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THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRUE to his appointment, Captain Ogilvie called in the afternoon, to accompany the ladies to the ruins; and, to the unspeakable joy of Aliee, his sister Lucy had consented to make one of the party; and proposed taking tea at the Abbey farm, with Mrs. Hazlewood, a very respectable woman, and her father's tenant. Sophia was rather annoyed at this unexpected interruption to the agreeable *tête-à-tête*, she had anticipated with her military admirer. That gentleman was, however, too well skilled in the art of manœuvring, to be baffled by his sister. He contrived that Mr. Fleming should take charge of Alice and Lucy, while he and the fair Sophia loitered far behind, under the pretence of selecting a pretty group of flowers for her screen.

"I shall only accompany you as far as the cottage on the commons," said Lucy. "I never heard of the Featherstone's return to B—— until this morning. I am quite impatient to welcome such old and valued friends, particularly as I understand that their circumstances are not improved by their Jamaica visit. Poor or rich, Jane Featherstone will always be very dear to me. I tried to persuade Amelia to call with me, but she pleaded prior engagements. The world has sadly spoiled my cousin's heart. It grieves me, Alice, to see her eagerly acquiring all its follies. My brother, too, is led away by the same infatuation. But I did hope better things from Amelia once."

"Miss Ogilvie is a great heiress, very accomplished and very beautiful," said Alice; "and she is placed in a situation which exposes her to great temptation; she is therefore more to be pitied than blamed. But I rejoice that our dear Jane still ranks Lucy Ogilvie among her friends."

"And who is Jane Featherstone?" said Fleming, who felt much interested in the chit-chat between the two amiable girls.

"A lovely young woman," said Lucy, "who resides with her widowed mother, in the cottage we are approaching."

"Will you favor me with an introduction?" returned Arthur.

"With pleasure," said Lucy. "But mind, you must not fall in love with her, as her affections have long been engaged."

"The caution is needless," said Fleming; "I assure you, Miss Lucy, I do not mean to change my condition."

"How," said Lucy, "are you contented to remain that unblessed person an old bachelor? I should have thought that the beauty and vivacity of my friend Sophy, or the good sense of little Alice here, would have driven such monkish notions out of your head. But I understand you now, Mr. Fleming," she continued with an arch glance from him to Alice; "you are an engaged lover, and your words bear a double meaning."

Fleming shook his head and looked very grave, and Alice sad; and Lucy, to hide her own dejection of spirit, ran on without appearing to notice the gloom which had spread through their little party. Alice often looked back, in the vain hope of discovering the Captain and Sophia, but they were no longer in sight. They found Mrs. Featherstone and Jane at work in the porch; and a plainly dressed, but distinguished looking young man, reading aloud to them. The book fell from his hand, he rose up in great haste. "Dear Alice!" "Dear Stephen!" were exclamations that burst spontaneously from the lips of the parties thus abruptly named.

"You in England, Stephen," continued Alice, "and I not know a word about it? Is this a proof of your friendship?"

"It is no evidence to the contrary, I hope," said Stephen; "I have only been here a few hours, and was waiting for Jane to conclude her task, that we might visit our dear friends together. You have put an end to mine," he continued, picking up the book from the centre of a bed of mignionette. "Cowper has found just such a bed as, living, he would have enjoyed. But how is dear Mrs. Fleming, your good mother, and my old flirt Sophy?"

"Quite well—the latter will soon be here to answer for herself."

"And you, Alice?" he continued, drawing her gently aside.

"Enjoy excellent health."

"Then your looks contradict your assertion—how thin you are—how pale—my sweet sister, this should not be—I read in that thoughtful brow more than I like to interpret."

"Ah, my dear friend," said Alice, in a trembling voice; "the world has laid close siege to my heart, and can you wonder that my mortal frame should have suffered a little in the contest—all will be well with me now, you are here to advise and counsel me."

"I too have been severely tried," said Stephen, gently pressing her hand. "But this world is not our rest. Take courage, young soldier of the cross, the victory will still be ours, through Him who died to obtain it for us. The path of his faithful followers is not often strewn with roses. At another time, and in another place, we must have some serious conversation together. In the mean while, it will give you pleasure to learn that I have been recalled from my mission in South Africa, to take possession of a fine estate bequeathed to me by my maternal uncle—a person who, from his previous habits, I never expected would leave aught of his great wealth to his fanatical nephew. It pleased God to touch his heart at the eleventh hour. He died a Christian, and left me his heir, verifying the words of our blessed Lord: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' The riches I seek, Alice, are not of this world, and money is only valuable in my eyes as affording me the readiest means of benefitting my fellow creatures. I shall now be able to rescue my poor Jane and her mother from their present situation, and to carry into effect several schemes I have formed for the education of the Caffre children. But, Alice, you have not introduced me to your cousin, Mr. Fleming."

Arthur started as the young missionary extended his hand. It was evident to all that they had met before. "This is a pleasure," said Fleming, with strong emotion, "which I did not expect—which I have long hoped for in vain. You, perhaps, have forgotten where, and how we met?"

"You are known to me, Mr. Fleming, through the medium of our mutual friends, but I have not the slightest recollection of ever having seen you before," returned the missionary.

"It may be so," said Fleming; "but that face once seen could not easily be forgotten. Did you ever visit Frankfort?"

"Yes—twice—once in 1822—again in—'26.

"Then I am not mistaken," said Arthur, warmly grasping the stranger's hand. "It was you who, in the summer of '26, saved the life of a lady, when a boat was upset in the river, owing to the awkward management of the drunken steersman, who ran her foul of a Dutch schooner."

"Can it be the son of the amiable lady whom I providentially rescued from a watery grave, that I now see before me? I was so deeply interested in the lady, that I took no particular notice of the youth, who hung over his insensible parent in such an agony of grief. The shades of manhood have darkened your brow since that eventful evening."

"I was too much absorbed by her perilous situation, to express all the gratitude I felt towards her generous preserver," said Arthur; "and when my beloved mother recovered from her swoon, he was no longer to be found. I made many fruitless enquiries respecting him among the boatmen on the river. But he was a stranger, they said—his name and residence unknown. The transient glimpse, however, I caught of his face, was never forgotten. Often have I sought for its benign expression among the crowded streets of Paris and Vienna, but was only to find the picture realized in an obscure cottage in England. Mr. Norton," he continued, while his voice trembled with emotion; "the tongue possesses no language which can express the gratitude I feel for the service which you rendered in that hour to me. When I reflect upon all I owed to your prompt and courageous assistance, my heart is bankrupt in thanks. But she whom you rescued from death is no more. My mother, my dear mother, died at Carlsbad, a few weeks after the accident took place. She never overcame the shock—but the last hours of her precious life were spent with me—and she died in my arms—and this blessed privilege I owe to you."

He turned away and walked a few paces from the cottage. The painful pause that succeeded was broken by Lucy Ogilvie.

"I see how it is, good people, you are all so much occupied with each other, that poor Sophia will be tired of waiting for our appearance at the Abbey; and Mrs. Hazlewood's excellent cup of tea will be spoiled."

"It will be all the better for drawing a little longer," said Jane, tying on her bonnet—"we will not disappoint the old lady, who is the most hospitable woman I know, and my very good friend—we will, therefore, add two to the party and accompany you thither. Alice and Stephen, I know, have much to say to each other after such a long absence. Mr. Fleming will take care of us."

Poor Arthur! how this last sentence confirmed all his fears. Alice must love such a noble creature. Her denial could only have been induced to conceal her real feelings, and though he could hardly reconcile such conduct with her usual candor and simplicity, he felt convinced that his suspicions were true. As he gave his arm to the two young ladies, he cast a hasty glance behind. Alice and the young mis-

sionary still lingered at the cottage door, in earnest conversation with Mrs. Featherstone, and Fleming's misery was complete.

When the party entered the ruins, they found the Captain and Sophia there before them. Sophia was seated upon a fragment of the broken wall. The glow of happiness was upon her cheek, and few who looked upon her smiling, animated countenance, could have imagined that the shades of envy and discontent could ever cloud a brow so calm and beautiful.

Fleming recalled with feelings of painful regret the evening he first visited the ruins with Sophia, and the affection and respect he then entertained for her; and contrasted, with a sigh, the different sentiments with which he now regarded her. He no longer felt any esteem for her character. She had proved to him, that she was not worthy of his good opinion. Yet, he could not wholly divest himself of the strong interest which he felt in her future welfare. "How many difficulties must she encounter," he thought, "before the conquest over self is achieved. Yet there is something about her which leads me to hope that, in spite of all this vanity and frivolity, she will not ultimately be lost to the prayers of the friends, to whom her beauty and winning manners, in spite of all her faults, render her so dear."

Sophia rose in the most easy and graceful manner to receive her friends, expressing the most lively pleasure at Miss Featherstone's return to B——; and this was done with such apparent sincerity that it deceived every one present, Alice excepted, who, aware of her sister's real sentiments, estimated her politeness and professions of attachment as they deserved. She knew that if Jane had not been leaning upon Miss Ogilvie's arm, her welcome from Sophia would have been cold and distant, and she could not help secretly condemning the worldly and selfish motives which influenced her sister's conduct.

Impressed with feelings of a very different nature, Sophia Linhope gave her hand to Stephen Norton. She had always felt a particular affection for the grave but gentle companion of her infancy; and could have loved him, but that she ever feared his serious admonitions, and dark earnest eyes. How she dreaded at this moment to meet that reproving eye. She always fancied that he could look into her heart, and read the motives which actuated her conduct, and became pensive and silent in his company. Stephen was perfectly aware of the weak points in her character, and of this too she was painfully conscious. Of all her friends, there was not one who thought so kindly of Sophia as Stephen, who was so ready to excuse her faults, and to foster, and draw out the better traits of her character. He knew her heart was naturally warm—her affections, to those whom she did love, strong, and he pitied and forgave her for a thousand errors, which others condemned without attempting to reform. When he left her father's roof she was a giddy playful child, just stepping into womanhood—a creature of impulses, all smiles and tears, and until he had met with a being more congenial to his taste and feeling, he had felt, though unknown to Sophia, a boyish love for the fair little romp, whose delight it was to mock his gravity, and make him laugh in spite of himself. Yes, our grave missionary had once loved Sophy, and still felt for her an interest he could hardly define. He did not expect to see her quite so beautiful, but he was forcibly struck by the alteration in her manners, so unlike her former simplicity, and with the gay style of her dress, so different from the neatness which he had always advised the sisters to adopt, and which, when adopted, had met with his entire satisfaction. During their walk to the Abbey farm, he drew Sophia away from her military companion, and privately questioned her on the reason of this change, in which he considered that he was acting the part of an elder brother.

"My dear Sophia, I fear you are not glad to see me."

"What makes you think so?"

"Your welcome was so cold and distant. You no longer regard me as a friend and elder brother."

"As both," said Sophia, raising her eyes to his. She met those fine expressive eyes, so full of truth and gentleness, and her conscience smote her. "Oh," thought she, "how I wish, Stephen Norton, that I was as good, as high minded as you are."

"If you indeed regard me as such, Sophia, will you allow me to speak as freely to you as of old?"

"Yes, if you will promise not to scold me very much!"

"Do you think you deserve it?"

"Perhaps I do—but every body scolds me, and it does me no good, it only makes me more fierce and obstinate."

"Well, then, I will not scold you—we will only talk a little reasonably together. Don't you remember, Sophia, when we used to gather nuts in that hazel copse to the right. You used to laugh at me, and tell me that I was such a formalist that I could even adduce a reason to prove that my method of gathering nuts was better than yours."

"I dare say it was," said Sophy, laughing; "but for all that, I always filled my lap the first."

"That was because you took my advice. Will, Sophy, take my advice still?"

"Yes, if it pleases me—but remember, I was always wilful, Stephen—I promise nothing beyond that."

"Well I must make a beginning with what I am sure will meet with your disapprobation. What has induced you, dear Sophy, to exchange your modest and neat attire for a costume so preposterous and

unbecoming *—which diminishes your personal charms, and is quite unsuited to your station and circumtsances."

"It is the fashion," said Sophia, hanging down her head, and vainly wishing the broad flat brim of her large hat would shade her face from her companion's searching gaze.

"The fashion!" he repeated, in a grave tone, "what have you to do with the fashion? George Linhope's daughter should have higher aims."

Sophia remembered the manner in which she had obtained her finery, and the reproof was doubly severe.

"Alice said well," she murmured to herself, when she assured me that I should repent the purchase of this hat, as long as I lived. What trouble and mortification has it already cost me. If Captain Ogilvie did not admire it, I would never wear it again." This last conviction operated more powerfully on her mind than Stephen's reproof, and her own self-condemnation; and she returned for answer: "That she thought the best way of avoiding affectation of singularity was to dress as other young people dressed, and adopt the reigning fashions of the day."

"I suppose Mary Martin, the pretty country girl who used to call milk about the town, when I last visited B——, thought the same," returned her provoking companion; "for I passed her today dressed in a blue silk gown, and a hat exactly the shape of yours."

"But, Mr. Norton! consider the difference between her rank and mine," said Sophia, not a little mortified by this piece of information; "surely a girl like her adopting this style of dress is perfectly ridiculous?"

"It only shows that the girl is vain of her pretty face, and that the milk trade has flourished," said Stephen. "The love of display, which induced her to lay out her hard earned wages in such unbecoming finery is not a bit more absurd or criminal, than that which actuates her richer neighbors. This wish to outshine her companions in the costliness of her dress is not confined to the breast of Mary Martin, though, from the lowliness of her station, it appears more conspicuous. It is a weakness common to her age and sex. At the present day, when all ranks are struggling for precedence, and all in turn are outstepping their original bounds, the rage fordress has spread like a pestilence through the land. Do not imagine, Sophia, that merely telling the lower orders of the folly and presumption of awkwardly imitating the manners and costume of their superiors will be able to remedy the evil. The middle class, who are their world, and whose fashions they eagerly adopt, must first set them a better example by assuming a plainer, and more appropriate style. When we see the daughters of farmers and tradesmen rivalling women of rank and fortune in the richness of their attire, ought it to be a matter of surprise that the same infection spreads to the poor?"

"It is an evil for which there exists no remedy," said Sophia, eager to vindicate her passion for fine clothes.

"The stream must first be cleansed at the fountain head," said Norton; "persons in moderate circumstances must set a better example to their dependents, by living within their incomes, and dressing in proportion to their means, and not according to the figure they wish to make in the world. To this inordinate love of dress may be attributed half the vices and miseries which make this beautiful earth a moral desert, and destroy the domestic peace of so many families. One of the reigning follies of the day is for the middle ranks to assume an appearance, and affect a consequence, which they do not really possess. One half of the well dressed puppets we meet parading the streets are composed of these pretenders to gentility; their property and credit are alike exhausted, they must sink back into insignificance and contempt, yet, sacrifice for a few years of heartless pleasure, and mere outside show, the comfort and respectability of a whole life. The artizan and tradesman, at an humble distance, imitate their example, and endeavour to sport a fine exterior, while their smart clothes only partially conceal the poverty and wretchedness they cover."

Sophia felt perfectly miserable during Mr. Norton's speech. She was fearful that Alice had begged him to talk to her upon the subject, and finding no argument to advance in extenuation of her leading vice, she abandoned the attempt, and Stephen, hoping that what he had said might make an impression upon her volatile mind, dismissed the unpleasant topic, and quickened his pace, until they reached the avenue of old oaks that led to the Abbey farm, where they were joined by the rest of the party.

The house they were approaching was a fine specimen of the style of architecture common two centuries ago. Its high turreted chimnies and indented roofs, rose proudly from among the old elms which surrounded the building, whose massy trunks, excavated by time, still seemed to bid defiance to the storm. The mansion conveyed, even in this age of luxury, the idea of a good substantial residence, for the yeoman or farmer, and in real elegance of structure far surpassed the heavy square buildings of the present era.

The harvest had just commenced, and the banks that skirted the high road, in front of the Abbey farm, were occupied by a large party of gleaners, who were eagerly watching the loading of the last waggon of corn in a neighbouring field. Our party

*The great flat hats, worn by the ladies of fashion in the years 1827-8.

paused beside the gateway, to contemplate the motley group. Four generations were before them—infancy, youth, manhood, or rather womanhood, and extreme old age. Between these four great stages of existence, could be traced every gradation of size and age, from the grey-haired crone, bending earthward beneath the weight of years, to the helpless infant of a month old, wailing in its young mother's arms. Eager expectation marked the countenancers of the whole group. All eyes were turned towards the field in question.

One old peasant, who appeared the patriarch of the tribe, alone maintained a steady and composed aspect. He was a short, square-built, broad-shouldered, hale old man; and in spite of his furrowed brow and silvered hair, seemed to bid fair to reach a century. When the impatience of the women and children began to wax outrageous, he shared the contents of his stone bottle among them, and, in order to divert their thoughts into another channel, began singing, in a remarkably clear and manly voice, an old ditty appropriate to the season. The laughing, mischief loving crew of ragged urchins, instantly abandoned their pastime of swinging from the tough branches of the elm, and eagerly crowded round the knees of the old man, to listen to his song.

The harvest is nodding on valley and plain,
To the scythe and the sickle its treasures must yield,
Through sunshine and shower we have tended the grain,
'Tis ripe to our hand!—to the field—to the field!
If the sun on our labors too warmly should smile,
Why, a horn of good ale shall the long hours beguile.
Then a largess! a largess! kind stranger, we pray,
We have toiled through the heat of the long summer day!

With his garland of poppies, red August is here,
And the forest is losing its first tender green;
Pale autumn will reap the last fruits of the year
And Winter's white mantle will cover the scene.
To the field! to the field!—whilst the summer is ours
We will reap her ripe corn—we will cull her bright flowers.
Then a largess!—a largess!—kind stranger, we pray,
For your sake we have toiled through the long summer day.

Ere the first blush of morning is red in the skies,
Ere the lark plumes his wing, or the dew drops are dry,
Ere the sun is abroad must the harvestman rise,
With stout heart unwearied, the sickle to ply.
He exults in his strength, when the ale horn is crown'd,
And the reaper's glad shouts swell the echoes around,
Then a largess! a largess! kind stranger we pray,
For your sake we have toiled through the long summer day!

"That's old Michael Causton, Sir Philip Ogilvie's woodman," whispered Alice, to Fleming, who was once more at her side; "He is superannuated now, but that arm has signed the death warrant of many a stately oak. A finer specimen of humanity does not exist than that venerable weather-beaten old man. The sound of his voice brings back the happy days of my childhood; and when he has finished his song, I will give you a sketch of my old favorite."

As the chorus of the song ceased, the old man, suiting the action to the words, rose from his seat, and approaching the strangers, held out his coarse straw hat, and demanded a largess. This appeal to their generosity was not made in vain; and the children set up a joyful shout, as the pieces of silver were showered into old Michael's hat.

"Thank you, my kind masters, and an old man's blessing light upon you all," said the sturdy peasant, wiping with the back of his broad sunburnt hand the moisture from his brow. "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. May he increase your treasure in heaven."

"Thank you for your good wishes, Michael," said Alice; "your voice is somewhat broken since I last heard you sing?"

"Aye, Miss Ally, I could sing in my youth. But its time for me to give over the like of that now; my work is done, my dear young lady, I am a rusty sickle laid by on the shelf, that will never be put into the harvest again. It was only to amuse the youngsters here and keep the children quiet, that I tried a stave of the old song. I have often sung it to you, Miss Ally, when you were a bonny curly headed, rosy child. God bless you, you are pale enough now, but you were the sweetest faced baby that ever my eyes looked upon."

"And what brought you out today, Michael?" said Alice, the bright blush that crimsoned her cheek restoring the long forgotten roses.

"To keep the lads and lasses in good order, and to pick up a few ears of corn for my poor granddaughter—that pale young woman, Miss Alice, who sits upon the bank, with the sickly infant in her arms. Poor child, she was left a widow this winter, with three helpless little ones, and she still in her teens. Ah! these early marriages, Miss Alice, they won't do in a country like this here, which is too full of human creatures already. But they will marry—they won't take an old man's advice, or work as an old man has worked, to bring up a family and

keep himsel' out o' the work-house. They won't go to 'Merika, where there's a plenty o' room for them. No, no, the fond fools, they would rather starve under the shade of the old oaks, and the hawthorn hedge-rows of old England. If Richard had emigrated, now, poor Amy would not be asking bread of her poor old father, who is past working for himsel'."

Alice turned with painful interest towards the object of the old man's solicitude. The young woman appeared bowed down and heart-broken with care and anxiety. "Poor thing!" said Alice, "how sad and dejected she looks. Sorrow has laid no gentle hand upon her young heart."

"We are all born to trials, Miss Ally. I have had few of my own, but I am likely to know enough in the persons of my children. But 'tis useless to repine. He who sends. always fits the back for the burden. Better days may be in store for her. She shall never want food whilst I live."

Then, as if anxious to banish painful recollections, the hardy peasant turned from contemplating the wan face and wasted form of his grand-child, and said in a lively tone: "Why Miss Ally!—does not this scene bring back the old times, when you and Miss Sophy were little ones, and used to come in your white frocks into the harvest field, to beg a ride in the empty waggon. Bless my heart! it only appears like yesterday; but here you are, both grown up into fine young women; and let a few more years pass over your heads, and, like old Michael, the past will appear to you like a tale that is told."

"Is your mother still living, Michael?" asked Sophy. "She was the oldest woman I ever saw."

"And may be you will never see her like again," said the old peasant. "Yes, she is living, my pretty Mayflower, and as hearty as a cricket. Her eyes are somewhat dim, to be sure, but she's a wonderful woman for her years. She will be a hundred next St. Thomas' day."

"A hundred years old!"

"It's not always those, Miss Alice, that are born on the shortest, darkest days, that count the fewest years. My old mother has seen her children's grand children; and has never been inside a work house, or received any allowance from the parish."

"For which blessings she is indebted to the kindness of her dutiful son," said Alice.

"Say rather to God, Miss Alice—we are all, in turns, trials to each other; and I have great reason to be thankful that I have never wanted the piece of bread that supports my good mother. But how comes it, Miss Ally, that you have not been into my cottage for these three months? To be sure it's not much to be wondered at, when I hear you are going to be married,"—he continued, with an arch glance—"to one of these gentles, I suppose—and though I don't know which amongst them is to be the happy man—for happy he will be, Miss Alice, who gets you—I doubt not you have made choice of a good husband, or, as my old mother says, 'He would be no mate for you.'"

Alice drew back and coloured deeply. Captain Ogilvie, observing her confusion, stepped forward, in the hope of raising a laugh, and said, in his blandest tone—"Michael, what do you think of me."

The old peasant surveyed the military dandy from head to foot, with a shrewd and sarcastic glance; then, looking him full in the face, replied, with a humorous smile, "It won't do—you are not the man. Miss Alice might go to the fair any day, and buy a gingerbread husband!"

The Captain felt greatly mortified when the laugh he had anticipated was raised against himself, while Alice said, very gravely, "Experience should have taught you, Michael, that 'tis foolish to jest on subjects we know nothing about. There is no truth in your report, and I hope it will not be repeated."

"Oh, certainly not, Miss Alice—but what every body says must be true," returned Michael, who loved to hear himself talk, with a knowing smile. but you were always steady from a child; I see how it is—Master Stephen Norton will carry off the prize; you were playfellows together, and years agone the old village crones used to prophecy that he would be your husband. May God bless you both!"

Fortunately for Alice, the latter part of this speech was lost in the shouts of the gleaners, as the noble team of Suffolk sorrels appeared in the gateway, and the boys, flinging up their caps in the air, cried, in exulting tones, "The field is clear! The field is clear! Hurrah! hurrah!"

This was followed by a sudden rush upon the gateway, not unlike that which succeeds the opening of some favourite exhibition in London, for the first time, and in a few minutes our party found themselves alone.

The latter part of Michael Causton's speech had not escaped the quick ears of jealous affection, and when Fleming offered his arm to Alice, his brow was clouded, and his face wore no smile. Alice felt vexed with herself for suffering the old peasant's observations to ruffle her temper, and, willing to dismiss her own unpleasant thoughts upon the subject, she turned to Arthur, but found his manner so reserved and distant, that, painful as the silence was that ensued, she had not the courage to break it. Fleming felt their mutual embarrassment, and was the first to speak.

