war, for them to salute the flag of the country at which they arrive, before allowing officers or men to visit the shore on pleasure. Our Commodore, therefore, sent his flag-officer post haste to Athens, on a jackass, to see the King, or his ministers, and make the necessary arrangement for giving and receiving the salute. The rest of us were kept on board. We, that is, another landsman and myself, who had not eaten salt junk and drank ropy water all our days, began to grow tired of restraint. So we paced the deck impatiently, and looked daggers at the cabin door, while we sent forth flashes of desire towards the Grecian hills. Noon came, and I became still more impatient. At this moment, a marine bounced up the companion way, and summoned me to the cabin. I entered—the Commodore, in a white flannel round-a-bout, was busily engaged in proving the difference between turkey grease and appetite. He was a specimen of the old school, and cared but little for smelling bottles, white gloves, or quizzing glasses. He could use a bandanna, instead of a linen-cambrie handkerchief; and, as for lemonade and sandwiches, when we beheld them, where were they? He was, in fact, a Behemoth when good liquids were before him—an earthquake when waffles and sponge-cake were to be swallowed: and a fit of the fever and ague, when any one deserved a shake-down.

He eyed me over his half-eaten drumstick, as I entered and I perceived, with pleasure, a lurking devil in his eye.

“Do you wish to go on shore?” said he.

“Certainly,” I replied, feeling my heart beating quick with anticipation.

“Then, sir,” said he, “go to the officer of the deck, have my boat manned, go in it to the shore, hire a jackass, go to Athens, see the King and then return and tell me how he looks.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” I replied, and left the cabin, duly appreciating his kindness.

He wished to smuggle me on shore, and I was

well pleased to get into Greece in his own way. The lieutenants looked grum at me, as I went over the ship's side, and the middies whispered, "fresh grub," in my ears, from the gun-deck ports, as I descended the accommodation ladder. After a few stout strokes, we reached the shore, and I stepped upon the soil of Greece, while the boat returned to the ship. Having hired an old white horse, whose appearance gave evidence of sobriety and docility, I departed for the inland city, over a McAdamized road. I had learned to repudiate jackasses, in Minorca, having been unceremoniously pitched over one's head on an excursion towards Mount Toro. My horse was incapable of running, and I was obliged to content myself with his snail-like pace. An Albanian, now overtook me, with his sash full of pistols and daggers. He was a saucy dog; riding up close to me, he stuck his head in my face, and burst into a horse laugh.

"Parlez-vous Français?" said I

"Nox," replied the Albanian.

"Who are you?" said I, in English.

"Nox," replied the Greek.

"Go to the devil!" said I, getting angry.

"Nox," said he.

Then riding close alongside of me, he ran the sharp heel of his shovel formed stirrup about an inch into my Rosinante's side, and away we both went, upon a hard gallop, through the olive groves to the city, whose name alone, hung, like a shade of glory, over the uninhabited plains. I was armed, and my uninvited guide saw my pistols, and kept at a more respectful distance. In a few minutes, we came to the road that branches to Athens, I threw the Greek a small coin, and pursued my way with less speed, while he, turned into the olive groves, and passed out of sight.

Time, that fell destroyer of all things below the imperishable heavens, had been busy, in scattering the ashes of ages upon the works of mortals. The gigantic Sphynx, the massive Pyramid, and the tall and pictured Obelisk, had felt his power on the plains of Egypt; Greece and her temples, her sages and her poets, had passed away. The wild dog howled upon the Pynx of Demosthenes, and the owl hooted from the broken portico of the Parthenon. I stood in Athens at the hour of sunset. It was a glorious moment. Autumn had browned the plains of Attica, and the deep purple of the evening, rested like a cloud upon the sharp angles of Hymettus, while a fleecy cloud of purest white, floated like a plume, from the brow of old Anchesmus. Silence brooded over the Socinian grove, and the

ocean broke in hollow murmurs upon the sunken columns of Cape Colonne. It was a land of silence and departed glory. It was an hour of splendor and of glorious recollections.

I stopped upon the summit of Mars' Hill. The altar to the Unknown God, was not to be seen. A marble ball manufactured by the Turks, from the columns on the Acropolis, and which had been fired at the Greeks, lay at my feet; while a solitary grass-hopper, chaunted vespers at the Shrine of the Areopagi. As I rested upon the grass, I pulled from my pocket a little bible, and read the chapter of Acts, aloud.

Reader the foot of Paul had trod the spot where I rested; there, too, the Athenians, who were constantly seeking after some new thing, received the words of inspiration from the lips of the Apostle to the Gentiles. The same sun was then shining upon me. The same grass was waving in the breeze, and, save the loneliness of the hill side, the scene, in all its solemn grandeur, was realized. Nature works but few changes in the earth, in the long run. True, earthquakes may swallow up cities, and roll the waves of ocean over the land, and whirl-winds may spin away the giants of the forest, still, the seeds of the grove will linger in the soil, and the son of the oak, the chestnut, and the olive, will find a strong foothold in the steps of their sires, and wave in summer glory above their mouldering trunks. Such is the economy of God, in relation to the products of the soil; life is constantly springing up from death, and the flowers bloom brightest, that are nurtured by decay. Not so, in regard to man. His race is ever changing, and the children of one generation despise the deeds, and blot out the very names of their fathers. An army marches over the land, and the people become freemen or slaves. Blest or cursed with intelligence, each individual steers his own frigate, as suits him best, across the ocean of time: and eternity alone can discover to his neighbors, the spot where he makes the land.

On the hill of Athens I felt my hair rise and my heart beat quick, with emotions of awe, as fancy pictured to my busy brain, the scenes of other times. Saul of Tarshish stood in his native dignity before me, and beside me, towered the marble Altar of the Unknown God. The seats, where the Sages of Greece once sat to doom the criminal to the hemlock, now presented a regular appearance, though almost effaced by the foot of the wandering scholar. The moss violet and the yellow cup waved along them, and the rank weeds shot up from the alluvial soil, at the base of the hill.

A solemn feeling pervaded my inmost soul. My foot-steps echoed fearfully loud as I wandered from seat to seat, and the voices of other days seemed to whisper to me in the rustling of the grass, and in the plover's lonely whistle on the distant moor.

The strain of a far off bugle, now aroused me; I turned towards the seat of learning and the arts. The proud monuments of sculptors and architects, stood like spirits in their snowy robes upon the Acropolis. Below me, a few scattered hovels, with here and there, the broken pillars of a triumphal arch or a pictured wall, met my gaze.

The waters sluggishly picked their way along the pebbly bed of the Illisus, and the crane fished in the turbid pool at the base of the ruined temple of Jupiter. A Bavarian soldier, with his musket glittering in the purple light, stalked along the gate-way of Minerva's Temple, and a Greek boy lay sleeping upon the steps of the Temple of Theseus. At this moment I heard a plaintive sound. I looked up, and beheld, at a short distance from me, an Albanian and his daughter, dressed in the rich and imposing costume of their race. They appeared to be worshipping the God of their fathers, upon this memorable hill, and often did they stretch their hands towards the gorgeous tinted west. They seemed to be the remnant of Grecian glory, calling back the majesty of the past, from the ever moving car of time.

A heavy cannon now thundered along the Piræus, and its echoes died away upon the rock of Salamis. I started, the "Constitution" had fired her evening gun, and the stars and stripes of the west, glittered as they fell from their airy height, and then disappeared on the deck of the grim old battle ship.

The Albanians had clasped their hands in prayer, and while their dark hair streamed in the wind, and their bosoms heaved with emotions of holy and deep-toned feeling, I passed unnoticed before their fixed eyes, and reached my Posada, in the main street of Athens, in safety. A Borrico, now brayed by my side, and a ragged son of Attica sold me a mock antique, for more than his King had paid him for a year's service, as a hanger on at the Capitol.

It grows dark surprisingly fast in the Eastern climes, and before I could take my scanty meal of sausages and beans, a distant thunder storm had come down from Corinth, and lingered upon the Chair of Xerxes. A growling, long and deep, hastened my departure, and I mounted my *old white*, with the delightful anticipation of having

my throat cut in a tempest on the plains of Greece. I had hardly entered the olive groves, when a couple of horsemen, came rattling after me. I heard their arms jingle, and every moment brought the clatter of their ponies' hoofs nearer to my ears. I determined therefore, to haul my wind, and take a path that branched off the main road. No sooner had I made up my mind than I spurred my leaden-heeled charger to his mettle, and in a few seconds, reached a secure place in a thicket. The horsemen passed along the road, at a swift pace, and I followed the path, expecting to strike the main road at a point nearer the harbor. The thunder-cloud, now gave evidence of its nearer approach, and the wailing of the distant hurricane, came echoing upon the agitated atmosphere. Deep darkness now closed around me. All at once, my horse stopped, and gave me to understand he would go no farther in that direction. I prepared to dismount. As I reached my right foot down, to touch the ground, with my hands on the saddle, and my left foot in the stirrup, I perceived that there was no ground to stand on, I therefore, mounted again, and descended on the other side in safety,—a flash of lightning now showed me, that I was in the midst of the ruins of ancient Athens, and that I stood upon a precipice of about forty feet in height. The same flash of lightning, discovered the main road, and a narrow path leading into it, and I accordingly, made a sudden exit from the ruins of centuries. With my bridle-reins in my hand, I came out of the valley of dangers, and soon reached the McAdamized way.

In a few moments, I dismounted at a miserable shanty, and taking a draught of gin and rose-water, repaired on board the frigate in a kiack. As I came alongside, much merriment was caused by my novel barge, with one oarsman, and sundry good natured jokes, that had travelled through all the ward-room messes, from the days of Noah down, were dug up and thrown at me as original, real impromptus, by the young officers of the mess. The Commodore gave me a precious rowing for staying out of the ship so late, and the purser was very particular to know whether I had seen the King. I had caught a glimpse of Otho, riding in his coach, with a soldier on the foot board, armed with a blunderbuss, and decorated with two large letters on each shoulder—O. O.—I therefore replied, that I had seen his majesty.

"How did you know it?" said the good natured commander of the strong-box, shaking his sides like a kettle of jelly.

"Because he had O, O. on his shoulders, a crown on his coach panel, and a footman in uni-

form, armed with a blunderbuss, and topped off with a cap and feathers," replied I, laughingly.

"Feathers," said the purser, puckering up his mouth, and putting himself in an attitude. "Feathers are no sign of a duck's nest, Mr. Secretary."

A loud roar of mess laughter, which was repeated in the steerage, followed this precious ebullition of bilge-water wit, and went up the windsail, to the quarter-deck, with the dead air of the apartment.

"Ten o'clock," said the master-at-arms, entering the ward-room with a dark lantern in his hand. Out went our last candle in an instant, and then all hands turned in. Soon deep sleep held in silence my jolly messmates, with the exception of the purser, who whispered feathers, and snored duck's nests, all night.

Now, when the morning had come, the flag of Greece was hoisted at our main-royal mast-head, and a salute of twenty-six guns was fired, which was duly returned, by a couple of gun brigs, in the harbor.

The Commodore and his officers, then made preparations to visit his majesty, King Otho, at his royal residence, a few rods from the ruins of the Ancient City. Such a scene as followed, beggars descriptive language. The long voyage from the Isles of Cranes and washer-women, had made sad havoc with clean linen and clear starching, and bright buttons looked green, and cocked hats appeared rusty. Muckle whangers clung to their cold sweated scabbards: and white unmentionables had been blessed with a "*smart sprinkle*" of iron rust and gun-powder smoke. Besides, many of us had grown fleshy upon the deep, and the coats that once knew us, knew us no more. Such a running for a tailor, such a stretching of clothes, and such brushing, blacking, cursing and polishing, never before was seen, excepting in a man-of-war, under similar circumstances. Whiting and sour beer, Day & Martin, and whiskey, peeped from every state-room, and the scent thereof, was as the scent of many groceries. After three hours active service, in which more buttons had been sewed on than are fastened in the city in a week, we assembled on the deck. Our efforts had not been unavailing. We had a fresh look about us, and every cocked hat seemed to say, "You pick at me and I'll pick at you." Our first Luff, who was a man of taste, seemed to be taken by an agreeable surprise, and above all, my own appearance astonished him, for I had a new coat on, and a pair of Mahon boots, armed with brass spurs, six inches in length. He eyed my coat narrowly, and well he might, for it was *his own, with his shoulder strap off*. Having pronounced us fit for duty, he reported us as be-

ing ready, to the Commodore, and at the cabin door awaited for the egress of power.

"Seven bells," thundered the orderly.

"Seven bells," growled the quarter-master.

"Seven bells," struck the messenger-boy, on the old ding-dong at the pump,—and seven bells it was.

The cabin door flew open. The Commodore, covered with gold lace above, and brimstone colored cloth below, bearing a tremendous cheese toaster, arose in his majesty, and like a second Neptune, in regimentals, looked out upon the sea. He had no three-pronged fork in his hand, but his coat was swallow-tailed, and his sword, when buckled on, made him resemble the Ocean God astride of his trident.

We soon shoved off, and in a few moments, landed in Greece. A hundred Borricos were now offered to us to ride to the Capitol on, but as there were but forty officers, forty Borricos were declared sufficient. Soon the word was given, and the cavalcade took up its line of march. Such a singular body of mounted men never approached the Mistress of Learning before. Several of us had purchased cocked hats without trying them on, and of course, they fitted like Major Downing's coat, which he purchased with *puckery* apple-sauce. Round went several of our hats upon our heads with every slant of wind, and away bounded our jackasses, constantly spurred on by their owners, who accompanied them for that purpose, and who were enabled to keep up with us, by hanging on their tails. Away went the Commodore, before, with a ragged Greek hanging on behind: and away went the Captain's clerk in the rear, with a couple of boys entailed upon his animal, fighting for the exclusive privilege of being dragged in the dirt for a shilling. Surely, monopolies are not confined to this country or to England. An American, on a lean horse, in a short rusty frock coat, with a pair of cazinett trowsers below it, and carrying a blue cotton umbrella in his hand, met us at the olive groves, and welcomed us to Greece. It was the Rev. Jonas King, the talented and praise-worthy missionary to Greece, who had just returned from Corinth and who hastened to welcome his countrymen to the land where—

"Learning slumbers in her marble grave."

When the missionary reined in his steed, and awaited the approach of our party, sundry jokes upon his person were passed from the rear guard to the middle division, but when it was ascertained that he was an American missionary, a man of talent and great learning, and when one

of the company had sworn upon his saddle's pomel, that he was the husband of that identical maid of Athens, who had stolen Lord Byron's heart away, and who had refused to return it to him until he had sung a song for it—commencing with—

“Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart.
Fol de rol.”

The whole of the joking fever passed away, and the itching of respectful curiosity reigned in its place.

The missionary as our interpreter, now joined the cavalcade, and we entered Athens with a priest at the head, and a most contumacious pedagogue in the rear. Having selected a posado near the market-place, we left our animals, engaged dinner, and then took up our line of march for the King's House.

Winding along the margins of mud puddles, and scrambling over fallen pillars, and pieces of painted plastering, we drew up at the gate of royalty. After some ceremony, we were admitted. A score of English servants in short breeches and white silk stockings, with O.O. on their backs, passed us along, to a set of Greek aids, thence we were escorted to an ante-room, by Bavarian officers, where we rested awhile. Presently, the Lord High Chamberlain, in jack boots, and a coat covered with silver, appeared, and led us by an entry from little closet to little closet, to the audience chamber,

“Where the King was on his throne,
With his beggars at his feet.”

