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THE GOLD MEDAL.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

ARCHIBALD LOCKHART was the only son of the head assistant in his Majesty's dock yard at——, a clever and high spirited youth, who at a very early age, had given singular proofs of an extraordinary mechanical genius. Mr. Lockhart was justly proud of his son's abilities, and his workshop was the common lounge of all the lads of genteel parentage in the neighbourhood, where his models of ships and boats, were examined and criticised, as genuine feelings of approbation or caprice influenced the spectators.

Like most clever people. Archibald was not averse to praise; but his love of truth, and natural good sense, made him reject flattery with contempt. Our young student had one great fault—he was a sad sloven: and was too deeply engrossed with his mechanical speculations, to attend to the ill-natured sarcasms, which were constantly levelled against his want of neatness, and the general disorder that pervaded his commodious workshop. The bluntness of his manners, and his total indifference as to the fit and fashion of his garments, gave Archibald no uneasiness. He could not comprehend why the world made such trifles a matter of serious importance. He smiled at the weakness of its votaries; and they, in return, laughed at his ignorance.

Under a rough exterior he possessed a good and generous heart; and his frank and independent spirit never suffered a consciousness of his own superior talents to detract from the genius of another. If the work of a rival really possessed merit, it was duly appreciated; and he never withheld the knowledge he had acquired by his own observation and experience from those to whom he thought it might prove beneficial. Archibald Lockhart was no common every day character. His sterling worth atoned for a thousand eccentricities; and those who knew him the longest loved him the best.

Among his numerous circle of acquaintance, he had vainly sought for a companion of his own age, who could enter into his mechanical pursuits and speculations. His heart yearned for a friend; and

the pleasure he felt in any new discovery lost half its relish in not being shared with another.

At this period a change took place in the King's yard. The second assistant was removed to Chatham; and a Mr. Crawford supplied his place, in whose youngest son Archibald found that friend, whom he had so long and eagerly sought.

The pursuits of the two lads were the same—but a decided difference in person, disposition and manners, marked their respective characters. Lawrence Crawford was an elegant gentlemanly youth. He was not handsome, but his face and figure were pleasing; and always set off to the best possible advantage. His manners were easy and agreeable, and without possessing the excellent heart of his unpolished friend, he was a universal favourite, both with young and old—with less genius than Archibald, his abilities were more general, and of that useful kind, that he could apply them to many different, and not unfrequently, opposite purposes. Lockhart could plan—Crawford execute. The one struck out the original idea—the other improved, and rendered it perfect. Both were ambitious, and equally the pride and ornament of their respective families.

Delighted with having found a companion whose tastes were so perfectly congenial with his own, Lockhart reposed the most unlimited confidence in his friend. He communicated to him his plans—shewed him his designs, and made him a partner in all his mechanical speculations—so great was the intimacy that existed between the lads, that they were known in the yard, by the familiar appellation of Lockhart and Co.

Pleasing as this union was to the parties concerned, it was not so agreeable to the parents of the young men; Mr. Crawford was very vain of the abilities of his son, and he could not bear to see them so far surpassed by a youth, who was his junior by two years. He could not appreciate Archibald's worth, whom he called an ill-behaved, ungentle fellow, and by no means a suitable companion for his accomplish-

ed Lawrence. The two assistants seldom met without the respective merits of the lads becoming a theme for warm discussion; and the young friends were opposed as rivals to each other.

But the spirit of animosity that influenced the parents, did not extend to their children. The generous youths stood firmly together—sharing the same purse, and entering with avidity into the same plans, and every effort to break their affectionate league proved ineffectual; but what the interference of their mis-judging friends could not bring about, envy accomplished.

Mr. Wilson, the head builder, was greatly interested in the mechanical studies of the two young men, and often invited them to spend the day together at his house. On one of these occasions, he promised a valuable chest of tools to the one who could produce the best model of a frigate.

Full of hope, the friends set to work, and each produced a draught, which gave the artist great promise of success when the models were completed: Crawford's did not display the bold and masterly genius which characterized Lockhart, yet the little vessel itself, was so neatly and exquisitely finished, and looked so pretty, that Lawrence deemed the tools already his own.

Great was his mortification and disappointment, when he found that, in spite of the rude workmanship, Lockhart's model gained the prize, while his own was not regarded with the attention which he thought its merits deserved. His chagrin increased, when Mr. Wilson proceeded to point out the defects concealed beneath the polished exterior of his little vessel.

Crawford's friendship could not stand this severe test—Lockhart was deeply grieved at the chagrin manifested by him, on this occasion; and, with his usual generosity, offered to divide the tools. Lawrence coldly rejected the offer; and for the first time in his life, he beheld in his kind warm hearted friend a formidable rival.

At this period, Crawford's uncle invited him to spend a few weeks in the country. Archibald, parted with his beloved companion with unfeigned regret. Crawford's visit, owing to indisposition, was protracted for many months.

Lockhart was restless and unhappy during his absence, and wrote many affectionate letters, expressing the deep concern he felt for his illness, and his impatience to behold him again. Lawrence was not insensible to these demonstrations of kindness, and a few hours after his return to ———, he paid Lockhart a visit.

He found the youth in his workshop, half buried in chips, and his dress and implements in great disorder. He raised his handsome face as Lawrence entered, and uttered a cry of joyful surprise. He threw down the plane he had in his hand, and cast himself into his friend's arms, while the moisture that

gathered on his dark silken bushes, added a softened brilliancy to his fine hazel eyes.

"You are very busy, Archy," said Crawford after returning Lockhart's cordial embrace and affectionate enquiries after his health, "what new whim have you taken into that speculative brain of yours?"

A glow of pleasure flushed Lockhart's cheek, and thrusting his fingers hastily through his neglected curls, he replied.

"Now laugh at me Larry, for an ambitious fool. I am going to send a model to the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, and my father flatters me with the hope of gaining a medal."

"Indeed!" said Lawrence—his cheek blanching as Lockhart's brightened—"what improvement have you made in the arts?"

"No inconsiderable one I hope," said Archibald, with all the pride of art, he drew forth his model, which was in a great state of forwardness; it is an improved life-boat. Examine it well—and give me your opinion of its merits—and what chance I have of success?"

"Both appear great," said Crawford, scarcely able to conceal his envy. But how, Archy, can you bestow such rough work upon a model which displays such genius?"

"Don't be so precise, my dear fellow," exclaimed the enthusiastic Lockhart. It is the first thought,—the original plan, that proves the abilities of the artist—any drudge may make a smooth surface.

"Neatness and elegance would greatly improve your model though."