"You promised me, cousin Alice, a sketch of Michael Causton. Has his *last speech* entirely banished it from your mind."

"It was very weak in me to be offended at the honest peasant's freedom," said Alice. "If you talk familiarly with persons in the lower order, you cannot expect to find them attending to the rules of

politeness. Michael will have his joke. I hope, Mr. Fleming, you considered his speech in no other light."

But Fleming did view it in a very different light. He considered his cousin's engagement with Stephen Norton as certain, and he was angry with her for wanting the candor to avow it. He looked earnestly into her face, and, without making any answer to her appeal, said—

"Cousin Alice, this is not the history you promised!"

"True," replied Alice, throwing down her veil, to conceal her quivering lips and tearful eyes, for she felt that the time for an explanation was gone forever. "I do not mean to break my promise."

"Michael Causton* is a striking example of the effects of religion, operating upon an uneducated but naturally strong mind. Honesty in him is a steady principle; and the fruits resulting from it are industry, patience, faith, hope, and charity, which create in his mind an universal feeling of benevolence to his fellow-creatures, and attachment and gratitude to his employers. Length of days has not been given to Michael in vain; he has been of infinite use in his generation, and might be called the father of the poor in the village. His station is humble, but there are very few of his poorer neighbours who have not proved his kindness of heart, and shared his hospitality. For sixty years, Michael has been in the employ of the Ogilvie family; and has gained no small degree of celebrity as a woodcutter. His judgment in trees is reckoned infallible, and not a fall of timber takes place in the neighbourhood until Michael has given his opinion on the subject, and pointed out the trees that promise best for the axe. The father of the present Sir Philip had such a high opinion of Michael's honesty, and attachment to his family, that, at his death, he left him a small pension of ten pounds per annum; and strongly recommended him to the protection of his son, in whose service Michael has grown gray, and only quitted when no longer able to work. During a long and laborious life, he has saved a tolerable competency, which maintains him comfortably in his old age, and has enabled him to carry a favourite project into execution, which he formed many years ago.

"He obtained the grant of a piece of waste land from his master, upon which he has erected six neat white washed, mud cottages, as a separate home for his five children and himself, where he resides with his aged mother, whom he supports without any assistance from the parish. In his little colony Michael has seen his sons' sons arrive at manhood, and work in the fields which first witnessed his youthful toil, and bowed beneath the strength of his manly arm. His numerous descendants look up to him as to their common father; and it is a beautiful sight to see him surrounded by his great grandchildren, to whom he imparts, in the simplest language imaginable, the experience of eighty-six years. A long acquaintance with Michael, whom I have known and loved from my earliest years, has only increased my respect for the hardy old peasant's character, making me feel more forcibly the truth of those beautiful lines of Burns—

'The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.'

"From the time he was twenty years old, I have heard him declare. that he never missed attending the church on the Sabbath day. When turned of thirty he had a strong desire to learn to read; and, in order to attain this object, he put by a small sum weekly, which he paid to the parish clerk for instructing him in the first rudiments. A more intimate knowledge of the Scriptures produced the most beneficial effects upon his mind; he made the word of God his daily study, and regulated his conduct accordingly. 'The secret of the Lord is in the dwelling of the righteous;' Michael has certainly discovered this secret."

They were now at the door of the farm house, and were received by its worthy mistress, with the frankness and hospitality so liberally displayed by the agricultural class.

CHAPTER XX.

THE next day brought sorrow to the heart of Alice, for her cousin actually received letters from his father, demanding his instant return to Holland, on business of the utmost importance. All were grieved to part with their dear young relative, but as duty commanded his absence, none urged him to stay.

"Do you go by the coach tonight?" asked Alice in a hurried voice.

"Within this hour, dear girl," said Fleming, turning away to conceal his emotion. I have been very happy here, and, but for one circumstance, should have been happier still."

There was a long pause. Alice was but too conscious of the circumstance to which he alluded, and she retreated to the window, whilst Arthur was making his adieus to the rest of the family. Her heart beat violently, and her tears flowed without control down her pale cheeks. She dared not move nor speak, lest the suffocating grief which weighed down her spirit should find a voice. She dreaded the parting pressure of Fleming's hand, the last accents of his manly voice, and when at length he approached she turned weeping away. Arthur was flattered and surprised, by her extreme agitation. He took her hand.

"Alice, my dear cousin Alice, one word before we

* This character is no creation of the mind. It was real, and existed in the person of John Ruthven, woodman to the Earl of ——.

part. You correspond with my father. Will you extend the same favor to me.? I should peruse your letters with delight, and hoard them as treasures."

"Arthur," said Alice, making a strong effort to command her feelings; "I am sorry that I cannot grant your request."

"It is the transcript of your mind, Alice, not the affections of your heart I seek," he added in a lower voice. "I know the latter are not in your power."

His cousin's tears flowed faster than before. "You are right," he continued, dropping her hand. "Why should I seek to keep alive the feelings of regret? Yet, do not wholly forget me. In the hurry and turmoil of business, I shall always look back to my stay at B—— as the happiest period of my life. My kind, my affectionate, my beloved relatives, farewell."

And he was gone—gone without any explanation from Alice. Gone in the belief that she was engaged to another, and had acted in a heartless coquettish manner to him. This was more than Alice with all her philosophy, her pure religion and self devotedness, could bear, and for some hours after his departure she wept unceasingly. At length she recalled old Michael's words, and a confused idea of the truth flashed upon her mind. It was not of Marsham that he had been jealous—it was of her friend, her more than friend and brother, the betrothed of her afflicted friend Jane Featherstone, he had been jealous, and Alice felt comforted. How easily could she exonerate herself from this charge. How noble would the conduct of the missionary appear to Fleming when it was made known to him. Alice sprang from her seat full of hope, and actually smiled through her tears. In the meanwhile Sophia's conscience strongly upbraided her for being the cause of the misunderstanding which, she well knew, had destroyed her sister's peace—but though a few words from her would have removed all the supposed impediments between their union, she wanted the moral courage to declare that she had acted wrong. Alice was as kind and as affectionate as ever, and if she mentally suffered it was in silence and alone; and as Sophia did not experience any personal inconvenience arising from the mischief she had done, she soon ceased to feel any self reproach for the sorrow she had inflicted.

A few days after Fleming's departure, Lucy Ogilvie and her brother called to repeat the invitation to the pic-nic, which, on account of Mrs. Austin's indisposition, had been put off to a more favorable opportunity. At first, Alice declined making one in the party, but Lucy would take no refusal.

"Dear Alice," she said, winding her arm about her friend's slender waist; "you must go. I will not go without you. This is the first favor I ever asked. You cannot surely refuse me."

"I am sadly out of spirits, Lucy; you will be much happier without me."

"But Marsham will not go if you remain away, and the party will be nothing without him."

"Dear Lucy, what am I to infer from this speech?" said Alice, drawing her friend into a more secluded part of their little garden.

"You may infer what you please Alice, but do not look so grave. I know you do not love him, though he loves you; you cannot surely be jealous of a discarded lover."

"My dear Lucy, if I thought he could make you happy, I should rejoice in the transfer of his regard from myself to you. But, my dear girl——"

"Ah don't pity me, Alice. I will not hide my heart from you. I love Marsham as well, as fondly, as devotedly, as he loves you, and though I know my love is at present hopeless, yet it is happiness to hear him speak, to be near him. Oh, do go—we shall spend a delightful day, and the change of air and scene will do us both good."

"Who is to be of the party?"

"A few friends. My aunt as matron, you and your sister, and myself; Count de Roselt, Philip, Marsham, and Lieutenant White. Philip told me that you objected to go in the boat. Now my pony is at your service, and the Count has offered to be your Paladin. It will only be a little further round to go by land, and I am sure you will enjoy your ride. My aunt, your sister and I, go with Philip in the carriage as far as S——, when Lieutenants White and Marsham will meet us on the beach, and take us in the boat to C—— church. We shall all meet and take our dinner in the ruins, and if the day proves fine we shall have a delightful trip."

Alice felt a sudden chill fall upon her spirits, and from the moment she consented to make one in the party that feeling increased to a painful degree. "I wish Marsham was not to make one of the party," she thought. "I have not met him since the ball, and the fierceness with which he then regarded me alarmed me. Perhaps he has forgotten me—has really transferred his affections to Lucy. They tell me that he is always there, and that he is received by the good pastor with kindness, and that the whole family pay him great attention." That Marsham had forgotten Alice we leave the sequel to prove.

It was a gray, dull morning—such as often characterizes a day in August, when the absence of the sun seems to increase, by the denseness of the atmosphere, the sensation of closeness and oppressive heat. Not a breath of air stirred the branches. The birds were mute, and the cattle reposed in listless languor in the shade.

"Is it a fine day, Alice?" demanded Sophy as she unclosed her eyes, and beheld her sister up and dressed and leaning from the casement.

"It does not rain, Sophy, but 'tis oppressively warm, and though the clouds look hard and ridgy at present—we shall have a storm before night."

"Now don't croak, Alice; you are always a prophet of evil. I am sure 'tis a beautiful day," she continued, springing from her bed, and hurrying to the window. "We shall have the sea as calm as glass, and no sun to scorch our faces into blisters. We could not have chosen a finer morning; but every thing looks dull to you since Arthur went away."

"Perhaps it does," said poor Alice, unconsciously thinking aloud; "I know my spirits are not what they used to be. It would have been much pleasanter if Arthur had been here. I wonder where he is now."

"On his voyage, I suppose," said Sophy. "So you dare not venture in the boat. Is it out of fear of the sea, or of Lieutenant Marsham ?"

"Both," said Alice. "To tell you the truth, dear Sophia, I have a strange dread upon my mind. I feel afraid of this party, and only hope that we may meet as peaceably here tonight, as we do do this morning."

"What do you apprehend?" said Sophia, leaving off brushing her long fair hair, and opening her blue eyes, with a look of wonder.

"I don't exactly know, but since last night there has been a sort of vague foreboding, a mysterious and restless anxiety, in my mind, which our friend the Count would interpret into a presentiment of approaching evil."

"You do not think the boat will be lost ?"

"I hope not. Yet I wish we were not going. Is it too late to write a note to Lucy, and decline the invitation ?"

"Nonsense!" said Sophia, recovering her usual composure. "These are mere fancies. The Count has converted you to his fantastic creed. We shall have you fancying that you see ghosts next."

"I wish this may prove but an idle fancy," said Alice, pressing her hand tightly over her breast as if to keep down her swelling heart; "but I cannot feel comfortable. At what hour do we start ?"

"At nine. Ah, don't you see the Count is here already, with your steed. I almost envy you the ride. What a beautiful pony, and what a handsome man the Count is. Mind, Alice, he don't cut out the Dutchman."

"There is no fear of that," said Alice, with a smile. "But he is a very interesting looking man. I wonder he should make choice of such a matter of fact girl as Harriet Watson ?"

"Her money is the attraction," said Sophia. "If we had her fortune! Alice, we might ride in our carriages tomorrow. Hark! there's mamma calling us down to breakfast. Do go, dear Alice; I shall soon be ready."

Breakfast was soon over. The carriage called for Sophia. Alice mounted her pretty steed; and the Count, springing to his saddle, the party rode off in excellent spirits, and all but Alice happy in the anticipated pleasures of the day.

After travelling about a mile in company, Alice and the Count struck off into a cross road, which led over a barren sandy country to the ruined church of C——, where the party were to meet at noon, to dine and explore the romantic beauties of the place.

The day was so oppressive that from a gentle trot the Count and his fair companion soon reduced the pace of their horses to a walk, and the deep sandy road even rendered that fatiguing. "I hope the beauty of the ruins will repay us for this dull dusty ride," said the Count. "We should have found the boat, my dear Miss Linhope, a pleasanter mode of conveyance."

"I do not doubt it," said Alice, "but to tell you the truth, Count de Roselt, I felt such a presentiment of evil on my mind, that I could not venture upon the sea today."

"Strange," said the Count, musingly; "it was something of the same nature which made me the fortunate companion of your ride today."

"How is that possible ?" said Alice, suddenly checking her horse.

"Quite possible. Now, dear Miss Linhope, we shall see whether these presentiments or warnings are sent to us in vain; for I come out with the full conviction that something is about to happen to some one of the party, if not to myself, which will confirm the truth of this despised theory. You must know that about four weeks ago, I foolishly enough had my fortune told, by a pretty black eyed gipsy girl, who would take no denial, and so, to get rid of her importunities, I at last consented. She told me, among many things, which girls of her calling say to please single gentlemen, that I must avoid the company of the ladies or I should provoke the jealousy of a dark haired, tall sea officer, and that above all things I must avoid the sea shore, on the thirty-first of August. It was not until last night, whilst chatting with Captain Ogilvie about the party today, that I remembered the gipsy's warning; but I considered the danger, if danger there was, avoided, by accompanying you over land, and leaving the rest of the party to pursue their excursion by sea."

"Let us return," said Alice, stopping her horse. "The party will go on as pleasantly without us."

"Then you believe the truth of the gipsy's warning."

"Not in the sense in which you receive it," said Alice; "I consider that there is nothing supernatural in what she told. These people are very artful, and they hear, whilst pursuing their unlawful calling, the secrets of many hearts. There is one in our company who, to a fiery, jealous temper, adds the additional misfortune of hereditary madness. Who can tell the secret workings of the furious passions which scathe and irritate such a mind? The gipsy may have seen that mind laid bare in its darkest moment, and told you, as a prophetic warning, of a danger

which threatened you, which might prove but too true."

"You mean Lieutenant Marsham. I know him to be hasty and blunt, even to rudeness; but I was not aware that he was ever mad."

"Not exactly mad," said Alice; "that might be going too far, but so nearly allied to it that the evil spirit seems ever ready at hand to fling its fiery chains about its unhappy victim."

"He 's a fine, clever fellow," said the Count; "I am not afraid of Marsham—I must seek the danger in some other quarter."

"Avoid it entirely. Let us ride back to B——. The dusty road and the heat of the day are a sufficient excuse for our not going forward; I will take all the blame upon myself."

"They would laugh us out of *our* senses, could we act so foolishly," said the Count. "Besides, the danger might be to them, and then we should never cease reproaching ourselves for deserting them."

"True," said Alice; "my advice was selfish; and, after all, these evils are as yet but imaginary. We may laugh at our fears before night."

Putting their horses to a brisker pace, a couple of hours brought them before the ruins. The sound of voices, and the light gay tones of females laughing, convinced them that the feast was already spread, and that the rest of the company had arrived before them.

Lieutenant Marsham came forward to assist Miss Linhope to alight. They had not met for many days. As Alice gave him her hand, their eyes met. The fierce wild glance of that dark bright eye sent a thrill of terror through her whole frame. She trembled so violently that he was forced to lift her in his arms from the horse. The form of one so dear to him, thus placed within his grasp, seemed to revive in a tenfold degree the passion which had been slumbering during their absence from each other—and he whispered in her ear, with frightful composure, which told but too plainly to his terror-stricken auditor the state of his mind, "I hope Miss Linhope has enjoyed her ride?"

One fierce pressure against that iron heart, and Alice was again amongst her companions, as pale as a spectre, and scarcely daring to raise her eyes, lest they should encounter the dark fiery glance of the being she could not love, yet could not wholly hate.

"Oh, Alice, we have had such a delightful sail; you don't know how much you have lost," said Sophia, who was seated on the green-sward by Captain Ogilvie, and looked the picture of happiness.

"The road was very bad," said Alice, hardly knowing what she said. "The poor horses could only walk through the deep sand; I don't know which were most to be pitied, the animals or their riders."

"The horses to be sure," said Captain Ogilvie, "for they had to carry their riders, and their slow progress would afford agreeable leisure for a *tête-à-tête*. By the bye, Roselt, you must take care how you go on flirting with Alice Linhope, or you may chance to make the Dutchman jealous."

The colour rose to Marsham's brow; he looked from one to the other. Lucy Ogilvie understood that glance too well, while the cheek of Alice became yet paler than before.

"Perhaps Miss Watson might have reason to be jealous of Miss Linhope," said Mrs. Austin, sarcastically; "for my part, I consider an engaged lover in the same light as a married man."

"Perhaps it ought to be considered in a light still more sacred," said Alice, proudly; "and I am quite unconscious in what manner my conduct could have given rise to such an unkind remark."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the *good-natured* matron, perceiving she had gone a little too far: "I was only jesting; but some people are so proud that they cannot take a joke."

"I don't understand such jokes," said Alice, "and I think it very unfeeling in those who make them." Then, anxious to hide the tears, which, in spite of herself, began to fill her eyes, she arose from the broken column on which she was seated, and left the interior of the ruins.

Mrs. Austin raised her eyebrows in silent astonishment, as much as to say, "Did you ever see so young a lady give herself such airs?"

"Don't vex her, dear aunt," said Lucy, in an imploring tone; "in a few minutes, Alice will be all smiles again."

The party now rose from their cold collation, to examine the localities of the place. In the meanwhile, Alice wandered on, wretched and alone, until she reached the lofty range of cliffs that overhung the ocean. The sultry clouds lay densely piled on the edge of the horizon. Molten and lead-like in hue and appearance, the dark waters slept beneath. A rugged flight of steps led to the distant beach, and above a narrow path wound along the brow of the cliffs to a rude hut, formed of old planks and wreck of the sea, and quaintly thatched with shingles and seaweed, which was the property of a strange, eccentric being, who lived the life of a hermit, and had been christened by the country people, Robinson Crusoe.* Who, or what this man was, or from whence he came, was a mystery which no one but himself could solve, and on this subject he always chose to remain silent. He had lived there for sixteen years, having raised his hut with his own hands, and furnished it with tables and benches of his own manufacturing, from such materials as he

* A real character.

could collect upon the beach after a storm. His hut was stored with all sorts of marine curiosities. He likewise possessed the back-bone of a mammoth, and many curious old coins, which he had picked up at different times along the shore, and which he exhibited for a trifle to the curious. He polished and cut pebbles in a superior style, and his knowledge of geology was extensive. His appearance and manners were those of a person who had once moved in a better class, but the long white beard which he suffered to grow down to his waist, gave him a strange and unearthly look. Alice had always felt a deep interest in this solitary old man; and never visited that part of the country without going to see and talk with him. Sad and weary at heart, she bent her steps to the lowly dwelling of the old recluse. He had chosen for his domicile, a situation which an eagle might have envied, and which, at first sight, appeared almost inaccessible. The bold range of cliffs at this point, suddenly jutted out into the ocean, whose restless waves washed their base. On a hanging ledge midway up the cliff, and which appeared ready to fall into the waves beneath, Robinson Crusoe had built his marine shed; a winding flight of steps led down to the water's edge, and a similar flight up to the heights above; but so narrow was the ledge, and so steep the ascent and descent, that few had courage to try the path alone. Alice had been used from childhood to the localities of the place, and cautiously threading her way, she now stood before the cabin, upon the rocky ledge on which it was built. The furious barking of a dog within, convinced her that the lapidary was not at home. The dog was familiar to her, for she had presented him herself to the old man; and, after gently tapping once or twice at the door, and receiving no answer, she lifted the latch, and a noble Newfoundland dog bounded to her feet. "Down, Neptune, down!" she said, at the same time encouraging the noble brute, by her kind caresses—"So your master is not at home, and I have had my walk for my pains." Weary both in mind and body, she sat down in a huge clumsy chair, which was anything but easy, and leaning her head upon her hands, her pent up feelings found relief in a long gush of heart-felt weeping. The dog sat by her side, regarding her in mute astonishment; sometimes he lifted his huge paw, and touched her knee, as if to arouse her attention; but finding that she still disregarded him, he sprang up on his hind legs, and licked the tears from her face. "Poor Neptune, you love me still—you feel for me—you, whom we look upon as the creature of a day, a thing without a soul,—yet you, poor, faithful brute, can feel the grief of your old mistress, and if you had a voice would strive to comfort her."

As she ceased speaking, the dog sprung to the door with a low growl; then, as if recognizing a well known step, returned to his mat in a corner of the cabin. "My old friend is come at last," said Alice, as a tall figure darkened the doorway; and she saw before her, not the hermit of the cliff, but the tall form of Roland Marsham.

"God have mercy upon me!" murmured Alice; "but why should I fear him;—he never showed aught to me but kindness? I do him injustice by these base suspicions." Then rising from her seat, she turned to Marsham, who still stood in the doorway, with his eyes rivetted upon her face, and said—

"You have been seeking me, Roland? I fear I have made the rest of the party wait."

"I have sought, and I have found," said Roland, in slow and distinct tones; "and this hour, Alice Linhope, makes you mine for ever!——"

"What do you mean, Roland Marsham? Your countenance is changed towards me; your looks alarm me. If you really love me, let me go hence in peace."

She advanced to the door, and crossed the threshold. He stood with folded arms, and a sarcastic smile upon his lips; and though he did not attempt to detain her, he followed her to the narrow ledge, and now stood by her side, with the lofty cliff above, and the dark waves slowly rolling at their feet.

"Who dares to doubt my love, Alice Linhope! has it not been too severely tried?"

"I was in hopes that you had forgotten me—had given me up—had transferred your affections to another," said Alice, in a tone of despair. "When last we met, I thought this unfortunate subject had been banished for ever?"

Roland turned his eyes upon her with such a glance of deadly meaning, that Alice, in the utmost terror, flung herself at his feet, and holding up her clasped hands, exclaimed, in thrilling tones of pathetic entreaty:

"Roland, I beseech you, by the love you bear me, to save me from an hour like this. You have taught me to fear you—to tremble at the sound of your step—at the tones of your voice. Love has nothing to do with fear; for the love of God, let me go hence."

"Why do you fear me?" exclaimed the maniac, grasping her arm, while his whole form appeared dilated with passion, and his eyes flashed fire—"Is it not because you have injured me—have maddened me by your heartless refusal of my prayers; you have scorned my tears—have laughed at my entreaties. The hour of vengeance is mine. It is now my turn to be disregardful of yours!"

"You cannot—dare not—mean to injure me?" said Alice, springing from her knees, and proudly folding her arms upon her bosom—for there was no escape, and she saw that resistance was fruitless. "This cannot be Roland Marsham, the friend and companion of my childhood? No, no; it is some demon who has usurped his form; for Roland, as I

knew him, would have died before he would have injured me."

"Say but that you love me, Alice," said the unfortunate man, sinking in his turn at her feet, and holding out his arms towards her, "and I will forget—forgive you all. Let but these arms for one moment enfold you, and the wretched, lost Roland Marsham, will trouble you no more."

He bowed his head upon his hands; deep groans burst from his heaving breast, and the big tears forced their way through his clenched fingers. It was a painful sight to see the proud man thus stricken to earth, like a little child. Bewildered, and deeply compassionating the forlorn state of his mind, Alice Linhope, yielding to the impulse of the moment, knelt by his side, and taking his hand in hers, said, in a low thrilling voice:

"Roland, I do feel for you; I do pity you. God knows how willingly I would at this moment give my life to restore you to happiness. But I cannot be your wife; I—I love another."

With a yell of despair, as if an arrow had passed through his brain, Roland sprang from the ground. No longer under the control of reason, he seized the kneeling girl in his arms, and bore her towards the edge of the dizzy precipice.

"You have said it; your own lips have pronounced your doom, and now we die together!"

Alice neither moved nor shrieked. An awful fate was hers, yet she seemed hardly conscious of her appalling situation. She felt but the grasp which held—the dark eyes, lighted by the fire of madness, that gazed upon her upturned face, and which seemed to wither her heart with their fierce blaze. Distinctly the sound of the distant billows came to her ear. Another moment, and where would she be? And her mother—her dear mother—what would be her feelings, when she learned the fate of her darling child? This thought roused her once more to action. She struggled desperately to free herself from the madman's grasp.

"Peace, fool; be still!" said Marsham; "you think you can escape—ha! ha! You are no longer your own mistress. You are mine—mine forever! What arm can now free you from my grasp? Take your last look of the earth and skies, and lay your head quietly down on this breast and die. If there be a God, let him save you now if he can!"