We, undoubtedly were carried as many as eight times round the house, before we came to the audience room. As we entered, between a file of Bavarian officers, King Otho descended from his golden throne, and was introduced, by the Lord High Chamberlain, to “Admiral Yel-lyot and his officaires.” Otho now advanced three steps towards us, and was introduced to us separately, by our interpreter. He was a fine looking German youth, tall and slender, with a cream-colored skin, a mild blue eye, and auburn hair; dressed in a grey uniform, with red facings, diamond epaulettes, a diamond hilted sword, with a polished steel scabbard; with a cocked hat, ornamented with a diamond rose and a heron's plume, under his arm. He seemed, as he stood before us, to have been taken from a band-box, and permitted to speak on the occasion. Every button had an O. on it, and his epaulettes were stamped in the same way. One of our wags, upon being asked the reason of his wearing so many O's, said, that it was, because he *owed* for

every thing he had on. This was stolen from Sheridan, but as it was applied in a different way, it was decreed to be an original joke, and all hands gave a hearty laugh, after the Commadore and first Luff had set the example,

We made some few mistakes, not having seen Kings of the world at home before, and one of our number capped the climax, by calling him, *Mr. King*. However, we got off pretty well, until it came round for us to take leave. Now, know ye, gentle readers, that you must never turn your backs upon royalty, but must bow yourselves out, and leave the possibility of your falling down stairs, to Providence. We began to bow out,—I was on the rear rank, and had, as I said before, my long spurs on—with my eyes fixed upon the King, I scraped away, and all at once, I found myself plump against the Lord High Chamberlain, whom I gaffed with my rowels in each waxed boot. I heard the smothered exclamation of “*Sacre Damn!*” in French and English, and turning my head, perceived the *seven foot bear*, twisting his moustachios with one hand, and scratching his calves with the other.

“This is no time to swap knives, or stand upon ceremony,” thought I, so turning to the right-about, I left the audience chamber, and made my way for the porch, where I arrived some seconds before the others, almost convulsed with laughter. We next returned to our hotel, and then proceeded to the Mission-House. The house of Mr. King, was a curiosity. It had a little of every thing within its walls. Verde Antique, Parian Marble, blocks from the Acropolis, and stones from Jupiter's temple, and above all, in the inside, it had a Greek mistress. We were kindly received by the lovely Greek, who still dressed in her country's costume, and at a signal, had sweet meats and cold water presented to us.

The Lady, herself, came to each one of us, with the sweet meats in a silver dish, and with a single silver spoon, put a mouthful inside of our lips, in regular order, commencing with the Commadore, and ending with his clerk. A sip of water from a single tumbler was then given us, in succession, and conversation commenced. Many sage inquiries were then made about Athens and its wonders. One wanted to see the place where *Troy stood*, and another said, “He was in a great hurry to go upon *Mecropolis* and see the *Hyparthenon*. Several curious discourses commenced upon the possibility of Demosthenes having a candle to put in his *lantern* before candle-wicking was known, and a great diversity of opinion

arose, as to the precise quantity of air required to fill the *temple of the winds!*

After hearing the Lord's Prayer in Greek, and a class of dark-eyed damsels of Attica, sing, "Old Hundred" in modern Greek, we went out upon the Acropolis, Mr. King, and all. Roaming from spot to spot, we were surprised to find it sun-set before the ruins had been half explored. I entered one of the temples before I departed. A bank of earth, raised by the Turks, filled the centre, and the ceiling was covered with lamp-black from the smoke of their torches. Marked upon this black ceiling, was to be seen the name of every traveller who had visited Athens. I placed my own there, near the names of Byron and Hobhouse, and rejoiced that I had put myself in a fair way to go down to posterity, in such noble company, in lamp-black. It was night before we reached our ship, and the cock had crowed, loud and long, on the Commodore's hen-coop, before we closed our eyes in sleep.

The next day, King Otho came to see us. We had our yards mounted, the flag of Greece floating at our fore, and the officers on deck. As he came over the side, the band struck up a martial air--the cannons thundered majestically, and died away on Hydra and Egina: and then the men on the yards sent forth three hearty cheers. The cheers of Freemen seemed to awaken the dying spirit of Greece, and a faint echo came back from the wild mountain pass and the solitary plain. The French vessels of war in the bay of Salamis, had the flag of Greece hoisted also, and a salute thundered along that desolate bay. Having gone through the military ceremonies, the Commodore invited the King and his suite below, to partake of a collation. The gunner, now, under the superintendance of the officer of the deck, prepared to surprise the King, by exhibiting the wonderful properties of a seven barrelled gun, which carried seven hundred balls, and which only needed to be fixed once, to let off the whole of the charges.

This treat was planned by the Commodore, some days before, and now, the curious bundle of gun-barrels, with a swivel and standard, and a monkey-tail for a handle was brought upon the quarter-deck, and made fast to the taffrail, the muzzle pointing towards the sea, and the monkey-tail towards the mizen-mast. King Otho having satisfied the royal appetite, ascended the ladder with the Commodore and his high officers in company. The King, mounted the starboard horseblock and the Commodore the larboard, the seamen peeped from the fore-castle, and the offi-

cers stood in the waist. The King's suite were at the companion rail, and silence reigned.

"All ready with the gun sir," said the gunner touching his hat to the Commodore.

"Then fire away, quickly," said the Commodore in a whisper.

The gunner's yeoman now seized the monkey-tail. The gunner pulled the trigger, by means of a long string that was attached to it,—bang! bang! bang! went the gun, and then seven balls went off in a lump, and a barrel burst. Down went the gunner and his yeoman, on deck, and round turned the discharging piece, and looked us all in the face; ball after ball whistled over our heads, and then the piece began to *shoot lower*; at this sudden turn in the affair, the King and the Commodore, who were in danger every moment of being killed, stepped down about twelve steps at once, at the expense of rank and etiquette, and with the rest of us, brought the mizen-mast between the unmanageable gun and their bodies. The sailors threw themselves on the deck and laughed ready to split their sides.

The gunner now reached up his hand, and by main force slewed the muzzle round, and then bent it down, so that it would hit against the taffrail, as it started from side to side. Having been thus relieved from the danger that at one moment seemed so great, the whole company laughed heartily at the joke, and took more wine in the cabin, and then the King and his suite retired; the ship saluting as before.

The Commodore sent to King Otho, *a mate* to the cannon that had been used on the day of his visit, with a letter, extolling its merits to the skies, and informing him, that one such gun would enable him to conquer his enemies, with but few troops, in a siege. The King replied courteously, but seemed to think that the gun in battle, might do more injury to his own troops, than to those of the enemy, *on account of the odd way it had of looking at its friends when it was excited.*

This gun the next year, upon the return of the squadron, burst also, and put the worthy gunner on the pension list, for an extinguished eye and a cracked head. So much for seven hundred guns in one.

After spending a week in Athens, the "Constitution" bade adieu to the hills of Attica, and stretched her white wings for the Levant. At evening, the Columns of Cape Colonne, gleamed in the moonlight. In the morning they were lost in the distance, while the temples of Delos towered above her.

THE RECLUSE.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

He was a good old man, and loved to dwell
 Where solitude set up her silent throne;
 Near a secluded grove he chose his cell,
 That he might live contented and alone.
 He loved the quiet glade, and woody dell,
 Where naught disturbed him save the cheering
 tone
 Of some loved, fav'rite songster, whose wild note
 Upon the balmy air of morn and eve did float.

The wild berry, that grew upon the high
 And rugged mountain-top, was all his food,
 Save when some bird, unheeding, fluttered nigh,
 His solitary dwelling, old and rude.
 He marked it with an eager, searching eye,
 And, lest it should a second time intrude
 Within the precincts, of his wild retreat,
 Sent an unerring shaft, and laid it at his feet.

But yet he hated not the feathered race;
 He rather loved them,—And 'twas only when
 Hunger—grim phantom! stared him in the face,
 That he molested them—but not till then.
 Why should he hate them? for their songs did
 chace

Away his moody thoughts, as through the glen
 He bent his wearisome and lonely way,
 At evening's dusky hours, or at the break of day.

Week after week in swift array flew past,
 Month followed month, and year succeeded
 year;

But still the solitary one stood fast,
 Nor fearing aught, for naught had he to fear.
 The sultry summer, or cold winter's blast,
 Nor heard him grieve, nor brought him aught
 to cheer;

No change of season dimmed that old dark eye
 That shone like the bright Sun that lights the
 noon-day sky.

'Twas all the same to him, the world might frown
 Or smile upon him, but he heeded not;
 For well he knew that he must soon go down
 Unto the house of Death—by all forgot.
 Had he been great, or boasted of renown,
 Far diff'rent would have been his earthly lot:
 But he was nothing, save a weak old man,
 Whose only hope was death—whose life, the
 merest span.

What he *had been*, no living mortal knew,
 Though many simple stories had been told
 Concerning him; and there were not a few
 Who tried to buy his history with gold,

Which he with a disdainful eye would view,
 And scorn the off'rer, whether young or old;
 Then, seeking his rude cell, he would retire
 Within its quiet walls, to quench his smothered ire.

A shade of sadness never crossed his brow;
 In every look, a calm expression reigned;
 He never, for a moment, would allow
 His noble mind to be disturbed or pained
 With grievous thoughts, pregnant with every woe;
 But if a trace of any such remained,
 A placid smile dispelled it, and his face
 Soon beamed again with all its animated grace.

Seasons roll'd on; the aged man grew frail;
 His years had well nigh sunk him to the grave;
 Time gladly triumphs as his arts prevail—
 Ev'n now, the sickle o'er his head doth wave.
 But the serene old Vet'ran did not quail;
 Death, brings no terrors to the truly brave.
 The man of Vice, cut short in his career,
 The summons hears with dread, and yields his
 breath with fear.

Winter had spread its spotless pall around;
 The winds a moaning through the deep woods
 kept;

The cutting frost a free admittance found
 Into the cell, wherein the old man slept;
 They might have spared their wrath, for on the
 ground,

The aged Recluse lay, where he had crept
 When the kind messenger arrived, to free
 His spirit from its bonds of gross mortality!

TO REBECCA.

BY T. D. F.

'Mid groves sequestered dark and still,
 Where the lone wood bird lifts her song
 Through flowery woods, the rippling rill
 In gentle murmurs steals along.

A while it plays in circling sweep,
 Then peaceful, onward glides away
 Mid banks o'erhung with wild flowers sweet,
 To seek a brighter, broader day.

Thus may thy life forever flow,
 Peaceful and calm through life's brief hours,
 Whilst Hope and Joy shall round thee strew
 Their fairest, purest, brightest flowers.

When nature tires and life grows drear,
 And joys fade out and steal away,
 Then may thy soul like streamlet clear
 Flow onward to a brighter day.

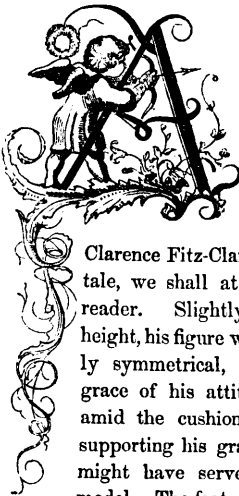
CLARENCE FITZ-CLARENCE,
PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF AN EGOTIST.

BY R. E. M.

“There are those who lord it o'er their fellow men
With most prevailing tinsel.”

“Oh! what a waste of feeling and of thought,
Have been the imprints on my roll of life.”

L. E. L.



GENTLEMAN boarder, in the most comfortable dressing-room of an elegant hotel in Brighton, lay reclining on a luxurious sofa heaped with cushions. This personage, who was

Clarence Fitz-Clarence, the hero of our tale, we shall at once describe to the reader. Slightly above the middle height, his figure was singularly strikingly symmetrical, whilst the negligent grace of his attitude, as he lay back amid the cushions, one delicate hand supporting his gracefully formed head, might have served a sculptor for his model. The features were faultless, and would have been effeminate in their delicate beauty, but for the firmly marked curve of the upper lip, and the flashing brilliancy of the large dark eye. Thus far our hero was perfect, at least in outward seeming, but there was an apparent consciousness about him of his own extraordinary personal gifts, a half indifferent, half contemptuous ease, which seemed to say, “I am surpassingly handsome, and know it;” that considerably marred the effect of his rare, personal beauty. The elaborate richness, too, of his costly damask dressing gown; the brilliancy of the diamond ring that sparkled on his slender white finger, and the nameless air of supercilious listlessness pervading his whole appearance, betrayed that he belonged to that ultra fastidious, and ultra disagreeable class of society, denominated, Exquisites or Exclusives. Clarence Fitz-Clarence, was as proud of his studied elegance, his acquired lisp and drawl, as he was of his faultless face and figure, and when he chose to recollect that he was of high and honored extraction, his connections wealthy and titled, his own private fortune large and un-

encumbered, he wondered at his own condescension in holding any species of social intercourse with the inferior beings around him.

As he lay there revolving his own many perfections, at least, so the self-satisfied smile on his lip seemed to say, the door was opened, and his valet noiselessly entered. Without a word, he presented a letter on a small silver salver to his master, who negligently took it, exclaiming :

“That will do. You can go.”

The man obeyed, retiring as noiselessly as he had entered. Fitz-Clarence trained his servants well, and messages were delivered, doors opened and shut with as much noiselessness and care, as if he were the tenant of a sick couch, instead of a young man in the pride of youth and health. With a look of wearied listlessness, as if the effort were almost too much for him, he broke the seal of the letter and glanced over its contents. The writing was legible, though delicate, the paper passable enough in quality, yet, Fitz-Clarence threw it from him ere he had reached the bottom of the first page, with the same gesture of disgust that he would have rejected one of the soiled, defaced petitions sometimes thrust into unwilling hands by importunate mendicants.

“That tiresome sister of mine,” he muttered, forgetting for the moment his customary elegant drawl; “She worries me to death with her applications for assistance; her sickening details of starvation and beggary. She chose love in a cottage with a penniless lawyer, against the express wishes of her family, let her abide by the consequences. My father disinherited her, and she need not look to me, the brother whom her absurd match equally offended, to play the part of generous benefactor. ’Tis really too bad that government, so prudent in securing us all against our neighbors, can devise no means of protecting a man from the extortions and annoyances of his own family.”

As he spoke, he touched a silver hand bell be-

side him, and quick as lightning, the obedient Norris was before him.

"Take sealing wax from my desk, re-seal and direct that letter, and put it in the office immediately."

"To where shall I re-direct it, Sir?"

"Refer to the post mark, Dolt! Ca'n't you?" was the harsh but calm toned reply, for in his most violent passions, Fitz-Clarence never allowed his musical voice to rise more than a semi-tone above its usual key.

Norris accomplished his task skilfully and promptly, and then left the room. As Fitz-Clarence fell back into his former position, his eye rested on his own reflection in a splendid mirror opposite. The slight frown that marred his handsome forehead, attracted his notice.

"This will never do," he exclaimed; "Wrinkles and age come soon enough, despite our most strenuous efforts. I must receive no more of that woman's letters, and Morris must receive orders to-morrow to return them all unopened. There," he continued as his features resumed their former, easy smile; "That is more like Fitz-Clarence, the handsomest and most elegant man of his day." He might also have added the most heartless and complete egotist that ever perverted the rarest gifts of person and fortune to a despicable and all engrossing self-worship. Blinded by the very intensity of his own selfishness, he never remembered that the sister whose one act of disobedience had been visited so severely by an inflexible parent, had some claims in her poverty and want, on the fortune which had been originally intended as her marriage dower, and which he, her only brother, in consequence of her early error, had all inherited. That thought never recurred to him, and no stings of self reproach disturbed his repose of mind, as he turned on his luxurious couch and yawned forth:

"What a long day, and what a stupid place! I must be off to London to-morrow, 'tis a little gayer than this confounded hole—Norris."

The ready valet like some obedient familiar, instantly stood before him.

"Pack my trunks. We leave here to-morrow, and do you mind, do not call me up for tea. The set we had last night were so insufferably stupid that I cannot support the idea of encountering them again. Do not attempt to wear that astonished look in my presence, you rascal! Smile; or, at least always look pleasant when you approach me. That will do. Vanish! Now, for an hour's sleep."