"Not a bit! not a bit! Have you forgotten our frigates?"

Lockhart meant to give no offence, but Crawford reddened with indignation. He considered the unlucky allusion as a personal insult, and taking up his hat, left the workshop.

During his walk home, he indulged in a thousand bitter reflections. "Lockhart's model is excellent. He will in all probability win the medal. How little I shall then appear—how angry my father will be at the fuss Mr. Lockhart will make about his son's genius. Had I been lucky enough to make the same discovery—my model should have lost nothing for the want of neat and elegant workmanship. Besides—I perceive that the original plan is capable of a very great and important improvement."

Archibald was so deeply absorbed with his model that he paid little attention to his friends' criticisms, or to the length and frequency of his visits to his workshop, and the minute manner in which he examined his little vessel.

The model was at length completed, Archibald's name was entered among the list of competitors, and the boat submitted to the inspection of the committee. The important day arrived, when the candidates were to appear in person, and answer the questions proposed to them by the honourable mem-

bers of the Society; and our young student was alternately swayed by hopes and fears—although he was well prepared to explain the use of his model, and the principles on which it acted.

For the first time in his life, Lockhart arrayed his person with some care. As he left the house, to take the coach for London, he was met by Crawford.

"I am going to the Adelphi, to hear the fate of my model, Lawrence will you bear me company,"

"I shall certainly be there," was the brief reply. But it was spoken in an under tone, and with an averted eye, and the friends parted—when they met again, it was on the bench occupied by the candidates at the Adelphi.

Archibald did not recognize Crawford, for the latter was seated at the end of the bench with his head bent down, and shaded with his hand. It was not long before Archibald's examination commenced.

He explained with great clearness, but with his accustomed bluntness, the principles of his model. His uncourtuous manners unfortunately diminished the interest which had been excited by his handsome and intelligent countenance.

The president of the committee bestowed much commendation upon the usefulness and ingenuity of his discoveries; but regretted that a model, nearly resembling his own, but constructed on a better plan, had been presented for the inspection of the committee, which had met with their universal approbation.

"Mr. Lawrence Crawford," was then called upon.

The blazing eye of Lockhart flushed a withering glance of contempt upon the guilty countenance of his friend, as he slowly rose to answer the questions of the president.

"Base, dishonest wretch! I will not in this place expose you to the scorn of the world! or demean myself by contesting your ill gotten honours!" muttered the injured Lockhart, as, regardless of time and place, he darted from the room.

In a fever of excitement, he continued to pace the pavement in front of the Adelphi, without his hat, and unconscious of the rain, which was falling with all the vehemence of a thunder shower, to the earth.

He had been betrayed and supplanted by his friend, the beloved companion in whose sincerity he had reposed such implicit confidence, and on whom he had lavished the undivided affections of his warm and generous breast. His heart seemed bursting with the sense of intolerable wrongs; and he covered his face, and leaned against the wall to conceal his agitation.

Some one touched his shoulder.

He turned fiercely round. It was the eldest son of the builder, "your friend Crawford has won the gold medal."

"No name him to me," sobbed the suffocating Lockhart, as he left the building. He raised his clenched hand, and was about to strike his ungen-

erous rival to the earth. Better feelings arrested his uplifted arm—religion exerted its holy influence over his mind, and calmed the furious passion that convulsed his agitated frame.

"Go," he said in a broken voice—"go and enjoy if you can, your dishonest victory—you are beneath my vengeance—I—I forgive you."

He took the arm of Henry Wilson, and walked hastily away, leaving Crawford rooted to the spot, and overwhelmed with remorse and shame.

The reputation Lawrence acquired by obtaining the gold medal, formed a topic of conversation for several days among the officers in the King's yard. He alone was silent and discontented; haunted continually by the reproachful glance of his injured friend, he was unable to enjoy the congratulations of his acquaintance. He lamented the guilt in secret, which he was too proud to acknowledge, though constantly tortured with the degrading conviction, and he prevailed upon his father to let him accompany a friend in a tour to America.

It was with a start of painful surprise Lockhart heard of the departure of Crawford. He never knew how tenderly he had loved him, till they were separated by the wide Atlantic. A few months after Lawrence quitted England, Mr. Lockhart and his son were removed to Plymouth, and in a life of active and useful duties, the latter forgot the painful past. A sea-port town presented a wide field of employment to his manly and energetic mind. The life-boat, improved upon his own plan, was his chief delight, and many valuable lives had been saved by his indefatigable exertions in the cause of humanity.

One night, in the latter end of March, Archibald was roused from sleep by the report of a gun at sea, heard amid the deafening roar of winds and waves, which had been collecting their fury for some hours. and the gale which at sunset had only moaned along the deep, and lifted as if in sport, the white crested billows, now blew a perfect hurricane.

The moon was high and bright, when Lockhart sprang from his bed, and hastily adjusting his clothes, joined the group of seamen collected upon the cliff, to witness the destruction of a fine vessel, which abandoned to the fury of the storm, appeared beyond all human assistance; after great exertions, the life-boat was launched, and brought alongside the foundering vessel, whose crew could plainly be distinguished, by the beams of the full and cloudless moon, clinging to the shrouds.

Every face was turned towards the little ark of safety and her heroic band, and hope again brightened the tearful eyes which a few minutes before had been closed in despair.

Ropes and grappling irons were thrown on board. A general rush took place—all were anxious to ensure their own safety. One young man alone remained aloof. He leant against the broken mast, round which his arm was carelessly flung, with his

head bent down, and his eyes sullenly fixed upon the agitated waters. His attitude was abstracted and dejected, and he only appeared an unconscious and indifferent spectator of that appalling scene. With difficulty the crew were rescued from their perilous situation, and lowered into the boat.

"Why, messmate! you stand as mute as though the grave was not yawning at your feet," cried a young scaman, who was about to leave the vessel; "save your life and abandon the wreck."

The youth mechanically advanced to the side of the ship—his hand grasped the rope—the eyes of all were upon him, but, as he bent forward to secure his hold, the cap that had shaded his features fell from his head, and his eye rested upon the upturned face of Lockhart, who was steadying the rope below.

The recognition was mutual—a faint cry broke from the pale lips of Crawford—the rope dropped from his hand—the next moment he was struggling among the billows.

"He is lost!" burst from all present.

"Not if a human arm can save him," murmured Lockhart; "the hour of my revenge is come."