"He can! he will, blasphemer!" exclaimed Alice, as, in answer to her wild shrieks, the dog sprang from the cabin upon Marsham, and seized him by the throat. Releasing the affrighted girl, with one blow of his fist he laid the dog at his feet, but that moment of time was not lost to Alice. She heard a voice call to her above, but by some strange fatality she took the lower flight of steps, which led to the beach. She sprang—she bounded down the perilous descent, nor paused until she stood upon the narrow beach below. Then, looking upwards, a sight more frightful than the scene she had quitted met her eyes, and she stood awed and spell-bound, without the power to quit the spot. There, upon that narrow ledge, with fierce and menacing gestures, she beheld Count de Roselt and the infuriated Marsham. She saw the latter make a desperate spring at his antagonist, who, eluding the encounter which must have terminated in his fall from the fearful precipice, fled along the narrow ledge which extended about a mile along the cliffs, and a jutting angle of the rock hid the pursuer and the pursued from her sight.

Powerless with excitement and terror, Alice sank down upon a stone, and buried her face in her lap. Her limbs had lost their strength—her brain had ceased to think—her heart almost to beat—and there she sat, hour after hour, until the broad shadows of the setting sun gleamed upon the face of the sullen waters, and the first low peal of thunder muttered among the hills.

The sound of oars broke the deathlike stillness which brooded around,—but Alice neither heard nor regarded it. At length a hand was gently laid upon her shoulder. She shrieked and looked up, and met—not the baneful gaze of the madman—but the mild, thoughtful, majestic eye of Stephen Norton."

"Alice—dear Alice! what brought you here?"

"Pleasure! but it has ended in pain—dreadful pain!" said Alice, pressing her hands upon her temples. "I dare not recal the past; yet it must be told."

She then related, in a hurried and confused manner, the events of the day, to which her companion listened with surprise and alarm.

"And now what is to be done?" said Alice, rising from her seat; "is there any probability that the Count made his escape?"

Stephen shook his head.

"Let us seek for them."

"Oh no, I dare not go; I dare not meet Marsham again," said Alice, shrinking back.

"I fear you will never meet him again," said Stephen. "But do not tremble thus, Alice; with me you have no cause to fear. My boat will round the promontory in a few minutes. Will you remain here until I return, or accompany me? It will lead you by a shorter path to the ruins."

"I will go," said Alice, stepping into the boat, which Stephen, and the two seamen who accompanied him, pushed from the shore; and Alice found herself upon the dreaded waters; but a deeper anxiety filled her mind, and banished all recollection of her former dread.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE long absence of Alice had excited no small degree of surprise and uneasiness, amongst the party she had quitted. "Where can she be?" said Lucy Ogilvie. "She must have returned home,

with either the Count or Lieutenant Marsham, for all three are missing."

"Not with the Count," replied Sophia, "for both the horses are grazing in the church yard, and the distance is too great for a journey on foot. I'll tell you where I think we shall find both her and them. Do you remember, Lucy, old Robinson Crusoe's hut?"

"I have heard of the place, but have never seen it."

"Well, I have no doubt that they are there. Alice is a great crony of the old man's. She has given us the slip, and has introduced the two gentlemen to her old favorite. Shall we go and look for them?"

"With all my heart," said the Captain. "You must introduce me, Sophia, to the old quiz. Does he tell fortunes?"

"Oh, no. He is not a witch that I know of, but the truth is that nobody knows what he is. He polishes pebbles beautifully. This lovely brooch was cut by him; and he does these things very cheaply, and has a great many pretty toys for sale."

"We will certainly visit him," said the Captain, and purchase some trifles, lovely Sophia, to serve as memorials of this happy day." He pressed Sophia's hand within his own. She replied with a smile. "Happy hours are too seldom enjoyed to be so easily forgotten,—I shall not soon forget those I have spent here."

This was said in tones audible only to her delighted lover, for lover he now seemed to be, and however unhappily the time had passed with Alice, with her it had fled on downy wings, and she looked so beautiful and contented, that it seemed a moral impossibility for a shade of care ever to darken that smiling brow.

"Let us go round the other side of the cliff. The ascent is not half so steep," said Sophia, "and we shall take Alice so nicely by surprise."

So saying, she took a path to the left, which reached the spot described in the last chapter, from the opposite direction. The path ran along the ledge of rocks where Alice had last beheld Marsham and the Count.

"What a beautiful sea view we have here," said Lucy; "but the dizzy height makes my head ache; suppose we descend to the beach, and climb to the old man's cabin from below. I feel so sick and giddy whenever I look over the cliff, I never dare scramble down the steep steps that lead directly to his hut."

Leaving the path they had followed, they soon reached a spot where the lofty range terminated in a low sand bank, and they gained the sea shore, without any trouble. As they leisurely walked towards the high promontory, at the foot of which the rocky stair commenced, they met a person leaning on a long staff, walking hastily towards them. The old man wore a loose waggoner's frock of pale blue, gathered about his middle by a leathern belt, coarse blue trowsers, strong nailed shoes, and a norwester on his head. His features were sharp and thin, his eyes clear and sparkling, and the long white beard which partially concealed the lower part of his face, gave to his whole aspect a strange and fantastic appearance. He looked like the ghost of a former age.

"That's old Robinson Crusoe!" said Sophia to the Captain; "shall we speak to him?"

The old man, however, saved her the trouble of an introduction, by abruptly addressing the party himself. "Go back—go back," he exclaimed, motioning with his staff for them to proceed no farther. "This is no place for women. You, sir, come on if you please. There has been a deed of blood committed here; and a gentleman lies dead beneath yon cliff. I saw the murderer plunge a knife into the other's breast, and hurl him over the precipice; but *he* has made his escape.

"Good heavens!" cried the Captain. "It surely cannot be the Count, or Marsham?"

A wild shriek burst from the lips of Lucy; she sprang forward and clung to her brother's arm. "For the love of God, Philip, let us go on and see."

"No, Lucy, I beseech you; stay where you are—I will go and ascertain the truth. If it is one of our friends, you will know it soon enough."

"Do not attempt to prevent me, Philip," said the agitated girl, forgetful of all her former gentleness; "I tell you I will go."

"Madam," said the recluse, respectfully; "the body is shockingly mangled. It is no sight for a lady."

"Lucy, dear Lucy, be persuaded," said Sophia, putting her arm about Miss Ogilvie's waist; "Philip will go, and we shall soon know all. It may not be as you think. Be calm—pray be calm."

"It is him! I know it is him,—exclaimed the miserable girl, sinking down upon the beach, and burying her face among the pebbles; "and this is the end of our happy day?"

Leaving the ladies in a state of dreadful excitement, hoping for the best, but dreading the worst, Captain Ogilvie followed his guide round the sharp angle of the cliff, and there, with his head just touching the water's edge, his features dreadfully disfigured by his fall upon the sharp rocks, and his dress torn and drenched with blood, lay the once gay and handsome Count de Roselt. He had heard the shrieks of Alice for help, had sprang promptly to her assistance, and encountering the madman, under the first paroxism of his fatal malady, had fallen the victim of his ungovernable fury. Petrified with horror, Captain Ogilvie still continued to gaze upon the disfigured countenance of the dead, when a boat

neared the shore and he was joined by Alice and the Missionary.

"I dreaded this," said Stephen;—"and where—where, is the wretched murderer?"

"He has made his escape," returned the Captain.

"Oh! Miss Linhope, what a dreadful spectacle is this. Can you throw any light upon this horrible affair?"

With a convulsive shudder, Alice recalled the prominent part she had acted in this fearful tragedy, and when she remembered that all those painful circumstances must be minutely detailed before a public audience, she covered her face with her hands, and envied the dead man the eternal silence which the mysterious fulfilment of his destiny had imposed upon him. The idea of something dreadful, which was to happen that day, had haunted her mind since the preceding evening, and now that she beheld the awful realization of what had then appeared to her groundless fears, she was more stupified by its certainty than surprised that it had actually occurred. After talking for some time apart, with the old man and the Captain, Stephen again joined the afflicted girl, and drawing her gently from the horrid spectacle, informed her that it was necessary for them to remove the body to the abin, until the Coroner's inquest was held over it. That he and Captain Ogilvie would return on the horses to the town, to make all the necessary arrangements, both with regard to the Count and for the apprehension of Marsham; and that it was advisable for the ladies to return home before the news became public, and a crowd had collected on the spot.

"You will not be afraid, dear Alice, to return in the boat to S—— with the other ladies. Lieutenant White and his men are pulling towards the shore. He will take care of you. I would have taken this upon myself but these painful duties must be performed."

"I fear nothing now," said Alice, mournfully. "I have seen that which has turned my heart to stone. I have often wept over a dead bird, but in this terrible hour I have no tears to shed."

"Do, Mr. Norton, take charge of the ladies," said Captain Ogilvie, who expressed more feeling on this occasion, than might have been expected; "I will remain here, and see all attended to that is necessary. You will be able to comfort them under this dreadful trial."

"I will do as you wish, Captain Ogilvie; it is time we were in the boat, there is an ugly swell upon the waters, and the clouds are gathering for a storm."

Assisted by the sailors and Lieutenant White, the body of the unfortunate Count was borne up the rocky steps to the cabin, while Norton carefully washed from the stones, the stains of blood, as the ladies had to pass the spot where the body had fallen, to embark. On reaching the place where the Captain had left the ladies, they found Lucy Ogilvie's intense anxiety had yielded to perfect insensibility. She was lying upon the beach with her head in Sophia's lap, who was seated on the ground, pale with agitation and terror.

"Oh! Mr. Norton," said Sophia. "I scarcely dare ask you to resolve our doubts. Who is the murdered man?"

"The Count de Roselt."

"Dreadful!" murmured Sophia.

"And where's Lieutenant Marsham?" demanded Mrs. Austin, in her usual harsh tones.

"No one knows. He committed the act under a fit of temporary insanity."

"Insanity! Mr. Norton. Don't tell me. The insanity of wickedness. I wonder what my brother could see in that young man to like, and my neice too. I always told them that he was a bad fellow—a vile infidel, who ridiculed the Bible and never attended divine worship. What could be expected from such a person. It's most unpleasant to have one's name mixed up with such people—is it not, Mr. Norton?" said Mrs. Austin, walking at the head of the party towards the boat.

"We will not recriminate upon the absent madman," returned Stephen. "I hope he will not be considered an accountable being."

"Indeed! I hope he may meet with the punishment he deserves—hanging is too good for such a wretch! I wonder what his mother will say to this?"

"His poor mother," sighed Alice. "It will break her heart. Alas, alas! his mother. What account can we give to her of her absent son?"

"Do not distress yourself, dear Alice," said Stephen, who was carrying in his arms the pale form of Lucy Ogilvie. "Sufficient to the present hour is its load of care. The coarse remarks of that unfeeling woman," he added in a lower tone, "are not the least of the evils we are called upon to bear."

They had now reached the boat, and Stephen, placing his cloak at the bottom of it, gently deposited thereupon his helpless burden. Alice removed Lucy's bonnet, and wrapping her veil around her face, supported her head upon her knees. In those awful, death-pale features, she read a sad sequal to the adventures of the day, and the tears, which had been frozen by terror, now fell fast over the marble countenance of her poor friend. It was a beautiful trait in Alice Linhope's character that she was ready to sacrifice her own feelings to alleviate the sufferings of others, and whilst pondering over the best means of softening the anguish which the late frightful occurrence must give to the poor widow, and the unhappy Lucy, she almost forgot her own heavy share in the same dreadful calamity.

The storm, which had been threatening all day, now gathered darkly round them. The wind howl-

ed along the waters in fitful gusts, and the hitherto glassy surface of the deep was broken into short, white, crested billows. The rain pattered against the sails of the boat, and the whole face of nature assumed a comfortless and portentous aspect.

"Pull away, lads. Pull for the shore, while we can effect a landing," shouted Lieutenant White, standing up in the boat. "Down with the sails. Whurr! the gale's rising."

"You don't say so, Lieutenant White?" cried Mrs. Austin. "Merciful heavens! what will become of us?"

"Pray, sit still madam?" returned the officer, impatiently. "There is no actual danger at present. A boat like this would live in a sea which would sink a larger vessel. If we cannot effect a landing we must run for Yarmouth roads."

"Alas! my mother," thought Alice, "what torture she will endure, if we cannot reach home tonight."

The rain now descended in torrents, and Alice, as she held up her face to the drenching shower, felt her burning brow relieved by the cooling moisture. The desolate scene was in unison with her own desolute feelings. The heavens seemed to weep with her. The bright beams of the sun would have been a mockery to her misery.

At length their storm-tossed little bark neared the town of S——, dashed through the line of heavy breakers that thundered on the shore, and they were beyond the reach of danger. Stephen Norton ran to call up Mrs. Ogilvie's carriage from the hotel, while Lieutenant White, leaving the boat in charge of the sailors, tried to assist the ladies up the cliffs.

On being lifted from the boat, Lucy recovered from her deathlike swoon.

"Alice," she whispered "are we home?"

"Not yet, dearest, but we soon shall be. Let us be thankful to God that we have escaped the dangers of the deep."

Lucy sighed heavily. "Where, Alice, is Marsham?" Alice shook her head, mournfully.

"Did they apprehend him?"

"No."

"Thank God!" murmured the poor girl. "I hope he will make his escape."

"Can you walk, dear Lucy?" said Alice, offering her arm. "A crowd is collecting, and 'tis growing dark."

"I will try," said Lucy, bursting into an hysterical fit of crying; "but, I feel so weak. Something dreadful has happened, yet I cannot half comprehend it yet. Oh, Alice, I am too miserable to know the full extent of my misery."

"You have had a sorry termination to your pleasant trip, ladies," said a voice among the crowd, and Dr. Watson bustled upon the scene. "What is the matter, Miss Lucy? Are you frightened at the storm? You have had a sad drenching. Never mind, salt water seldom gives cold. But the sooner, my dear girl, you change these dripping garments the better. Come up to my house. Mrs. Watson and Harriet will get every thing comfortable for you."

"Thank you," said Alice, "but Miss Ogilvie's carriage will be here in a few minutes, and the sooner she is home the better. "Oh, Doctor," she continued with much agitation, "something dreadful has happened. I have scarcely courage to tell you what." Then drawing the good old man on one side, she told him what had occurred.

The amazement and distress of the Doctor, may well be imagined, both on his niece's account and on theirs. "Ah, Miss Linhope!" he exclaimed, "these parties of pleasure—how often they terminate in sorrow. Poor Marsham—I have long dreaded an attack of his disorder, and his dreadful propensity for drink has accelerated his fate."

"What will become of his unhappy mother, when she hears this dreadful tale?" said Alice.

"She must not hear it, Miss Alice—she must not hear it, the madhouse or the grave would be the certain result, and the last would in my opinion be the least evil of the two."

"How can we prevent it? She will miss her son—will enquire among the neighbors for him, and some officious person will be sure to tell her the worst. Had we not better break it gently to her?" said Alice.

"Well, Alice, you may do as you please—as you think best, but I fear the consequences. And have you sufficient courage to undertake the task? Can you soothe the poor woman in her agony. You of all the world are the fittest person. But, my dear child, you know not the trial that awaits you."

"I do not care for myself," said Alice, "if I could only comfort her. God would give me strength. He never yet deserted me in the hour of need. But she, poor thing, has not that firm reliance on the goodness and mercy of her heavenly father, which is to the believer a balm for every wound."

"Well, go to her, Alice. Your own good sense will best instruct you how to proceed. I will go home with Miss Ogilvie. She looks ill, and needs both rest and medical aid. Step to my house, Alice, and my carriage shall convey you to Mrs. Marsham's, and perhaps," he added, in a low tone, you will break the news to my neice. I do not expect that it will affect her as it does you. But considering her connexion with the poor Count, it must be a great shock."

Lieutenant White and Stephen Norton now joined them. Mrs. Austin and Sophia, were already in the carriage, and the Doctor supporting Lucy up the cliff, left Alice and Stephen to perform their melancholy mission.

Fortunately for Alice, she found Harriet from home; and her Aunt promised to break the dreadful tale to her on her return. Mrs. Watson insisted on Alice changing her wet clothes, and forced her to take a cup of warm tea before she proceeded to B——. Poor Alice mechanically obeyed, and felt a temporary relief from the burning headache, which really blinded her.

In a few minutes she and Stephen were on their way to the poor widow's.

"Stephen," said Alice, rousing herself from a fit of sad musing, "would it not be a virtue in this case to tell a falsehood?"

"We must not do evil, Alice, that good may come of it. I never think these temporary subterfuges in the end do good. They only avert for a time the sad reality."

"You forgot the case of John Thurtell," said Alice. "His poor mother never knew that her son died upon the scaffold, and ended her days in peace."

"That was a solitary instance of the fidelity of friends, and the deep sympathy which a whole community felt in that domestic calamity. Such cases, dear Alice, rarely occur. For my own part I would rather know the worst than be left to the mercy of a torturing suspense. My own fertile imagination would be sure to magnify the evil. Perhaps poor Mrs. Marsham will feel it less than you imagine."

"Impossible!" returned Alice, sinking back in the carriage; "I know it will kill her."

"The carriage had better not stop at the gate. Such an unusual sight may alarm her fears," said Stephen; "we are near the house. Will you alight?"

Supported by the arm of the young missionary, and trembling like an aspen leaf, Alice approached the house. But quick as they thought they had been, the ill news had reached before them. The little parish boy before alluded to, had been sent to S——, to put a letter in the post, and had heard the fatal tale from one of the sailors on the beach, and had ridden home at full speed to convey it the first to his wretched mistress, and when Alice opened the street door the shrieks of Mrs. Marsham, which filled the house, made her knees strike together, and her teeth chatter in her head.

"Merciful heaven! she knows the dreadful facts already," said Alice, clinging to Stephen's arm. "Shall I go in?"

"I fear you are not able to bear it, Alice. Stay in the passage, and I will enter first."

"No, no, poor thing, perhaps my presence may soothe her agony. I can stay with her, and nurse her. It is cruel and selfish, for me to shrink from performing a Christian duty because it harrows up my feelings."

So saying, she gently enclosed the parlour door, and beheld a sight, which for a few moments made the blood recoil to her heart.

There, forcibly held in the arms of old Rachel, and a neighbouring woman, she beheld the widow with her clothes rent and torn, her hair scattered over her face, and her features swollen until no likeness remained of their original form and expression, raving and shrieking, in the wildest paroxysm of her fatal disorder.

The poor blind Captain, had risen from his bed, and was sitting rocking himself to and fro in his chair, and muttering sadly and unintelligibly to himself.

On perceiving Alice, a momentary glimpse of sanity appeared to flash upon the poor sufferer's brain. Darting from the grasp of the woman, who vainly endeavored to hold her back, she sprang upon Alice, with a shriek so dreadful that it found an echo from the pale lips of the terror stricken girl.

"My son! my son!—give me my son! It is you!—you!—you, Alice Linhope, who have murdered my son!" and flinging herself upon the ground, she screamed and raved until her voice resembled the howls of some wild animal in a state of torture.

"She will be better presently," said old Rachel. "The Lord preserve us, Mr. Norton, who would ever think she was a human creature? The Lord keep us from the like. 'Tis fearful to look upon."

"Fearful and humbling both," said the young man, wiping the tears, which in spite of himself, flowed copiously down his checks, whilst poor Alice kneeling before the blind old man, had flung her arms about his neck, and was silently weeping upon his breast, and pouring out her soul to God in fervent prayer.

"Is it you, Alice, who have come to see us in our sore distress?" murmured the Captain, patting the depressed head of the weeping girl. "I always dreaded that it would come to this--that no good would follow upon Roland's reckless career. A murderer! To think that my gallant Richard should be the father of a murderer."

"Look at his mother," said Alice, clinging closer to the old man, and forgetting in that moment that he was blind, "and then say if poor Roland is accountable for his actions. I have often blamed him for his want of faith. But my censures are all lost in pity. Father, you must forgive and sympathize in the sufferings of your unhappy grand son."

"Let me hear how it all happened?" said the old man, with the querulous curosity of age.

"Not now," said Alice, "I cannot tell you now."

Then seeing Mrs. Marsham had partly risen from the floor, and was gazing upon her with lips apart, and widely extended eyes, she left the old man and went to her, and, taking her passive hand gently between her own, she said in a soft and tremulous voice:

"Dear Mrs. Marsham, do you know me?"

"Yes,—for the destroyer of my son."

Alice shuddered. "God has stricken your son with a frightful disease. What he did was done under the influence of insanity. He who thus afflicted will have compassion both on him and you. Take comfort, most unhappy mother,—turn to Him, and He will dry your tears, and restore your son."

A wild and appalling laugh was the sole reply which, for some moments, Alice received to her heartfelt address; at length the widow muttered to herself: "Restore my son. Yes—when the deep sea gives up its dead. Ha, ha, shall I search for him beneath the dark waters. Will you go with me, Alce Linhope, and look for poor Roland, among the tangled sea weed. The jagged rocks have torn his cheeks, and his bonny brown curls are dabbled with blood. See—see—the sharks are coming to tear his limbs. Ah! ah! ah! hide me—hide me—ah! ah!"

Again she cowered down to the earth, and again the foam flew from her lips, and her slight form was convulsed with agony.

"Oh blessed Saviour of the world!" exclaimed Alice Linhope, raising her tearful eyes to heaven. "Thou who didst so often rescue the human victim from the foul spirits of despair, look down with pity upon this poor suffering child of clay, and restore her to health and reason."

"She speaks prophetically, Alice," said the missionary. "The vision that floats before her disordered mind, is I fear, but too true. My dear Alice, you can be of no service here. Let me see you safe home."

"But the poor old man?"

"I will watch and pray with him."

"Do not leave me, Alice" said the old Captain; "I am childless now. I have no friend, but you."

"I will not leave you, father. We will read and pray together, and God will send us comfort."

"He has too often been absent from my thoughts," said the old Captain, "and evil has never departed from my house, since we ceased to trust in Him."

At this moment the Doctor arrived, and Stephen Norton assisted the old man to his bed, and informed him of all the particulars of the dreadful occurrence. Alice remained with the distracted mother. She supported her, whilst Dr. Watson bled her copiously, and administered a powerful soporific, and to her unspeakable joy, she beheld her sink into a deep sleep, and taking her seat by her pillow, she opened the Bible and commenced her melancholy vigil.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WORLD A MADHOUSE.

Delusive ideas are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination, the power by which their actions are incited; the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse.—*Mackenzie.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

In the Surrey Zoological Gardens are several serpents, amongst which is an enormous boa, measuring upwards of twenty feet in length, and weighing more than two hundred weight. It is usual for the keepers to bathe them occasionally, and by every means to endeavor to tame them, and from time to time it is no uncommon thing for one of the men in the habit of so doing to go into their room, or cage, and clean it, whilst two large constrictors lie coiled up in a corner. Those who have been at the gardens must know that the serpents room is near the pond, and that they are inclosed in divisions of about six feet by four, with plate-glass fronts, for the purpose of exhibition. Their food, live rabbits, is put into these rooms by a sliding pannel, which one of the keepers, named Blackburn, was in the act of doing, when the enormous boa sprung at him and seized him by the arm. The man leapt backwards, and drew the serpent partly out of the cage, which immediately spun round him like a windlass, and made one coil. Had he affected another, Blackburn would have been inevitably killed, perhaps partly swallowed, before it was discovered, he being at the time alone, and without any immediately near him; but by pressing the throat of the powerful creature, and by more than usual strength, he was preserved. Having shut the slide, on reaching the other keepers, from the conflict in which he had been engaged, the poor fellow fainted; and on being taken home, was found to be very much discoloured from the powerful pressure of his terrific antagonist. The same constrictor, in full action, would squeese a buffalo into a shapeless mass, and swallow it most easily The keeper, however, is now doing well.—*Morning Chronicle.*

MAY.

BY JOHN CRITCHEY PRINCE.

Bride of the Summer! gentle, genial May!
I hail thy presence with a child's delight;
For all that poets love of soft and bright,
Lives through the lapse of thy delicious day;
Glad earth drinks deep of thine etherial ray;
Warmed by the breath upspring luxuriant flowers,
Stirred by the voice birds revel in the bowers,
And streams go forth rejoicing in their way;
Enraptured childhood rushes out to play,
'Mid light and music, colours and perfumes;
By silent meadow-paths—thro' vernal glooms—
The enamoured feet of low-voiced lovers stray:—
In thee Love reigns with Beauty, whose control
Steals joyful homage from the poet's soul.

WAR.