As Fitz-Clarence was composing himself for rest, he was in some measure disturbed by the

rapid opening and shutting of the door of the apartment contiguous to his own, and the sound of voices in cheerful conversation. These latter were evidently feminine, and their musical, cultivated accents, betokened that the speakers were of gentle degree. The sofa on which he lay was drawn up close to the wall dividing him from the speakers, so that his position involuntarily favored the rôle of eaves-dropper. The latter character, however, seemed to have no particular attractions for him just then, and for a length of time his blended look of irritation and weariness betrayed how unwelcome was the proximity of such talkative neighbors. The first speaker, whose clear joyous accents were ever heard above the softer, and often inaudible tones of her companion, exclaimed, when the first bustle attendant on their entrance, had subsided:

"Well, Blanche, dear, how do you feel now?"

"A little better," was the gentle reply, "though very much fatigued."

"Well, that itself, is encouraging and I have no doubt that Brighton, sea-breezes and exercise will bring back a little color to that poor pale face of yours. We must not leave here till you approach a little more in outward seeming to the remainder of your fellow-mortals; for I assure you, that with your startlingly large eyes and those transparent hands, revealing every vein and artery as clearly as if traced on paper, you look more like an inhabitant of another world. We will make you drink plenty of the waters, walk out if your strength permits it, every day, and once Adrian comes, we will have an indefatigable *cicerone* and cavalier in our cliff-exploring and lion-hunting expeditions. Apropos of this same worthy brother of mine, do you know that I have made, either in reality or imagination, a most important discovery with regard to him. It is neither more nor less than that he is in love with your little ladyship."

A gentle but heartsome laugh was the first reply of the object of Adrian's supposed affection, and then, as if fearing she had offended her companion, she hastened to add:

"Forgive me, dear Charlotte, but really the idea seems so absurd. Adrian who used to sail my dolls in his tiny boats; tend, in partnership with myself, my birds, rabbits, dogs; weed and watch my flower-garden; you know he always called me his little sister."

"But, Blanche, he does not call you so now, for months he has not done so, and now when he addresses you, 'tis with a singular mixture of reserve and tenderness very different to the patronizing kindness with which he used to address the

Blanche Castleton of olden days. The last time I saw him I ventured on a smiling insinuation to that effect and the heightened color and vehement earnestness with which he repelled the charge, confirmed me in my suspicions."

"And, do you accuse me, Charlotte, of sharing in Adrian's new-found feelings?"

"Not I, you cold-hearted unfeeling, little stoic. As soon would I expect love to warm the chill breast of a statue. To think, you have attained the age of seventeen without having known one feeling of affection, preference or admiration, for any human being beyond the circle of your own immediate family and friends; whilst I have been nearly broken-hearted, half a dozen times already, though barely yet twenty."

"Yes, but your attachments, Charlotte, are not very serious or you would not get over them so easily. You could not be dying of grief to-day and ready for a ball to-morrow as on the occasion of Lieutenant Linwood's marriage, about whom you had confidentially assured me a month previous, you were breaking your heart."

"Well thank mercy! I am none of your sigh-away, dicaway heroines, who, irrevocable in their attachment, pine themselves into a consumption and a grave for the first trifling disappointment they meet with. Now, you, Blanche, with your carefully guarded heart, thoughtful, quiet temperament and love of lonely reverie, would form a striking illustration of the class to which I have just alluded. One serious disappointment, one misplaced attachment and I much fear me, Blanche Castleton would be entirely beyond the reach of physicians, sea-breezes and Brighton."

"Well, I hope I may never be placed in a position calculated to prove the truth or falsehood of your words," was the grave reply. "Love has hitherto been, and I hope long will be, a stranger to my heart for I sometimes fear he might prove a more dangerous guest there, than to yours."

There was a serious, thoughtful intonation in her voice, and her companion, as if to direct the conversation into a more lively channel, exclaimed:

"By-the-way, talking of feelings and fancies, did you notice that elegant looking creature that sat near the foot of the table last night? Just the one to make conquests at a glance. What, you did not? Why, he attracted my notice before I had been seated a moment though the provoking creature never even glanced our way in return. Are you sure, you did not notice him? A matchless face and figure and curls as dark and glossy as your own."

"No, your Apollo escaped me entirely for I

was too much occupied in listening to your own lively sallies."

"Well, it was very fortunate for you, for I am certain you would have fallen an instantaneous victim to his dark eyes and curls. You need not smile so incredulously, Blanche, for long as you have escaped, you will succumb yet. Perhaps this very handsome stranger is destined to be the skilful General who will ultimately reduce the hitherto impregnable citadel of your heart. Note my words, and look at him well this evening. He wears a brilliant ring on his finger, and magnificent diamond studs."

"Oh! that is enough for me!" interrupted her companion with a laugh that caused the angry blood to mount to the listening Fitz-Clarence's brow; "Were he ten times as fascinating as you have represented him, his partiality for diamonds, and the foolish foppery such a taste indicates, would ensure my safety. No, Charlotte, when my heart does yield, it will be to a being I can love and reverence, one whom I can admire for the qualities of his mind, as well as for the chance gifts of person, not a silly Exquisite."

"We shall see that, my young lady, we shall see that," murmured Fitz-Clarence to himself, with an angry sneer.

"But, I tell you, Blanche," resumed the first speaker; "You have been chasing some ideal phantom all your life. This generous, high-souled, high-principled being, whom you have so often enthusiastically described, can never have any existence, save in your own poetic imagination. Such a character is too perfect for this world's stage."

"It may be, and yet I must at least have one whose outward seeming will indicate the possession of the qualities I set such store on; but we will talk no more on this truly, foolish subject."

"Well, not till to-night, not till you see the 'Conquering Hero.' I can tell you, Blanche, that 'tis well for my good quiet Henry we are formally engaged, and that he contrived to render himself so dear to me, or I should commence on the spot, laying close siege to the unknown's heart."

"And instead of winning his, my dear Charlotte, perhaps lose your own."

"Very likely; but you look pale, Blanche, I fear your walk has fatigued you more than you imagine. You must lie down for an hour, whilst I will take a book and read. You know, good Doctor Pearce appointed me his substitute on leaving home, though with the pleasant injunction that I was to annoy or thwart you in nothing. A dangerous privilege, by the way, to be accorded a lady so determined as yourself."

A few more indifferent words followed, and then silence succeeded. When Fitz-Clarence was certain the conversation was at an end, he glanced at his time-piece, and then rang for his valet.

"Norris, prepare my most becoming toilette. I am going down to tea this evening."

The philosophical Norris expressed no surprise at this capricious change, he was used to such, but wonder he did at the scrupulous fastidiousness his master displayed in attiring himself to meet the people he had denominated an hour previous, "an insufferably stupid set."

At length, when every curl had been adjusted, and the cravat tie, that most important point, carefully arranged, Norris was dismissed, and Fitz-Clarence after a lengthened contemplation of his elegant figure in the mirror, exclaimed with an easy, sarcastic smile:

"And now, Miss Blanche, my prudent, cold-hearted young lady, look to yourself! Clarence Fitz-Clarence, seldom fails where he wishes to please."

When the warning-bell rang, though waiting with something more of impatience in his handsome countenance than his usual sublime indifference to sublunary affairs permitted him to wear, Fitz-Clarence never moved. It was only when the other guests were all seated around the board that he entered the supper room, and leisurely passed around the tables, as if seeking for a convenient seat. Many an admiring glance followed his elegant figure, but spoiled by long adulation, he took it as a matter of course, and with a careless, questioning glance at each of the lovely faces around in turn, placed himself, as if by chance, directly opposite two young ladies, dressed almost alike, and whom his quick penetration at once fixed upon as the actors in the dialogue he had that evening overheard. He was farther confirmed in his suspicions, by the manner of the eldest of the girls, a fine-looking brunette, with a mouth that seemed formed for perpetual smiles and laughter. Her earnest flashing glance, so suddenly withdrawn when it encountered his own, her lips curving, despite all restraint, in conscious smiles, and the significant, covert glance exchanged with her companion bespoke at once the warm advocate of his personal gifts and endowments. A glance at her was enough, but her companion he more narrowly, though secretly, scrutinized. She differed in some respects from the white, dying looking creature his imagination had already represented. Delicate she was, painfully, transparently so, but there was a gentleness, a purity, in the sweet countenance, a depth of meaning in the large, dark eyes that to some would have

more than compensated for the total want of bloom and health. Her figure was tall and slight, almost to attenuation, and the faint flush that every movement called into her cheek, seemed to betoken she had grown too rapidly, for her strength. In the eyes of Fitz-Clarence, however, accustomed, as he was to bow only before the shrine of acknowledged *belles* and ball-room stars, radiant in bloom and animation, she appeared only a pale, lifeless creature, who would prove alike an easy and a worthless conquest.

Faithful though to the purpose that had drawn him from the seclusion of his own apartment, he determined upon entering on it at once, but still this was no easy task. Blanche Castleton did not, would not look in his direction, and when her glance, by accident met his own, it was instantly so calmly, so indifferently withdrawn, that he felt his dark eyes and dark curls were unobserved as well as unadmired. As soon as Blanche could with propriety do so, she rose and withdrew, despite the admonishing looks and smiles of her companion, who seemed in no such haste. As Fitz-Clarence's glance followed them to the door, he bit his lip, acknowledging to himself, with indignant surprise, that this, his first attempt, had proved a decided failure. The morrow, however, was before him, and he retired to his apartment, resolved that its success should amply atone for the present disappointment. Norris was summoned, ordered to "unpack, as his master had changed his intention of setting out for London," and Fitz-Clarence, in his dressing gown, threw himself on his sofa, not without a secret hope that his fair neighbors might prove as conveniently loquacious and communicative as they had done the previous evening.

Whether it was, that they were indisposed for conversation, or perchance warned of his close proximity, they were most provokingly silent and a few meaningless words from Charlotte, and one of Blanche's low, gentle laughs, that laugh which had already excited such unpleasant and irritable feelings in Fitz-Clarence's breast, was all he overheard. He sought the breakfast-room the following morning confident of victory, but his expectations were again doomed to disappointment. 'Tis true he soon obtained an introduction to the young ladies and to their *chaperone*, Mrs. Woodville and Charlotte, the latter's niece, readily entered into conversation with him, laughed at his wit, blushed prettily at his compliments and smiled at his sentiment, but nothing could overcome the gentle reserve of her young companion. The evident unwillingness with which she shrank from his converse when he addressed her in the

low soft tones which had won his way to many a fair lady's heart—her total, manifest indifference to his approach or departure—her unmistakable carelessness about pleasing or attracting in any manner his notice, spoke of a conquest more difficult to achieve than any he had yet met with, in the experience of ten years idle and fashionable life. The very blush which at all times rose to her cheek when he addressed her, or fixed his eyes upon her with that earnest, admiring glance he could so well assume, seemed but to mark his case more hopeless, for he saw that the plainest, the most indifferent stranger called forth equally with himself, those tokens of girlish embarrassment. Day after day wore on, and despite the discontented expression that now so often rested on his handsome features, despite the mortal dullness of the place, Fitz-Clarence, to the infinite surprise of his valet, remained stationary. London or Paris, to which at other times, he would long since have taken flight, were never even mentioned and Norris began to suspect that his master was either in love or in debt. As the reader knows, Fitz-Clarence was neither, but a prey to the most bitter mortification and anger. Each day the renewed impotence of his attempts to win the heart or even fancy of the pale sickly girl on whom he would have disdained, under ordinary circumstances, even to smile, filled him with exasperation, and at length feelings of revenge as well as vanity became enlisted in the cause and he registered an inward vow "never to leave Brighton, till Blanche Castleton's heart was his."

All the ordinary arts of *bouquet* sending, music selecting were resorted to in vain. They had elicited nothing more than a calm though chilling entreaty that he would not give himself so much trouble on her account. The devoted attention he paid her, haunting her footsteps in her walks and drives, seeking her side at all times, met if possible with a more ungrateful return, Blanche, whenever she could do so without open incivility, turning him over to her friend Charlotte and selecting for her companion, the matter of fact and taciturn Mrs. Woodville. As to being even one moment alone with her, that was almost out of the question. Charlotte, evidently in accordance with her friend's wishes, was always at her side a sharer in every conversation and amusement. If he came over to turn the leaves of her music as she touched the keys of the piano, Charlotte was called to her almost immediately to give her opinion on some new polka or late song. Indeed, it often struck him that the nature of Blanche's feelings towards himself, partook more of dislike

and fear than anything else and as that conviction gained deeper root in his mind, the more intense became his desire of humbling to the very dust that proud defiant heart, the more fixed became his determination of sparing no pains, no efforts to accomplish his end. Sometimes he asked himself, "can it be that love for another is the secret of her coldness, her stoicism?" but no, he had heard her own frank confession to the friend to whom the secrets of her heart were as open as day, and that confession had proved she was still heart-free. There was a certain intensity of feeling too, in her love for her absent father, her affection for her friend, her friendship for her early play-fellow, Adrian Woodville, that seemed to indicate they were as yet the only ties her heart had known.

Whilst Fitz-Clarence was pondering one evening in the music-room, on the extraordinary contradictions of character manifested by this gentle and yet firm, fragile yet strong-minded being, the door opened and the two young girls entered. Charlotte, who had just received a long and affectionate letter from her betrothed, was in the highest spirits, whilst Blanche seemed proportionately depressed.

"Why, Mr. Fitz-Clarence," laughed the former as she glanced towards him and noticed the quiet seriousness of his countenance; "What has happened? you look about as dull and miserable as my friend Miss Castleton, here, does. Do try and console each other, for from your periodical attacks of gloom and lonely musing, I am certain some secret sympathy or bond must exist between you."

"Would I dared flatter myself, that such were indeed the case," returned Fitz-Clarence, springing forward to place chairs for the new comers, and bending, as he spoke, an earnest glance on Blanche.

Either embarrassed by that speaking look, or indisposed for conversation with him, she gently prayed "they would excuse her, as she preferred wiling away the time with music."

"Foiled again!" murmured Fitz-Clarence to himself as Blanche walked towards the distant piano, whilst Charlotte, half amused, half annoyed by the persevering insensibility of her friend to her devoted and all but irresistible admirer, rejoined:

"Very well, Blanche, go and seclude yourself behind the piano, leaving Mr. Fitz-Clarence and I to flirt alone here in the twilight. Very prudent and considerate on your part, indeed."

Blanche replied only by a laugh.

"Curse that laugh!" was Fitz-Clarence's in-

voluntary ejaculation. Charlotte started, but fortunately for the speaker, she had but heard him imperfectly, and, of course, her judgment rejected the words her hearing had indistinctly caught. Blanche commenced some popular air, and Fitz-Clarence bending towards his companion, exclaimed in a low tone :

"Miss Woodville, will you act towards me the part of a friend, and tell me, frankly, what cause of annoyance or offence have I given to Miss Castleton? She shuns my conversation, avoids my society as, as—"

"As pertinaciously as you seek hers," smilingly added Charlotte, filling up the sentence for him. Even in the dim twilight, Fitz-Clarence's cheek angrily flushed, but he calmly rejoined :

"Even so, Miss Woodville, and since you, yourself have touched on this delicate subject, alluded openly to a devotion, known, it appears, to all the world, except the object of it, I would entreat you, at the same time, to give me some kind word of counsel as to how I might win for myself at least the faint return of common courtesy and friendship?"

"You have put the question plainly, Mr. Fitz-Clarence, and I will answer you in similar terms; but first, I must premise that my friend Blanche is of a peculiar character. As determined in mind when right, as she is feeble in person—as slow in forming friendships or affections as she is devotedly, impassionedly true to them when formed. An attachment with her would be the affair, the aim of a life, the point on which would rest her earthly happiness or misery."

Had Miss Woodville perceived the exulting gleam that flashed from her listener's dark eyes at this, she would have paused, if not in fear, at least in doubt; but the darkening twilight was again his friend, and she unsuspectingly continued :

"Possessing such a character, you can at once conceive that Miss Castleton has no taste like myself—hem! that is, like most young ladies for flirting, and that unless your attentions were really and entirely acceptable to her, she would never encourage them."

"Very honorable, very high minded, indeed," rejoined Fitz-Clarence, solacing his mortified self-love in the gloom with a bitter sneer.