The crew strove in vain to deter him from his perilous intent. He cast his clothes from him, and plunged into the deep—the waves closed over the daring adventurer; every seaman in the boat shuddered, and drew a quicker breath. The tempest sent up its angry roar on all sides, and the thoughts of the wind-tossed mariners were too much engrossed in contemplating their present danger, to dwell upon the loss of one brave man, when the lives of so many were at stake. The boat neared the land—the beach was crowded with anxious spectators, who hurried to the assistance of the distressed strangers, thus providentially rescued from the grave.

Meanwhile Lockhart's invincible resolution, aided by his firm trust in the mercy of the mighty mover of the elements, enabled him successfully to grapple with the giant waves; and he reached the sinking Crawford at the critical moment, when hope had yielded to exhaustion and indifference, and he had resigned himself to death.

"Crawford!" he cried, in a loud voice, as his arm upheld the sinking swimmer; "exert the strength you once possessed, or we must both appear in a few minutes before the bar of God!"

"There is that about my neck, which will sink me," returned the young seaman—his voice was choaked by the rushing waters—the billows bent over him, and the next huge wave flung the rivals upon the beach insensible, but locked firmly in each other's arms.

When Archibald recovered, he enquired eagerly for Crawford.

He was informed that he was safe, and had been conveyed to the house of a gentleman in the town,

with whom he was well acquainted; and Lockhart returned home satisfied that he had performed his duty. He addressed a fervent prayer to the throne of Grace, flung himself upon his bed and was soon asleep. The visions of the night again found him struggling with the mighty waters, again he fought with the furious storm, and every wave went over his soul.

The morning came, and the events of the night were confounded with its fantastic delusions.—Lockhart rose from his bed, and looked out upon the restless world of waters. The storm had howled itself to rest, and the noon-day sun shone upon the glassy surface of the waveless sea. The wreck lay motionless upon the reef opposite. The whole scene gradually rose to his remembrance, when his reveries were dispelled by observing a sealed packet lying upon the table. He recognized the hand writing of Crawford, and hastily tore it open.

The gold medal—the glittering toy that had destroyed their friendship, met his eye. He started back—for the sight of it recalled all his former feelings of anger, mortification and contempt—a few lines traced with an unsteady hand, calmed his indignation.

"Lockhart, you have saved my life—genuine gratitude must be proved by deeds—I have no words to thank you. I send you the fatal bauble that first severed our hearts. I have worn it constantly about my neck, as a memorial of my guilt—look upon it, and forgive and pity your unhappy friend."

Lockhart took up the medal—a thousand fond recollections crowded upon his soul. A thick dew rested upon its glittering surface—it had been recently moistened with tears. He pressed it to his lips, more proud of its possession in that moment, than if it had gained him the applause of the whole world. A living gem, warm from the heart's treasury fell upon it—a smile played upon his lips—he lifted his swimming eyes to heaven—murmured a grateful prayer; and placed the medal in his bosom!

Melsetter Douro, U. C.

FREEDOM OF ENQUIRY.

LET not the freedom of enquiry be shackled. If it multiplies contentions amongst the wise and virtuous, it exercises the charity of those who contend. If it shakes for a time the belief that is rested only upon prejudice, it finally settles it on the broader and more solid basis of conviction.

DEFERRED SENSIBILITY.

A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, "I did not think I had suffered half so much till I heard it this day."

REMEMBRANCE.

“Unchangeable, unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged.”

“Unmoved by absence—firm in every clime,
And yet, oh, more than all—untired by time.”

BYRON.

Thou still art beautiful,
And, to mine eye, as fair as when I gazed
In love's young hour, upon thy seraph form
Then budding into womanhood. Aye, thou art still
To me as beautiful as when I pressed
In love's embrace, thy trembling heart to mine,
And on thy lip sweet words of trusting love
Had utterance. All nature then
Was clothed in loveliest verdure, and the sky
Did seem as it wore a brighter hue
Than was its wont; but, 'mid them all—
The many beauties which their magic threw
Around the heart—the fairest still wast thou.

Long years have passed,
And many times since then, yon star that seemed
A witness of our plighted loves, hath shone
Amid the ether sky—and sometimes, too,
When worldly griefs, have like a despot held
Dominion o'er me—yet never have I seen
The ray it yields, but that blest hour
Hath come again, by memory's pencil sketched
Upon my heart of hearts. Like to the dove
Which o'er the waters of the deluge brought
The olive-branch of peace, it e'er to me
Hath seemed the herald of the welcome calm,
That follows when the spirit of the storm
Hath spent his wrath—a harbinger of hope,
With “healing on its wings.”

Still thou art beautiful,
Methinks, e'en now, when gazing upon thee,
I see the same bright smile—the sunny glow
Of matron love, which mantling o'er thy cheek,
Gave token of thy blessedness, when thou
Didst bend above the cradle of our boy—
The first-born of our loves. One ringlet, then,
Of many tresses, tinged with youth's bright ray,
Had wandered o'er thy brow, and thou didst seem
Too young for matron-cares—a very girl
In all except thy love. But when I saw
The soul-pourtraying glance of thy bright eye,
Which met his look of infant love, I knew
That not the fulness of delight was thine
Till matron-cares had thrown a shadow o'er
Thy girlhood's buoyancy.

Still thou art beautiful—
Though Time hath worn his furrows on thy cheek,
And tinged thy once bright looks with winter's hue,

Methinks there is a sweeter beauty dwells
Among them while they fade. Now, too, I feel
The god-like spell, that, void of passion's glow,
Still links my heart to thine. While thus we glide
“Together down the steep,” I do not heed
The coming on of age, nor seek to shun
The mighty fiat of the Ancient One
Omnipotent—which says, “E'en thou shalt die!”
That yet a few short years, and we shall be
On earth as things forgotten. But, in that hope
Which “maketh not ashamed,” of other worlds,
When life's brief dream is o'er, where purer bliss,
And holier pleasure reigns, the grave doth seem
But as the opening of the gate that leads
To immortality.

STORIES FROM THE TALMUD.