That man should kill one another for want of something else to do, (which is the case of all volunteers in war), seems so horrible to humanity, that there needs no divinity to control it.—*Clarendon.*

THE ARTIST AND SCHNEIDER,

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

Alfred M—— is a painter, without either reputation or talent, and who consoles himself for the slights of fortune in the joys of the cabaret. Early one morning he hears a knock at his door; he opens, and enter his tailor.

"Is that you, M. Muller?"

"Yes, sir; and this is the tenth time that I have called. It is exceedingly disagreeable."

"You come for money, I suppose."

"Certainly, sir. Why should I come otherwise?"

"Oh, I didn't know. I thought it was to take my measure for a frock coat, which, I must say, I am very much in want of."

"I am exceedingly sorry, sir; but I can make you nothing more until you have paid your old account."

"Not, sir! But never mind; this is fine weather; and at home I can go in my shirt sleeves, and out of doors, why, my blouse must do."

"What, sir, you will give me no money, then!" and the tailor actually got in a passion.

Alfred appeased him as best he might by a vague promise, and the tailor moved towards the lower part of the house. Alfred followed him, and drew him into a cabaret, which was established in the very house he inhabited. Alfred paid for a glass of rum. The tailor called for a second, and said, "Bah! this is not worth one little glass of excellent white wine which I know of at the *Barrière des Martyrs*."

"Just my road."

"Come with me, then, as far."

Alfred followed Muller. The *Barrière* is gained, and the tailor calls for a bottle of wine. Alfred is under the necessity of doing as the tailor had done at the cabaret, and calls for a second.

"Do you know," says M. Muller, "that I am getting hungry."

"Well, let us have something to eat."

"Not here; this is not the proper place. I know a spot."

Alfred M—— and M. Muller climbed the hill together. Half-way they stop for refreshment. They reach the spot indicated by the tailor. They take a little *sale aux choux*, and they drink. Then follow salad and hard eggs, and they drink again. Towards the end of the fourth bottle, the tailor opens his whole soul to Alfred, and relates the sorrows caused him by a shrewish wife. At the appearance of the fifth, Alfred feels himself bound to pour forth his sorrows and explains why and by what intrigue and cabal he had risen no higher. He takes up a piece of charcoal, and sketches a man on the wall, and cries out, "Do you know that not all the artists in Paris, no, not one of them, could produce such a figure as that. But what matters it? they have fine clothes and splendidly furnished apartments; as for me, I starve in my garret."

The tailor is moved, and says, "When I came to fetch your money, I had no intention whatever of tormenting you; you shall pay me when you can."

They leave the cabaret, having drunk brandy to facilitate digestion, and take a walk. "Listen," said the tailor, "It is necessary that a young man should be well dressed: I will make you a coat and pantaloons."

"But I do not know when I shall pay."

"You must paint a portrait of my wife and little ones."

And in this philanthropic moment the tailor stopped him in the street, and took his measure for a coat and pantaloons.

The sun began to pour down in great heat; returning to the cabaret, they called for three bottles of wine. Having, however, drunk each a bottle, they discovered to their great mortification, that they could not hold the last. They call the wine merchant.

"Do you mind," says Alfred, "to-day is Sunday, so give this bottle of wine to the first thirsty man you see without money."

"Capital idea," says the tailor; "and what is more, a good action." The tailor took his measure under his arm, and the two friends seperated at the *Barrière des Martyrs.*

On entering the house where he lodged, Alfred M—— found himself a little moved,—he sought but in vain, for some time for the keyhole,—then would try to push open the door the wrong way. He entered at last, and threw himself on the bed; but the chair appeared to dance, the figure on his great picture began to play the violin. At length he fell asleep and awoke with his throat on fire. "*Parblue!*" said he; "I fancy there is no man to-day so thirsty as I; and who has less money? the bottle we left with the wine merchant is undoubtedly mine." He descends the staircase, and reclimbs Montmartre. The sun was hot as Egypt. He crept up with pain, and reached the top in a burning heat. He entered the wine merchant's, and behold! the tailor in the corner was finishing the last glass!

LIFE A CHEAT.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat:
Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceat;
Trust on, and think tomorrow will repay;
Tomorrow's falser than the former day;
Lies more, and while it says we shall be blessed
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd;
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again;
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain:
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggers us when old.

(ORIGINAL.)

BORDER LEGENDS.

BY A MONK OF G—— ABBEY.

NO. V.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH RANGER.

Continued from No. 8—Conclusion.

It appeared that only one of them had fired, and this was the shot we heard, and he hit his man, who instantly fell, when the traitors both ran down the gorge; but an awful messenger was sent after them by the other sentry,—for it will be remembered that I had ordered the watch to be doubled,—who knocked the prop away from beneath one of the large stones we had placed there to defend the pass, and he heard, shortly after the commencement of its thundering career, an appalling shriek of terror,—and then, amid the dying echoes of its last crashing bound, an indistinct and stifled groan, and all was still; and when he was left alone with the dead, in desolation and darkness, he felt his spirits so weighed down with a vague sense of blood-guiltiness upon his head, that he was fain to rest himself upon a rock for very weariness; but his two comrades, attracted by the report they had heard, were soon at his side, to rouse and reassure him. If the other one had fired, as his companion had done, they might have accomplished their object,—and why he did not, we never knew. On examining the other sentry, they found he was scarcely wounded, the shot had only grazed his head and stunned him.

This awful occurrence, together with the other important circumstances of the three last eventful days which led to it, made a deep and lasting impression upon our minds, which tended to knit us more firmly and faithfully together. The more necessary did we feel this, as our numbers suffered another diminution, soon after the events we have mentioned, in the death, without any cause that we could divine, of another of our comrades. He died very suddenly, only complaining a few hours before, of a slight head-ache, and, in sadness and sorrow, we laid him in his unhallowed and far-off grave, where he rests in his dreamless repose, but not alone, as we buried him beside the two traitors who had been killed,—the slayer and the slain together. He was the avenger of their perfidy; but the resolute and determined, yet necessary act, hung heavily upon his mind. The fearful shriek he heard, still rung in his ears, and a gloomy moodiness, which he never could entirely get rid of, might possibly have hastened his end.

We could not view without dismay this rapid reduction of our little band, now indeed, if ever, not strong enough to oppose successfully any attack that might be made upon us. We were only nine at first and we had lost three of our little number.

What added more than all to the importance of our last loss, in the estimation of my comrades, was the circumstance of his being the only one among us who knew any thing of the country, or of the new occupation they had entered upon; as he, with the leader, who was shot when I was rescued from captivity, were the last remains of a small party of Bush-rangers, who had, in a long pursuit, discovered one impregnable fortress, and to whom belonged the cattle we found there on our arrival, kept on purpose, in such a place, for any extraordinary and pressing emergency, so that we had been guilty of no outrage yet.

I therefore took the opportunity this consideration afforded to press upon them, for the first time, the necessity we were under, from the want of experience and a knowledge of the country, to refrain from even thinking of making any predatory excursions into the scattered settlements on the frontiers of our wild and boundless domain; and when I perceived that the arguments I made use of had some weight, probably because their minds were more accessible to good impressions, in consequence of their recent troubles and distresses, which were so painfully and severely felt as to render them, depraved and degraded as some of them were, sensibly alive, for the moment, to better motives. I urged upon them the criminality of such conduct, both in the eyes of God and man. I held out to them, as no small incentive to good conduct, the hope and probability of a general amnesty being proclaimed throughout the colony, for the benefit of such runaway convicts as had not been guilty of such crimes, although I did not then think, myself, how we were to hear of it. In short, I said every thing I could think of, and not without visible effect, although some shook their heads, as they asked how then were we to live? But such an objection, in that climate, was easily got over. We had already a number of sheep and horned cattle; kangaroos and other

wild animals were in abundance, and easily killed; the river we had crossed might abound in fish; wild fruits of a variety of kinds, some of them of delicious flavour, were equally plentiful.

But, to enjoy all this, some risks, not however at all equal to those we should be liable by a different mode of living, had to be encountered, as we must migrate, with our little flock of cattle, across that river whose rapidity had already saved us once, and ascend its right bank, for some distance, in order to reach a spot fitted for our altered purpose.

These subjects I suggested so repeatedly to their consideration, that at length they unanimously determined, that as they had sworn implicit obedience to my orders, they would now rely upon my discretion, and be guided by my advice.

This was not the work of an hour or a day, but of more than a month, during which period favourable circumstances did more, probably, than all I could have said to convince them of the practicability of my scheme, as we lived, and well too, if not comfortably, without diminishing our stock, except that we had no bread nor corn of any kind, not even a grain of wheat from which to produce any.

Our first object now, one that occupied all our attention, was to leave our mountain hold with every thing we possessed, and move down to the river. This occasioned us several days of hard work, which was not then over, as we had to ascend along its banks, some ten or twelve miles, till we came to smooth water; and this short journey also took us three weary days to accomplish, not that we laboured so very hard after all, but the weather was warm, and we were weak, or fancied we were, which was precisely the same thing as far as the work was concerned; besides, we had our cooking to do, together with some hunting for our provisions, and more for our amusement. But we had to travel the distance several times before we got all our arms, ammunition, skins which we had dressed, provisions, clothing, and some few tools—there was rather a heavy bag of dollars too, which, although of no earthly use to the present possessors, we carefully took along with us—one grain of wheat would have been worth it all.

In the place we had now arrived at, as there was good pasturage for the cattle, we stayed a few days, to rest ourselves, to construct a raft to pass the river upon, and to explore the country for a short distance above; not, however, in the hope of selecting a suitable and permanent settling place, for this we did not expect to find till we got out of the mountains, but to ascertain the best and easiest route.

When all was ready we again pushed on towards our original destination, and, after about five weeks of incessant toil, from the difficulties and obstructions we met with, from deep ravines and precipitous rocks, and mountain defiles, which were all but impassable, we found just such a place as we wished for.

The first thing we did, after we had recovered from the efforts of our long and weary journey, was to construct our future dwelling house, if our mud hut, consisting of one room, could be so termed. We afterwards, however, made so many additions to it, and of so much better workmanship, as to render its designation less doubtful. One of these was intended for a kitchen, but, finding it so much better than the original building, we appropriated the latter to that purpose. We then made another small room for our stores, consisting, besides what has been already mentioned, of several rude implements of various descriptions, together with our nets, which were formed of thongs cut from the skins of various animals, partially dressed, very toublesome to make, very useful to us, and hence their careful preservation became an object of no little importance.

At the conclusion of the second year in our new abode, we had to make another addition for a granary, as we had managed some time before this to obtain a little corn, as well as some other things we felt the want of almost as much; such, for instance, was a pot or kettle in which to boil down the water of one of those salt springs that happened to be near us, in which the interior of the country abounds, as well as for culinary purposes. Needles, shoe-makers' awls, and a few other trifles, as they are generally esteemed by those who have never been deprived of them, we were sadly in want of; and it was rather a romantic and dangerous adventure, we resolved upon, to obtain those important necessaries.

Four of us, leaving two behind to take care of our domestic concerns, set off for that part of the coast inhabited by Europeans; but, being totally ignorant of the country, we had the greatest difficulty, for several days, in making even a doubtful progress in our journey, till we fell in with a small river, which, as we knew it must empty itself into the sea, we followed in all its winding, till we reachad its mouth, where we found a new settlement, which none of us knew any thing about, and hence concluded that it could not be very near the capital of the colony, a place we were by no means desirous of approaching.

After prowling about the outskirts of this settlement for some time, we at length discovered a small hut, quite detached from the dwellings of the other settlers, and the smoke from the chimney, or rather from a hole in the roof, for chimney it had none, told us it was inhabited, and the moment it was dark we determined, if a closer scrutiny of its inmates should not deter us from the attempt, to pay them a visit. To accomplish this object, we sent one of our party to the little window to recon-

noitre, who immediately returned with the intelligence that the family consisted of a young man and his wife, and an old couple, apparently the father and mother of one of them, together with two or three small children. We, therefore, hesitated not to enter it, and when we did so their terror and dismay were indescribable—they could well have sworn that we put them in bodily fear. They knew that we were Bush-rangers, and fell upon their knees, imploring us to spare their lives, and offering to deliver up to us every thing they had. We soon, however, pacified them, and begged they would let us have the things we wanted, which we supposed they possessed—we would pay amply for them—but they literally had nothing, and were worse off than ourselves, so we sent the young man off to a shop, which he told us was in the adjoining settlement, about three miles distant, to buy them for us, promising him a tempting reward if he faithfully fulfilled his commission, and showed him the money, with a threat to burn his house and take his family away with us, if we saw the least symptom of treachery. To guard against this, upon which our very lives depended, we remained with the family till near day-light, when we returned into the deep and tangled recesses of the wooded wilderness, with the old man, who willingly accompanied us as a hostage for the due fulfilment of our treaty with his son, who set out on his errand at the same time.

All that day we remained perdue, and the next night, after the most careful precautions, again entered the hut, where we found all the articles we had bargained for, paid him at least a hundred per centum more than he had given for them, together with the stipulated reward, and instantly started with all possible speed, on our journey homewards; and it was well for us we did so, as the sordid wretch, immediately on our departure, in the hope of still greater reward, had gone to a party of the military, stationed in the neighbourhood, informed them of our incursion, and put them on our track: the consequence was, that we were so hotly pursued for two or three days, as once or twice to have been nearly taken. Pots, and frying-pans, and spades, as well as some other things, which, from their weight, impeded our flight, were hidden on the route, and we were deprived of the use of them for months. O! how anxious my men were to pay the vagabond another visit, and we never come so near staining the annals of our little history with rapine and blood, as on this occasion. I succeeded, however, in appeasing them, or, perhaps, time did more to accomplish this cooling down of their revenge, assisted as it was by such additional comforts as we derived from the use of our pots and pans, when we did obtain them, together with the prospect of having bread, which we now looked forward to with increased anxiety.

It has been well said, that hope deferred maketh the heart sick; for we never felt the want of this almost indispensable article of food so much as when we had to wait only a short time with the certainty of enjoying it. But we had as yet no mill, nor any substitute with which to grind it, and our harvest was already waving, in golden undulations, in the well fenced field, before we had even thought of the want, much less provided for it. But we soon managed to hunt up two smooth faced stones, one of which we embedded firmly in the ground, and with thongs of raw hide attached a pole to the other, by means of which we could give it a rotatory motion upon its fellow, with the grain between them, and a few stakes, with a long and broad strip of bark bent round within them, kept it in its place. It was certainly a very slow process, for, as we could not turn the stone fast enough, to impart a centrifugal force to the flour, sufficient to drive it out, we had to lift it off for about every half pint of grain, when we thought it was done, and gather it up, but time was of little value to us. Our substitute for a bolt consisted of a sieve, made of dried kangaroo skin, divested of its hair, and punctured full of holes, with a small shoemaker's punch, which was not forgotten in our list of necessaries; and, as the boiler had long ere this been put in requisition for obtaining salt, which succeeded tolerably well, we were at no loss for that necessary ingredient in our bread, which was really very tolerable. We then thought it not only excellent, but the greatest luxury we had ever enjoyed.

After this we lived well, as far, at least, as the term will apply to the common comforts of life; for, of them, we had even more than enough; and we began to settle down into that sort of quiet and monotonous contentment, rather of a negative character certainly, and more marked by the absence of

"Those ills that flesh is heir to,"

than by positive enjoyment. We had been in captivity, and were now free; but then we were proscribed and in exile: dangers had threatened, and still continued to surround us, but at such a distance, that we felt comparatively secure; and we would assemble together over our evening meal, with that sort of snug and sheltered comfort, which a family will sometimes feel around their blazing hearth, on a winter's evening, while listening to the drifting storm that rages without.

The subject of our investigation, generally, on such occasions, had its share, no doubt, in producing this effect; it consisted chiefly of tales of our youth—of the home in "the land that was very far off," and of those friends we might never see again; but we were more buoyed up by hope than bowed down by despair; and we would retire to rest and to dream of white washed cottages, green fields, and hawthorn hedges, or of

"Lake and wood and rock and fell,"

and of those who wandered among them in loneliness and sorrow.

The tenor of our conversation, however, was not always thus; for sometimes it would be mingled with fretfulness and murmurings.

Man is truly a strange compound of contradictions! He never knows how to estimate the blessings he enjoys till they are withheld from him; and long possession, instead of gratitude, not unfrequently produces discontent.

As for myself, I began to think more and more, as I saw less and less likelihood of my ever getting them; and my companions began to talk of delivering themselves up, and throwing themselves upon the mercy of the Governor, under the preposterous idea that he would set them at liberty, as their term of captivity had expired, and because they had behaved so well;——had, generally speaking, been *honest* Bush-rangers.

"And how came you," when out of all patience with such absurdities, I would ask, "how came you by the property I found you possessed of in your mountain hold?"

"It consisted only of the stray cattle," they said, "from the Government herds."

"And who was it," I continued, "that attacked the military on duty?"

"And for whose benefit was it that we did so?" was the taunting rejoinder.

This bickering might, and, I dare say, would, have led to serious results, but an occurrence of a novel and alarming nature abruptly cut it short, one evening, when it was at the hottest, and became instrumental in preventing us from ever renewing it.

It was a very wet night, and, save the pattering of the rain on our bark roof, was as still as the grave, and as dark too, when a rap was distinctly heard at the door of our hut. We gazed at each other in utter bewilderment; but ere that panic stricken moment had passed, the lights were extinguished, and every man's hand was on his gun, which was always kept laid up loaded where we slept, for the little ammunition we had left was reserved for the purpose of self-defence alone. We then listened in silence and fear, when the same stroke, as with a slight stick, across our frail door of wicker work and leaves, was repeated, and a man's voice, in a supplicating tone, begged for admittance. Our mould candle was again lighted, and we removed the door, and, without asking whether he were friend or foe, bade him enter, when a short, square-built, ill-looking desperado, in a tattered and variegated dress, partly like that of civilized life, and the rest like our own, wet and cold, and hungry, and destitute, a Bush-ranger like ourselves, stood before us.

My companions eagerly asked if any one was with him, or if he had been pursued, and how he found his way to our retreat. These questions being answered to their satisfaction, they placed refreshments before him, of which he ate voraciously, for he was evidently in a state bordering upon starvation. All this time I myself stood gazing upon him, in mute amazement, and horror, and disgust, for I recognized at once in our visitor the same loathsome wretch, who had crossed my path at every turn, like an evil spirit, permitted to haunt and torment me forever, and whose destiny seemed, some how or other, mysteriously connected with my own.

As I stood so long and so earnestly looking at him, which, when the cravings of hunger were somewhat allayed, he observed, and naturally stared at me in return, but evidently without the slightest idea of ever having seen me before, as he remarked, with impertinent familiarity, "Well, friend! do'st think thou couldst know me again?"

He now entered into a more detailed and circumstantial account of the adventures that brought him there; from which it appeared, that he and another had attacked an emigrant on his way to a new settlement with his family, and, after robbing them of nearly all they possessed, had retreated again into the interior, laden with the spoil; but had not proceeded very far before a patrole of the military arrived at the spot, who immediately pursued them, and so successfully, as to get within sight of them twice,—the second time within rifle range, when they shot his companion,—a circumstance, he mentioned with as little concern as if it had been his dog they had killed.

We had been so long away from the busy haunts of men, that we naturally lent as eager and attentive an ear, at least my men did, to everything he said, as if he had ~~come~~ from another sphere. This flattering unction the conceited idiot placed to the credit of his own wit and talent, and was consequently led on from one adventure to another, in which he had been engaged, till he had given us a history of the principal events of his life.

Towards the close of his narrative, when the night was wearing late, and the fire nearly burnt out, he suddenly exclaimed, as if the thing had just occurred to his recollection, "but I must tell yon about another prisoner,"—as much as to say, this shall be the last; for all his stories were, some way or other, connected with his official capacity of bailiff, and consequently about prisoners, and he accordingly proceeded, after drawing his stool a little nearer the dying embers, and stirring them up as familiarly as an old acquaintance would have done, to give them an account of my history, as far as he was concerned in it. I had listened to his stories throughout the whole night, with disgust or contempt, or indifference, generally, after the first hour or so, with the latter feeling, but I was all attention now.

I need not recapitulate his narrative, as the reader

is already acquainted with nearly all he could have known; but there were one or two circumstances connected with my escape from prison, which I could not explain, which were at the time enveloped in deep and impenetrable mystery. I shall, therefore, only repeat as much as will explain the one and unravel the other. I shall give it in his own words, except the patois and the slang with which it was interlarded.

"One night," he commenced, "when I had nothing to do but to hang about the old castle, watching for anything that might be picked up, along with two or three others in similar circumstances, we were startled, while over our cups, in a small public house close by, with the report of a musket, and all ran to the spot from whence the alarm proceeded, and found that a sentry placed near the mouth of a shore, or hollow way, leading into the inmost recesses of the prison, had fired at what he supposed a prisoner making his escape through it. The night came on very stormy immediately afterwards, when I crept, unseen by the sentry, into this shore, as far as I could, till I was stopped by its being filled up with rubbish, when, hearing some one moving over my head, I concluded he must be the prisoner who had caused the alarm; and, at a venture, I gave him a hint that now was his time, and another, as to the direction he should take in his flight, when he got out; but the superstitious fool was so long, I suppose, in deciding where the voice came from, that the tide had nearly cheated me of the reward I was already counting upon for his recapture; as it was, he nearly baffled me, after all the pains I had taken, and killed my horse, which was worth more than what I got by him." And, as he paused, in seeming regret for the loss of his horse, as if the circumstance had occurred but yesterday, one of his auditors asked him how that happened, when he told them of my attempt to throw the bridge down, and how that when I had got it on the balance, he shot me with his pistol, and the report made his horse, which, in his own words, he "had been fool enough to tie to the hand rail, without dreaming of such an event, started back, which pulled it over, when down it went with a thundering crash into the abyss beneath, dragging the poor animal along with it, and not a vestige of either was ever again seen. I did not even recover saddle or bridle."

"But you found your prisoner though?" asked two of them at once.

"I did," was the laconic reply, "or rather he found me; for after I had given up the search, as a bad job, I went home to my supper, and just as I was sitting down to it, in walks my gentleman, and joins me, when we had as regular a jovial night out as ever you seed, and we were bosom friends ever after, except that he was huffed a little at my being obliged to walk him back to his old quarters the next morning; but I always respected him, and he knew it, and duly appreciated my good will towards him; in fact, it was I that got his sentence of death commuted for transportation."

My patience, as may easily be conceived, was sorely tried in refraining from telling him what a lying villain he was; but as I could not do so without making myself known, I successfully resisted the strong temptation.

All I deem necessary concerning the history of this outcast, prior to the final accomplishment of his destiny, is to mention that he became accessary to the escape of another prisoner, whom he watched, and recaptured, as he did me; but, instead of taking him back to prison, he aided and assisted him in finally accomplishing his liberty, for which service he received some forty or fifty pounds. But his perfidy was discovered and proved, his own wife being the principal evidence against him; and he was transported for that, and I believe for something worse, to this penal colony, for life.

The next morning, during the discussion of our simple but comfortable breakfast, he entertained, us I cannot say, for I had less, if possible, than *no* interest in his unceasing loquacity; but my companions, deeply imbued as they were with gross depravity, restored only to the semblance of moral rectitude, by privation and suffering, and danger, and, perhaps, above all, by the absence of temptation, started aside from their forced and unnatural position, 'like a broken bow,' and listened, with the most eager attention, to his description of heavier deeds of rapine and robbery, not unstained with blood, which he had perpetrated since he became a Bush-ranger, supposing such a recital would constitute the strongest recommendation he could bring with him, to his present companions,—and he was not mistaken.

As everything in this world must come to an end, so at length did his long stories about himself, and he then asked us for some account of our adventures, when one of my companions willingly undertook the task.