"Now, as to your own individual attentions, Mr. Fitz-Clarence, I have promised to be sincere with you, and I will keep my word. Discard your diamond rings, studs and drawl—think more of your fellow-beings, and less of your own handsome face and figure, and you will stand some slight chance of Blanche Castleton's heart."

Her auditor was silent a moment, fairly choked with rage and contempt. He, the elegant, the irresistible Fitz-Clarence, the favorite and idol of the aristocratic beauties of London, the standard of fashion of its titled sons—he to be thus unceremoniously lectured by an unpolished, commonplace country girl, on the task of rendering himself agreeable in the eyes of her obscure and equally unattractive companion. It surpassed human belief and patience; but the more provocation he received, the more necessary, the more sweet became revenge, and swallowing his wrath with a mighty effort, he rejoined :

"You are very severe, Miss Woodville."

"Severe, because friendly, candid because anxious to serve you. Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Clarence, 'tis not to inflict pain or annoyance, that I have spoken thus, but because I really like you and would serve you as far as lies in my power. I have witnessed your growing devotion to Miss Castleton, a devotion so coldly repaid by its object and I would fain put you on the right path for winning the prize you aim at."

It was well for Fitz-Clarence he was allowed the privilege of sneering unobserved, or his self-command would certainly have failed him. As it was, he contrived to answer with becoming suavity and the conversation then became more general. That night, he paced his room nearly an hour before seeking his couch, and had his fair neighbors known the tenor of his thoughts, or overheard the angry ejaculations and epithets, not to say imprecations vented upon them, their repose would have been less tranquil and secure. Suddenly, he seized his bell-rope and rang with startling violence. Simultaneously with the last sound of the bell, the valet made his appearance.

"Norris, do you hear? Pack up everything, clothes, toilette paraphernalia and all. We start for London at day-break to-morrow."

"Can't, sir. Coach does not go till eight."

"None of your insolent objections, Sirrah! Get a private conveyance, express, no matter what, and see that I am obeyed."

The valet disappeared and Fitz-Clarence flung himself on his couch, more out of patience with himself and the whole world, than he had perhaps ever been in the course of his hitherto unchallenged career. The following morning, Norris, candle in hand, stood at his bed-side.

"Please, get up, sir. 'Tis nearly four and the vehicle will be here in less than an hour."

"Vehicle, what vehicle do you mean?"

"The private conveyance to take you to London, sir."

"Have you lost your senses, simpleton?" was

the irritable reply. "What would take me out of my bed this cold, dark morning, on a wild-goose chase to London!"

"But you ordered it last night, sir, and the vehicle and driver are already hired."

"What of that? Pay them off—pay them whatever they ask, and let me sleep, will you?"

Norris made his exit, and the egotist laid his head on his comfortable pillow, vowing that Blanche Castleton should yet pay dearly for all the annoyance she was causing him.

When Fitz-Clarence rose at his usual hour, after a comfortable sleep, he felt in somewhat better temper, and as he added the finishing stroke to the plainest toilette he had ever worn since boyhood, he mentally resolved to follow Miss Woodville's advice, and sacrifice studs, lisp, and everything else that stood between him and revenge. He was somewhat late in making his appearance in the breakfast room, and to his annoyance he found all the seats near his friends, or as he chose to consider them, enemies, filled up. On rising from the table, however, he placed himself, as if by chance, beside the door, and as the two girls passed near him, Blanche colored to her temples, and on returning his profound salutation, instead of meeting his glance with her usual calm indifference, averted her eyes in considerable embarrassment. Miss Woodville, as she passed, uttered a pleasant "Good morning, Mr. Fitz-Clarence," and after glancing over his person, pointed half-humorously, half-approvingly, to her own rings and broaches, as if to intimate that she perceived and approved of the sacrifice he had made in discarding these latter from his own toilette.

"She has repeated to the fair Blanche our conversation of yesterday evening," murmured Fitz-Clarence to himself; "and the little stoic is beginning, I suspect, to thaw in some degree. Yes, that confounded Woodville girl is right, and I must doff both my *bijouterie* and my character, to gain my end. I have discarded at breakfast my studs and rings; at dinner I will dispense with my diamond pin and lisp, though the latter, bye-the-bye, will prove somewhat a difficult task, for long use has rendered it almost natural."

Fitz-Clarence's good resolves, however, were doomed to receive a most unexpected and disagreeable check. On entering, some hours after, the sitting room where he often met the two friends, the first spectacle that greeted him on entering, was Blanche Castleton seated on the sofa, in smiling conversation, beside a fine gentlemanly looking young man, attired in a naval officer's undress. The easy position of Miss Woodville,

who was leaning carelessly on the stranger's shoulder, and the marked resemblance between their well-defined features and clear olive complexions, told, at once, that this was the long-talked of, often wished for Adrian, the boyish friend and lover of Blanche Castleton. Fitz-Clarence could have annihilated the whole four on the spot with as little remorse as he would have despatched a brace of pheasants, but disguising his anger, he carelessly approached the group, retreat being out of the question.

Miss Woodville instantly introduced her brother, and the latter really won by Fitz-Clarence's singularly elegant and fascinating exterior, addressed him with frank and ready courtesy. Fitz-Clarence, however, though he had overcome so entirely his aristocratic exclusiveness in the case of Blanche and her friend, could not forget it so easily with one of the sterner sex, and after a bow, which, despite Blanche's presence and his anxiety to please her, was stiff enough, he turned to a table near, glanced a moment over the journals upon it, and then silently withdrew.

"Well, Fitz-Clarence, you have been making a most egregious fool of yourself for the last few weeks," was his flattering soliloquy as he paced up and down. "Not a step advanced, and all further efforts out of the question, for, of course, you can never enter the lists with that common sailor fellow. And yet, will you give up the siege after having waited so long and so patiently? Will you vacate the field without striking a single blow? Never! By the dark eyes of the Lady Mary's and Lady Helen's that have smiled on you in vain,—by the golden charms of the heiresses you have slighted rather than forfeit your happy liberty; never! Persevere, and Blanche Castleton's heart, and with it revenge, will yet be yours."

With this magnanimous resolve, Clarence Fitz-Clarence retired to his apartments, and strove to forget his recent annoyance in the perusal of a delightfully insipid annual, the only species of reading he ever patronized.

(To be continued)



A DAY DREAM AND ITS SUGGESTIONS.

"LULL'D in the countless chambers of the brain,
"Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain,
"Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise?
"Each stamps its image as the other flies!
"Each, as the various avenues of sense,
"Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
"Brightens or fades; yet all with magic art,
"Control the latent fibres of the heart."

ON a beautiful morning in Autumn it was, when that pensive season of the year had just intimated its advent, by the incipient signs of decay it was impressing upon the aspect of nature, that we started off for a stroll to drive away a strong feeling of *ennui* that had been preying upon us. Leaving the brick and mortar, the bustle and the din of the temporary capital far behind, we soon attained a ridge of comparatively high ground in the rear of the city, commanding a fine view of Lake Ontario, as it glistened far away in the bright rays of the sun. At intervals it appeared with moving bodies, which, here and there, we quickly descried to be the tiny sail or hull of some light craft, or anon, as another of these bodies advanced on a nearer line with our vision, the more massive structure of one of the many steamers constantly passing and re-passing over its broad expanse.

But even the contemplation of such a scene, all magnificent as it thus lay before us, with here the Don, a gleaming strip of water, speeding quietly to its goal, and yonder the curiously shaped peninsula, forming the splendid harbor of Toronto, had not for us on that bright morning, sufficient powers of attraction to fix our wandering gaze. For whilst reclining on a knoll of soft green sward that lay invitingly before us, and watching with a dreamy attention the scarcely perceptible line dividing the water from the sky in the distance, our mind gradually sank into a state of luxurious repose, amounting to total unconsciousness of all the busy sights and sounds of earth. It seemed to us that we were standing by the side of a calm and gentle flowing stream, surrounded by graceful and breezy shrubbery, and listening to the delicious strains of most heavenly music. The landscape differed from anything we had ever seen. A glorious light seemed to be about every thing, and to emanate from every thing

that our gaze sought to rest upon. Yet it was no scene that had ever met our vision before; but so vivid was its impression, that could we see a representation of it on canvass, we should know it as readily as the best remembered scenes of our early life.

Even so is it with a multitude of thoughts that come suddenly into the soul, new as visitants from the farthest planet, yet familiar as the voices of our childhood. Whence come these thoughts?

"Like light through Summer foliage stealing,
"Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
"So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
"As makes the very darkness there
"More beautiful than light elsewhere!"

Is the suggestion of the Grecian Sage something more than poetry? Have we, indeed, formerly lived in a luminous and shadowless world where all was purity and grace and uninterrupted enjoyment? And the gifted ones who now and then blaze upon the world, and "darken nations when they die," do *they* differ from other mortals only in more cloudless reminiscences of their heavenly home? Or are we living and separate existences, at one and the same time? Are not our souls wandering in the spirit land while our bodies are on earth? And when in slumber, or deep quietude of thought, we cast off "this mortal coil;" do we not gather up images of reality that seem to us like poetry? Might not the restless spirit of Byron have indeed learned of "arch-angels ruined," those potent words, which like infernal magic, arouse a sleeping demon in the human heart? And Scott, the great "wizard of the north," as he was happily designated by an admiring world, ere the "*darkness visible*" resting on his mighty name had been cleared away; might not the magic power which enabled *him* to "roll

back the current of time, and conjure up before our living senses the men and the manners which long passed away," have owed its existence mainly to recollections of a former state of being, brighter and more glorious than those of other men? And Shakspeare, the god-like in the wide universe-encircling grasp of his comprehensive mind—and Milton, whose visual orbs, it would almost seem, were closed that, away from the distracting sights of earth, the sublimity of worlds, invisible, or but dimly seen by other men, should be the more fully revealed to his inward gaze, might not the wonderful attributes of mind which elevated *them* to such a towering height above the rest of mankind, have been owing to a different manifestation of the same mysterious cause?

Are dreams merely visits to our spirit-home; and are we in sleep really talking with the souls of those whose voices we seem to hear? As death approaches and earth recedes, do we not more clearly see that spiritual world, in which we have all along been living, though we knew it not? The dying man tells of attendant angels hovering round him. Perchance *it is no vision*,—they may have been often with him, but his inward eye was dim, and he saw them not. What is that mysterious expression, so holy and so strange, so beautiful, yet so fearful, on the countenance of one who has just departed? Is it the glorious light of attendant seraphs, the luminous shadow of which rests awhile on the countenance of the dead? Does infancy owe to this angel crowd its peculiar power to purify and bless?

Some such pleasant fancy with regard to the soul, as that which had thus been the result of our waking dream, was also held by the ancient Egyptians. It is a theory we love to think upon. There is something so exceedingly agreeable in the idea that our bright and beautiful thoughts, and the glorious hopes and aspirations which animate us at times, are but casual glimpses or reminiscences of a former state of existence; and that it is to "the fragments of memory's broken mirror" we owe the thousand fantastic forms of grandeur and of loveliness which fancy calls her own. How, too, do the beautiful things of creation arouse a crowd of fitful fancies in the mind. Aye, even here, as awakening to the external world again, and glancing inland, albeit the scene presents no features of an extraordinary description, we behold the illustration. A dense grove of tall trees is in the near neighborhood before us, and we are struck with the change that since a few days has come over it, caused by a subtle power in the atmosphere, which, from a faded

green, has converted the yet exuberant foliage into those beautiful and variegated hues so characteristic of our Canadian Fall. How pregnant with sweet fancies and tender memories is even such a partial glimpse of this lovely feature in the progress of the season. And the question suggests itself, is it peculiar to our North American clime? At all events, we are quite sure it cannot be a characteristic of the Autumn in England, else, Thompson, in his "seasons," would never have failed to avail himself of the rich accessories such a magnificent manifestation of nature was calculated to furnish to his glowing muse. Perhaps, the first pleasurable emotions of an outward kind, to which the bereaved heart is awakened, are to be found in the deep and simple enjoyments of nature. Even on the barren mountain and dreary moor, on the ever-flowing waters, and the ever-changing clouds.

"No spot so narrow be but nature there,
"No waste so vacant, but may well employ
"Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
"Awake to love and beauty!"

To those whose eyes and hearts have long been closed, whether by sickness or sorrow, but are again opened to the soothing influence and gentle harmony of nature,

"The meanest floweret of the vale,
"The simplest note that swells the gale,
"The common earth, the air, the skies,"

are, indeed, to them "as opening paradise," and insensibly they "feel happier than they know." Truly might they exclaim in the language of nature's favorite bard.

"I care not fortune, what you me deny:

"You cannot rob me of free nature's grace:

"You cannot shut the windows of the sky,

"Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;

"You cannot bar my constant feet to trace

"The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve:

"Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace:

"And I their toys to the great children leave:

"Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave."

And to the full and perfect enjoyment of the charms of nature, what a potent auxiliary is the weird-like power of memory. How well and wise it is for us that our imagination has the power to return the past to us; it is well that we can feed upon those joys which the present may not give us, and which it is often madness to expect from the future. In looking back through a long life, chequered, as all life must inevitably be, with good and ill—the very ill loses half its

sting in the retrospection—the happiness we have tasted is doubled.

How mournful would be the fate of those who have lost their dearest treasure, if memory were denied them?

Oh! without memory, the fireside would be lonely; the vacant places ever empty; but thou, blessed power, fillest them with the forms we love, and we feel that the grave cannot steal them from us forever. Is it not pleasant to dream over the past, the incidents of a time gone by? O memory! thou art a friend to fallen man: thou comest with angel wings and a rainbow crown. Like the rainbow, it is of tears, smiled upon by the glorious, the eternal sun!

But it is the fashion of this utilitarian age to laugh at such romantic indulgences, and to cut all acquaintance with sentiment; but we doubt if these same philosophers are not making themselves "too wise to be happy." Wordsworth has called "fancy the mother of deep truth," and perhaps the time will come, when the learned will acknowledge that there is more philosophy in romance than their sagacity has dreamed of. Mysterious aspirations after something higher and holier; the gladness of fancy that comes upon the heart in the stillness of nature—impatience under the tyranny of earth-born passions, and the pure and joyous light of truth, reflecting its own innocence on a corrupted and selfish world—all these belong to him, whose soul is open to the charms of romance. What does increase of years and knowledge teach us? It teaches us to seem what we are not—to act as if the world were what we know it is not—and to be cautious not to alarm the self love of others, lest our own should be wounded in return. And is this *wisdom*? No, we believe that the mind which, retaining its natural disposition, has not yet reasoned itself into scepticism and coldness, stands nearer heaven's own light, and reflects it more perfectly than the proud ones who laugh at its intuitive perceptions. Man must wander from the school of nature before he can need to look for his duties in a code of ethics.

Observation of the world will convince us that it is not wise to expel romantic ideas, but simply to regulate them; for all our nicest sympathies, and most delicate perceptions have a tinge of what the world calls romance. Let earthly passions breathe upon them, or experience touch them with her icy finger, and they flit away like fairies when they hear the tread of a human foot. There are those who laugh at love, imagination and religion, and sneeringly call them "dreams—all dreams;" but the proudest of them cannot laugh at the

lover, the poet, or the devotee, without a smothered sigh that their aerial visitants have gone from him forever, and the dark mantle of worldly experience fallen so heavily over their remembered glories. Believe us, gentle reader, it is wise to keep something of romance, though not too much. Our nature is an union of extremes; and it is true philosophy to keep them balanced. To let the imagination sicken with love of ideal beauty, till it pines away into echo, is worse than folly; but to check our affections, and school our ideas, till thought and feeling reject everything they cannot see, touch and handle, certainly is not wisdom. Do not send reason to the school of theory, and then bid her give a distant outline of shadowy fancies—she will but distort what she cannot comprehend. To do so would be to dissect the oracle to find whence the voice of the Divinity proceeds. Let us then be rational enough for earth; but keep enough of romance to remind us of heaven. We will not live on unsubstantial fairy ground—but we will let the beautiful troop visit us without being scared from the scene of their graceful and happy gambols.