“TERAH, the father of Abraham,” says tradition,
“was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer of
idols, which he used to expose for public sale. Being
obliged one day to go out on particular business, he
desired Abraham to superintend for him—Abraham
obeyed reluctantly. ‘What is the price of that
god?’ asked an old man who had just entered the
place of sale, pointing to an idol to which he took a
fancy. ‘Old man,’ said Abraham, ‘may I be per-
mitted to ask thine age?’—‘Threescore years,’ re-
plied the age-stricken idolater. ‘Threescore years!’
exclaimed Abraham, ‘and thou worship a thing that
has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves
within the last four-and-twenty hours? Strange that
a man of sixty should be willing to bow down his
grey head to a creature of a day!’ The man was
overwhelmed with shame and went away. After
this, there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying
in her hand a large dish with flour. ‘Here,’ said
she, ‘have I brought an offering to the gods, place
it before them, and bid them be propitious to me.’
‘Place it before them thyself, foolish woman,’ said
Abraham, ‘thou wilt soon see how greedily they will
devour it.’ She did so. In the mean time, Abraham
took a stick and broke the idols in pieces, excepting
the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument
of destruction. Terah returned, and with the utmost
surprise and consternation beheld the havoc amongst
his favourite gods. ‘What is all this, Abraham?
What profane wretch has dared to use our gods
in this manner?’ exclaimed the indignant Terah.
‘Why should I conceal anything from my father?’
replied the pious son. ‘During thine absence there
came a woman with yonder offering for the gods.
She placed it before them. The younger gods, who
as may well be supposed, had not tasted food for a
long time, greedily stretched forth their hands and
began to eat, before the old god had given them
permission. Enraged at their boldness, he took the
stick and punished them for their want of respect.’
‘Dost thou mock me? wilt thou deceive thy aged

father? exclaimed Terah, in a vehement rage. 'Do I then not know that they can neither eat, nor stir, nor move?'—'And yet,' rejoined Abraham, 'thou payest them divine honours—adorest them, and wouldst have me worship them.' It was in vain Abraham thus reasoned with his idolatrous parent. His unnatural father delivered him over to the tribunal of the cruel Nimrod."—*Goodhugh's Lectures on Biblical Literature.*

SONG OF THE BLUE ROSE.

BY J. A. WADE.

When earth was in its dawn of light,
By sages it is told,
The Roses all were virgin white,
The maidens' hearts all cold:
Love, then a wanderer through the air,
Look'd down upon it's bowers,
And though they seem'd so wondrous fair,
He'd like to have a dwelling there
Amid its fruits and flowers!

Long time he roved from sweet to sweet,
But nothing pleased the child:
Till one May morn he chanced to meet
A rose that just had smiled!
Within its snowy leaves he crept,
And said:—"no more I'll roam."
Then, brushing off the dews that wept
Their pearls upon the flower, he slept
Contented with a home.

Not long he lay before a maid,
Who shunn'd the moontide hour,
Sought coolness in a fount that play'd
Beside his cradle flower.
She thought herself unseen, unheard,
As with a graceful leap,
The fountain's glassy breast she stirr'd
But, what light shadow pass'd?—a bird
Seem'd startled from its sleep.

The maid, abash'd, look'd round, for then
E'en birds wak'd maidens' fear—
And, oh! her blush of beauty when
She saw Love smiling near!
With her that hour he went to dwell,
But first her cheeks' soft flush,
He gave to me, and bade me tell:
"When Love warms maiden hearts, farewell
HEART'S-EASE and MAIDEN'S-ELUSH!"

LA FONTAINE.

COLASSE composed the music of *Astree*, a tragic opera, written by La Fontaine, and produced in 1691. A characteristic anecdote is related of this celebrated

poet. At the first performance of this piece he was sitting in a box behind some ladies who did not know him. They heard him constantly saying to himself "wretched! detestable! trash!" until at length one of them, weary of his repeated murmurs, said to him, "O, sir, the piece, is by no means bad—the author is a man of genius, the famous M. de la Fontaine," "Well, ladies," said he very coolly, "the piece is not worth a farthing; and this M. de la Fontaine, whom you talk of, is a blockhead—he tells you so himself." At the end of the first act he went away, and, going into an adjoining coffee-house, sat down in a corner and fell asleep. A gentleman, of his acquaintance coming in, and seeing him, exclaimed, "What! M. de la Fontaine here! should he not be at the first representation of his opera?" "I am just come out from it," said La Fontaine, rousing himself and yawning. "I sat out the first act, but was so completely sick of it that I could not stay any longer. Really the Parisians have a wonderful stock of patience!"—*Hogarth's Musical Drama.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It has been observed as a matter of surprise, and assumed as a proof that the character of Queen Elizabeth was masculine, because she went to Guildhall on horseback on Lord Mayor's Day, and always appeared in public on a spirited steed, which she rode to the theatre. In her days plays were performed at mid-day, but the real fact is the Queen had no other alternative unless she walked, for during her reign there were no coaches. Her Majesty died in 1570, and coaches were first used in 1580, and an act was passed in 1601 to prevent riding in coaches as being effeminate, but in 1605 they became common in London, and not before. The gold spur which Queen Elizabeth wore is still in the Tower.

▲ COMPLIMENT.

THE greatest compliment probably ever paid to a preacher was that paid to the celebrated Rev. Robert Hall, of Leicester, of the attraction of whose eloquence it is said that at one time it was not uncommon for persons to go down from London by the mail to hear him, and return the next night.

A POET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN Savage was on his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

RETRIBUTION; AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

“Is it in law? am I condemn’d to die?”

It is now some five-and-twenty years ago that I was junior Lieutenant of as sweet a frigate as ever spread canvass to the breeze, and as it was my first appointment, I was not a little proud of my white lappels, for I could with truth declare that, as I had the pleasure of wearing them, so also I had honestly won them. We were stationed in that part of the world so terrific to the imagination of Europeans—the West Indies; but I must acknowledge that, though it was precious hot, yet I found it rather pleasant than otherwise.

We were cruising in the Gulf of Florida—the merry old craft playing all sorts of antics in the numerous currents—poking her nose to whatever point of the compass pleased her for the time, in spite of helm or braces—and not unfrequently threatening to resemble the black fellow’s schooner, that “run in de bush for ‘n yam apple.” One night, to the northward of Anguilla, just clear of the Salt Keys Bank, we had a smart gale from the N. E., and we reached away upon the starboard tack under close-reefed topsails, foretopmast, staysail and trysail, topgallant yards on deck, and topgallant masts struck. Towards morning the breeze lulled, so that we were enabled to shake out a couple of reefs; and the bubble of a sea that had been kicked up by the wind was soon smoothed down by the run of the stream. At daylight we saw a large ship right a-head of us, with her topmasts gone, the wreck still hanging over the side; whilst to leeward, running away large, under a heavy press of canvass, was a low black schooner, which, as she was nearly end on, looked something like a negro’s head with a large ostrich plume floating on the waters. What she was became instantly known, and no small degree of excitement prevailed amongst the watch as soon as the name was uttered—“the Black Bloodhound”—which was alike applied to the pirate vessel and the marauding chief, and of whose peculiarities the most wonderful accounts had obtained currency and gained credence. There was nothing the schooner could not be made to do, except speak, and the Captain had the same peculiarity, for all (and I am thinking they were but very few) who escaped from his clutches, declared that he carried on the several duties of commander, judge, jury, and chief executioner, by dumb show. The fellow was described as hideous in appearance, ferocious by nature, and cruel from an instinctive love of human

flesh. The Black Bloodhound, small as she appeared upon the ocean, was nearly 200 tons admeasurement, and carried twelve 18-pounder carronades, one long two-and-thirty in amidships, upon traversing slides, with an heterogeneous crew of seventy men from all nations.