On mentioning the occurrences which took place at my rescue, and their motive for undertaking it, he turned upon me a sudden and searching look; but on perceiving that I observed it, he made some sort of awkward apology, adding, that he thought I must have been a person he once knew, a particular friend of his, meaning myself still, but that he was mistaken, and he continued to listen, with increasing interest to all the particulars of our retreat to our mountain fastness, of our narrow escape from our pursuers, and of our return to our present dwelling place, which we had occupied now upwards of two years. But here the narrator stopped, as if he had nothing more to tell; and when he and his companions saw, from our visitor's look and manner, that he was vexed and disappointed, at

what he conceived a want of confidence, in withholding a full detail of our deeds of plunder and blood from him who had so frankly told us of his own, they hung down their heads, evidently ashamed of their peaceable employment, when he turned to me, as much as to say, "will you proceed with the tale?" I willingly took the hint, for the purpose of ascertaining the effect it would have upon him: to this end, I watched him narrowly, as I gave him an elaborate account of our farming, and hunting, and fishing, and domestic occupations. His dark and sunken, but penetrating eye, was never removed from me while I was speaking, except for an instant, when it was turned upon my companions, who seemed to quail and shrink beneath its glance, as he repeated, in a mocking whisper, loud enough for all to hear, "milking cows!" while his lip curled in a half smile of contempt, and then broke out into a loud and immoderate fit of laughter. The deed, I saw, was done—the revolution was complete—and I well knew that my successor in office stood before me.

But I clung to the hope that, after a few hours of reflection, and a night's repose, they might again return to their duty and allegiance, which they had only yet mentally swerved from; but the next morning not a man would go to work. I, therefore, immediately abdicated, by informing them that the office I accepted and held, with reluctance, I now resigned, with no other regret than that I could no longer be of use to them; but that I would still continue to take care of our domestic concerns, and devote my whole time and attention to them. They begged I would take them all to myself, as a mark of their gratitude for the kindness and forbearance with which I had uniformly treated them.

This scene was witnessed by our new companion with a sneer. The moment I resigned, they elected him, with unanimity and acclamation, to the chief command.

> "Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
> Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?"

Their mode of life changed as suddenly as had their dynasty, and I was left alone, sometimes for months together, when they would return and stay for a few days. On such occasions, I would gather from their conversation, many particulars of their outrages. These, however, I must do them the justice to say, were never, except on one occasion, stained with the blood of their fellow-creatures, and this was less from the motive of rapine than revenge. The horrid particulars of this deed of death I learned, not, however, from their conversation, but from the consequences which immediately resulted from it, although I saw, from their altered mien and conduct, that something dreadful had occurred. On this occasion they returned not, as was their wont, in loud and boisterous hilarity; their looks were haggard and fierce,—they ordered instead of asking for provisions, and hardly spoke to each other; and as soon as they had taken a hasty meal, they began to collect together a few of the cattle, and to commence a hasty retreat to our mountain hold.

I saw some dreadful danger was impending—a hot pursuit, of course,—and begged to be allowed to hide myself till it was over, and then to return again to my peaceful occupation.

"Or, rather," added their new leader, "to remain as a guide to our pursuers. No, no!" he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, as he stamped upon the ground with his foot, in such a rage as to lose all command of himself, and to throw aside the veil of deceit he had so long and so successfully worn; "I know you of old, although you little think it;" and, turning to his men, added, in the cool, and determined and authoritative tone of absolute command, "shoot the treacherous rascal on the spot! What! not one to obey me?" for the men hesitated, and he saw that they did so; but, as I was pleading with them for my life, and with apparent success, he firmly levelled his fowling piece at me, and fired, and wounded me in the knee, when I fell to the ground; and it was well for me I did so, for in the next instant a well aimed volley was poured in upon them by their pursuers, who had traced them to their retreat, and secreted themselves in a clump of copsewood near, waiting an opportunity to seize them; but, on hearing the shot, they supposed they had been discovered, and that it had been aimed at them, when they started to their feet, and, as they supposed, returned the fire, when no less than three of the men and their leader were mortally wounded, and soon afterwards expired, with the exception of the author of all this mischief, who lived about three hours in the greatest agony, giving vent to the most violent expressions of hatred against me, as long as he was capable of articulating.

The rest were so panic stricken, that they did not make the slightest attempt to escape; indeed, there was no chance for them if they had, for it was not yet daylight, and they did not know which way to run; besides they had no time for consideration, as the enemy was upon us in a moment.

Our assailants consisted of a subaltern officer of the —— Regiment, a sergeant, and twelve men, who were all, except two, immediately placed as sentries round our dwelling, to prevent a surprise from the rest of our party, for they would not believe our number was so small, and that we were all in their power. These two took charge of us, as their prisoners, and put my two comrades in irons; not, however, such as are generally used in prisons, as that would have rendered them incapable of performing the long and tedious journey now before them; but a sort of handcuffs, with a chain two or

three feet long between them; one of these they fastened firmly on the right hand of each man, so that the chain had to be suspended athwart one, either behind or before him; but it was not sufficiently heavy to incommode them when quietly walking, although it would have been very troublesome had they attempted to run away; and I suppose they were about to subject me to the same treatment, when one of my companions begged to be allowed to speak to the officer, who, immediately acceded to his request, when rather a long and earnest conversation ensued, but in an under tone, and at too great a distance from me to distinguish its purport, although, from their turning their eyes towards where I stood, I had no doubt but that it related to me, and my not being put in irons confirmed the supposition.

By the time they had buried those who had fallen, we, or rather my remaining comrades, for my wound prevented me from attending to anything else, had prepared an ample breakfast for the whole party, and ample indeed it required to be, as they had ate nothing except a few berries, during the whole of the preceding day and night,—not daring to shoot the kangaroos or any thing else, when once they got upon the track of the Bush-rangers, lest the report of their fire-arms should be heard by them, when a surprise, fatal, most likely, to the whole party, would doubtless have been the consequence.

They remained all that day and the following night, to rest and refresh themselves, and to mend their torn clothes or to replace those which were past it, from our rude wardrobe.

During the time they thus occupied our hut, although they affected to believe our reiterated assurances that none of our band were absent, yet they kept a strict guard with double sentries all night; a precaution, however, not so unnecessary as we then deemed it, as another band of Bush-rangers had been lurking in the neighbourhood of our retreat, and had been guilty of crimes which had been laid to our charge.

The next morning, by day-break, we started on our long and weary journey towards the coast—we, to meet the fate of the bandit and the pirate, and our captors, to reap the full reward of their success.

My wound gave me great pain, but for the two first days I managed to get along with a stick and some assistance from my companions in misery, who now seemed to be most affectionately attached to me, and regretted, most bitterly, their direliction from the line of conduct I had led them, with their unfortunate accomplices, so long to pursue, but on the third day the heat was intolerable, my knee became much inflamed, and after a short rest I was utterly unable to walk, and the non-commissioned officer and his men did not really know what to do with me; some advised that we should rest for the remainder of the day, and send an express after the commander of the party, who had gone on before, now that we had got out of the trackless wilderness into some known and well beaten paths—roads I could not call them, although they were dignified with the title in that new and uncultivated country,—but this was abandoned in consequence of the uncertainty of overtaking him, when a furious and ill-looking wretch proposed that I should be shot.

I have said somewhere in my narrative, that the hope of escape and return to my home and family never forsook me, but the present occasion was an exception: the pain I endured was excessive; the prospect before me, independently of the long and painful journey we had to perform, was so dark and so hopeless, that I sunk into the very depths of despair. I remember distinctly, indeed the scene was too deeply engraven upon the tablet of my memory for the slightest circumstance connected with it ever to be erased, that as I sat down upon a fallen tree, exclaiming that I was utterly unable to proceed a step further, and begging that they would leave me here to die in peace, my guards halted, and commenced the consultation I have mentioned, in the result of which I was, perhaps, the only person present totally indifferent; humanity, however, prevailed, and they led, or rather dragged me along to the very settlement we had formerly made an excursion to, for the grain and other necessaries we stood so much in need of, and where we so narrowly escaped being taken, through the treachery of the man we employed to purchase the things we wanted, and whom we so liberally rewarded. But instead of the stacks of grain and little rude outbuildings, pens, &c. for hogs, and geese, and fowls, was only to be seen one blackened spot of devastation and ruin; the man had accomplished his object, or rather accidental circumstances had done it for him, and he had received his reward. For I now learnt from my companions, that they had been lurking about this very place, in order to attack a number of rich settlers, who, they had heard by some means or other, probably from their new leader, were to pass that way into the interior, to a place called Bathurst, if I mistake not; but they found them so numerous and so well armed, that they could not succeed in plundering them. Exasperated at their disappointment, the first object that met their view, on their return from this (as they termed it) unfortunate expedition, was the house, or rather hut, of the poor wretch I have mentioned, when they were just in the humour to wreak their vengeance upon him. They first barricaded his door and windows, and then pulled down one of his stacks and piled the dry grain against the end of the hut exposed to the wind, which was blowing a perfect gale at the time, when the leader himself, foremost in every act of villainy, flashed the pan of his firelock into it, and the dry wooden building was instantly enveloped in flames, and the fiends kept watch around the blazing

pile, alike unmoved by the earnest supplications of the old man, by the shrieks for mercy from the poor women, or the wailing cries of helpless infancy. Some of the band did indeed interpose to save them, when they saw, by the glimmering light of the dry thatch and burning rafters, the old man in a kneeling posture, with his little grandchildren clinging round him, imploring that mercy from Heaven which was denied him on earth; but their callous leader spurned him away with a curse, when the flaming roof fell in upon the helpless objects of its rude shelter, in happier times, accompanied by one wild deafening shriek, and all was over—all, save the spirit of retribution and vengeance aroused by its echo in the neighbouring village, situated though it was in the remotest corner of that vast empire, unequalled in the annals of the world, upon which the sun never sets, whose meanest subject, if its watchfulness fail to protect, its power never fails to visit with retributive justice. And so it was in the present instance. The military were aroused by the shrieks they heard, and commenced an instant pursuit, the result of which has already been detailed; so that the object of the poor miserable wretch was obtained, not exactly in the way in which he intended it. Both parties, however, I have no hesitation in saying, received the due reward of their deeds.

At this place, or rather at the village near it, my guards obtained a conveyance for me, and in a few days, weary, and long, and sultry though they were, in which nothing occurred worthy of note, we reached our destination, when we were lodged in gaol, and a special commission was appointed to try us immediately. This, I was given to understand, was the general practice, with regard to captured Bush-rangers, supposed to have originated in an apprehension of an attempt at a rescue, by the numerous bands which infest that unfortunate country, between whom and even the more respectable class of inhabitants there appears to be a secret, and, to one party at least, a disgraceful understanding, on whom, I doubt not, they levy a sort of black mail, as the price of their forbearance, as depredations of the Rangers are always confined to strangers and immigrants; a striking instance, in proof of this assertion, occurred to me before I had been an hour in prison.

A dirty piece of crumpled paper was thrust through the grating of my window, inclosing a well written and business-like draft, for £300, upon the merchant I had been referred to by a respectable house in C——, in England, and who had kindly offered to receive my letters for me, when I was first ordered away from Sydney, and upon it the following note, verbatim :—

"We can save you from your impending fate, but we must send far and wide for succours; this we cannot do without money—you have plenty; sign this draft, and return it by the way you received it, at twelve o'clock to-night, and you are safe."

"To George P——n, in Sydney Gaol."

To this note there was no signature. I immediately asked for pen, ink, and paper, and my request was instantly complied with, when I was given to understand, by the obsequious and officious turnkey, that any orders I chose to issue should instantly be obeyed, if not inconsistent with his duty, giving me to understand, parenthetically, that as I had plenty of money, a proportionate fee would be expected.

Now as I had not the least idea that I was possessed of one farthing in the wide world, over and above some two and sixpence I had in my pocket, and which I had kept there without thought or motive for many a long, long year, and which no living soul knew any thing about, I was, it may easily be imagined, thrown into a state of great bewilderment by my being thus marked out as a rich man; indeed, I could come to no other conclusion, than that they were mocking me.

I immediately, however, despatched a note to the merchant, whose name I should never have again remembered but for the above circumstance, in the hope that I might yet hear, before my trial, which I only considered a prelude to condemnation, of those, for whose sake the love of life clung to me so tenaciously; and I was not disappointed, for there were several letters from my heart-broken wife, and two or three from my little daughter, not little now, but I could not paint her to my imagination in any other guise than as I left her. None of them, however, were of recent date, and the last were not addressed to me, but to the merchant, requesting him to inform them of my fate, when several years of silence succeeded—several long, long years, in which empires had risen and fallen, flourished and decayed—a period during which the greatest political, commercial, and social changes the world ever witnessed had transpired—but a thought of mine, on these, for a moment, never turned—I was too selfish, and I reflected only on the changes that might have affected myself, and my own little domestic concerns. My child, my reason told me, although my feelings denied the palpable fact, was now a woman grown, and probably married and settled in life—and my wife, too, young and beautiful as she was, might also have —— no! no! that was impossible.

The letters conveyed to me intelligence which would have cheered me under any other circumstances, and at any rate they confirmed the impression, which appeared to me so mysteriously to have got abroad, that I had money at command, for they contained letters of credit to the amount of five hundred pounds. Hopelessly situated as I was, they still afforded me no little consolation, for they told of extraordinary circumstances which had

changed their state of poverty and want into that of wealth and affluence. It appeared that a rich lead mine had been discovered on the land with which my school was endowed, and the more respectable inhabitants of the village, on whom the whole trust and management of the school depended, had, in consideration of the distress of my poor wife, determined, before this, that I should still be considered as the incumbent, and they accordingly engaged, a substitute, at something less than the school produced in better times, affording some small pittance for the support of my little family, till the fortunate discovery I have mentioned was made, which, of course, produced a wonderful change.*

There was one piece of intelligence contained in these letters which I read with feelings more easily imagined than described. It appeared that my friends, and I was rejoiced to find that I had not a few, had managed to interest some person of influence so far with my history as to induce him to submit to the consideration of the Secretary of State for the Home Department the whole of my peculiar and distressing case, who issued an order for my immediate release. This order was dated five years prior to my receiving it.

When my trial came on, which it did in a few weeks, during which several offers, similar to the one I have mentioned, were secretly conveyed to me, but of which I never took the slightest notice, one of my fellow prisoners turned king's evidence, by whose testimony it was clearly proved to the court that I had not made my escape, but had been taken prisoner by a party of Bush-rangers, whom I could not have left without the greatest possible personal danger. The state of partial surveillance in which I lived, after the appointment of our new leader, was another extenuating circumstance, but that which produced the most favourable effect upon the court, was my having kept the whole band from the commission of any crime, during the time I had the control over them.

Not to enter into an uninteresting detail of all the particulars of my trial, suffice it to say that I was acquitted, and as the royal pardon had been graciously extended to me, five years before, I was immediately set at liberty, a term not fully comprehended or understood by any save such as have been captives or outcasts of society for half their lives.

And now my tale is done—and if your patience be not exhausted, it would be, were I to drag you along with me during my tedious and monotonous voyage to my native country, lengthened out indeed to an interminable extent, by the hopes, and fears, and doubts, and apprehensions, on which, as on a troubled sea, my mind was continually agitated; yet, if you have been sufficiently interested in my chequered life as to have listened to me thus far, you will be rejoiced to learn that on arriving at my native village * * * * * *

Here the aged subject of my story, from whose lips I received it, became so overpowered by his feelings as to be utterly unable to proceed, and when urged to do so, at a subsequent interview, he put me off by observing that I knew the rest, but I did not—none could know with what overwhelming feelings of delight that little family was again so unexpectedly united after so long and mournful a separation.

His daughter had been married several years, and her mother resided with her, and it appeared that, notwithstanding his long silence, which they could only attribute to one cause, they had still continued to hope against hope, till within some six months of his return, when, on receiving a letter from their correspondent in Sydney, stating that he could obtain no tidings of him, they reluctantly gave him up for lost, as far at least as this world was concerned, patiently waiting, in meekness and resignation, their reunion in another and a better.

* The school at St. Bees owes its collegiate character to a circumstance precisely similar. It was formerly a village school, with a small endowment in land, upon which was discovered a coal mine, which raised the value of it from some £50 a year to several thousands.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SUN-SET HOUR.

The Sunset hour ! the Sunset hour,
How beautiful on every flower
Its fading glories fall,
The golden clouds, how deep their shade,
How rich their hues by the light are made,
As it passes away from all.

How sweet the wild bird's evening note,
How sad and soft its echoes float
On the dying breath of day—
So gently breathes the latest sigh,
So pure the light in beauty's eye.
As it fades, in death, away.

J. F.

CONTROVERSY.

WHERE is the opinion, so rational and so plausible, that the spirit of controversy cannot shake it ? Can any position be so absurd as to render specious arguments incapable of supporting it ? When a person is once convinced either of the truth or the falsity of any thing, he immediately, from a passion for disputation, becomes attached to his own idea, and soon seeks solely to acquire a superiority over his adversary, by dint of the powers of imagination, and by subtlety, especially when some obscure question, involved by its nature in darkness, is the point of debate.—*Arnobius.*

A CHAPTER FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY.

VISIT TO THE REGENT'S COURT.

Twelve hours after my arrival in England, I entered London. I cannot attempt to record the sensations which thronged my mind, as the din and tumult of that mighty city awoke me from a sound sleep I had fallen into in the corner of the chaise. The seemingly interminable lines of lamp-light, the crash of carriages, the glare of the shops, the buzz of voices, made up a chaotic mass of sights and sounds, leaving my efforts at thought vain and fruitless.

Obedient to my instructions, I lost not a moment in my preparations to deliver my despatches. Having dressed myself in the full uniform of my corps, I drove to the horse-guards. It was now nine o'clock, and I learned that his Royal Highness had gone to dinner at Carlton House. In a few words which I spoke with the aid-de-camp, I discovered that no information of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo had yet reached England. The greatest anxiety prevailed as to the events of the Peninsula, from which no despatches had been received for several weeks past.

To Carlton House I accordingly bent my steps, without any precise determination how I should proceed when there, not knowing how far etiquette might be an obstacle to the accomplishment of my mission. The news of which I was the bearer was, however, of too important a character to permit me to hesitate, and I presented myself to the aid-de-camp in waiting, simply stating that I was intrusted with important letters to his Royal Highness, the purport of which did not admit of delay.

"They have not gone to dinner yet," lisped out the aid-de-camp, "and if you would permit me to deliver the letters——."

"Mine are despatches," said I, somewhat proudly, and in nowise disposed to cede to another the honour of personally delivering them into the hands of the duke.

"Then you had better present yourself at the levee tomorrow morning," replied he carelessly, while he turned into one of the window recesses, and resumed the conversation with one of the gentlemen in waiting.

I stood for some moments uncertain and undecided; reluctant on the one part to relinquish my claim as the bearer of despatches, and equally unwilling to defer their delivery till the following day.

Adopting the former alternative, I took my papers from my sabretash, and was about to place them in the hands of the aid-de-camp, when the folding doors at the end of the apartment suddenly flew open, and a large and handsome man, with a high bold forehead, entered hastily.

The different persons in waiting sprung from their lounging attitudes upon the sofas, and bowed respectfully as he passed on toward another door. His dress was a plain blue coat, buttoned to the collar, and his only decoration, a brilliant star upon the breast. There was that air, however, of high birth and bearing about him, that left no doubt upon my mind he was of the blood royal.

As the aid-de-camp to whom I had been speaking opened the door for him to pass out, I could hear some words in a low voice, in which the phrases of "letters of importance and your Royal Highness," occurred. The individual addressed, turned suddenly about, and casting a rapid glance around the room, without deigning a word in reply, walked straight up to where I was standing.

"Despatches for me, sir," said he shortly, taking, as he spoke, the packet from my hand.

"For his Royal Highness, the commander-in-chief," said I, bowing respectfully, and still uncertain in whose presence I was standing. He broke the seal without answering, and, as his eye caught the first lines of the despatch, he broke out with an exclamation of—

"Ha! Peninsular news! When did you arrive, sir?"

"An hour since, sir."

"And these letters are from"—

"General Picton, your Royal Highness."

"How glorious—how splendidly done!" muttered he to himself, as he ran his eye over the letter.

"Are you Captain O'Malley, whose name is mentioned here so favourably?"

I bowed deeply in reply.

"You are most highly spoken of, and it will give me sincere pleasure to recommend you to the notice of the Prince Regent. But stay a moment." So saying, hurriedly he passed from the room, leaving me overwhelmed at the suddenness of the incident, and a mark of no small astonishment to the different persons in waiting, who had hitherto no other idea but that my despatches were from Hounslow or Knight's bridge.

"Captain O'Malley," said an officer covered with decorations, and whose slightly foreign accent bespoke the Hanoverian, "his Royal Highdess requests you will accompany me." The door opened as he spoke, and I found myself in a most splendidly lit up apartment; the walls covered with pictures, and the ceiling divided into pannels,resplendent with the richest gilding. A group of persons in court-dresses, were conversing in a low tone as we entered, but suddenly ceased, and, saluting my conductor respectfully, made way for us to pass on. The folding doors again opened as we approached, and we found ourselves in a long gallery, whose sumptuous furniture and costly decorations, shone beneath the rich tints of a massive lustre of ruby glass, diffusing a glow resembling the most gorgeous sunset. Here also some persons in handsome uniform were conversing, one of whom accosted my companion by the title of "Baron,"

nodding familiarly as he muttered a few words in German; he passed forward, and the next moment the doors were thrown suddenly wide, and we entered the drawing-room.

The buzz of voices and the sound of laughter reassured me as I came forward, and, before I had well time to think where and why I was there, the Duke of York advanced towards me, with a smile, of peculiar sweetness in its expression, and said, as he turned towards one side—

"Your Royal Highness—Captain O'Malley!"

As he spoke, the prince moved forward, and bowed slightly.

"You're brought us capital news, Mr. O'Malley. May I beg, if you're not too much tired, you'll join us at dinner. I am most anxious to learn the particulars of the assault."

As I bowed my acknowledgments to the gracious invitation, he continued—

"Are you acquainted with your countryman—but of course you can scarcely be—you began too early as a soldier. So let me present you to my friend, Mr. Burke," a middle-aged man, whose broad white forehead and deep-set eyes evinced the character of features that were otherwise not remarkable in expression, bowed somewhat stiffly.

Before he had concluded a somewhat laboured compliment to me, we were joined by a third person, whose strikingly handsome features were lit up with an expression of the most animated kind. He accosted the prince with an air of easy familiarity, and while he led him from the group, appeared to be relating some anecdote, which actually convulsed his Royal Highness with laughter.

Before I had time or opportunity to inquire who the individual could be, dinner was announced, and the wide folding doors being thrown open, displayed the magnificent dining-room of Carlton-house, in all the blaze and splendour of its magnificence.

The sudden change, from the rough vicissitudes of campaigning life, to all the luxury and voluptuous elegance of a brilliant court, created too much confusion in my mind to permit of my impressions being the most accurate or most collected. The splendour of the scene, the rank, but, even more, the talent of the individuals by whom I was surrounded, had all their full effect upon me; and, although I found, from the tone of the conversation about, how immeasurably I was their inferior, yet, by a delicate and courteous interest in the scene of which I had lately partaken, they took away the awkwardness which, in some degree, was inseparable from the novelty of my position among them.

Conversing about the Peninsula with a degree of knowledge which I could in no wise comprehend from those not engaged in the war, they appeared perfectly acquainted with all the details of the campaign; and I heard on every side of me anecdotes and stories which I scarcely believed known beyond the precincts of a regiment. The prince himself, the grace and charm of whose narrative talents have never been excelled, was particularly conspicuous, and I could not help feeling struck with his admirable imitations of voice and manner; the most accomplished actor could not have personated the cannie calculating spirit of the Scot, nor the rolicking recklessness of the Irishman, with more tact and *finesse*. But far above all this shone the person I have already alluded to as speaking to his Royal Highness in the drawing-room; combining the happiest conversational eloquence, with a quick, ready, and brilliant fancy. He threw from him in all the careless profusion of boundless resource, a shower of pointed and epigrammatic witticisms; now, illustrating a really difficult subject by one happy touch, as the blaze of the lightning will light up the whole surface of the dark landscape beneath it; now turning the force of an adversary's argument by some fallacious but unanswerable jest; accompanying the whole by those fascinations of voice, look, gesture, and manner which have made those who once have seen, never able to forget—Brinsley Sheridan.