W. S.

Toronto, November, 1850.

REGRET NOT THE PAST.

Arouse thee, bestir thee, regret not the past,
There are joys still before thee—they flee from
thee fast;

Regret not the past, for the future's thine own—
Improve its bright hours, ere they also be gone.

Think no longer of woes, that have saddened
thy life,

Of jealousies, turmoil, contention and strife;
Enough of all these—let the future repay
Thee, for what thou hast lost, and thy spirit be gay.

The friends thou hast loved, thou regrettest in vain,
For friends once departed, return not again;
Thou hast dropped to their memory, many a tear,
Then arouse thee, and grieve not, for others are
here.

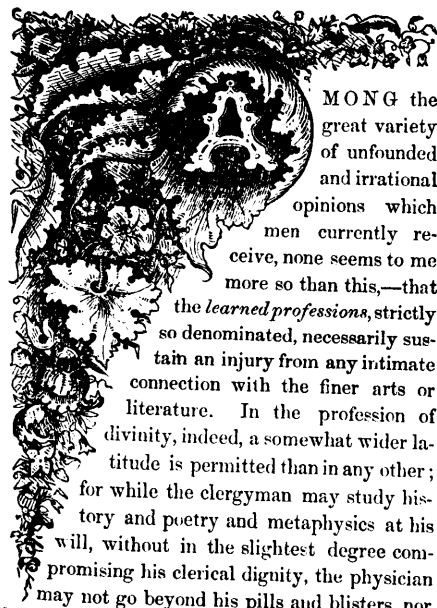
Have the hopes of thy boy-hood already been
quelled?

Have the sorrows of manhood, ambition dispelled?
Forget then thy sorrow, and never despair—
Though the Past is thus dreary, the Future is fair.

O. S. M.

THE INFLUENCE OF PUBLIC OPINION UPON THE PROFESSIONS, AND THEIR RELATION TO SOCIETY.

BY W. P. C.



AMONG the great variety of unfounded and irrational opinions which men currently receive, none seems to me more so than this,—that the *learned professions*, strictly so denominated, necessarily sustain an injury from any intimate connection with the finer arts or literature. In the profession of divinity, indeed, a somewhat wider latitude is permitted than in any other; for while the clergyman may study history and poetry and metaphysics at his will, without in the slightest degree compromising his clerical dignity, the physician may not go beyond his pills and blisters, nor the lawyer overstep his pleadings and his “bills of costs.” Yet even in the study of divinity, the natural inclination is not *free* but *fettered*; for here, in a peculiar manner, is the power of popular opinion felt. Before this, sometimes right and sometimes wrong—now battling with iniquity and now supporting it—the boldest spirits are compelled to bow. Antiquated prejudices rise up threateningly before the searcher after truth. They press upon him heavily—they would crush him to the earth—they would annihilate his aspirations. If, in the contest, he be weak and tremulous, he *fails*, and his loftiest, profoundest, grandest schemes, become but things for miserable ignorance and bigotry and pride to laugh at. But, on the other hand, if he be strong and self-reliant, he *conquers*, and the consequences of his victory are great and permanent,—he conquers, though he falls himself a victim to his zeal, for the truth in whose defence his life was sacrificed, becomes established in its sovereignty and reigns forever. A timid friend, however warm and generous his heart, is scarcely better in the hour of trial and of danger, than the fiercest and most implacable foe. He may grieve, and in his grief

may weep; but if he fears, by action, to reveal the sympathy he feels, that sympathy is worthless and his tears are hateful.

Thus to support a principle with apparent indifference, when within ourselves we know and appreciate its worth, is but to yield it up to perpetual disgrace. And yet how few there are who give full play to their convictions! Among the greatest and the wisest of the human race, how few there are who have not bowed in degrading submission to the mandates of imperious folly! Galileo, in the presence of the most besotted ignorance, forgot for a season, the exalted truths he taught,—truths which shed a never-dying lustre on the human mind. Yes, on every page of the world's history, stand prominently forth the melancholy proofs of intellectual slavery. Such slavery still exists. We see it every where around us—in the furious anathemas of sectarian creeds, and in the bitter prejudices of contending parties. And, more than all, we see it in the blind and senseless submission universally yielded to a usurped intellectual authority. Bold, then, must be that spirit, which dares disclaim this false authority, and brave this popular infatuation. Few have dared to do it, but those few have won for themselves no unimportant honors, as the stimulators of advancement in enlightenment and happiness.

We have said that the weight of popular opinion is peculiarly oppressive, when laid upon the profession of divinity. Novel theological sentiments are sure to be distrusted; and no matter how great the sincerity may be with which they are expounded, or how large an amount of truth they may actually contain, they are rejected without investigation and denounced as heretical. Falsified and misapprehended, repressed and hidden for a while, their purity can only be established by the lapse of time.

It is from a vague and undefinable fear of heresy, that the clerical profession is thus strictly watched. A cherished system of dogmas must be zealously embraced and rigidly adhered to; and nothing on the one side or the other of this system is permitted to enlist the sympathies or to employ the talents. Literature and the arts, and the rich and varied enjoyments which arise from

these, are therefore shunned as *vanities*—as things too insignificant for the attention of him who seeks to elevate the moral and spiritual condition of humanity. Man's temporal necessities are nothing—they are therefore passed unnoticed and despised; just as though things temporal and spiritual—the present and the future life—were not indissolubly connected. This is the *theoretical opinion* of society; its practice is essentially at variance with it, as we presently shall see.

Our view is this,—that whatever tends to promote the social happiness of mankind, be it great or small, important in itself or unimportant, is earnestly to be desired and diligently struggled for; and this desiring and this struggling, we would confine to no class and no age. To be *successful*, they must first be *universal*. This view, however, is opposed to that of men in general. There is constantly at work in the world a most destructive principle—*exclusiveness*. It breaks up the original unity of mankind, and rears impassable barriers between the fragments which it forms. It arbitrarily divides humanity into artificial but permanent classes, and gives to each a prescribed circle of operations and influences. Within the limits of its peculiar circle, every mind is free to think and act; but all the space beyond, is otherwise appropriated, and must not be intruded on.

The consequences of this all-pervading and pernicious principle, are particularly apparent in the circumstances of the learned professions.

What has been said respecting the clergyman, is equally applicable to the physician or the lawyer. All are alike cramped and confined in their energies, by the mistaken prevailing idea of their proper respective spheres. To each is allotted a certain kind of duties; for each is marked out a distinct course of action. To one it is given, publicly to proclaim, at stated times and in stereotyped phrases, the doctrines of some abstract speculative faith,—a faith deriving its efficacy, perhaps, from the dicta of some infallible ecclesiastical council sitting in the Middle Ages. To another is delegated the privilege of scientifically blistering, bleeding, dosing and purging miserable mortality, after the example of Sangrado; while on a third it is enjoined to guard the sanctity of those venerable and beneficent laws, which carefully divide the saintly rich, and wicked poor—laws which owe their origin to ignorance, and their continuance to folly.

These are the important obligations which society, as at present constituted, imposes upon its professional members. How implicitly they are usually fulfilled *we know*. Some dare, indeed, to

throw them off, and to declare that conscience—the inward sense—is entitled to some slight consideration in affairs of conduct. But Public Sentiment which is ever and every where active, has sought and is still seeking, with its accustomed zeal, to put these innovators down. Can there be but one opinion as to its probable success?

The fact is, as we conceive, that there exists a wide spread mis-apprehension respecting the true duties of professional men. They have something more to do than simple money-making, something more to hope for than mere personal notoriety. From the nature of their respective business relations, they commonly hold a prominent place before the public eye. The clergyman discourses to five hundred auditors who listen with deference to the instructions which he gives; the advocate successfully defends a cause of well-known consequence, and wins the favor of a numerous class; the physician checks, perhaps by chance, perhaps by skill, the ravages of a raging epidemic, and *he* too, receives *his* meed of popular esteem. The influence of each has now become extensive. The spiritual, legal and sanitary concerns of the community are committed to their charge. Of what vast importance then it is, that all of them should be, as well from principle as knowledge, fitted to control aright these great and varying interests! Are they often found thus fitted? The answer to this question may be found, as well in the character of those studies which are usually styled *preparatory*, as of those which follow the adoption of a particular profession, and which are absolutely essential as a condition of professional success.

Certain principles must be established, however, at starting. One of these is, that what is unpractical is unnecessary and therefore useless. To us it is clear, that into all the doctrines of this doctrinal age, there is infused too much extravagance, and too little real, practical, common sense. To a mind unfettered by the sentiments of others, is it not apparent, that to produce a desired effect, a corresponding cause and favorable circumstances must first be found? If we would reap a crop of wheat, we must not sow our field with rye. So, if we would control the future operations of a human mind, we can only do so by a proper regulation of its present culture. Who would recommend the plan of learning navigation and surveying at Mrs. Willard's Seminary; or botany and delicate embroidery at West Point? Such suggestions would be very harmless, for they would plainly reveal their own absurdity. Yet just as great absurdities as these, though not

so palpable, are practised everywhere, where education is attended to.

The future minister, for instance, whose office it is to be, to guard the spiritual interests of humanity,—he to whom the almost infinite varieties of human nature, in its higher and its lower state should be revealed,—to whom the holiest affections and the basest passions, the loftiest wisdom and the lowest ignorance should be alike familiar,—fits himself for that high office, by dedicating the choicest period of his life to the profitable enquiry whether the circle can be squared, to finding out the way to drive an elephant across a river, to accurately ascertaining what the flight of sparrows and the crow of chickens mean, and to admiring the licentious beauties of enamored poets. If this be not enough, he plunges perhaps for a while, into the gulf of psychological mysticism, and emerges from it—fit for anything or—nothing.

The future advocate, whose noble duty it will be, to invoke the sublime majesty of justice, to turn aside the accusation of the false accuser, to shield the innocent from harm, and bring the guilty to his punishment,—he whose proper field of action and of thought is co-extensive with the world itself, strains and relaxes a sicklied imagination by turns, with the Eleusinian mysteries and the Trojan Horse.

And so also the physician,—but why go we farther? One and all, these men are wasting time and youth and health, and losing golden opportunities of adding to the welfare of their race. With them, *education* signifies, not preparation for a life of usefulness, but putting off that preparation till a more convenient season.

Their education contains no *practical* element, and is therefore radically unsound and injudicious. This unhealthy condition generates erroneous sentiments respecting society at large; and these sentiments re-acting in the public mind, give rise to those absurd conceptions of professional character, which we adverted to in setting out. Thus, both parties—the professions on the one side, and the mass upon the other,—relatively stand in false positions. Each looks upon the other with a natural distrust; for between them, there can at present be no real sympathy of feeling, no active co-operation. The one is cold, the other is warm,—the one is stationary, the other progressive,—the one is conservative, the other reforming. In their present states they cannot be united, for fire and water are not more dissimilar than they. Yet both the impulsive and the repulsive, the moving and the standing still, belong to one common humanity, and must ulti-

mately join together in the consummation of a common destiny.

Can it be otherwise? Is not the end of man's terrestrial existence *happiness*? Is not the law—the moving, active, vital principle of that existence—*progress*? In all the world without us, what do we see of instantaneous perfection? The worm becomes a chrysalis, and the chrysalis a butterfly; the germ becomes a shrub, and the shrub a tree; “First comes the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.” Here everything reveals a wondrous process of development. Turn we then to the infinitely greater world within us. While all around him breathes and moves with freshness and with life, is man alone inanimate? While universal warmth pervades all outward nature, vivifying the mountain and the plain, giving to the tree its foliage and to the flower its tint, does he alone, for whom the earth received its fullness and its beauty, stand unmoved, insensible? *No*, all creation is progressive,—man like all the rest.

Look back upon the history of the race. Look back upon the period of its original barbarism,—on the time when men burrowed in the ground like moles, and wore garments of fig-leaves. Trace our history down from then till now,—through the Hebrew, Greek and Roman eras, the several eras of ceremonial religion, sensual refinement, and military pomp,—and through those long and dreary ages of degradation and darkness, when the iron rule of an oppressive hierarchy crushed the human mind, when the inquisition reigned with all its terrors, and when emperors and kings made pilgrimages to a beggar's shrine;—trace it through the conflicts of the reformation—that glorious enfranchisement of human reason,—and from thence till this—the age of intellectual freedom. Has there not been progress? Does not the past reveal it? If so, why stand we still, for the past is but an earnest of the future.

We have said that the conservative spirit of the professions is opposed to the great onward movement of society. But this movement arises inevitably from the natural constitution of humanity, and is therefore resistless; while the opposition offered to it proceeds from a few widely scattered mental inconsistencies, and is proportionably feeble. Its effect indeed is nothing. In spite of all the exertions of the stupid and the discontented, progress will uninterruptedly continue till the end of time.

The mass of men, with their strong practical resoluteness and their clear conceptions, have already far outstripped the exclusive few, with their

halting conservatism and their antiquated theories. Yet we are hopeful for the result. The time will surely come, when those who now insensately obstruct the march of mind, shall follow in its course or lead it on. The time will come, when men shall wonder why they once were stumbling blocks upon the path of progress, and why superior endowments were not better used. Man's destiny is glorious, but not more glorious than certain. Its working out depends upon himself. He cannot fail, for the powers which he employs are gifts from God.

THE CONNECTION OF PHYSICAL WITH INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

BY T. W. R.

THE link connecting matter with mind is mysterious. That the state of the body has much to do with the action of the mind is clear; that the connection between the mind and the earthly tenement is intimate is equally certain, but the precise nature of that connection is as yet hidden, perhaps never to be fully revealed. We know that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. This knowledge ought to be enough to lead us assiduously to cultivate corporeal strength and energy; but it is a sad fact—and an indisputable one—that physical education is in the present day too much neglected.

In a rude state the care of man is chiefly over his body. In a highly civilized state the reverse is true; the mind is exercised and made vigorous, while the body is too often neglected. This exclusion of the physical nature from the benefits of education, seems also to be in proportion to the degree of civilization. The education of the barbarian is of course, wholly physical. He learns to hunt and fish and fight, and is then ready for life. But in an enlightened community, when "education" is spoken of, no one thinks of any reference being made to the important branch which we are now considering—physical education. Notwithstanding the higher degree of civilization attained by us of this generation, it cannot be doubted, that in physical strength and energy, we are far inferior to our ancestors. The old law "in the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread" is absolute personal ease and rest. In this state of affairs it is certainly the part of wisdom to provide against physical debility. Some attention has indeed been given to physical education. It is one step in advance when men *know* their feelings. We often hear complaints of the degeneracy of the age; and almost as often do

we hear the blame laid upon nature. As if *she* had grown too old or lazy to keep us in energy and strength, or had become extravagant in the outlay of her resources! "The fault is not in ourselves, but in ourselves that we are underlings." The men of old heroic times were men of physical progress it is true; but the same course of training and exercise would make *us* vigorous Greeks.

There is a radical error in our system of education physical and intellectual, or rather we totally neglect the former. This neglect commences with early youth. The child, from his infancy, is wrapped in the warmest flannel and made to breathe the most impure air, for fear that a breath of good healthy wind, shall blow his little soul from his body. Nor does this treatment stop with childhood; he is afterwards "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," but all this while his mind is cultivated or to speak more properly prematurely stuffed with knowledge. No wonder that we now find pale and feeble spectres when we ought to see hale, vigorous men!—

But the evils of our present system of education are most severely felt by woman. If civilization and Christianity have raised her to her true position as the companion, not the slave of man, they have likewise subjected her peculiarly, to the evils arising from a want of physical education. The importance of female culture is felt by all; but also education has now no reference to the body. That frail habitation of the immortal spirit is disregarded in our anxiety to cultivate the faculties of the mind and heart. Perhaps we, of this Western world, have given as much attention to the intellectual culture of woman, as the people of the old. We have made decided improvements upon the old plan, combining in more just proportions those severer studies, which were formerly left entirely to man, with the lighter and more showy branches. But in the physical education of women we are sadly, almost proverbially deficient. While the Englishwoman is taking her long "constitutional," in the bracing morning air, the delicate lady of the new world is thumbing a new tune on the piano or spoiling her bright eyes over a useless piece of needle-work. A few years suffice to develope the fruits of this neglect of physical education. With a constitution unstrengthened by vigorous exercise, with a delicate frame and unsettled health, some rude wind, at length, kindles the hectic fire upon her cheek, and she falls a victim to the false idea that it is more lady-like to exist without labor and active exertion, than to take due care to preserve bodily health and vigor by timely regard to combining physical with intellectual education.