“Keep her clean rap full, Quartermaster,” said I, as descending the companion ladder, I hastened to perform my duty, as officer of the watch, by giving information to the Captain. “Two sail in sight, Sir,” exclaimed I, on opening the cabin-door; “a ship about half a league distant a-head, with her topmasts gone”——

“Well, Sir, you had no occasion to disturb me for that,” replied he. “Stand on and hail her, and let me know what she is. I have not had five minutes’ sleep throughout the night, and had just got into a snooze, and here you come to rouse me out, merely to tell me”——

“The Black Bloodhound is on our lee beam, Sir, about five miles off,” rejoined I, interrupting him rather unceremoniously.

“You don’t say so, Mr.—!” uttered he, making but one spring out of his cot, and drawing on a pair of loose flannel trowsers; and throwing his cloak around him, he neither waited for shoes nor hat, but was instantly on deck, with his glass, reconnoitring the strangers. One look at the schooner was sufficient to betray her character, whilst the ship in distress was evidently a capture that she had been plundering. “Turn the hands up; make sail, Mr.—,” said the skipper, as cool as a melon. “The watch square the main yard—lower the quarter-boat down—put twelve men into her, armed—and be ready, Mr.—, to shove off and take charge of the ship. Do the best you can to repair the damage, and keep the frigate in sight as long as possible. Up helm, Sir, directly you get on board, and stand after me. Should you part company run for Jamaica. Bear a hand, Sir; you have not a moment to spare for chest or bedding.”

The orders were promptly obeyed; the word flew swiftly along the decks that the Black Bloodhound was under our lee, and produced greater alacrity amongst the people than the shrill call of the boat-swain’s mate. The boat was lowered, and as the frigate launched gallantly a-head, in less than ten minutes from my quitting the Captain’s cabin I was

alongside the strange ship; while the frigate, under a cloud of sail, pursued the flying pirate. During the bustle I had picked out twelve of the best seamen, from the many who volunteered; for so strong is the love of novelty or change in the mind of a tar, that he will undergo any hazard or privation to indulge it. Had the First Lieutenant not been so fully engaged, I much question whether he would have allowed me to carry away such excellent hands: as it was, he had no time to muster or inspect them, and thus I got clear off with my crew, fourteen in all, including myself and a Master's mate.

On ascending to the deck a scene of devastation and blood presented itself, such as could only be witnessed under similar circumstances. Bales and cases broken open, lay about in every direction. Elegantly-bound books, silks, muslins, lace, music—in short, something of everything, mutilated, torn, and defaced—were scattered in every part, fore and aft, and much of it saturated with human gore. The topmast and topgallant gear hanging down increased the confusion, whilst here and there a dead body, horribly mangled, completed the dreadful spectacle. My faculties were for a few minutes utterly benumbed. I had seen many a bloody corpse upon the deck of battle without shrinking; but these—these fell by the remorseless hand of the murderer, and not in fair fight with a gallant foe. The men had followed me very closely, and were waiting for orders, when one of them caught me up in his arms (I am a little fellow) and ran aft to the taffrail. At first I was much incensed, and almost suspected a mutiny, particularly as I saw the rest very busy about the mainmast, from which several of them hurried down the main hatchway, whilst others descended by the companion hatch. It was the work of a moment. "What the devil do you mean by this, Jackson?" said I, addressing the man, who still held me, apparently ready to jump overboard.

"She's on fire for'ard, Sir," answered he respectfully; "and there was a train, with a lighted match close to it, leading to a barrel o' powder that stood alongside o' you, Sir; and as I've heard you say you can't swim, Sir, why I hopes no offence in the regard o' trying to save you, Sir."

Instinct alone could have prompted this simultaneous movement, and I felt humbled and abashed that I should so far have suffered the shock my nature had received to unman me, as to give my men the advantage of the discovery. I could not, however, but be much gratified at this token of esteem manifested towards me. "This will never do, Jackson," said I gratefully; "we must stand our chance, my boy, sink or swim. Come, let us see if we can't lend them a hand."

He immediately complied; but the danger had in a great measure ceased, through the activity of the men, who had destroyed the communications which had been laid to the powder, ready to blow the ship

up. A slight explosion took place down forward, but a plentiful supply of water soon extinguished the fire, and we commenced clearing the wreck; so that in a short time we were running after the frigate, under the foresails, mizen staysail, and driver, but in a couple of hours we lost sight of her altogether, and the chase we had not seen for some time.

"There's a —— of a sight in the cabin, Sir," said Jackson, as soon as the hurry of duty had somewhat subsided: "I've been down overhauling the lockers, for a palm and needle and some twine, in the regard that the First Lieutenant didn't give us a sufficient allowance of time to get my ditty-bag along with me, Sir. There's four on 'em with their throats cut from clew to earing, and there's a sort of a souging or groaning abaft by the rudder-case; so that thinks I to myself, I'll just tell the officer, and mayhap"——

"You're right, Jackson; it may be some poor wretch still in existence," said I; and for the first time from my coming on board I went below. The cabin-deck was strewed with a variety of articles, and nearly in parallel lines to each other, with their arms tightly pinioned, lay four bodies, each with the head nearly severed from the neck. The cabin was large and handsome, and the dress of the sufferers indicated that they had been passengers. In a state room on the starboard fore part of the cabin lay a male and female, as if the fiends delighted in every species of evil that could possibly outrage human nature. They were both dead; and beneath the bedplace they occupied was a smaller one, in which was a female child about three years old, cruelly murdered by cutting the throat.