I am not able, were I even disposed, to record more particularly the details of that most brilliant evening of my life. On every side of me I heard the names of those whose fame as statesmen, or whose repute as men of letters, was ringing throughout Europe; they were then, too, not in the easy indolence of ordinary life, but displaying with their utmost effort those powers of wit, fancy, imagination, and eloquence, which had won for them elsewhere their high and exalted position. The masculine understanding and powerful intellect of —— vied with the brilliant and dazzling conceptions of Sheridan. The easy *bonhommie* and English heartiness of Fox, contrasted with the cutting sarcasm and sharp raillery of Erskine. While contending the palm with each himself, the Prince evinced powers of mind and faculties of expression that, in any walk of life, must have made their possessor a most distinguished man. Politics, war, women, literature, the turf, the navy, the opposition, architecture, the drama, were all discussed with a degree of information and knowledge that proved to me how much of real acquirements can be obtained by those whose exalted station surrounds them with the collective intellect of a nation. As for myself, the time flew past unconsciously. So brilliant a display of all that was courtly and fascinating in manner, and in all that was brilliant in genius, was so novel to me, that I really felt like one entranced. To this hour my impression, however confused in details, is as vivid as though that evening were but yesternight; and although since that period I have enjoyed numerous opportunities of meeting with the great and the gifted, yet I trea-

sure the memory of that night as by far the most delightful of my whole life.

While I abstain from any mention of the many incidents of the evening, I cannot pass over one, which, occurring to myself, is valuable, but as showing, by one slight and passing trait, the amiable and kind feeling of one, whose memory is hallowed in the service.

A little lower than myself, on the opposite side of the table, I perceived an old military acquaintance whom I had first met in Lisbon; he was then on Sir Charles Stewart's staff, and we met almost daily. Wishing to commend myself to his recollection, I endeavoured for some time to catch his eye, but in vain; at last, when I thought I had succeeded, I called to him:

"I say, Fred, a glass of wine with you."

When suddenly the Duke of York, who was speaking to Lord ——, turned quickly around, and, taking the decanter in his hand, replied:

"With pleasure, O'Malley; what shall it be, my boy?"

I shall never forget the manly good humour in his look, as he sat waiting for my answer. He had taken my speech as addressed to himself, and concluding that from fatigue, the novelty of the scene, &c., I was not over collected, vouchsafed in this kind way to receive it.

"So," said he, as I stammered out my explanation, "I was deceived; however, don't cheat me out of my glass of wine. Let us have it now."

With this little anecdote, whose truth I vouch for, I conclude. More than one now living was a witness to it, and my only regret, in the mention of it, is my inability to convey the readiness with which he seized the moment of apparent difficulty, to throw the protection of his kind and warm hearted nature over the apparent folly of a boy.

It was late when the party broke up, and as I took my leave of the prince, he once more expressed himself in gracious terms toward me, and gave me personally an invitation to breakfast at Hounslow, on the following Saturday.

LETTER-WRITING.

One of the most innocent and exquisite pleasures of this life is that of hearing from an absent friend. When we are suddenly reminded, by a letter, of one who is dear to us, and see our name in the well-known hand on the direction, a flash of delight pervades the whole frame; the heart beats with expectation while the seal is being broken, and, as the sheet is unfolded, goes forth in full benevolence to meet the heart of the writer in the perusal of its contents. An epistolary correspondence between intimate and endeared connexions is a spiritual communion, in which minds alone seem to mingle, and, unembarrassed by the bodily presence, converse with a freedom, and fervour, and an eloquence rarely excited, and perhaps never more felicitously indulged in personal intercourse. Hence the chief charm of a letter, if the term may so be applied, is its individuality, as a message from one whom we love or esteem, according to the degree of kin or congeniality between us, sent expressly on an errand of kindness to ourselves. The consciousness that it was written to and for him, gives the receiver a paramount interest in its existence, as well as in its disclosure. To him, therefore, it becomes an object of affection; and none but himself, however some others may sympathise with the feelings, can enter into it with the same degree of ineffable emotion; that, indeed, is "a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth." In letter-writing, when the heart is earnestly engaged, the first thoughts in the first words are usually the best; for it is thoughts, not words, that are communicated; and meaning, not manner, which is mainly to be aimed at. The ideas that rise, and thicken as they rise, in a mind full and overflowing with its subject, voluntarily embody themselves in language the most easy and appropriate; yet are they so delicate and evanescent, that unless caught in the first forms, they soon lose their character and distinctness, blend with each other, and from being strikingly simple in succession, become inextricably complex in association, on account of their multiplicity and affinity. The thoughts that occur in letter-writing will not stay to be questioned; they must be taken at their word, or instantly dismissed. They are like odours from "a bank of violets"—a breath—and away. He that would revel on the fragrance, by scenting it hard and long, will feel that its deliciousness has eluded him; he may taste it again and again, and for a moment, but he might as well attempt to catch the rainbow, and hold it, as long to inhale and detain the subtile and volatile sweetness. He who once hesitates amid the flow of fresh feelings and their spontaneous expression, becomes unawares bewildered; and must either resolutely disengage himself by darting right forward through the throng of materials to recover the freedom of his pen, or he must patiently select and arrange them, as in a premeditated exercise of his mind on a given theme.—*Montgomery.*

THE UNDERSTANDING.

The several degrees of understanding which men possess, and its strength, are owing to their strength of constitution; for if the least indisposition or illness is sufficient to render the generality of men incapable of continued attention, and it is this continued attention that increases the understanding, it must be evident that it is some insensible malady that creates incapacity, and that it does not arise from any other cause. Nature gives an equal capacity to all, and if one man have less than another, it is owing to the disorder of our frame.—*Helvetius*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE JUBILEE.

A SKETCH.

THE sun rose, bright and beautiful, above the mountains of Lebanon, and the sultry breeze, cooled in its passage over their snow-crowned summits, descended, laden with the breath of the fragrant cedar tree, to mingle with the odours of Autumn, and waft health and activity around the fertile plains of Judea. Nature had lavished her bounties upon man: the olive and the date were gathered; the vine had yielded its fruit; "the former and the latter rain" had fallen, and their abundant produce had filled the barns of the cultivators with rich provision. But a nearer joy, a dearer interest, awoke the gratitude of Israel. It was the first of the year of Jubilee. The great atonement for the sins of a guilty nation had been made, and the trumpets were sounding their notes of joy, in unison with the voices of thousands of anxious and rejoicing ones, who hailed the arrival of that blessed morning. Hearts, whose cherished hopes had been deferred until they were almost extinguished, now swelled with grateful praise. The languid frame which poverty had attenuated, was invigorated by the certainty of again receiving its necessary comforts—the bondman was free—the wearied wretch, who for years had been the slave of another, was now to be the possessor of his own inheritance, the tiller of his native soil. And he will return to freedom a wiser man.—He has learned, from his own experience, to pity the sufferings of others—he has learned that a little, shared with his beloved ones in his own dwelling, is better, far better, than abundance, in slavery and exile. What wonder, then, that a whole people should rejoice and shout their thanksgiving to the All-Wise, who, foreseeing and pitying the weakness of His creatures, had thus graciously provided against its consequences! What scenes of deep interest occur, as long-parted friends meet, to return together to their former homes! What grief mingles with their joy, as they miss from their circle, the dear ones whom death has withdrawn from their anticipated happiness! And are no tears shed in remembrance of those whom they leave behind? Does no tie of sympathy, no bond of affection, cause them to regret the homes they are leaving? the chains they are dissevering?

Behold that group of noble forms, assembled under the shade of those lofty Palms—joy and grief struggling in their hearts. They embrace, they smile, they weep.

They have met after years of separation, to return to their own Judah, the land of their inheritance, the home of their fathers. Famine had assailed them; disease and poverty had afflicted them, and they sold their possessions until the year of Jubilee, dispersing themselves among other tribes as servants, to await the period of their reunion.

It has arrived—but has it brought with it no wayward circumstances, no bitter remembrances to mar their happiness? Let us listen to the words of Nahshon, the father of the family, as he addresses a young man, whose stately figure, and noble countenance, might adorn the station of a prince.

"Elzaphar! wilt thou bring the gray hairs of thy father to the grave with sorrow, for thee, my son, my first-born? shake off this unmanly weakness; among the thousands of Israel canst thou find no other choice for thy heart than a maiden from the land of Syria? Remember, the sons of Judah wed not with the daughters of the heathen."

"Alas, my father! no daughter of Israel can surpass my Salóme in loveliness, and is she not the affianced of my soul? Compel me not to leave her alone in her sorrow, but suffer me to return to my servitude, and fulfil my vows to my beloved."

"Rash and degenerate boy!" cried the father, "wouldst thou relinquish the splendid hopes of thy birthright; the noble aspirations of the freeman, wouldst thou endure the degrading ceremony, which would condemn thee to willing slavery for all the years of thy life? Go to, thou art beside thyself.—Arise, and let us proceed on our way."

So saying, he assisted his wife and daughter to rise from the bank on which they were reclining. They approached the unhappy youth—they clasped him in their arms, and the tears of the sister bedewed the cheeks of the brother.

"Son of my love!" cried the mother, "listen to the voice of thy father, for his are the words of wisdom. Return to thy home with us, and when our cares shall have restored its comforts and we shall be established in the inheritance of our fathers, thy father will buy the maiden of her master—she will become thy wife, and we shall not lose our son."

"Nay, my mother, the man Ahiezer will not part with the damsel; she is his slave—no Jubilee can free her from her bondage—and if I desert her, no flower of happiness will ever bloom for her."

"Say not so, Elzaphar my son; thy father will seek the man, and peradventure, a great ransom shall obtain her deliverance from him. Now obey his commands, lest his anger fall upon thee, and thy soul tremble beneath his reproof."

With a sad countenance Elzaphar bowed his head in submission to the commands of his parents, and taking the arm of his young sister, they followed their footsteps in silence.

In the city of David is seen a stately mansion—rank and opulence are displayed in its architecture and adornments; magnificence and beauty pervade its apartments, yet there is bustle and confusion, indicating preparation for a departure. Nahshon and his son are leaving their home to seek the habi-

tation of the Syrian maiden. Their journey is to the distant city of Dan; and after two days of travel, they enter the dwelling of Ahiezer.

"We come," cried Nahshon, "to traffic with thee for thy Syrian slave, Salome. Elzaphar, my son, seeks her for a wife.

The brow of Ahiezer grew dark, as he rudely answered. "The slave of Ahiezer may not become the wife of the son of Nahshon. Thrice have I said to him I will not sell her."

"Be wise, and accept a great ransom for her," cried Elzaphar. "The money my father will give thee, will purchase many damsels."

"Let thy son seek another wife," replied the Danite, not deigning to answer his former servant; "this maiden loveth him not."

"Saidst thou not that she was betrothed to thee?" enquired Nahshon, turning to Elzaphar.

"I deceived thee not, my father. Let Ahiezer summon the maiden to answer for herself in this matter."

The fair girl obeyed the mandate of her master; and when the eyes of Nahshon fell upon her graceful figure, and lovely face, he started with surprise.

"God of my fathers!" he exclaimed, "hast thou indeed, restored the dead to my arms?" Then seizing her hand and gazing earnestly in her face he cried, "Tell me, maiden, art thou a daughter of Syria?"

Her voice was sweet and low, as she replied. "The days of my youth have been passed in that country, but my childhood was spent with my parents in the land of Judah."

"Thou sayest falsely," interrupted Ahiezer, "the man who sold thee to me told me thou wert Syrian."

"He feared to speak the truth, lest the price which thou wert to pay him for me should be diminished, for he knew well that no daughter of Israel might remain a slave, after the glorious Jubilee had come."

"And how didst thou fall into his power?"

"My parents visited a friend at Keilah and took me with them—a little child. The Philistines invaded the land, and in the hurry of flight, I was separated from them, and from my attendant, and fell into the hands of the enemy. In their retreat before the army of King David, I was borne away and sold to my first purchaser, from whom you bought me."

"Know you aught of your mother's family—of her name?" anxiously enquired Nahshon.

"Her name was Miriam—the daughter of Obed, of the tribe of Judah."

Nahshon arose and folded the damsel in his arms.

"Now, the Lord be praised! who, in his own good time, hath shewn mercy to the house of Obed. Thou art, indeed, flesh of my flesh; the daughter of my sister, returned by Jehovah, to comfort and sustain her in her lonely pilgrimage. She weeps even now for the long lost child of her affection, killed, as she believes, in that terrible slaughter, of the families of Keilah." Then turning to Ahiezer, he continued, "This daughter of Judah thou canst not hold in bondage—the blessings of the Jubilee extend to her. Nevertheless, as thou hast paid a price for her, I will redeem her with the same; for am I not her nearest kinsman, and doth it not remain with me to provide a husband for her? Let my name be free from reproach in this matter, I pray thee, and yield the damsel to our demand."

The unwilling Ahiezer was forced to acquiesce in this arrangement, and the happy Elzapha, bore away his lovely bride in triumph, blessing the God of Israel, Jehovah who had thus visited and redeemed his people.

Quebec. M. W. B.

(ORIGINAL.)

STANZAS WRITTEN ON MONTREAL MOUNTAIN.

'Tis good to leave the heartless strife
  The jostlings of the crowd,
And count the pulses of that life
  Which beats 'neath yonder cloud;
Think what consuming passions rage
From fiery Youth to hoary Age.

To hear the busy fearful hum
  Of thousand thousand hearts,
Whose muffled beatings hither come
  In sullen, fitful starts,
And know the strongest and most brave
Are toiling but to find a grave.

The homeless wretch—the jewelled fair
  Gazed on so fondly now;
The light of Heart, or crazed with Care,
  And he whose haggard brow
Shows Guilt, and Want, and grim Despair
Hold daily fearful revel there.

With countless throngs whom Hope and Fear,
  Wild Love and Jealousy
Alternately torment, and cheer,
  Alternately belie:—
All—all press on in light or gloom
To find one common home—the Tomb.

Fierce as now their quenchless strife,
  And burning as their Hate;
How wide soe'r their path in life
  By just desert or fate:
For all—one lot, one home abide,—
Shall sleep in quiet side by side.

RUSSEL.

MANAGERIAL TACTICS,

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

(*Extracted "from Bajazet Gag," in Colburn's New Monthly.*)

GREENS.

DEDICATED TO FANNY ELLSLER.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Tulips, of Covent Garden, comes as you ordered," said Manager Gag's servant.

"Of Covent Garden?" observed Duckweed. "Tulips! I don't recollect his name in the bills."

"Of Covent Garden Market," said Gag, in explanation. "Ha! yes, I recollect—but I can't see him now. Stop, I'll soon despatch him—send him in."

Mr. Tulips was ushered into the presence of the manager.

"Take a chair, Mr. Tulips," said Gag, with unusual courtesy. "Well, have you drawn me out an estimate?"

"Yes, sir," said Tulips, "I believe your season is confined to——"

"Never mind my season, Mr. Tulips. I want to contract for the whole year; my season is, I own, at present limited—but who knows what may be in the breast of the government?"

"Very difficult indeed to say, sir," answered Tulips; very difficult—though I don't deal in politics."

"I am very happy to hear it," said Gag. "Politics are the ruin of the higher branches of the art."

"So they say, sir; still on the whole, parties have gone off very well this season. Good many young ladies come out, sir, and they help a good deal." said the florist and market-gardener.

"Young ladies come out?" remarked Duckweed; "why I only recollect one appearance."

"Yes, sir; very likely, sir; because you know," remarked Tulips, "you're not at all in that way of life."

Duckweed looked puzzled; but his manager, raising his finger, he remained silent.

"But when they come out, sir," said Tulips, "there's always a party afterwards, and what would a party do without us? So you see, I let politics alone, and looks after my plants."

"You are very right, Mr. Tulips; I wish all tradesmen were of your way of thinking," said Mr. Gag.

"I wish so too, sir; there'd be a greater saving of precious souls; but they look after nothing, sir, but money—money, sir, the root of evil—"

"And you have a higher object in pursuit?"

Tulips bowed.

Gag, winking at Duckweed, said, "The very man for us!"

"Money," continued Tulips, "and pleasure, and the delights and vanities of the world."

"Come, Mr. Tulips," cried Gag, "you like a joke yourself. I'm sure you laughed louder on Thursday last than any body else in the pit."

"I, sir!" I in a play-house! I in—you may well call it the pit. I should think the roof would fall."

"Then why do you venture here now?" asked Gag.

"Business, sir, business. A tradesman may go any where upon business, for then the devil has no power over him. It's only when he gives the reins to the carnal man that the devil—but perhaps as you're busy, we'll talk of that another time. Now, sir, here's my estimate filled up to your own writing."

"May I presume to ask," said Duckweed, with great humility, "if you're about any piece in which real flowers are required?"

"Piece! Why, Duckweed, you're quite a fool."

Duckweed smiled and bowed.

"Don't you perceive that we must trump the other houses? Trumps—trumps be my motto. Don't other managers make it a point to have their stars pelted with bay-wreaths and nosegays—and do you think that my stars shall go off without a sprig? No—no—no. I'll have no man play Hamlet with me that he shan't, after the play, be smothered with laurel,—yes, sir, he shall go off the stage the very Jack-in-the-Green of tragedy."

"Very right, sir—very right," cried Duckweed; "if a thing is to be done—do it magnificently."

"Why, sir," said Gag, "I'll have my *Hamlet* like a country parsonage, covered with jessamine and moss-roses."

"I don't know, sir, what sort of thing your *Hamlet* may be," said Tulips, "but you'll find it very expensive in winter."

"Damn the expense," exclaimed the manager.

"Don't, sir, pray don't," said Tulips, rising, "don't swear while I'm here;—because, as I'm on business I *must* hear you. But if it's all the same to you, don't swear."

"I respect your scruples—I admire your principles, Mr. Tulips—you are above the Mammon of this world—you shall see what an order I'll give you," and again Gag winked at his man of business.

"Thank you, sir,—you have the estimate in your hand," said Tulips.

Mr. Bajazet Gag, putting one arm under the tail of his coat, held the document before him, reading very sonorously—

ESTIMATE OF THE PRICE OF EVERGREENS AND FLOWERS OF EVERY VARIETY FOR EIGHT MONTHS FOR THE SERVICE OF MR. BAJAZET GAG.

"How is this, sir?" asked the manager of Tulips. "Who made you make me a *Mister*?"

"What's the matter, sir? If there's any fault, it's my foreman. To be sure, I see," and Tulips took the paper and then pen and ink. "I'll alter it. Very sorry, I'm sure—like to pay every body re-

spect—that is, in the way of business. There it is, sir."

"Ha! yes!" And the mollified manager took the paper. "For the service of Bajazet Gag, Esq."—and let's see:

	£	s.	d.
"To five hundred wreaths of the best Portugal laurel of heroic size, with boquets for first tragedy—gentleman star....	2	0	0
To ditto wreaths (with flowers in them, the choicest in season,) for first lady star,	3	5	0
To a hundred wreaths, with boquets, for second tragedy, (common)............	0	15	0

"What!" interrupted Duckweed, "will you have these things thrown to more than one actor of a night?"

"One!" cried Gag, "to all. Yes, every body that speaks a line shall have his sprig—his flower thrown at him. That's where I'll trump the other houses. But don't interrupt me," and Duckweed continued—

	£	s.	d.
"To twenty-five ditto (very common) for walking gentlemen,..................	0	3	6
To a hundred wreaths for first light comedian,.............................	1	8	0
To ditto for first lady (with flowers in the same)	1	15	0
To ditto for chambermaids,............	1	0	0
To ditto for walking ladies...............	0	5	0
To ditto for first old men.............	1	7	0
To ditto for first old women............	1	10	0
To wreaths for heavy business, general utility, second old men and women, &c. &c. &c...........................	3	0	0
	£16	8	6

"Sixteen pounds eight and sixpence!" said Gag. "Well, for eight months, that's not so very dear."

"Understand me, sir," quickly returned Tulips, "it's sixteen pounds eight and six pence *per week* for eight months."

"Impossible!" cried Gag, "'twould ruin a theatre."

"The same as other managers, I *could* name, give me.—And then, sir, if you want the articles all the year round, it's impossible I could do it for less; in the summer months the laurels are very scarce."

"How's that? In the summer months?" asked Gag.

"Why there's some young gentleman, I don't know who he is, always plays then; and when he plays," said Tulips, "he takes a great many greens."

"Very true," remarked Gag. "The public judge of the talent of an actor as they would of the capacity of an ass, by the quantity of vegetables he'll consume. Sixteen pounds—humph? Yes, I can make the orange women sell some of the wreaths and nosegays with their play-bills, and that's something out of the fire. Still it's a great sum—eh, Duckweed?"

"A very great sum," said Duckweed.

"Nevertheless," added the manager, "trump's the word, and we must save the amount out of the authors;" an economy to which Duckweed had not the slightest objection, as he plied his scissors for a weekly salary.

"Very well, Mr. Tulips, now we understand one another," said Gag. "Sixteen pounds per week, for you must throw off the eight and sixpence."

"Well, sir, the fact is, I never ought to have been a tradesman; I can't learn the worth of money; say sixteen. When will you begin?" asked the conscientious gardener.

"That you shall know to-morrow. And perhaps there'll never be such an opportunity for a serious minded florist to show his contempt of Mammon. Such an appearance! That night," said Gag, "you must make the stage a very flower-show."

"If I know the night a little time in advance, I might do something extra; because if it's not the season of parties—"

"Understand me," said Gag, gravely, "I must have none of the leavings of Portman-square; the articles must be fresh."

"Sir," protested Mr. Tulips, "the things shall come to you with the dew upon 'em."

"And upon my own night I shall expect something very handsome—very handsome indeed," urged Gag.

"Oh, sir, we shan't quarrel about a handful of wallflowers, or something of that sort, more or less," replied the contractor.

"Wallflowers, sir! Aloe-blossoms and magnolias at the least. And if a few pine-apples are found upon the stage, I don't know that it will be the worse for you in an ensuing season," was the manager's suggestion. "And now, as we understand one another, you shall have the earliest notice for the first supply."

The gardener was officiously conducted from the apartment by Mr. Duckweed.

DISEASE.

It may be said, that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness and innocence.—*Addison's Anecdotes.*

(ORIGINAL.)

TIME'S TEACHINGS.

As the first opening flower of spring
Smiles sweetly on a treacherous sky,
So Beauty's fair imagining
In hope's bright spring but blooms to die.

Sad ! that what fairest is of Earth
So dear and yet so frail should be
Should nurse a poison in its birth
To cheat us everlastingly.

The brightest hopes the quickest die
The fairest forms first feed the tomb,
As sweetest thoughts the soonest fly
And followed by the deepest gloom.

Care entering Life's most secret bowers
Leaves but at most a feverish rest,
Let what of weal or woe be ours,
Each heart its bitterness must taste.

This changeless fate with all the change
Mind notes in Earth or starry dome
Are preaching through their boundless range,
Dreamer ! this world is not thy home.—

On all within, above, around,
A mystic language graven lies,
The key to whose least form or sound
Comes from and leads beyond the skies.

RUSSEL.

THE BATTLE FIELDS OF SCOTLAND.

BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

THE foot of Ochill hills was the scene of this sanguinary engagement—the battle of Sheriff-Muir. It was fought in November 1715, between the insurgents commanded by the Earl of Marr, and the royal army under the duke of Argyll, and, in history, is occasionally distinguished as the battle of Dunblane. On the evening before the battle, the insurgent forces occupied the same station at Ardoch—now the most perfect of the Roman stations in Scotland—which Agricola did in the third year of his expeditions.

On the fatal morning in question, the right of the royal army and the left of the rebels having advanced to within pistol-shot, at their first interview, were instantly engaged. The Highlanders began the action with all their accustomed ardour, and their fire was little, if at all, inferior to that of the best disciplined troops. But Colonel Cathcart being ordered to stretch to the right and take them on the flank—a movement which he executed in the most gallant manner—gave a decisive turn to the contest on that part of the field, while General Witham, with three battalions of foot, rapidly advanced to the support of the Duke, who was now pursuing the advantage so suddenly obtained by the first manœuvre. The Highlanders, though compelled to retreat, retreated like the Parthians. They harassed their pursuers—rallied so frequently, and repulsed the royal troops with such obstinacy, that in three hours they were not three miles from the first point of attack. But, to all appearance, they were completely broken, and the duke resolved to continue the pursuit as long as light would serve. He was suddenly recalled, however, by the circumstance of there being no appearance of the division of his army under Witham, while a large body of the rebels were strongly posted behind him. Witham's division, while advancing, had fallen in with a body of Marr's foot, concealed in a hollow way full in front, while a squadron of horse stood ready to charge them in flank. In this situation they were attacked by the Breadalbane men, supported by the clans, a great number of them cut to pieces, and the remainder driven in among their own cavalry, who were thus thrown into confusion. Had the rebel squadron on the right fallen in at the same time, that portion of the royal army had been entirely cut off. This neglect on the part of the insurgents decided the day. The broken battalions were brought off with comparatively little loss, but, unable to join the other part of the army under Argyll, or to keep the field against the superior strength of the rebels, they retired towards Dunblane, thence to Corntown, and at the end of the long causeway that communicates with Stirling bridge, took their station to defend the pass. Had the rebels pursued them, Stirling itself would probably have received the former victors.