It is a general law that the powers, both of body and mind become weak by disuse, on the other hand strong and vigorous by exercise. In order, therefore to the just development of all one's powers, physical education should be connected with intellectual. The physical exertion required by any trade or calling is not enough. We do not want the strong right-arm of the blacksmith alone; we want a well-balanced whole. To secure this, some systematic course of bodily training is necessary; such a course as will strengthen the muscles of the whole body; as will cultivate the voice, sharpen the eye, and render the ear more delicate. And these exercises should be practised in connection with intellectual and moral education; so that all the faculties of the body, mind and heart may grow together. Thus only can a beautiful harmony be maintained among them.

We might learn a lesson from the example of the old Greeks, who far behind us in much that constitutes civilization, yet showed that they felt more deeply the importance of physical education. They instituted Olympic Games, to which their young men flocked to try their prowess or their skill. Poets also, came there to recite, and historians to read to the assembled multitude. The disciples of Thespis, then acted those great dramas that are now read with admiring wonder. But we have no such ennobling national festival, to try the nations physical power, to cultivate the minds of the people and bind together their hearts. Even our seats of learning, provided with ample means for the cultivation of the mind, are wanting in opportunities for gaining a physical education. The college should never be without the Gymnasium; and he who would endow a Professorship of Gymnastics should be as great a benefactor as he who feeds and clothes a Professor of Rhetoric or Moral Philosophy. The student, of all others, on account of his sedentary habits and habitual bodily rest, is most likely to suffer from physical debility. He may not, probably in most cases, does not, himself feel the evil in its full extent; but his dull eye, his pale face and wasted figure tell, it may be, of hard study, but more loudly of habitual neglect of his physical man. How often are we called to lament the premature loss of those, who, if sufficient attention was given to their physical education, might be spared to their friends and to the world. Their minds wear out the weak tenement that contains them. A knowledge of the course that must be pursued to strengthen their bodily powers, and decided action upon that knowledge, would in many cases put off the evil day, at least, till the world had

reaped some benefit from the minds that are almost too brilliant for this lower sphere. In short, the great desideratum, "a sound mind in a sound body" can only be secured by the proper connection of physical with intellectual education: for a shining mind in a weak body is like the brilliant hue of the bubble, which does not gain splendor from the frailty of its texture, but is only on that account liable to vanish from the sight and its rainbow-tints be lost in air.

THE RICH MAN'S REVERY.

It was New Year's eve—the light of day was just fading into twilight; and the bright glow of a cheerful fire irradiated an apartment in which comfort and luxury were both combined. The rich carpet yielded to the foot that pressed it; curtains of costly material shaded the ample windows; and luxurious chairs offered inviting resting places. The owner of the mansion had just left his dining-room, and was enjoying undisturbed, this twilight hour of calm repose. He was a man somewhat past the middle age; and although the lines of care were traced upon his countenance, still there was nothing harsh in its expression. He had drawn an arm-chair to the side of the fire, and sat pondering upon the various reminiscences which this last evening of the year is so apt to bring.

He remembered how that very day, thirty years before, he had found himself a wanderer in the streets of a strange city, with but a few shillings in his purse, and a letter to the individual in whose employment he was to begin his way in the world. He remembered how lonely and depressed he had felt; and how he wished that it could be permitted him to look into the future, that he might learn whether success was or was not to crown the efforts of the time to come. The first two or three toilsome years of his commercial apprenticeship passed in review before his mind; and a smile flitted over his face as he remembered how he had struggled manfully against discouragements, and how he had won, step by step, the confidence and approbation of his employers. Then came the days of promise, when the dreams of early manhood began to be realized, and he found himself in a position of self-dependence, respected by those with whom he had business relations, and commanding an honorable station among his fellow-men. It was pleasant to him to recall how from year to year, by good management and prudent investments, his fortune had increased; and with some self-complacency he congratulated himself that by no dishonest or unworthy means he

had accumulated the ample wealth that now secured him so much of earthly good. He was what men call an excellent citizen; enterprising, but cautious, and conducting his affairs with candor and integrity. There was much for him to dwell upon with satisfaction; and he courted the listless, dreamy calm that pervaded both mind and body. He knew not how, but a discordant tone at length seemed to break in upon the sweet harmony of his thoughts, and a still, small voice whispered, "Hast thou made any adequate return?"

He had not been a pious man; and the amount of his benevolence was to be summed up in an occasional public subscription, or in the unfrequent and limited contribution which the church asks at the hands of those who come up to worship in the courts of the Lord. He strove to drive away the unwelcome intrusion of such thoughts; and turned again and again to the more seductive contemplation of all the world had given, and all it was yet to give. The shades of night set in unheeded—the monotonous ticking of the clock came more gently to his ear—light clouds of perfumed incense seemed to be wreathing in fantastic shapes around him—and shadows of golden hue fell upon each object on which he gazed. Forms of loveliness and beauty passed before the ideal eye, and, steeped in wondering admiration, he saw one gorgeous panorama after another presented to his view. Time, place, all were forgotten; and years sped by as moments on rapid wing. At length the torpor of age seemed creeping over his faculties—his limbs trembled—the erect form was bent and tottered beneath the weight of manifold infirmities. The gold glittered, but it could not buy him youth. The voice of pleasure called, but he found no strength to answer its summons. Seats of honor awaited his acceptance, but decrepitude with its many ills had made him its reluctant prey. The past—the past of many years—once more rose before his mind; and conscience, vividly awakened, essayed to glean consolation in the recollection of some good done—some benevolent aim accomplished—some blessing strewed for others upon the pathway he had trodden. A blank, a fearful blank, presented itself to the eye of memory. The stinted pittance taken from the golden harvests of a life-time was lost to view, as a grain of sand is lost amid the heaps upon the sea-shore.

Suddenly there stood by him a form in white apparel, whose countenance was bright as the light, and whose majestic mien caused the poor worm of the dust to shrink beneath his gaze. Severe was the voice that uttered words bringing

terror to the trembling being—"Give an account of thy stewardship." His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he was speechless through fear. "Hear me, O child of prosperity; what could I do more than I have done for thee? testify against me. Have I not watched over thee from thy birth, and brought thee through many perils? Have I not given thee houses and lands, and gardens, and orchards? Have I not made an hedge about thee, and about thy house, and about all thou hast on every side? Have I not blessed the work of thy hands, and increased thy substance in the land? Have not good and perfect gifts been laid at thy door, and has not plenty taken up her abode within thy dwelling? And now thou sayest: 'I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' What blessing dost thou enjoy that I did not bestow? and what heritage hast thou received which came not from my hand? Gird up thy loins now like a man; I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me, what return hast thou made for all my benefits?"

The rich man's heart melted within him because of fear, and his hands waxed feeble, and his knees smote one against another. There was no word upon his tongue; and, mute, and self-condemned, he quailed beneath the frown of that august messenger.

"Behold, O man, the witnesses that testify against thee."

The man raised his eyes, and beheld in the obscure and shadowy distance the faint outlines of many shrouded forms, advancing with measured tread, slowly and surely. On they came, in dreamy bands, their muffled tramp sounding like the echo of a death-knell. On they came, nearer and nearer, and stood before the terror-stricken man. He knew them all—those dim phantoms of buried years—and each and all bore the impress of the vicissitudes, the blessings, and the warnings that each in its turn had brought to him. He knew them all—they were all there; not one had failed to obey the solemn summons.

"Testify, ye youthful witnesses; what return hath the child of prosperity offered to his Lord?"

"No return! no return!" murmured each and all of the spectral forms that closed around him. With his hand upon his mouth, and his mouth in the dust, he fell at the feet of the angel-form, and cried: "Spare me, spare me from the goadings of a conscience too late awaked. Spare me from the worm that dieth not, and from the fire that is not quenched!"

With clasped hands he fixed his beseeching gaze upon that shining countenance; and lo! a

youth beside him, with sunny brow and beaming eyes, was pleading with the angry judge. "Behold," said the youth timidly, "these many years thou hast come seeking a return from this man, and finding none; but let him alone this year also, and if he turn to thee, well; and if not, then after that, thou shalt cast him off." It was the pleading voice of the sweet New Year.

And the heavenly messenger seemed moved with compassion, and lifted up the prostrate form of the guilty man; and with accents of tenderness said to him; I have spared thee; but remember, that to whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required."

The ecstatic blessedness of reprieve burst upon the soul of the bewildered man; and as he wiped from his brow the drops of agony, the bond that had fettered his imagination was loosed, and he knew that all had been a dream.

But the dream shadowed forth a palpable reality; and the heart-searchings of that night made him a better, and a happier man. The records of another world will show how far this providential warning was instrumental in making him subsequently the beneficent dispenser of the wealth which God had given him. The grave has long since closed over his remains; he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

DECEMBER.

How fast the leaves, all brown and sere,
Desert the old and hoary year,
And withered fall, to deck no more,
The bough their verdure covered o'er;
At last the snow, in dazzling white,
Hides them forever from our sight.

Thus from our Tree of Life, each year
A withered leaf will disappear,
And unreturning, like the last,
Haste from the Present to the Past:
At length the shroud, in snowy white,
Hides us forever from the sight!

But far beyond this vale of strife
There grows another Tree of Life;
Its verdure in the realms of Day,
Shall never fall or fade away;
And God shall clothe in robes of snow
The blessed souls that thither go.



ORNAMENTAL TREES.

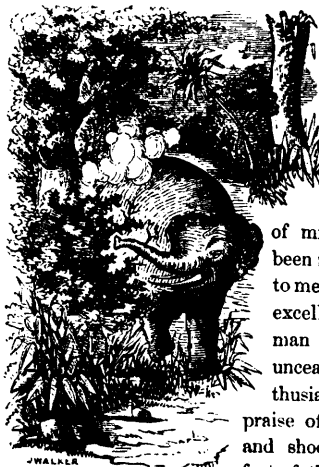
Moved thereto by our desire to minister to the taste for the *Dolce cose a videre* in a matter wherein our local feelings are deeply interested, we present the following, which we have clipped out somewhere in the course of our reading, as an appropriate accompaniment to the commendable effort which has been made during the past summer, through the newspaper press, in favor of a movement for the embellishment of our good city by the planting of trees throughout its public squares and thoroughfares, and in the hope that it may tend to keep the subject before the public until the time arrives for action in a matter so important to the higher character of the citizens of Montreal. For ourselves, might we venture a word in relation thereto, we would suggest the formation, during the winter, of an Association for the purpose of carrying out the idea, to be ready for active operations in early Spring.

"TREES, There is nothing which gives a more delightful aspect to the cities of Europe than the double avenues of trees into which some of their principal streets are divided. The drooping and waving boughs, through which are seen myriads of passengers glancing to and fro; the numbers reclining in their friendly shade, on seats placed round their trunks, the pleasing murmur and flickering of their leaves in the bustling haunts of business and commerce, give a tone and a relief to the anxious mind, and soothes down each unquiet and discordant emotion.

In passing along the streets, it is pleasant to peep at the trees and the green grass through the open door of some garden or shrubbery; it gives a pleasing idea of the taste and elegance of the owner or designer's mind; and in the hurry and turmoil of business, carries the imagination away to scenes of rural beauty and repose under the thick foliage of some magnificent tree, by the side of running waters, and with the level champaign stretching before us, the village or the city rising in beauty to break the prospect, and the blue range of hill or mountain bounding the horizon. We waken from the reverie, however, with a start, and find that we have been dreaming of valley and brook with the hum of thousands in our ears, long piles of mansions or stores on either side, and in the crowded solitude of a commercial city, where poetry is at a discount, where the sweetest notes are those of the Manhattan Company payable at demand, where the only doves are *stock-doves*, where there are no *grassy banks*, but abundance of others of a very different description. W. S.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN INDIA.

BY A. J.



IN the year 18— while I was stationed with a part of my Regiment at Bangalore an old servant of mine who had been recommended to me as a keen and excellent sportsman had been so unceasing and enthusiastic in his praise of the hunting and shooting at the foot of the Himalaya

mountains as to induce me to determine upon a trip to that distant post as soon I could obtain leave of absence for a week or two.

On communicating my intention to the old man he said.

“Sahib must go now or he will be too late.”

Through the indulgence of my commanding officer I set out next morning for the interior, in company with my old servant and Lieut. D. a young man of the same Regiment to which I belonged. He was a jolly companion and as keen a sportsman as myself.

Our preparations were all made the previous night so that we might start a little before day-break in order to reach a certain shady spot, that my old serving man knew of, some twenty miles on our route, by the time the sun should get so high and so hot as to render some such shelter absolutely necessary. Although well mounted and lightly equipped we had hard work, owing to the roughness of the road in many places, in reaching our intended resting place at the time appointed, such indeed was the heat, early as it was, for it could not have been more than ten o'clock, that I do not think that either the horses or their riders could have held on more than half an hour longer.

The place we had arrived at was a thick grove of trees at the foot of a lofty range of hills, which, in almost any other country, would be called moun-

tains. These highlands formed the northern boundary of the extensive plain across which we had been riding all the morning.

It was truly a very garden of Eden to us. “The shadow of a great rock in a weary land,” and there *was* a great rock in the midst of this green and luxuriant oasis in the desert and at the foot of it came bubbling up a spring of such pure and chrysal water as none of us had ever seen or tasted before. Our horses seemed to be of the same opinion and we were obliged to tether them at a distance or they would have killed themselves with drinking it.

Here we remained six or seven hours, and the whole time, we were occupied,—Christian and Hindoo,—man and beast, in eating, drinking and sleeping. Lieut. D. and I, had each of us brought out a book or two but the deuce a line could we read.

When we started again, although late in the afternoon, it was intolerably hot, but as we ascended the hills over which our course led, and as the sun went down it became gradually cooler and cooler till it got to be uncomfortably cold. But before we bivouacked for the night we had descended again into a lower region and a warmer climate.

We had taken nothing with us in the shape of provisions except bread, we depended entirely upon our dogs and fowling pieces for more luxurious feeding, and we were not disappointed. Lieut. D. had the good luck to shoot a Hindoo goat,* a rare and very beautiful animal which I had never seen before. The meat was delicious, its flavor was something between venison and mutton. Our appetites, however, were keen enough to have made us relish almost any thing, and we feasted royally.

Our next day's journey, without any thing worth notice having occurred, brought us to the end of our fatiguing journey, a long straggling village dignified with the title of Capital of some petty Province, I forget its name, and protected, from the predatory incursions of the wandering tribes around it by a mud fortress, a sort of citadel, situated on a hill overlooking the village. Its heavy

* A Specimen of this animal with a half breed kid may be seen at Mr. John Morrison's near the Canal Wharf in Griffintown, Montreal.

brass guns, all of native manufacture enfiladed every avenue that led to it.

The village consisted chiefly of round straw huts with low walls and conical roofs and looked more like little stacks of grain than any thing else.

The fortress was of considerable extent and contained, within its walls, several houses of a structure very superior to those around it, the Rajah's palace among the number.

On sending in our credentials, which were merely letters of introduction to the Rajah, we were at once admitted to an audience with as little ceremony as if we had been visiting a private gentleman at home.

Apartments in the immediate vicinity of the palace, luxuriously furnished and swarming with attendants, were assigned to us. The morning our evening meal was discussed, we betook ourselves to rest, and after our fatiguing ride during two days, it will easily be imagined how soundly we slept.