"It's aft here, Sir, as the noise is," said Jackson, (who had followed me below), going to the rudder-case. I went to the spot and listened, and certainly there were sounds of a peculiar kind, but I thought they were merely caused by the weight of the rudder on the gudgeons, till, on opening a small door of what appeared to be a cupboard, the upper part of a human being became visible, and we soon had the melancholy gratification of rescuing a fellow-creature from a premature death. I say melancholy gratification, for he had been so inhumanly maltreated, that it was really shocking to look upon him. He continued for a long time in a state of insensibility, but by the application of some cordial which we found, and restoring him to the air, he recovered animation, though his mental faculties seemed at first to be much impaired. He raved of bloodshed and murder, called upon the names of Emma and Eliza, shrieked for his children; and bodily pain, which must have been excruciating, was absorbed in the more agonized anguish of the heart. He was apparently about five-and-forty years of age, but his face had been so scored with knives, that it was impossible to make out a feature of his countenance.

Through dint of strenuous perseverance, by four

o'clock in the afternoon we had jury fore and main topmasts up, and the topgallant sails set for topsails, and as we had lost sight of the frigate, I hauled up with a fine breeze, intending to go round Cape St. Antonio, the western extremity of the island of Cuba; and as we had made all tolerably snug, we sought for some refreshment, having brought with us only a bag of bread and a few pieces of salt junk. Our search, however was unavailing, for though we found a case of claret and a quarter-cask of Madeira, yet we discovered nothing—not even a biscuit—in the way of food. Compelled to make ourselves content upon the fare we had, preparations were made for cooking, and whilst some were attaching weights to the murdered dead for the purpose of sinking them, others were employed washing away the crimson pools that stained the polluted deck. I used my best endeavours to soothe and tranquillize the mind of the wretched sufferer, who still existed, and gradually became more and more conscious, till at length his rationality returned, and he proved to be the Mate of the ship, and brother to the Captain, who had been murdered by the pirates. Everything that could be done to alleviate the poor fellow's torture was tried, but he was so dreadfully burnt (the wretches having scored him like pork, rubbed powder into the interstices, and then fired it off), with other grievous injuries—And perhaps I may as well relate here the narrative which I obtained at intervals, and by disjointed parts.

"We sailed," said the Mate, "from New York, and as my brother, the Captain, had purchased a property in Jamaica, we were bound to Montego Bay, where, with his family, consisting of a wife and two daughters, one sixteen and the other thirteen, he purposed landing."

"But there was one younger than you mention," said I, "without making other reference to what I had witnessed.

"Oh yes, Sir," replied he, "there were two—two dear innocents—they were mine, Sir—they were mine—the children of one who died a short time before we left New York; and they were going to remain with their uncle whilst I was at sea. I need not ask you how you came to know the fact of their being aboard, for the dreadful massacre is yet before my eyes. Oh God! that I could wipe away the remembrance of it for ever. Yet no! Almighty Father, grant that the hour of retribution may come, and I am content to suffer till that time. We made a very fair passage, Sir, till yesterday afternoon, when the piratical schooner hove in sight, and not liking her appearance, we carried on through thick and thin, under the vain hope of falling in with some of the British cruisers. Oh, Sir, had it pleased Providence to have sent you to our succour yesterday—but I will not arraign the decrees of unerring wisdom. Yet when I think of my murdered little

ones, and all my dear relations—all—all gone—oh, Sir, it is more than my spirit can endure.

"The schooner overhauled us very fast, yet still we cherished the prospect of escape or succour, till in a sudden squall, in which we did not shorten sail, our three topmasts came down, and then we sank into despair. The females had been secreted in the hold under a heap of lumber; and whilst I was looking at the wreck, my brother came to me: 'Amos,' said he, 'let me commune with you apart,' and I walked aft with him in silence. 'Amos,' continued he, and there was a fierce fiery restlessness in his eyes as he looked in mine—'Amos,' repeated he, 'our children! could you bear to see them,'—and he paused and grasped my arm in a convulsive clutch. 'Amos, answer me—would it not be better that they should die than fall into the power of yon hellish gang?' I caught his meaning; but I could not speak. 'Did not the chosen people of the Most High,' he continued, 'save their wives and daughters from pollution by—?' he ceased, and a sickly tremor came over him as he felt terrified at his own thoughts.

"'God had departed from them, Daniel,' said I, soothingly; 'but we do not know that he will visit us in judgment! Pray to him in this hour of peril, that his wrath be not stirred up against us! We must use the means, Daniel; it is for HIM to bless our efforts,' 'Thou counsellest well, Amos, returned he; 'we will use the means, and,' he added, raising his hands to heaven, 'Lord deliver us for thy name's sake!'"

"We worked hard to clear the wreck, but the schooner was alongside of us before we had well commenced; and in a few minutes her boat, full of men, shoved off to board us. 'Amos,' said Daniel, 'be near me, my brother, and be firm. Yet, yet,' added he, whilst his eyes again flashed fiercely, 'I would not torture them; and if the lambs are to be slain—' 'Peace, Daniel,' returned I; 'God sees not as man sees.' Well, Sir, the pirates boarded us, and then commenced a series of the most diabolical outrages that infernal ingenuity could invent and perpetrate. No resistance was offered; for it would have been useless. The passengers were taken into the cabin, and tortured to make confession where the money was concealed. It was in vain they endeavoured to appease the wretches, by resigning every thing. Some articles of female apparel were discovered, and the pirate chief, his face concealed beneath a black mask, made signs to one of his followers, who demanded where the owners were.

"To the honour of the seamen, they resisted every attempt to wring the secret from them; but one of the passengers, a poor weak terrified lad, under the expectation of saving himself, betrayed their hiding place, and the next minute his throat was cut, and he lay a corpse upon the deck. Never shall I forget the look of Daniel, when his wife and daughters were

brought up and tried to run to him for protection. Emma was just at the age of ripening beauty; and Eliza was nearly as tall as her sister, though not so well favoured in feature. A motion from the chief, and they were seized by some of his fiends in human form; and when Daniel would have rushed forward to attempt their rescue, a blow from the chief's sabre cut him down. Then ascended up to heaven wild shrieks of horror and supplications for deliverance.

"There, too, stood my innocents—the wretches, could not they spare infancy? Oh no! their feet were swift to shed blood—although it were the blood of babes! but I cannot speak of them, Sir—they are safe in another and a better world—whilst I!—ay, the hour of retribution will come. When Daniel recovered sensibility, it was to see his daughters forced over the side into the pirates' boat, and as they clung to their mother, who held them with an inseparable grasp, the tendons of her arms were divided by a sharp weapon; and as they still embraced, a ruffian drew his knife across my sister's throat, and she was a quivering corpse. Daniel was lashed down to the ring-bolts—powder was placed round him, and exploded, to make him confess that money was somewhere in his keeping. For myself I was suspended by the wrists in the main rigging, and there, oh God! will the scene never pass away from my eyes?—there, Sir, I saw my children practised on by every hellish device; and there, too, in my sight—the sight of a father—the remorseless villains butchered them."