The battle of Sheriff-Muir reflected little credit upon the skill and experience of the commanders on either side ; but, although in itself as indecisive as any action on record, it was followed, nevertheless, by consequences which are supposed only to attend the most signal victories, and, in the language of the day, "broke the heart of the rebellion." Both armies claimed the honour of a triumph, from the fact that the right wing of each had been victorious. The rebel army lost, on this melancholy occasion, the earl of Strathmore, Clanronald, and several persons of distinction. Panmore, and Drummond of Logie were among the wounded. Among the causes which the insurgent leaders assigned as an apology for their indecision, was the conduct of *Rob Roy*, who, in the absence of his brother, commanded the M'Gregors, and on the day of battle kept aloof waiting only for an opportunity to plunder.

It is in human life, as in a game at tables, where a man wishes for the highest cast ; but if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it.—*Plutarch.*

(ORIGINAL.)

ON CONTENTMENT.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

"The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties towards God and man; to enjoy the present without any dependence on the future. Not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have—for he that is so, wants nothing."

Seneca.

HAPPY are they who can say with St. Paul, "*I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.*" The number, however, of those who are really satisfied with their lot, and whose desires are confined to what they possess, appears to be small. It seems natural for man to look forward, with the expectation of enjoying some future good, rather than to appreciate his present blessings. But our happiness is so intimately connected with a contented mind, that the practise of this disposition becomes a positive duty, which we owe, not only to ourselves, but also to those around us, whose peace and comfort must necessarily, in some degree at least, be influenced by our conduct. Some are by nature more inclined to this temper than others, but the cultivation of it lies in the power of all.

That it forms no mean part of the Christian's duty to be contented under all the dark and mysterious providences that God permits to fall upon him, no one will pretend to deny; yet we occasionally observe that some who bear the name indulge in discontent and repining.

We are but poor judges of what is best for us; and the conviction that our Father in Heaven alone really knows what is so, should cause us readily to acquiesce in his judgments. The experience of many has led them to perceive that circumstances, which they at first considered as highly afflictive, have ultimately proved blessings; and, on the other hand, what seemed to them the joyous fulfilment of many an anxious hope, has at length appeared to exert the most unfavourable influence upon their happiness,—clearly shewing how unfit is short-sighted man to mark out his own destiny, giving him cause to exclaim:

"O happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee."

The history of man plainly shews that a state of uninterrupted prosperity is not desirable; and God has, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, allotted to every one those trials by which he will be most likely to receive benefit. Few are gifted with sufficient philosophy to desire affliction, and this is not expected of us; yet, when the chastening hand of our Father sends us needful correction, he requires a cheerful submission, which it is incumbent upon us to assume, would we learn that "sweet are the uses of adversity."

Afflictions received in a right spirit, have a tendency to improve and refine the heart and affections, and we should endeavour to meet them with such a frame of mind that we may pass through the furnace like silver purified by the fire.

The principles by which we are impelled to cultivate and practise contentment, do not imply that we are to be so satisfied with our present condition that we ought not to seek to improve it by all laudable means. There is nothing wrong in seeking to add to our worldly advantages in a moderate and proper manner. And in embracing every opportunity of increasing the stores of the mind, we but perform an important duty, which we owe to that nobler part of ourselves, which shall survive its frail tenement of clay throughout the vast ages of eternity.

A disposition of contentment is not like the brilliant and transitory light of a meteor, but may be termed the calm and steady sunshine of the soul,—brightening the aspect of all things around, and teaching us to look at everything on its fairest side; while a contrary spirit—the canker-worm of discontent—imperceptibly wears itself into our natures, causing us to keep our eyes fixed on the dark clouds that occasionally obscure our path, and heedlessly to disregard the many flowers that the kind hand of Providence has yet strewn in our way, to cheer and encourage us in pursuing our onward course through life—and occasions us to forget the consoling truth, that, after all, there is more of happiness than of sorrow in the common lot of man, even as the days of sunshine exceed those of gloom. We should consider, under all our trials and afflictions, that we have still much cause for thankfulness—that we are not as much afflicted as we might have been—that our misfortunes are less than those of others, who are perhaps more deserving than ourselves—and that, by indulging in murmuring and repining, we cannot, in the least degree, improve our condition, but only add to our unhappiness. By giving way to a discontented and fretful temper, we are laying the foundation of a miserable life, as our frame of mind will eventually become such that no blessing will be rightly received and appreciated.

By placing a due value on those means of enjoyment within our reach, and partaking of them with a thankful heart, we are not deterred from the pleasure of looking forward through the bright vista of hope, in the soothing expectation of better days to come. Yet it is not wise to permit the mind to be so fully bent upon happy anticipations of the future, that we place ourselves in danger of incurring the bitter heart sickness of hope long deferred.

Another incentive to the cultivation of contentment, is the consideration that one possessed of this disposition finds enjoyment in the contemplation of the happiness of others, which causes him in part to

forget his own cares and vexations; and his gratifications are multiplied by the interest he takes in the pleasures of his friends—which is, indeed, a pure and disinterested source of delight. But to a discontented person, this affords no satisfaction; his state of mind rather disposes him to look with an envious and grudging eye on the prosperity that is denied to him.

Discontent appears to exert an equally prejudicial influence on physical and mental health. Writers on physiology are unanimous on this point. Many are the victims of dyspepsia and hypochondria, who might trace the origin of their sufferings to this cause. With regard to the mind, its tendency is to benumb its faculties, plunge the timid and fainthearted into slothful inertion, while the reverse gives a pleasing and proper confidence in ourselves, which it is really necessary to possess, would we make our way through the world with respectability. How eloqently does St. Paul speak of the triumphs which this disposition gave him over the evils he endured,—"*Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.*"

The excellent Zollikoffer says, that "Contentment is the happy temper of the man, who, by reason and religion, by reflection and discipline, has learned to control himself, and duly framed himself to his relative position to God, and to external objects,—whose heart is open to all agreeable emotions,—who is satisfied with God, with himself, and with all nature,—enjoys the present with a grateful heart, and promises himself, from the future, more of good than ill. Such a constitution of temper—such a serenity of mind—are certainly the surest means, and the most cogent impulse to virtue and integrity. The duty of contentment does not imply that we are required to assume a stoic indifference to the misfortunes of life. We should indeed claim little merit for bearing what is not felt."

There is an inward satisfaction that the mind enjoys in the consciousness of the right application of its powers, in the cultivation of this disposition. It shews that reason, that noblest attribute of man, exerts her sway over the feelings, which it is her province to subdue and control, but not to crush or annihilate. There is, too, something to be admired in the exercise of a spirit that maintains itself firmly upright, amidst the chances and changes of fortune; something satisfactory even in the thought that we *can* endure the pelting of the pitiless storm, much as we may *feel* its searching bitterness.

"And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

"Oh! fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong."

THE BROKEN LEG.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BONNARD appeared at all times, and every where, before midday, a prudent and amiable man; but after dinner, and in the evening, he was not always precisely so. In fact, he was a true son of the ancient Germans, so often reproached for a love of drinking, and knew no greater enjoyment than that of giving, amidst convivial friends, the inspiring songs, "Enjoy the charm of life,"—"With laurel crown the flowing bowl,"—and of emptying out a flask of good old Hock, as an accompaniment. Had he been satisfied with *one* flask, nobody would have had a right to say aught against him, especially as his income permitted it; but one flask was sure to call for another, even to a sixth or seventh.

The mother, sisters, and brothers, with whom he resided, had the mortification of seeing him return home, six evenings in the week, perfectly intoxicated. Their most urgent remonstrances were fruitless, and they began to think that his drunkenness was incurable. Laura, his sweetheart, thought so too; for, after innumerable quarrels, a breach was at length made between the lovers, who indeed were almost as much as betrothed.

Hitherto he had, from a respect to Laura, maintained at least the outward appearance of good manners; but now he became a shameless and notorious drunkard. Almost every night, he either had a scuffle with watchmen, or slept off his intoxication in a round house. His health thereby began visibly to be injured, and his fortune to melt away. In short, he was upon the brink of ruin.

Two of his friends, who, although they often drank with him, always kept themselves within the bounds of moderation, were much grieved at his conduct, and resolved to reclaim the drinker, by a method not the most common in the world. With this view, they one evening accompanied Bonnard to a public wine-cellar, and appeared in particularly high spirits. Old hock was called for, and they encouraged him to quaff as much of it as he liked, and that was no small dose. He drank himself into the clouds.

About midnight, the two friends began to yawn, shut their eyes, and seemed to fall asleep. Bonnard was delighted, for he could now drink another flask without being reproved by them. Before, however, he had finished it, intoxication reached its highest pitch, and he at length fell, deprived of reason, into a sound and death-like sleep.

His friends instantly started up from their pretended slumber, shook and jogged him, and to their great joy, found that he exhibited no symptoms of wakefulness. By a sign which was previously agreed upon, they now called in a surgeon, who was waiting in an adjoining apartment. He immediately entered, bringing with him splints and other implements for a broken leg, and soon laced up the

right limb of the sleeper, as tightly as if it had been dangerously fractured. They then sprinkled water upon his face, and gave a fearful thundering cry.

The sleeper started up—seized instantly his leg which the splints squeezed, and wished to rise from the chair; his friends, however, held him fast, crying out, "Unfortunate man! stir not—you have received a dangerous contusion. We had scarcely fallen asleep when, attempting to go down stairs, you fell, broke your leg, and fainted. We awakened, raised you up, and caused you to be dressed. In Heaven's name stir not for your life! we have ordered a litter, and it will be here immediately to carry you home."

Bonnard was delirious; his fancy magnified the pressure of the splints to the pain of a real broken limb, and, never once imagining that he was deceived, he permitted himself to be borne home lamenting.

There, his family received him, as was concerted, with tears and wailings. For four weeks he continued to be visited by the surgeon, who kept his leg squeezed into a case, so that he could not move himself, and did not doubt the reality of the alleged accident. So long an imprisonment was intolerable;—he cursed wine as the cause of his misfortunes, and made a solemn vow never to get drunk in future.

At the expiration of a month, the surgeon informed him the cure was completed. He went as if upon eggs, to save his broken leg, and his first walk was to the house of his sweetheart, whom he anxiously entreated to forget the past, and once more to reinstate him in her affections. She promised both, on condition of a temperate year's probation. He kept it manfully, and then became the husband of his Laura, and continued, during the rest of his life, an orderly, respectable man, who never, at any one time, drank more than he could carry.

After several years, Bonnard, for the first time, discovered the trick that had been played upon him; he thanked his friends heartily for it, and began once more to tread firmly on his right leg, the straining of which he had always until then most carefully avoided.

DISSIMULATION.

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our snare.—*Dr. Blair.*

(ORIGINAL.)

O! LET ME SLEEP.

BY J. W. D. MOODIE, ESQ.

O! let me sleep, nor wake to sadness,
The heart that, sleeping, dreams of gladness,
For sleep is death, without the pain,
Then wake me not to life again.
O! let me sleep, nor break the spell
That soothes the captive in his cell;
That bursts his chains and sets him free,
To revel in his liberty.

Loved scenes arrayed in tenderest hue,
Now rise in beauty to my view;
And long lost friends around me stand,
Or, smiling, grasp my willing hand.
Again I seek my island home,
Along the silent bays I roam;
Or, seated on the rocky shore,
I hear the angry surge's roar.

And oh! how sweet the music seems,
I've heard amid my blissful dreams,
But of the sadly pleasing strains,
Nought save the thrilling sense remains.
Those sounds so loved, in scenes so dear
Still,—still they murmur in my ear:
But sleep alone can bless the sight,
With forms that fade with morning light.

Belleville.

EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF MONTAIGNE.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

HIS (Montaigne's) mode of preserving his castle from pillage was very characteristic, "Defence," he says, "attracts enterprise, and fear instigates injury. I weakened the ardour of the soldiery by taking from their exploits all risk, or matter for military glory, which usually served them as an excuse; what is done with danger, is always honourable at those periods when the course of justice is suspended. I rendered the conquest of my house cowardly and treacherous, it was shut against no one who knocked; a porter was its only guard, an ancient usage and ceremony, and which did not serve so much to defend my abode, as to offer an easy and more gracious entrance. I had no sentinel but that which the stars kept for me. A gentleman does wrong to appear in a state of defence who is not perfectly so. My house was well fortified when built, but I have added nothing, fearing that such might be turned against myself. So many garrisoned houses being taken, made me suspect that they were lost through that very reason. It gave cause and desire for assault. Every guarded door looks like war. If God pleased, I might be attacked, but I would not call on the assailant. It is my retreat wherein to repose myself from war. I endeavour to shelter this cor-

ner from the public storm, as also another corner in my soul. Our contest vainly changes its forns, and multiplies and diversifies itself in various parties—I never stir. Among so many armed houses I alone, I believe, in France, confined mine to the protection of heaven only, and have never removed either money, or plate, or title-deed, or tapestry. I was resolved neither to fear nor to save myself by halves. If an entire gratitude can acquire divine favour, I shall enjoy it to the end; if not, I have gone on long enough to render my escape remarkable; it has lasted now thirty years." And he preserved his philosophy through all, "I write this," says he, in one of his essays, "at a moment when the worst of our troubles are gathering about me; the enemy is at my gates, and I endure all sorts of military outrage at once." He gives an interesting account how, on one occasion, by presence of mind and self possession, he saved his castle.

A certain leader bent on taking it and him, resolved to surprise him. He came alone to the gate and begged to be let in. Montaigne knew him, and thought he could rely on him as a neighbour, though not as a friend; he caused his door to be opened to him, as to every one. The visitant came in a hurried manner, his horse panting, and said that he had encountered the enemy, who pursued him, and being unarmed, and with few men about him, he had taken shelter at Montaigne's, and was in great trouble about his people, who he feared were either taken or killed. Montaigne believed the tale, and tried to reassure and comfort him. Presently five or six of his followers, with the same appearance of terror, presented themselves, and then more and more, to as many as thirty, well equipped and armed, pretending they were pursued by the enemy. Montaigne's suspicions were at last awakened; but finding that he must go on as he had begun, or break out altogether, he partook himself to what seemed to him the easiest and most natural course, and ordered all to be admitted, "being," he says, "a man who commits himself to fortune, and believing that we fail in not confiding sufficiently in heaven." The soldiers having entered, remained in the court yard—their chief, with his host, being in the hall, he not having permitted his horse to be put up, saying he should go the moment his people arrived. He now saw himself master of his enterprise,—the execution alone remained. He often said afterwards—for he did not fear to tell the tale—that Montaigne's frankness and composure had disarmed his treachery. He mounted his horse and departed, while his people, who kept their eyes continually upon him to see if he gave the signal, were astonished to see him ride off and abandon his advantage.

On another occasion, confiding in some truce, he undertook a journey, and was seized by about thirty gentlemen, masked, as was the custom then, followed by a little army of arquebusiers. Being taken, he was led into the forest, and despoiled of his effects which were valuable, and a high ransom demanded. He refused any, contending for the maintenance of the truce; but this plea was rejected, and they were ordered to be marched away. He did not know his enemies, nor, apparently, did they know him; and he and his people were being led off as prisoners, when suddenly a change took place: the chief addressed him in mild terms, caused all his effects to be collected and restored, and the whole party set at liberty. "The true cause of so sudden a change," says Montaigne, "operated without any apparent cause, and of repentance in a purpose then through use held just, I do not even know now. The chief amongst them unmasked, and told me his name, and several times afterwards said that I owed my deliverance to my composure, and to the firmness of my words, which made me seem worthy of better treatment."

(ORIGINAL.)

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

What though I love the glorious sun,
With beauty tinging earth and sky,
As, sinking when his race is done,
He, robed in splendour—passes by,
What though I love the Queen of Night
Whose solemn influence fills my breast,
Pale Luna—with thy robes of light,
Thrown o'er the sleeping world at rest.

What though I love the thunder's roar,
The lightning's flash, the midnight wind,
The murmur on the ocean's shore,
The voice of nature unconfined:
Though prized all these—and dear they are,
Something above them all I see,
There is a star, more glorious far,
Than either sun or moon to me.

When dark and low'ring clouds are near,
And cast dark shadows o'er my way,
Nought could my fainting spirit cheer,
Did not that star, with Hope's bright ray
Point to the realms of bliss afar,
From pain and sorrow ever free—
And O, that star, more glorious far,
Is more than sun or moon to me.

EQUALITY.

Equality is deemed by many a mere speculative chimera, which can never be reduced to practice. But if the abuse is inevitable, does it follow that we ought not to try at least to mitigate it? It is precisely because the force of things tends always to destroy equality, that the force of the legislature must always tend to maintain it.—*Rousseau.*

(ORIGINAL.)

CHARITY, BENEVOLENCE, AND GENEROSITY,

A BAZAAR FRAGMENT—BY ERNEST RIVERS.

Three heaven-born sisters, Charity the first,
The next twin graces, sweet Benevolence
And Generosity, with radiant smiles
Of love, and purity, and inborn peace;
Ethereal things, in goodness still intent
To bless the world, and by the world be blest;
Descended from their blissful bowers above,
To aid their earth-born sisters in the task
Of mitigating woe, and grief, and misery.

The Widows' and Orphans' Invocation.

Hail to the sisters of that heaven-born pair,
Seraphic Faith, and Hope, the last best gift
Of God to man, ere innocence had fled
From that sweet paradise where all was peace,
And grace, and truth, and purity, and love:
Hail bright angelic virtues, thou whose mild
And softening influence is felt o'er all
The earth, and through the wide expanse of heaven,
All hail, incomparable spirits, still we sing to thee,
all hail!

Chorus of Maidens.

Come hither, come hither, sweet sisters three,
On earth we have havens of rest still for thee,
When the spring flowers are opening their blossoms
so rare
And all that is beauteous in nature is there,
Where the woodbriar circles its arms round the rose,
Come hither, come hither, and take thy repose.

The Spirits' reply.

We come, we come, from the realms above,
And we bring thee peace, and we bring thee love:
Swift as the flight of the stars bright beam,
Or the changing tide of love's young dream,
Our course has been through boundless space,
And here for a time is our resting place.

And did they there sleep in that heavenly spot,
Their errand of love for one moment forgot?
And took they their slumbers by light zephyrs fanned,
And lull'd by the strains of a far far off land?
No! Charity sleeps not, but rests like a ray
Of light on the earth in a calm summer's day,
Still vivid with life in its light beaming rest
And imparting its gifts to the woe stricken breast.

Invocation to Benevolence.

Spirit with the beaming smile,
Tarry, tarry here awhile,
Here in this sweet sunny spot:
Mortal breasts are bared before thee,
High and low alike adore thee;
For the wreaths of jessamine,
Bud of myrtle, leaf of vine,
Fairy fin gers shall entwine!
Gentle spirit, leave us not.

The reply.

Maiden, twine the rosy flowers,
Lightly weave the silken strings,
Moments spent like these are hours
Stolen from life's fleeting wings—
Sister spirits, let us not
Flee from this sweet sunny spet

But hark! what sounds are these so near
That steal like magic on the ear?
United in one cadence long?
It is the virgins' morning song.

Song of the Virgins.

Oh, if there's one spirit more lofty and great
On earth than another, in man's proudest state,
It is thine, Generosity, thine!
And if there's one spirit than others more mild,
That steals o'er the heart like the smile of a child,
It is thine, sweet Benevolence, thine!
But if there's a virtue more holy and rare
On earth than another, or spirit more fair,
It is thine, blessed Charity, thine!

* * * * * * * * *

Lightly and gracefully the spirits rose
Refresh'd, and to their task contented flew:
And many a cold and rigid heart was touch'd
With pity by their heavenly influence,
And many a young heart beat
With generous rivalry to spread the board
That was to minister to others' woe.
And many an one who had the power to give
Gave freely, and rejoiced that he had given—
At length the spirits work of love being o'er,
Smiling serenely on the joyous scene, they winged
their way to heaven!

AMBITION.

THERE are few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintances. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, *if it were rightly directed*, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.—*Addison.*

DR. ROBERTSON'S JOURNEY TO THE HOLY LAND.

WHERE PAUL PREACHED IN ATHENS.

"My first visit in Athens was to the Areopagus, where Paul preached. This is a narrow, naked ridge of limestone rock, rising gradually from the northern end, and terminating abruptly on the south, over against the west end of the Acropolis, from which it appears about north; being separated from it by an elevated valley. The southern end is fifty or sixty feet above the said valley, though yet much lower than the Acropolis. On its top are still to be seen the seats of the judges and parties, hewn in the rock; and towards the S.W. is a descent by a flight of steps, also cut in the rock, into the valley below. On the West of the ridge, in the valley between it and Pnyx, was the ancient market. In which of these it was that Paul "disputed daily," it is of course impossible to tell; but from either it was only a short distance to the foot of "Mars Hill," up which Paul was probably conducted by the flight of steps just mentioned. Standing on this elevated platform, surrounded by the learned and wise of Athens, the multitude perhaps being on the steps and in the vale below, Paul had directly before him the far-famed Acropolis, with its wonders of Grecian art; and beneath him, on his left, the majestic Theseium, the earliest and still most perfect of Athenian structures; while all around, other temples and altars filled the whole city. Yet here, amid all these objects, of which the Athenians were so proud, Paul hesitated not to exclaim: "God, who made the world and all things that are therein,—He being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands!" On the Acropolis, too, were the three celebrated statues of Minerva; one of olive-wood; another of gold and ivory in the Parthenon, the master-piece of Phidias; and the colossal statue in the open air, the point of whose spear was seen over the Parthenon, by those sailing along the gulf. To these Paul probably referred and pointed, when he went on to affirm, that the Godhead is not like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device."—Indeed, it is impossible to conceive of anything more adapted to the circumstances of time and place, than is the whole of his masterly address; but the full force and energy and boldness of the Apostle's language can be duly felt, only when one has stood upon the spot. The course of the argument too, is masterly,—so entirely adapted to the acute and susceptible minds of his Athenian audience."

AN ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

"Mounting again at ten minutes past five o'clock, we proceeded upon the Hebron road towards Kurmul. The region around, and especially upon our right, was the finest we had yet seen in the hill-country of Judah. The great plain or basin spreads itself out in that direction, shut in on every side by higher land or hills, except upon the east, where it slopes off towards the Dead Sea. The elevation of this plain, though not so great as that of Dhoheriyeh, cannot be less than fifteen hundred feet or more above the level of the Mediterranean. Its waters apparently flow off in both directions, partly towards the Dead Sea and partly towards Wady es-Seba'. The surface of the plain is waving, and almost free from rocks; indeed even the smaller stones are less abundant than usual. At present the whole tract was almost covered with fine fields of wheat, belonging to persons in Hebron who rent the land of government. Watchmen were stationed in various parts, to prevent cattle and flocks from trespassing upon the grain. The wheat was now ripening; and we had here a beautiful illustration of scripture. Our Arabs 'were an hungered,' and going into the fields, they 'plucked the ears of corn, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands'. On being questioned, they said this was an old custom, and no one would speak against it; they were supposed to be hungry, and it was allowed as a charity. We saw this afterwards in repeated instances."

A JANUARY VOYAGE ON THE NILE.

"A voyage upon the Nile at this season can never be otherwise than interesting. The weather is usually pleasant, and the traveller is surrounded by scenes and objects striking in themselves, and closely associated with all that is great and venerable in the records of the ancient world. The gleaming waters of the mighty river, rushing onward in ceaseless flow; the pyramids, those mysterious monuments of gray antiquity, stretching in a range along the western shore from Gizeh upwards beyond Shakkarah and Dashur; the frequent villages along the banks, each in the bosom of its own tall grove of graceful palm-trees; the broad valley, teeming with fertility, and shut in on both sides by ranges of naked barren mountains, within which the desert is continually striving to enlarge its encroachments; all these are objects which cannot be regarded but with lively emotions. Nor is this wholly a scene of still life. The many boats, with broad lateen sails, gliding up and down; the frequent water-wheels, *Sakieh*, by which water is raised from the river to irrigate the fields; the more numerous *Shadufs*, who laboriously ply their little sweep and bucket for the same end; the labourers in the fields; the herds of neat cattle and buffaloes; occasional files of camels and asses; large flocks of pigeons, ducks, and wild geese; and, as one advances, the occasional sights of crocodiles sleeping on a sand-bank, or plunging into the water; all these give a life and activity to the scenery which enhances the interest and adds to the exhilaration."