After breakfast next morning, while it was yet very early, we were astonished by a visit from the Rajah himself—in state. He was dressed in his simple but classic robes of the most costly material, richly decorated with jewels, and wearing a splendid diamond hilted Damascus sabre at his side, and he seemed to me to be the handsomest Eastern prince I had ever seen, during all my wanderings in India.

He sat a few minutes and then told us that he had received intelligence, that very morning, of a wild elephant, having been seen in the neighboring jungle, and that, if we pleased, he would go with us himself to try and shoot him.

To us this was the most acceptable offer he could have made, and on the Rajah's leaving us, we immediately retired in all haste to prepare for the excursion; and upon issuing forth into the court-yard of the Fort, we found His Highness already there and a number of elephants and attendants filing round from the rear of the palace to where he stood.

After giving some directions to these attendants they instantly mounted the elephants and away they went, and we after them on horseback with several men on foot conveying our arms. The jungle which we were in quest of, was known to be a league or so from the fort and was almost a square mile in extent. Our avant couriers, on leaving the foot of the hill on which the fort stood, divided themselves into two parties, one turning to the right and the other to the left of the path which we were to pursue, in a direct line to the nearest point in the jungle, and as they would tra-

vel at a much quicker rate than us, they would be able to surround the jungle by the time we reached it.

On arriving at our destination we dismounted and gave our horses in charge to as many of the attendants. We then advanced a little within the edge of the wood so as to obtain an unobstructed view of a small cleared spot of some two or three acres in extent, into which the formidable quarry was expected to be driven. Here each of us selected a large mango or palm-tree, behind which to hide so as to see all over the clearing I have mentioned, without being seen.

Each of us had been provided, by the Rajah's orders, with three rifles, two single ones carrying a two ounce ball and a double barrel of one ounce, and as many men to carry them, and re-load if necessary.

The Rajah himself was to give the signal to fire when he thought the game near enough.

And thus we stood waiting and watching in eager expectation, for more than three mortal hours, while the beating of drums and tomtoms, the blowing of horns, and as many other kinds of noises, as reminded me of Nebuchadnezzar's concert, were approaching nearer and nearer.

At length, just as our patience was wearing fast away, we heard a tremendous crash like that which is occasioned by the falling of several trees.

"Now for it, here he comes," said the Rajah, who, by the way, had been so much among the Europeans, that he spoke as good English as we did.

Our flagging energies were roused into eager activity in a moment, and ere the Rajah's whispered intimation was concluded, there, sure enough, was the monster himself strutting along in all the pride and wantonness of his enormous strength, breaking down every obstacle that opposed his progress.

On coming fairly out into the clearing as we anticipated he would, he made a sudden stop, and throwing up his trunk into the air, he appeared to be examining with suspicious scrutiny, the way before him. The wind, what little there was of it, was directly from him to us, and consequently towards him from his other more numerous but less fatal enemies.

After waving his trunk about for a moment, during which he appeared to be listening attentively, he came straight on towards where we stood.

On, on, he came, in the power of his might, to within a fearful proximity of us, when the Rajah put his hand to his turban, the preconcerted signal, and bang went Lieut. D's heaviest rifle and my

own, and down came the unwieldy monster on his four knees, * where he rested as it were a moment, and then fell over on his side to all appearance dead. My servant, the old sportsman, ran in upon him in his eagerness to be the first to secure the enemy, and dearly he paid for his rashness.

The animal was not dead, he was merely stunned, and he instantly recovered his senses, sufficiently to enable him to attack his new assailant, and in a manner too which the latter by no means anticipated; he rolled himself over to crush him to death, and the daring Sepoy had to congratulate himself on escaping from the perilous encounter with no other injury than a broken leg. The poor unfortunate man suffering as he did the most excruciating tortures had yet the firmness and the presence of mind to lay still and motionless as if he had really been dead.

The elephant was again on his feet in an instant and was moving rapidly towards us, and another shot simultaneously from my friend and myself did not retard his progress.

Onward still he pressed. Our double barrels of smaller calibre, had no other effect upon him than to make him pause for a moment, and then press on with greater fury than before upon his unseen antagonists. He had approached to within some fifty yards of us, and we were beginning to think upon acting on Hudibras' idea.

"That he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

When the Rajah himself fired, and with such precision, that the ball went directly through the monster's heart, and down the lifeless carcase fell, and rolled in its death agony for a moment on the sand, and then all was still.

What our followers did with the carcase, we did not know, and never heard.

The next day we had a tiger hunt in the same jungle, but made nothing of it, we did not even get a sight of one, and we were led to believe that the rumor which led to this day's sport, if sport, it could be called, was utterly groundless.

Although every means that the ingenuity of our kind host could devise, was made use of to vary the amusements of each successive day, and rapidly as the joyous time of our stay flew by, nothing occurred but what the reader may find in any account of every day life in India.

But all sublunary things have an end, and so had our delightful sojourn at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, a pleasing recollection of which, both my friend and myself will preserve, "While life, and thought, and memory last."

*I am quite aware that this is not technically correct and yet for anything I know to the contrary it may be. All that I wish to convey to the reader is the simple fact that there is a joint in the elephant's hind leg peculiar to that animal which is exactly similar to the knee joint in his and other animals' forelegs.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE" DREAM.

OR BIRTH AND MISSION OF THE NEW YEAR 1851.

Methought (while midnight held her sway),

A new-born, lovely child
Was usher'd in, with many a lay,
As on the world he smil'd;
All dimpled o'er with rosy joy
The bright young stranger came—
I wonder'd *whence*, the *beau*teous boy,
And *what* could be his name.

But while with wonderment I mused,
And mark'd his childish grace,
And with enquiring look perus'd
The unknown infant's face;
Behold, a rapid change came o'er
The spirit of my dream,
And what an *infant* look'd before
Did *now*, a *giant* seem!

A creature girt with might and power,
Now stood before mine eyes,
Whose form dilating, seem'd to tower
Above the vaulted skies.
His tender, azure-tinted wings,
With amber light spread o'er,
Gave place to wide, expanding things,
That reach'd from shore to shore.

While yet I look'd, a *monstrous pack*,*
Of bulk, *immense* and *vast*,
(Near to my feet) from off his back
The wondrous vision cast;
Spell-bound and mute, with blank surprize,
At the strange sight I saw,
I felt, as now I met his eyes,
Impress'd with tim'rous awe.

I felt the scrutiny of his glance—
Felt—he might be severe;
He graceful bow'd (a slight advance),
He spake, and banished fear:
"Minstrel, you wonder *who* I am,"
Said he, "and *whence* I came—
I am the Brother of OLD TIME,
And NEW YEAR is my name.

"Men paint me as a 'New-born' child,
And poets call me so—
Well, painters *may* have fancies wild,
And so *may* poets too;
But, MINSTREL, *thou*, was this *thy* thought?
Didst *thou* deem me a child?
Behold, the mighty things I've brought
By this strong hand compil'd!

"A 'Newborn' first I seem'd to you,
Because you thought me so;
But now you take a different view—
You will me better know:
'Tis I, who am, 'INFANT OF DAYS,'
Long ages back my birth;
And this huge load I've brought, display's
My mission here on Earth."

*An allusion to the "World's Fair."

The load, seem'd a huge mountain, grown
To my bewilder'd eyes,
And rear'd its broad and bulky cone
Against the astonished skies.
He then unclasp'd the bursting girth,
And rais'd its starting lid,
When, Lo! GIFTS! Gifts for all the Earth!
Within its depths were hid.

Millions, on countless millions there,
Of packages, (close sealed,
Design'd for all Earth's creatures, were,
To my rapt gaze, revealed.
Wondrous! said I, *thy might* I see,
But this vast load to bear;
He proudly smil'd—"that load," said he,
"To me is light as air!

"Minstrel, attend—then judge the weight
Of what I've to dispense:
They're *only* things of TIME and FATE,
(Decrees of Providence.)
How Shadowy are all things of earth,
I need not tell to THEE—
There's little that's of weight or worth,
This side Eternity!

"For Statesmen, I've brought GREAT EVENTS!
For Potentates, the same—
For Warriors, to their hearts' content,
Here's Death and DEATHLESS FAME;
And here I've brought a NICHE DIVINE
For Metaphysic's Scholars—
For grov'ling swine, at Mammon's Shrine,
I've brought the 'dirty dollars.'

"For Patriots true, I've brought BROWN—
Intrigueists, place for them:
For one Head, too, I've brought A CROWN
A vacant diadem.
But not a vacant head *the one*
For which it is design'd
Smart, intermed'ling folks, anon
This, to their cost may find.

"For Hearts, sad, deeply withering
In sorrows dark lone ways,
I tried (and oft have tried) to bring
'The light of other days,'
And snatch'd a bright, and vivid beam
From Heaven's celestial fires,
But *instanter*, the lambent gleam
In earth's chill mist expires!

"For Lovers, I've brought rosy chains
Just forg'd, in Hymen's bowers,
With wedding-rings, and thousand things
Enwreath'd with Cupid's flowers;
For them, I've brought each honied sweet
With many a smiling morrow:
But—when they next my presence greet
Perchance, I bring *some* sorrow.

"For those pure souls, of essence form'd
Exclusive and refin'd,
Who cannot in this world be charm'd
But by congenial mind,
The 'sisters three' have sent by me,
Exquisite joys;—and pains;—
The joyous things, they've cloth'd with wings!
The others, drag in chains.

"For Sculptors, I've brought beauty bright
Springing from 'neath their hand;
With chisel'd features, eyes of light,
And grace of every land;
The Heaven-born smile—the 'face divine'—
The well-turn'd arm, and head—
And o'er their own, from FAME's bright shrine
Her laurels shall be spread.

"For Painters I've brought beauty too,
And nature's glowing grace
The coral lip—eyes, Heaven's own blue,
The bright, soul-beaming face;—
With flowrets fair—groves—mountains—fields,
All feel the artist's claim;
And to his magic pencil yield
Their tributary FAME.

"And Music—Oh! I've brought for *some*
Who know its mystic spell
The soul-subduing tones that come
From ocean-minstrel's shell;
Sweet silv'ry sounds, all soft and low
As lovers tender tears:
And grand and lofty strains that flow,
From vasty rolling spheres.

"But best for POETS, I have brought
For them bright fairy dreams;
Sweet visionings, to clothe each thought—
And fancy's richest streams:
With all things lov'd and beautiful,
Earth—Heaven—Ocean—Flowers—
And fairy lands, wherein to dwell
In soul-inspiring bowers."

A voice, more soft and musical
Now broke upon my ear,
With,—"wake!—awake, dear minstrel!
And greet the glad "New Year."
T'was, darling EMMA, bright and fair,
Standing beside my bed,
And with a *Love Gift*, rich and rare
Drove visions from my head.
ANNA, MINSTREL OF THE HEATH.
Hamilton, C. W., Dec., 1850.

HAPPINESS.

With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

MILTON.

OF SERVANTS.

BY SIGMA.

AMIDST the progress, and changes, that are going on, on all sides of us, servants seem to form an exception, but it is only in seeming, their condition is undergoing a change and like every thing in a transition state, it is unpleasant. In the most primitive state, the members of the family performed all the labor of the household, the children serving the parents, and no doubt the work was well, and cheerfully done. The next step was to acquire slaves by conquest, or purchase, who became incorporated into the family, and were treated for the most part with parental consideration and kindness. This form of servitude obtained among all the nations of antiquity who pretended to any civilization. In the feudal system, is to be found the germs of the present form of household service. Under this tenure the whole population were divided into lords and vassals. The former exacted the most profound respect and obedience from the latter. If the vassals male or female entered the particular service of the castle, their position became immediately exalted; they were treated as part of the family, the maidens sat, talked and span with their mistresses, the men associated with their lord, on a footing of equality, that would not be tolerated at the present day in any part of Anglo-Saxondom. The whole household sat down to a common meal, the line of division between noble and simple being a salt-cellar, which was sufficient to keep up a necessary reserve and discipline in the household. Towns were founded by vassals, who pursued various handicrafts, and congregated together for convenience and protection. When their numbers grew to be of sufficient importance, they easily obtained charters of incorporation and immunity, from the sovereign, who was only too glad to raise a counterpoise to the ambition and power of the nobles. By this act, they ceased to be vassals, but became freemen and burghers. They took apprentices who performed the menial offices of the house, as well as learnt the trade of the master. The good wife if of sufficient substance, would probably have some buxom country wench to assist her. These were the rudiments of household servitude in castle and town. When vassalage was abolished, luxury increased, and towns grew, the footing of master and servant, was changed, the

personal relations between them became weakened, and it gradually came to be the anomalous disagreeable thing it now is. Every one who employs servants complains of them, and it is a generally received opinion, that the more one has of them, the worse one is served. If the system were good, it would work well; it does not and it is therefore evident there is a screw loose somewhere. On this side of the Atlantic it has long been a matter of difficulty to get good servants, public opinion being against the condition, and were it not for the importations from across seas, we should fare very badly. It is worthy of remark, that no where are servants worked so hard, so little cared for, and kept at such a distance, as in the neighboring free states. On the continent of Europe, where the feudal system is partially in force and still maintains its prestige, servants are treated as members of the family, and we are nowhere shocked by that servility on the one hand, and hauteur on the other, that grieves one, throughout Anglo-Saxondom. The reason for this, is to be found in difference of education, habits and thoughts, between the employers and the employed, which makes familiar intercourse *mutually* distasteful, and has consequently depressed servants to their present abyss. Having no ties of sentiment or interest, masters and servants are continually changing, the old stability of service having disappeared even in England, where generation succeeded generation in the same household. This has still operated to loosen the tie between master and servant, by removing all interest of the former in the latter, and (by a natural reaction) of the latter in the former. Servants are represented as ungrateful, wasteful and lazy. What have they to be grateful for? for being stuck into the cellar or into the garret to sleep, with the refuse of the master's meals to eat, to be worked to the utmost of their strength for a small recompense, to be sent into hospital when sick, or cast on the wide world when aged. They are treated as children, and then are expected to know the value of things committed to their charge. They have no interest in the household, and are expected to be as careful of the tea, coffee, sugar, and candles, as he, by whose gains, they are bought. They are lazy, because

with the ordinary instinct of the animal creation, including man, they are averse to perform more labor than can be avoided. They are shut up in the house from Sunday to Sunday, not a minute of time they can call their own, and they are to be grateful, interested paragons. There must be something abhorrent in service as at present constituted, to the human mind, for at this moment we find the London papers abounding in offers of really high wages for good female servants, but no, women will rather earn a precarious and scanty living by the needle, with the horrors of prostitution, staring them in the face, than submit to the restraints and degradation of household service. Masters are said to be proud, exacting, stingy and what not. As to the proudness, we find, that as a general rule, difference of habits, education and tastes produce a greater distance between master and man, mistress and maid, in exact proportion to such difference, and herein lies the true secret of the broad separation existing between the two classes. In the middle and lower ranks, the intimacy is closer and closer as we descend, and even in the richer classes, if master and man happen to have a common absorbing taste, as horse fancying, the intimacy is pretty close, e. g. Mr. Toots and "the chicken." Servants are now becoming educated, and in proportion as this takes place, the distance between the two classes will of necessity be reduced, and we may see the mistress of the household once more surrounded by her maids, in social friendly chat and labor, one common table serving the household and one common interest binding them together. This pre-supposes an immense stride in the education and taste of the ignoble vulgus, and seems a millennial expectation, but all things seem to point that way. Five and twenty years ago, people could leave their letters and papers open, without fear that any of the servants could read them, but now a servant, that cannot read, forms the exception, not the rule, especially among the Irish. Intelligible and refining literature is now within the reach of the meanest purse, and what is more to the purpose, —universally read. This cannot fail in the course of a few years to put all classes upon a tolerable level as to education and taste, and as the nobility are no longer distinguishable from the class below them by superior taste refinement or education, so in a few years the diffusion will have reached the lowest orders. It will then be no longer desirable or possible to maintain, the present, degrading form of servitude. It will no longer be thought infra dig for young ladies, to keep their mammas' houses in order, and do

something towards helping their papas, who are toiling and slaving, to put good clothes on their backs, and good food into their stomachs. It is said that in Massachusetts, such is the difficulty of getting good servants (helps!) and such the annoyance experienced from them, that many families prefer boarding to house-keeping, and others of wealth keep no servants, but do their own work, and declare that they enjoy much more comfort and independence. The tendency of the discoveries of the age is to render people more and more independent of servants. We find that men servants are usually unmanageable in a greater or less degree and almost always a source of annoyance in the house. To dispense as much as possible with them, we find, that the custom obtains generally among the highest class in London, even to the Prince Consort, to job horses and carriages, so that all annoyance of feeding, controlling, clothing servants, &c., is avoided. In Boston all the gentlemen keep their horses and carriages at livery stables. A slight sketch of what has been done of late years in the way of contriving means for dispensing with much service, will give an idea of how much more will probably be done before long. First in regard to the supply of water. If a house be supplied from a well, or by a force pump, or by a water carrier, a good deal of labor and time are required to get the requisite quantity of water for the wants of the household, but by the contrivance of carrying pipes over the house, leading from an elevated reservoir, the labor of one servant is dispensed with, if the family be large, and a great deal of comfort secured. 2nd. In the department of lighting, a large portion of a servant's time is taken up in the cleaning lamps and candlesticks, this is entirely obviated, by the introduction of gas in the house, no labor, no dirt, no delay, a lucifer match provides instantaneous light that is not liable to grow dim, or go out, requires no snuffing or turning up, and that does not drop grease or oil all about, to the great detriment of carpets, and annoyance of thrifty housewives. The discovery of a mode of manufacturing hydrogen gas by a ridiculously cheap process, (at a cost of 4s. sterling 1000 cubic feet) and an easy method of rendering it illuminating, must soon put candles and lamps out of fashion. Kerosene, the gas discovered by Dr. Gesner, is so very cheap and easy of manufacture, that if the present high price of coal gas be kept up, individuals will find it to their profit to set up works in their own houses, and perhaps as in Halifax, supply two or three neighbors. The great advantage of hydrogen is that it forms no foul air