Here he ceased for a while, entirely overcome with the horror of recollection, and his convulsive sobbings seemed as if they would rend his breast. In a short time he grew more calm, and proceeded:—

"It would be a sickening task, Sir, to detail all the atrocities practised by these devils. Murder after murder followed in rapid succession, and then they commenced plundering. My poor brother looked at me, and there was, or at least I thought there was, an expression of reproach upon his countenance as he mournfully shook his head; but he could not speak, as the wretches had cut out his tongue.

"Throughout the night did this scene continue; and it grew more and more dreadful when heightened by intoxication. The pirate chief never removed his hideous mask—he had returned once to the schooner, but remained only a short time; and when he came back, poor Daniel was cast loose, a rope was rove through a block upon the main-stay, a noose was put round his neck, and he was run up to it, till his convulsive throes ceased, and he was lowered down to recover. Three times was this repeated; but the third time had effectually terminated his sufferings, and he was thrown down the skylight into the cabin. How I contrived to escape I can hardly tell. I remember being cut down and falling to the deck, where some one dragged me to

the companion-hatch; and as they raised me up for a launch down the ladder a voice whispered in my ear, 'There's a sail in sight—hide yourself, if you can.' The next moment I was precipitated below, and in a few minutes, finding no one in the cabin, I crawled to the place where you found me, and sunk into insensibility. You see the manner in which I have been treated; but God will yet grant me strength for the hour of retribution. I have prayed for it, Sir—the groanings of my spirit have ascended up to the throne of Omnipotence; I have implored with the pleadings of faith—and I feel assured my petitions will be answered."

There could be no doubt that the schooner had made the frigate out before we had caught sight of her, and thus was enabled to gain a considerable advantage. "What sort of a man is he you call the pirate chief?" inquired I.

"Of his features I can say nothing; for they were concealed, and consequently it was impossible to ascertain his age," replied the mate; "but he was of middle stature, well built and active. Every signal or sign he made showed the heart of a devil."

That night it fell calm, and for three days we drifted at the mercy of the currents. Sometimes a light air of wind would tantalize us, but it soon subsided again; and as our stock of provisions began seriously to decrease, I put the men upon short allowance. But this was not the worst—our water was nearly gone, and under a vertical sun this was no joke. On the fourth day, however, we got a fine breeze, and as the frigate did not appear, I determined to run into the Havana, to obtain victuals and water, and the next morning we were safe at anchor within the Moro Castle, and all hands busily at work. Unfortunately I had no papers to show my authority in taking charge of the ship; but, by one of those occurrences which are especially ordained, I happened to have my pocketbook, containing my commission, and a deposition was taken before the authorities of the actual state of the case. The Spaniards used many pretexts for doubting and discrediting the evidence of myself and my men, for the purpose of seizing the vessel, but the English and American official residents promptly came to my aid, and we were allowed to remain unmolested. Medical assistance was obtained for the mate, but no persuasions could induce him to go on shore.

I had landed early one morning to expedite the labours of the men, and feeling fatigued, entered a coffeehouse to obtain refreshment. Whilst sitting at the table a young man in a Spanish dress naval uniform approached, and, stiffly saluting me, took his seat on the opposite side. His age appeared to be about five-and-twenty; his face was remarkably handsome, and there was a sort of careless recklessness in his look which characterised a tar of the old English school—in fact there was nothing of the

Spaniard about him but his dress, and I very soon became convinced by his manners that he was a countryman. His beverage was wine; and as he raised the tumbler to his lips, he uttered in good English, though with somewhat of an Irish accent, "signor teniente, your health."

I bowed in token of acknowledgment; and a conversation ensued, in which he announced himself an Irishman by birth, but nearly the whole of his existence had been passed in the United States and Spanish America, and he was then in the personal suite of the Governor, with the rank of a First-Lieutenant in the Navy. His manners were extremely engaging; but there was a sort of hardened bravado at times about him which strikingly contrasted with his usual gentlemanly deportment. We talked of our several national services, and his observations manifested acuteness and intelligence. The capture of the Yankee by the pirate naturally engaged some portion of our attention, and he listened to the details with much earnestness. At length he proposed a walk through the city; but this I politely declined, urging the necessity for my speedy departure for Jamaica, as an efficient excuse. The fact, however, was, that I did not like to commit myself with a man of whom I knew nothing, and I was not pleased at seeing a seaman in any other uniform than that of his natural country. He accompanied me, however, to the boat, and looking upon the six men that were at work, paid a high compliment to their admirable appearance.

"How many such have you in the frigate?" inquired he.

I replied, "Three hundred and twenty."

"But you have more than these in the Yankee," said he; "strong as they are, they are barely sufficient to handle her."

"They do very well," answered I, somewhat evasively. "I have no wish for more; especially as the frigate will, no doubt, be somewhere in the neighbourhood looking for us."

"I should like very much to run to Jamaica with you," said he; "the Governor, I think, would grant me permission, if you would give me a passage. When do you sail?"

I told him, on the following day, if possible; and he was perfectly welcome to a passage.

"Well, then," added he, "I will obtain leave of absence, and be on board in the morning;" and so we parted.

I completed all my arrangements, and by night was ready for sea, intending to take advantage of the land-breeze in the early part of the dawn to make an offing. Accordingly, soon after sunrise we had sail upon the ship; the anchor was purchased, and we stood out. A canoe came alongside, and a note was handed up by a negro, who instantly shoved off again. It was from my acquaintance of the coffee-

house, stating the failure of his application for leave of absence, and wishing me a pleasant passage.

The mate had been very carefully attended to; and as most of his injuries were of an external nature, he found great relief from the applications prescribed by the doctor; nor was his bodily strength much diminished. He was a tall, robust, muscular man, apparently of great physical power; but he belonged to that enduring sect founded by William Penn, whose object is peace and good-will to all.

We rounded Cape St. Antonio in capital style, and then hauled up for Jamaica; but we had light baffling winds and calms till nearly abreast of the Isle of Pines, and then we had it more steady.

It was early morning—the master's-mate (he was an Irish youth of the name of O'Brien) had the watch—and I was soundly sleeping on a mattress upon the deck, dreaming of home, when I felt myself roughly shaken, and O'Brien, with staring eyes and eager look, exclaimed,—“By the powers, but she's there again, Sir.”

“Who's there?” inquired I, jumping up in a hurry, and observing the men using my glass to examine something to windward. “What is it, O'Brien?”