THE utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites, it can never make them converts.—*Dr. John Moore.*

WELCOME, WELCOME, LITTLE BARK.

WORDS BY MRS. MOODIE—MUSIC BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE, ESQ.

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

Moderato

Welcome, welcome, thou little Bark, Love greets thee from the shore; Thro'

whit'ning foam thy sails I mark, I hear thy dash - ing oar. I hear thy dashing

oar; I hear thy dash - ing oar; Thro' whit'ning foam thy sails I mark, I

TENDERLY

hear thy dashing oar. Quickly glide o'er the path-less sea, For

AD LIB:

dear is thy freight to love and me; Quick-ly glide o'er the

SOTTO VOCE

path-less sea, For dear is thy freight to love and me.

fz

fz

SECOND VERSE.

She comes, she comes, through the swelling tide,
Her keel grates on the strand,
The waves before her course divide,
Her bold crew spring to land. } *repeat.*
Safe from the storm and the raging main,
I clasp thee once more to my heart again. } *repeat.*

THIRD VERSE.

Thy locks are wet with the ocean's foam
But our hearth burns bright and clear
The loved and the loving shall welcome thee home,
And prepare thy rustic cheer. } *repeat.*
Yes! thou art safe, and I heed no more,
The rising wind, and the tempest's roar } *repeat.*

OUR TABLE.

LONDON NAUTICAL MAGAZINE—ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

It will be remembered that, about a year and a half ago, Her Majesty's Discovery Ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, sailed from England, under the command of Captain Ross and Com. Crozier, with the intention of ascertaining the true position of the South Magnetic Pole. They were also expected to explore the Antarctic Regions, of which very little had hitherto been known.

The voyagers had instructions to make observations on the route towards the ultimate object of their endeavours, with a view to the fulfilment of which they proceeded to Madeira, and thence to St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, where they erected Observatories, and left scientific men competent to perform the duty. They then continued their voyage, putting into several ports, until they arrived at Hobarton, Van Dieman's Land, where they met Sir John Franklin, the Governor, who cheerfully afforded them every possible assistance and advice. Having erected an Observatory there also, they proceeded on their voyage on the 26th October, 1840.

The *Nautical Magazine*, for September, from which we have learned the particulars of the voyage, contains a letter from Captain Ross, which we extract, the information which has been the result of the expedition being of the highest interest to all who are interested in the general diffusion of knowledge, and in particular to the countrymen and fellow-subjects of the gallant navigators, whose heroism and perseverance have been the instruments of adding to the renown of Britain. It is well remarked in the Magazine from which we extract the letter, that, "Great and glorious as have been the military achievements of the British Navy, they will not be looked upon by posterity with more admiration than the extensive discoveries which have distinguished it in the present age. Science and civilization, and British power, have been promoted as effectually, and as permanently, by the discoveries of Cook, and Parry, and Ross, and many others, as by the heroic deeds of Howe, and St. Vincent, and Nelson, and their glorious companions. The Admiralty have always most liberally and most patriotically encouraged those voyages of discovery; and in so doing they have consulted the honour of the nation, and honour is the most valuable of all national possessions."

The letter is dated "Hobarton, Van Dieman's Land, 7th April, 1841," and is as follows:—

Under all circumstances, it appeared to me that it would conduce more to the advancement of that branch of science, for which this expedition has been more specially sent forth, as well as for the extension of our geographical knowledge of the Antarctic Regions, to endeavour to penetrate to the southward, on about the 170th degree of east longitude by which the isodynamic oval, and the point exactly between the two foci of greater magnetic intensity might be passed over and determined, and directly between the tracks of the Russian navigator, Bellingshausen, and our own Capt. James Cook, and after entering the Antarctic circle, to steer south-westerly towards the Pole, rather than attempt to approach it directly from the north on the unsuccessful footsteps of my predecessors.

"Accordingly on leaving Auckland Islands on the 12th of December, we proceeded to the southward, touching for a few days at Campbell Island, for magnetic purposes, and after passing amongst many icebergs to the southward of 63 deg. latitude, we made the pack-edge, and entered the Antarctic circle on the 1st of January, 1841.

"This pack presented none of these formidable characters which I had been led to expect from the accounts of the American and French; but the circumstances were sufficiently unfavorable to deter me from entering it at this time and a gale from the northward interrupted our operations for three or four days.

"On the 5th of January, we again made the pack about 100 miles to eastward in latitude 66 deg. 45 S.: and longitude 174 deg. 16 E.: and although the wind was blowing directly on it, with a high sea running, we succeeded in entering it without either of the ships sustaining any injury; and after penetrating a few miles we were enabled to make our way to the southward with comparative ease and safety.

"On the following three or four days our progress was rendered more difficult and tedious, by thick fogs, light winds, a heavy swell, and almost constant snow-showers; but a strong *water sky* to the south-east, which was seen at every interval of clear weather, encouraged us to persevere in that direction, and on the morning of the 9th, after sailing more than 200 miles through this pack, we gained a perfectly clear sea, and bore away south-east towards the Magnetic Pole.

"On the morning of the 12th of January, when in latitude 70 deg. 41 S, and long. 172 deg. 39, land was discovered at the distance, as it afterwards proved, of nearly a hundred miles directly in the course we were steering, and therefore between us and the Pole.

"Although this circumstance was viewed at the time with considerable regret, as being likely to de-

feat one of the more important objects of the expedition, yet, it restored to England the honor of the discovery of the southern-most known land, which had been nobly won, for more than twenty years possessed by Russia.

"Continuing our course towards this land for many hours, we seemed scarcely to approach it, it rose in lofty mountainous peaks of from 9 to 12,000 feet in height, perfectly covered with eternal snow, the glaciers that descended from the mountain summit projected many miles into the ocean, and presented a perpendicular face of lofty cliffs. As we neared the land, some exposed patches of rock appeared; and steering towards a small bay for the purpose of effecting a landing, we found the shore so thickly lined for some miles with bergs and pack ice, and a heavy swell dashing against it, we were obliged to abandon our purpose, and steer towards a more promising looking point to the south, off which we observed several small islands; and on the morning of the 13th, I landed, accompanied by Commander Crozier and a number of the officers of each ship, and took possession of the country in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

"The island on which we landed is composed wholly of igneous rocks, numerous specimens of which with other imbedded minerals were procured: it is in lat. 71 deg. 56 S.; and long. 171 deg. 7 E.

On observing that the main coast of the main land tended to the southward, whilst the north shore took a north-westerly direction, I was led to hope that by penetrating to the south as far as practicable it might be possible to pass beyond the Magnetic pole, which our combined observations placed in 76 deg. nearly; and thence, by steering westward, complete its circumnavigation. We accordingly pursued our course along this magnificent land, and on the 23rd of January, we reached 74 deg. 15 min. S., the highest southern latitude that had ever been attained by any preceding navigators, and that by our own countryman, Capt. J. Weddell.

"Although greatly impeded by strong southerly gales, thick fogs, constant snow storms, we continued the examination of the coast to the southward, and on the 27th we again landed on an island in lat. 76 deg. 8 min. S., and long. 168 deg. 12 min. E., composed, as on the former occasion, entirely of igneous rocks.

"Still steering to the southward, early the next morning a mountain of 12,400 feet above the level of the sea, was seen emitting flame and smoke in splendid profusion.

"This magnificent volcano received the name of Mount Erebus. It is in lat. 77 deg. 32 min. S., and long. 167 deg. 0 E.

"An extinct crater to the eastward of Mount Erebus of somewhat less elevation, was called Mount Terror.

"The mainland preserved its southerly trending, and we continued to follow it until, in the afternoon, when close in with the land, our further progress in that direction was prevented by a barrier of ice, stretching away from a projecting cape of the coast, directly to the E. S. E.

"This extraordinary barrier presented a perpendicular face of at least one hundred and fifty feet, rising, of course, far above the mast-heads of our ships, and completely concealing from our view every thing beyond it, except only the tops of a range of very lofty mountains in a S. S. E. direction, and in lat. 79 deg. south.

"Pursuing the examination of this splendid barrier to the eastward, we reached the latitude of 78 deg. 4 S., the highest we were at any time able to attain, on the 2nd of February; and having on the 9th traced its continuity to the longitude of 190 deg. 23 in lat. 78 deg. S., a distance of more than 300 miles, our further progress was prevented by a heavy pack, pressed closely against the barrier; and the narrow line of water, by means of which we had penetrated thus far, became so completely covered by rapidly forming ice, that nothing but the strong breeze with which we were favoured enabled us to retrace our steps. When at a distance of less than half a mile from its lofty icy cliffs, we had soundings with 318 fathoms, on a bed of soft blue mud.

With a temperature of 20 deg. below the freezing point, we found the ice to form so rapidly on the surface, that any further examination of the barrier in so extremely severe a period of the season being impracticable, we stood away to the westward for the purpose of making another attempt to approach the Magnetic Pole, and again reached its latitude 76 deg. S., on the 15th of February, and although we found that much of the heavy ice had drifted away since our former attempt, and its place, in a great measure, supplied by recent ice, yet, we made some way through it, and got a few miles nearer to that Pole than we had before been able to accomplish, when the heavy pack again frustrated all our efforts, completely filling the space of fifteen or sixteen miles between us and the shore. We were this time in latitude 76 deg. 12 S., and longitude 164 deg., the dip being 88 deg. 40, and variation 109 deg. 24 E. We were, of course, 160 miles from the magnetic Pole

"Had it been possible to have approached any part of this coast; and to have found a place of security for the ships, we might have travelled this short distance over the land, but this proved to be utterly impracticable, and although our hopes of complete attainment have not been realized, it is some satisfaction to feel assured, that we have approached the magnetic Pole more nearly by some hundreds of miles than any of our predecessors, and from the multitude of observations that have been made in both ships, and in so many different directions from it, its position can be determined with nearly as much accuracy as if we had actually reached the spot.

"It had ever been an object of anxious desire with us to find a harbour for the ships, so as to enable us to make simultaneous observations with the numerous observations that would be at work on the important term-day of the 28th of Feb., as well for other scientific purposes, but every part of the coast where indentations appeared, and where harbours on other shores usually occur, we found so perfectly filled with perennial ice of many hundred feet in thickness, that all our endeavours to find a place of shelter for our vessels were quite unavailing.

"Having now completed all that it appeared to me possible to accomplish in so high a latitude, at so advanced a period of the season, and desirous to obtain as much information as possible of the extent and form of the coast we had discovered, as also to guide, in some measure, our future operations, I bore

away on the 18th of February for the north part of this land, and which by favor of a strong southerly gale, we reached on the morning of the 21st.

"We again endeavoured to effect a landing on this part of the coast, and were again defeated in our attempt by the heavy pack which extended for many miles from the shore, and rendered it impossible.

"For several days we continued to examine the coast to the westward, tracing the pack edge along, until on the 25th of February we found the land abruptly terminate in latitude 70 deg. 40 S., and longitude 165 deg. E., tending considerably to the southward of west, and presenting to our view an immense space occupied by the newly formed ice, and so covered by recent snow, as to present the appearance of one unbroken mass, and defying every attempt to penetrate it.

"The great southern land we have discovered, and whose continuity we have traced from nearly the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude, I am desirous to distinguish by the name of our Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria."

BARNABY RUDGE.

It will be recollected by the reader, that in one of the opening chapters of Barnaby Rudge—quoted in the *Garland* for April last—a story was told beside the fire of the Maypole Inn, by Solomon Daisy, the Parish Clerk, of the murder of Mr. Reuben Haredale, and of one of his servants, who, from his dress and trinkets, was believed to be Rudge, the steward, father of the idiot, Barnaby. It will also be borne in mind, that, as described by the narrator, the murdered man, in the death-struggle, had seized the bell-rope, and awoke the melancholy alarm upon the still ear of night. The assassin cut the rope, to terminate the ill-omened and dangerous noise. This much it is essential to bear in mind, properly to understand the descriptive energy of the author, in another extract—a sequel to the first—which we are now about to make.

In some of the latest numbers, the murderer is brought before the reader—an object of loathing and pity rather than of hate. Many years have passed; but during them all, he has been haunted by the burning memory of his crime—a crime which has robbed him of peace—of all hope on earth, and of all hope when the earth is nothing. The mad thirst of gold which prompted to the commission of a hideous and double murder has followed him like a curse. For quarter of a century he has been a stranger to repose—he has been a wanderer, and desolate, haunted by his never ceasing fears. A gaunt, spectre-like wretch, he has skulked through life, mingling with the lowest and the most degraded; even by them feared, hated, and despised. Alone in the fields or in the forests, or amid the revelry of the reckless—the world to him has been full of his victim's death-cry. He has never yet escaped from the glazed eye of the being whose life-blood his knife had drank. His path, in sunshine, was full of spectres. When he slept, their pallid faces were only vividly before his heart and eye.

Such was Rudge, the murderer; for it was he,—he who had clothed his victim in his own apparel, to turn suspicion from the true assassin. He is once more in the neighbourhood of the Haredale mansion, where the deed of blood was done. It is now the scene of a more daring—more open, but not more cruel outrage. The owner of the Warren, as it is called, a gallant Catholic gentleman, has become obnoxious to the actors in the dreadful Gordon riots, which convulsed a great part of England during the last century. They have made an attack upon the Warren—hurling it to destruction, and threatening its inmates with instant death. One of them tolls the alarm-bell. The murderer hears it,—sees the lurid glare of the burning mansion rise up against the darkened sky. The effect must be left to the author to describe:—

It was not the sudden change from darkness to this dreadful light—it was not the sound of distant shrieks and shouts of triumph—it was not this dread invasion of the serenity and peace of night, that drove the man back as though a thunderbolt had struck him. *It was the bell.* If the ghastliest shape the human mind has ever pictured in its wildest dreams had risen up before him, he could not have staggered backward from its touch as he did from the first sound of that loud iron voice. With eyes that stared from his head, his limbs convulsed, his face most horrible to see, he raised one arm high up into the air, and holding something visionary back and down with his other hand, drove at it as though he had a knife and stabbed it to the heart. He clutched his hair, and stopped his ears, and travelled madly round and round; then gave a frightful cry, and with it rushed away: still, still the bell tolled on, and seemed to follow him—louder and louder, hotter and hotter yet. The glare grew brighter, the roar of voices deeper, the crash of heavy bodies falling, shook the air, bright streams of sparks rose up into the sky; but louder than them all—rising faster far to Heaven—a million times more fierce and furious, pouring forth dreadful secrets after its long silence—speaking the language of the dead—the bell—the bell!

What hunt of spectres could surpass that dread pursuit and flight! Had there been a legion of them on his back, he could have better borne it. They would have had a beginning and an end, here all space was full—the one pursuing voice was everywhere; it sounded in the earth, the air; shook the long grass, and howled among the trembling trees. The echoes caught it up, the owls hooted as it flew upon the breeze, the nightingale was silent and hid herself among the thickest boughs—it seemed to goad and urge

the angry fire, and lash it into madness. Everything was steeped in one prevailing red; the glow was everywhere; nature was drenched in blood; still the remorseless crying of that awful voice—the bell—the bell!

It ceased: but not in his ears. The knell was at his heart; no work of man had ever voice like that which sounded there, and warned him that it cried unceasingly to Heaven. Who could hear that voice and not know what it said? There was murder in its every note—cruel, relentless, savage murder—the murder of a confiding man by one who held his every trust. Its ringing summoned phantoms from their graves. What face was that, in which a friendly smile changed to a look of half incredulous horror, which stiffened for a moment into one of pain, then changed into an imploring glance at Heaven, and so fell idly down with upturned eyes, like the dead stags he had often peeped at when a little child: skrinking and shuddering—there was a dreadful thing to think of now! He sank upon the ground, and grovelling down as if he would dig himself a place to hide in, covered his face and ears, but no, no, no—a hundred walls and roofs of brass would not shut out that bell, for it spoke the wrâthful voice of God, and from that the whole wide universe could not afford a refuge!

We give another extract, presenting a vivid picture of the riot to which allusion is made above, the result of which was the total destruction of the Haredale mansion:—

The besiegers being in complete possession of the house, spread themselves over it from garret to cellar, and plied their demon labours fiercely. While some small parties kindled bonfires underneath the windows, others broke up the furniture and cast the fragments down to feed the flames below; where the apertures in the wall (windows no longer) were large enough, they hurled out tables, chests of drawers, beds, mirrors, pictures, and flung them whole into the fire; while every fresh addition to the blazing masses was received with shouts, and howls, and yells, which added new and dismal terrors to the conflagration. Those who had axes and had spent their fury on the moveables, chopped and tore down the doors and window-frames, broke up the flooring, hewed away the rafters, and buried men who lingered in the upper rooms, in heaps of ruins. Some searched the drawers, the chests, the boxes, writing-desks, and closets, for jewels, plate, and money: while others, less mindful of gain and more mad for destruction, cast their whole contents into the court-yard without examination, and called to those below to heap them on the blaze. Men who had been into the cellars, and had staved the casks, rushed to and fro stark mad, setting fire to all they saw—often to the dresses of their own friends—and kindling the building in so many parts that some had no time for escape, and with drooping hands and blackened faces hanging senseless on the window-sills, to which they had crawled, until they were sucked and drawn into the burning gulf. The more the fire crackled and raged, the wilder and more cruel the men grew; as though moving in that element they became fiends, and changed their earthly nature for the qualities that give delight in hell.

The burning pile revealing rooms and passages red hot, through gaps made in the crumbling walls; the tributary fires that licked the outer bricks and stones, with their long forked tongues, and ran up to meet the glowing mass within; the shining of the flames upon the villains who looked on and fed them; the roaring of the angry blaze, so bright and high that it seemed in its rapacity to have swallowed up the very smoke; the living flakes the wind bore rapidly away and hurried on with, like a storm of fiery snow; the noiseless breaking of great beams of wood, which fell like feathers on the heaps of ashes, and crumbled in the very act to sparks and powder; the lurid tinge that overspread the sky; and the darkness, very deep by contrast, which prevailed around; the exposure to the coarse, common gaze of every little nook which usages of home had made a secret place, and the destruction by rude hands of every little household favourite which old associations made a dear and most precious thing—all this taking place; not among pitying looks and friendly murmurs of compassion, but brutal shouts and exultations, which seemed to make the very rats who stood by the old house too long, creatures with some claim upon the pity and regard of those its roof had sheltered—combined to form a scene never to be forgotten by those who saw it and were not actors in the work, so long as life endured.

And who were they? The alarm-bell rang—and it was pulled by no faint or hesitating hands—for a long time; but not a soul was seen. Some of the insurgents said that when it ceased, they heard the shrieks of women, and saw some garments fluttering in the air, as a party of men bore away no unresisting burden. No one could say that this was true or false, in such an uproar, but where was Hugh? who among them had seen him since the forcing of the doors? The cry sped through the body—Where was Hugh?

"Here!" he hoarsely cried, appearing from the darkness, out of breath, and blackened with the smoke. "We have done all we can: the fire is burning itself out; and even the corners where it hasn't spread, are nothing but heaps of ruins. Disperse my lads, while the coast's clear: get back by different ways; and meet as usual!" With that he disappeared again,—contrary to his wont, for he was always first to advance, and last to go away,—leaving them to follow homewards as they would.

It was not an easy task to draw off such a throng. If Bedlam gates had been flung open wide, there would not have issued forth such maniacs as the frenzy of that night had made. There were men there who danced and trampled on the beds of flowers, as though they trod down human enemies; and wrenched them from the stalks, like savages who twisted human necks. There were men who rushed up to the fire and paddled in it with their hands as if in water; and others who were restrained by force from plunging in it to gratify their deadly longing. On the skull of one drunken lad—not twenty, by his looks—who lay upon the ground with a bottle to his mouth, the lead from the roof came streaming down in a shower of liquid fire, white hot—melting his head like wax. When the scattered parties were collected, men—living yet, but singed as with hot irons, were plucked out of the cellars and carried off upon the shoulders of others, who strove to wake them as they went along, with ribald jokes, and left them dead in the passages of hospitals. But of all the howling throng not one learnt mercy from, or sickened at these sights; nor was the fierce, besotted, senseless rage of one glutted.

Slowly, and in small clusters, with hoarse hurrahs and repetitions of their usual cry, the assembly

dropped away. The last few red-eyed stragglers reeled after those who had gone before; the distant noise of men calling to each other, and whistling for others whom they missed, grew fainter and fainter: at length even these sounds died away. and silence reigned alone.

Silence indeed! The glare of the flames had sunk into a fitful flashing light, and the gentle stars, invisible till now, looked down upon the blackening heap. A dull smoke hung upon the ruin, as though to hide it from those eyes of Heaven; and the wind forbore to move it. Bare walls, roof open to the sky—chambers where the beloved lately died,—had many and many a fair day risen to new life and energy—where so many dear ones had been sad and merry; which were connected with so many thoughts and hopes, regrets and changes—all gone—nothing left but a dull and dreary blank—a smouldering heap of dust and ashes—the silence and solitude of utter desolation.

The tale is drawing near its termination. The mystery which, throughout, has been well sustained, begins to clear away, and the plot to be thoroughly understood. As a whole, Barnaby Rudge will not be less successful than the many excellent stories which have won for the author the eminent place he holds among the authors of his age and country.

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY, WITH THE ADDITION OF WALKER'S PRONUNCIATION.

A NEAT edition of this valuable work, abridged for the use of schools, has recently made its appearance, from the press of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay. The book is of excellent workmanship, and on excellent paper, the contents being the same as those of the latest and most improved editions, and combining all that is excellent in the various changes made since the book was originally compiled. Being designed for the use of British Colonial schools, it is without those egregiously partial *histories* which are appended to the American editions heretofore in use, and which are anything but fit for the atmosphere of Canada. It must come into universal use in the common schools of the United Province, to the teachers and pupils in which we feel it to be a duty cordially to recommend it.

THE DEERSLAYER—BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

WE have met with a few extracts from a new work by this most popular of American authors, though least popular of American *men*. "The Deerslayer" is its title, and as far as we can judge, it is a tale of the Indians and the woods, in which lies the author's *forte*. Such being the case, we anticipate from it, when it has reached "our table," no small degree of pleasure. In the sketching of Indian character, and the no less peculiar nature of the Border settlers, in the earlier eras of the history of America, Cooper has no superior, and his skill in story-telling ranks very high indeed. Under such circumstances, it is not too much to expect, from a pen so practised as his, that every effort it makes shall be well-deserving of the approbation of the intelligent reader.

SCOTTISH MELODIES—BY JOHN GRAHAM.

THIS work, which has at length found its way into Canada, amply fulfils the high anticipations of those who expected most from the well known genius of its gifted author. Many of the songs are remarkable for their beauty of imagery, energy of expression, and patriotic feeling; through the whole of them there runs a vein of true poetic enthusiasm, which is as it were a key to the heart and sympathies of the reader. We have not space to extract from the work, or we might easily afford evidence that the universal praise bestowed upon it is fully merited; but, in the meantime, we cannot too urgently recommend the public generally, and the Scottish public in particular, to secure for themselves copies of "Graham's Scottish Melodies."

THE readers of the *Garland* will find, among the original papers in this number, a beautiful, though brief, essay on "Contentment," by Mrs. J. R. Spooner, of St. Johns, which we would especially commend to their attention, not less for the purely pious feeling which it inculcates, than for the chaste and eloquent language in which it is clothed. We have pleasure in stating that we have reason to anticipate, in future, the occasional assistance of the pen of the authoress, who has before, though anonymously, contributed to the pages of the *Garland*.

AMONG the attractions in our present number, is a song from the pen of Mrs. Moodie, set to a beautiful air by her husband, Captain Moodie, Sheriff of the Victoria District, having an accompaniment arranged by Mr. Warren, of this city. Words, air, and accompaniment, we have pleasure in believing, will be found appropriate, and acceptable to the musical taste of the lady-readers of the *Garland*.