(carbonic acid) by combustion but simply water or steam. Another department of household affairs that demands a large share of a servant's time, is the heating of a house; wood has to be sawed and split, carried over the house with much toil, and fires are to be laboriously lighted of wood or coal every morning, and fed during the day. Attempts are made to reduce this employment of labor, by hot air apparatus, steam apparatus, Russian stoves, and other expensive, clumsy, or defective contrivances. The atmopyre, a very recent invention, promises to do away with stoves, grates, coals and wood altogether. Inflammable gas is made to pass through a circular brick perforated with extremely minute holes, it is set on fire, burning with a blue flame itself it soon renders the brick glowing hot, the number of bricks can be augmented at pleasure, and any amount of heat produced. Should hydrogen gas be employed, as water is the only product of the combustion, a flue would be unnecessary. With coal gas, however, a flue would be required to carry off the carbonic acid. Washing is another important item in house-keeping; where persons are unable to pay for having it done out of the house, the only resource is to do it at home, and for this a servant is required. Of late years, washing machines on a large scale, have been established in Glasgow, and other large cities, where from the perfection and magnitude of the arrangements, the ablution of clothing, can be done more cheaply and better, than even at home, by the most frugal manager. A stream possessing a sufficient fall to drive a water wheel is selected, a wheel provided with perforated boxes instead of floats is set in the stream, and a large building built alongside, provided with a steeping room, a drying room, a mangling and ironing room and a sorting room. Vans are sent round the town to collect the different washings, on arriving at the establishment, they are put into a weak solution of soda, lime or some other innocuous alkaline preparation; they are then transferred to the boxes of the water wheel, which is then set in motion, a few revolutions complete the washing, without any friction. The clothes are then taken to the drying room which is heated to 140°, where they are speedily dried, the starching is done in the same wholesale manner on such things as require it. In the mangling room, sheets, table-clothes and such like, are speedily ironed by being passed through mangles mounted with heated iron rollers. Shirts and frilled articles are turned over to an army of women, who are provided with every convenience for facilitating their labors, and in an incredibly

short space of time, an immense amount of washing is performed in the very best manner. Were such an establishment set up at the Lachine rapids, it would no doubt pay remarkably well, and washings could be done profitably at 10s. or 12s., that now cost half as many dollars. Methinks I hear the Ladies say, "but Mr. Wiseman, how are you going to help us, in the cooking department?" Have patience Ladies, and you shall see that nothing is more easy. You have got rid of the making fires, of washing at home, and cleaning lamps and candlesticks, but you do not see how you can dispense with the kitchen fire? Eh? A spirit lamp, or an atmopyre will boil water for you more expeditiously and cheaply than a common fire; think of the saving this would be in Summer, the water for your tea and the eggs boiled at less than a farthing, and then the comfort of having no fire for ever burning in the dog days. Mr. Soyer has come to your rescue, and has invented a magic stove, that will cook a dinner of French kickshaws for a dozen people, at an expense of two pence worth of spirits of wine, at the English price of that article, or a farthing's worth at the price of it in this country. Instead of roasting your faces over a vulgar Yankee cooking stove or grilling before a sweltering grate, you may stand beside Mr. Soyer's polished, clean-looking, tin stove with no diminution of comfort on a hot Summer's day. Most ladies like making puff paste and pound cake, indeed I know many who pique themselves on their ability, but those who do not, can go to such kind people as King of McGill street, who furnish good things in their line cheaper than can be made at home. Drawing and trussing geese, is more agreeable to ladies in a metaphorical, than a practical sense, but even here a remedy can be provided for dissentients. Balfour with a prophetic eye to the millennial period now announced, has opened a victualler's shop in Great St. James street, where fowls and joints ready for pot or spit, and chops ready for the grid-iron can be had at all hours at reasonable prices, "Mr. Wiseman, you would not have us clean the knives and boots?" One at a time, ladies, if you please or you will bewilder me. If you will step into Bryson and Ferriers, you will see a newly invented machine, that cleans knives so nicely and easily, that it is a pleasure to turn the handle of the pretty walnut box. "But then the box is so dear, ten dollars!" Have patience, ladies, and you will find that the same Yankee boys, who brought down the price of eight day clocks from thirty pounds to three dollars, will soon do the same good turn by the knifecleaner. In fact

here is another speculation open to an enterprising mechanist. Who will make cheap knife-cleaners? Do not be alarmed about cleaning boots, we are not going to stop at the semicivilization of Day & Martin. Patent leather and Enamelled leather have already been introduced, and although imperfect, they point to a better state of things, when a boot will be as easily brushed as a coat, and what man of independence calls his servant to brush his coat? Sowing, knitting etc., are employments of all ranks of women, and the extra work can profitably be given out. Making the beds, dusting and sweeping are employments that would contribute to diminish the doctor's bill if young ladies would undertake them oftener than they do.* As to the messages, they may be performed in fair weather by the ladies, in foul by the gentlemen. "But opening the door, Mr. Wiseman, how will you manage that?" Open the door young ladies by all means, you have no idea how much more gentlemen are pleased, when their ring is answered by a neat, soft-voiced, smiling damsel, than when a white jacketed, white aproned, scowling, greasy butler, or a dirty, impudent uncombed page, opens the door. Even the irritated dun turns away better pleased than if he were paid, when he is told by a ruby pair of smiling lips with pearly teeth behind, that "papa is not at home." The most frequent calls to the door are occasioned by street beggars, and itinerant vendors of fruit, poultry and cakes, the way to get rid of both, is by giving them no encouragement. Nurses we certainly cannot do without entirely, a good nurse, however, is always more considered than ordinary servants; even among them, however, the revolution is at work, as the invention of baby-jumpers, and such like things, are superseding the necessity for a constant attendance on the baby.

It may be objected, that such an entire change in household economics would deprive a large part of the world of the means of subsistence. Should such a state of things take place, and it is inevitable, unless the march of civilization is annihilated by a successful invasion and occupation of Europe and North America by the Cossack and Tartar hordes, who seem now to be mustering their forces for the extinction of the liberties of Europe, an immense variety of new employments would spring up, to meet the demands of the altered phase of society. Already we employ sawyers for our wood, we engage carters to empty our yards of snow, errand runners and parcel carriers would arise, and many other

* For scrubbing the floors by all means get a char-woman every week.

things now unforeseen. Everything would be more quickly and better done than under the present system, from the stimulus of competition. In such a state of society virtue and education would be the standards of rank and respect, what now makes the society of servants insupportable namely difference of tastes, habits and education being obliterated, such of them as were retained would resume their primitive position in the household, such as is demanded by every principle of philanthropy and Christianity. Under the present system employers have not much to congratulate themselves upon; it is a constant remark that in good places, as they are called where the servants stay a long time, the servants almost always end by being tyrants, they find that from habit they have become essential to their masters' comfort and their uneducated, vulgar minds prompt them to take full advantage. I know a lady, who has two horses and who can scarcely get a ride once a week, her coachman looks sulky and tells her it is too cold, too damp, or the horse is lame, and the answer is "oh very well, I shant go out to-day." She does not always venture to ask him to come for her after church. This is only one example of many. How many ladies have put up with a tyrannical, wilful nurse for years, forgetting it is especially true of servants, "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." The true plan for all parties to be comfortable, is to have everything, that they can, executed by persons living out of the house, and everything in the house as far as possible done by the family.

LOVE.

* * * How sweet it is

To have one lovely treasure, which the heart
Can feed upon in secret, which can be
A star in sorrow, and a flower in joy;
A thought to which all other thoughts refer;
A hope, from whence all other hopes arise,
Nursed in the solitude of happiness!
Love, passionate young Love, how sweet it is
To have the bosom made a Paradise
By thee—life lighted by thy rainbow smile!

L. E. L.

WOMAN.

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AIR FROM THE SWISS FAMILY, No. 1.

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

Andantino.

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 (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The first measure of the treble staff contains a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F4, and G4. The bass staff begins with a half note D3, followed by quarter notes E3, F3, and G3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The second 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 (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The music continues from the first system. The treble staff features a half note A4, followed by quarter notes B4, C5, and B4. The bass staff features a half note A3, followed by quarter notes B3, C4, and B3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The third 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 (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The music continues from the second system. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes F4, E4, and D4. The bass staff features a half note G3, followed by quarter notes F3, E3, and D3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth 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 (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The music continues from the third system. The treble staff features a half note C5, followed by quarter notes B4, A4, and G4. The bass staff features a half note C4, followed by quarter notes B3, A3, and G3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The fifth 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 (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The music continues from the fourth system. The treble staff features a half note F4, followed by quarter notes E4, D4, and C4. The bass staff features a half note F3, followed by quarter notes E3, D3, and C3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

AIR FROM THE SWISS FAMILY, NO. 1.

The first system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps). The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff. The melody begins with a quarter note D4, followed by eighth notes E4, F#4, G4, and A4. The bass line starts with a half note D3, followed by quarter notes E3, F#3, and G3.

The second system continues the piece. It includes fingerings: '1 2' above the first two notes of a triplet, '3' above the third note, and '3' above the first note of another triplet. An '8 AV' marking is present above the second triplet. The music continues with similar melodic and harmonic patterns.

The third system features a 'loco' marking above the final measure of the upper staff. The music includes a triplet of eighth notes in the upper staff and a corresponding bass line. The key signature remains D major.

The fourth system contains slurs and fingering markings. '2 M 1' is written above the first measure, '2' above the second measure, and '12 M' above the third measure. The music includes a melodic line with slurs and a bass line. The key signature remains D major.

The fifth system concludes the piece. It features a first ending bracket labeled '1' above the final measures of the upper staff. The music ends with a final chord in the upper staff and a sustained bass line in the lower staff. The key signature remains D major.



OUR TABLE.

LORD'S MODERN HISTORY.

THOSE of our readers who listened to the eloquent lectures recently delivered by Mr. Lord before the Mercantile Library Association of this city will need no further recommendation of the work before us. It is a rapid and spirited narration of that vast complication of religious and political events which intervened between the rise of Luther, and the fall of Napoleon. Exhibiting no marked originality of thought or style, without pretensions to a philosophical acuteness, it is still a vivid picture of those wondrous agitations which the last three hundred years present. It gives a greater prominence to

the agency of spiritual ideas, in promoting revolutions and reforms, than to the bravery of soldiers or the subtlety of kings. It traces, not the lives of individuals, however great and powerful, except so far as they affect directly the important interests of the race. And this is right, for History abandons its true dignity when, stooping to record minutely private fortunes, it neglects to contemplate the progress of humanity.

Mr. Lord has chosen the Protestant Reformation as his starting point, because from it proceeded those disastrous wars, and furious theological controversies, which distracted society for the two succeeding centuries.

The condition of Europe when Luther arose, affords a boundless field of thought. Powerful princes vie with each other in the splendor of their courts, the magnitude of their armies, and the brilliancy of their exploits. Each sought unrivalled glory, and they spilled the blood of thousands in their contest for supremacy. The masses were in lamentable ignorance, subjected to the guidance of a profligate and avaricious clergy. At length the light of truth was shed upon this darkness. Man awoke to a consciousness of his degradation, and threw off the yoke which had so long oppressed him; the freedom which he won he has not since resigned.

The Reformation, then, is properly the starting point in Modern History. It was the revival of intellectual power, and the origin of all subsequent civilization.

Of course, within the limits of this notice, we can only be expected to advert in the most general terms to the plan which Mr. Lord has pursued. Among the many excellencies his work possesses, may be mentioned its invariable candor. This is no ordinary merit, in an age so marked as ours by arrogance and dogmatism. This candor is most strikingly apparent, when it stands in opposition to venerable authorities or popular prejudices. To Queen Mary of England, for example, has been usually ascribed the basest sentiments which ever reigned within a human breast,—sentiments unredeemed by a single amiable quality. Mr. Lord has found, in the sorrows of her life, the secret of her errors. Long styled the Bloody Mary, few perhaps will now believe that she was "affectionate, sincere, high-minded,—attentive and considerate to her servants, charitable to the poor, and sympathetic with the unfortunate." Yet such she was, in spite of her intolerant religious zeal, which was the offspring of a bruised and broken spirit. While a blind and senseless enthusiasm has almost deified Elizabeth, all the arts of bigotry have been employed to hide the virtues and to magnify the faults of Mary. A proper judgment of the memory of each, depends upon the extension of knowledge and the love of truth.

The latter portion of this work is mainly devoted to a consideration of the circumstances which led to the American and French Revolutions. The first of these is regarded as the most important event of modern times,—as an event which called into existence an empire of vast extent and unsurpassed resources; which proclaimed the triumph of true liberty, and stirred the hearts of patriots throughout the world. The second; though less important in its ultimate results, was far more terrible and exciting while it lasted. Its causes are somewhat difficult to trace, and indeed have perplexed philosophers more eminent than Mr. Lord. He, however, seems to find the matter simple enough; for he hastily generalizes these causes under five heads—a generalization which we do not like, but which our want of space compels us to refrain from combating. His views upon this subject contain but little originality yet, the language in which they are expressed, is pure and elegant. Indeed, those passages which speak of Rousseau and Voltaire, are among the finest we have ever seen. Of the former it is said, that "he poisoned the weak and the susceptible by pouring out streams of passion in eloquent and exciting language, under the pretence of unburdening his own soul and revealing his own sorrows. He was always talking about philanthropy and generosity, and yet seldom bestowed a charity. No man was ever more eloquent in paradox, or sublime in absurdity. He spent his life in gilding what is corrupt, and glossing over what is impure."

From the short extracts we have made, a general idea may be formed of the character of the author's style. It is flowing and flexible,—easily adapting itself to the varieties of the subject,—seldom rising above, yet never descending below it. As a whole, we have found the work agreeable and profitable, and we cordially recommend it to our readers. It may be obtained from Mr. Dawson of the *Place d'Armes*.