“Why, then, it's the devil herself, Mr. ———,” replied he; “she's got away from the old hooker, and will be down upon us before we can say pass.”

I went to the gangway—took the glass, and directed it towards a sail in-shore of us. There was no mistaking her rig, or the cut of her sails: a curious sensation crept over me—it was the Black Blood-hound, and she was standing out towards us. The atmosphere was rather hazy; but I sent a man aloft to see if he could discover any other strange sail, and he reported several small craft in with the land, and a vessel of some kind or other on the lee-bow, but he could not make out what. I communicated the circumstance to the American mate, who, so far from feeling alarmed, expressed considerable satisfaction. “I shall die, Sir,” said he, “but the hour of retribution is at hand.” I called the men aft, and described to them the inevitable consequence of falling into such murderous hands, and demanded whether they would stand by me in resisting to the last.

“If you'll ownly give orders, Sir,” said Jackson, advancing a little before the rest, “we'll hold on by you for a Highland moon; and I'm bless'd if we don't larn the scoundrels a trick or two afore we've done. Won't us, boys?”

A brief assent announced their willingness, and we instantly commenced preparations for defence. I had found a couple of 18-pounder carronades in the hold whilst at Havanna, and got them mounted. There was plenty of powder on board, but no shot; and all hands set immediately to work to collect langridge of all kinds to atone for the deficiency: iron hoops were broken into small pieces—glass

bottles were in readiness—spike-nails—in short, everything of an offensive nature that we could gather, was tied up in canvas of a dimension to enter the muzzles of the guns; and each man amongst us had his musket, a brace of pistols, a bayonet, and cutlass. I gave the American my musket and bayonet, reserving my other arms to myself: and thus we presented a formidable little band of fifteen, expecting an attack of probably more than seventy. But when I considered that

“Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,”

I felt but little apprehensions as to the result. The awning was spread over the quarter-deck, and I directed the stops to be cleverly stranded, so that a strong jerk would bring the whole of it down together. Our carronades were loaded, and secured in a-midships, just before the after-hatchway, so that we might, on seeing which side the pirate would take, bring them both to bear together. A shot from his long gun, that passed over us, was a warning to heave-to; but we still carried on, to gain as much time as possible, and induce him to believe that we were under great alarm.

“May I request a favour, Sir?” said Amos, in a tone of earnest solemnity.

“If it does not interfere with my arrangements, you may ask, and have all that I can do for you,” replied I.

“It’s only to let one of the men reeve a line through that block upon the mainstay, Sir,” said he, pointing aloft to the block at which his unfortunate brother had been suspended, and which still remained in its original position, though I had ordered its removal. “You may deem my request a strange one,” added he: “but grant it me, Sir; Jackson, here, will lend me a hand, and you shall see that retribution will have its day.”

I certainly did not much heed what his intentions were, for my thoughts were otherwise too busily engaged; but I told Jackson to get the rope rove, as much as anything to satisfy him, and as there seemed to be a sort of mysterious communing between them. Another shot from the schooner passed through both topsails; but as the weather began to thicken I still carried on, though without the smallest hope or expectation of getting away. In another quarter of an hour she ranged under our lee-quarter, and poured in a broadside, which, however, injured no one. My brave fellows had anticipated her movement, and the two carronades were promptly at the midship-ports, covered over with the boat’s sails.

“Ho—the ship, ahoy,” exclaimed a voice from the schooner; “heave-to, and send your boat aboard directly.”

“Ay, ay, Sir,” answered I, aloud; but whisperingly added—“Stand by, my men—square the main-yard lubberly-fashion;” and then aloud—“Back the main-topsail.”

My orders were well obeyed—only a few of my men appearing; and the pirates, fancying that we had but little strength, and knowing that there were no guns when they were last on board, crowded the nettings and rigging to have a look at us; they were so close that we could hear even the tread of the men upon her deck; when suddenly luffing-up (as the schooner had forged a-head so as to be abreast the fore-channels), I gave the word “fire.” The carronades were admirably pointed, and the execution they did exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The schooner filled her topsail, and stood on till she brought us in a line with her stern, and then her long gun was pointed abaft, and cut us up most miserably—the shots ploughing the deck, and tearing and rending everything before them—but still without wounding a single individual; for, except myself and the man at the helm, every soul else was in the hold.

I concluded that she meant to sink us; and as some of the shots struck the ship below the breast-hooks, she made a good deal of water: but the men were prompt with such materials as they could find for plugs, and there was no immediate danger. Finding, however, that we made no further resistance, he got out two large boats, and going about, kept them out of sight to windward, and stood towards us till he got within half a cable’s length of our weather-bow, when he again tacked, and the boats, filled with men, shoved off to board us. Hastily scanning the armament with my glass, I distinctly saw the pirate chief in a black mask, and should have taken him for a negro, had not Amos exclaimed in a suppressed voice,—“It is he—he comes—and the hour of retribution has arrived.”

My carronades had been reloaded, and my gallant fellows, with incredible speed, dragged them forward to the middle port, which was closed. It was a moment of fearful excitement—the boats were close to us, nearly under the bows—when open flew the port, and they got the full benefit of the discharge—killing, and crashing, and wounding. But we could only fire one gun before the wretches were scrambling up the head; and on to the fore-castle. I had retreated with my men to the larboard waist, so as to place the long-boat between us and the assailants, and directed them to be sure of their aim, and fire—they did so, and ten of the pirates fell to rise no more. “Now lads,” shouted I, “your pistols and cutlasses, and the day’s our own.” We made a desperate rush, a sharp hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and we were the victors, having the Black Bloodhound himself among the prisoners. In an instant the American darted at him, tore the mask from his face, and I beheld the handsome features of my coffee-house acquaintance at Havanna. I had not a moment, however, to bestow upon the recognition, so as to renew our intimacy, for about a dozen men had crowded back into one of the boats, and were making

off on their return to the schooner. The second caronade, however, speedily supplied the place of that which had been discharged, and, pointing it myself, I awaited the dispersion of the smoke to ascertain the issue. On its clearing away, I saw the boat filled with water, and the men who yet lived were swimming around her.

A loud shout abaft now attracted my attention, but the smoke from the gun still clung to the rigging aloft, yet I could indistinctly see the American and Jackson, and several of the men, clustered together at the gangway, and following the direction of their looks up to the mainstay, there was the body of the Black Bloodhound, writhing in the convulsive agonies of death—Amos was right—his hour of retribution had come.

I hastily ran aft to stay this illegal execution, but was too late—the carcase, which but a few minutes before had been full of life and animation, now hung suspended without motion—the vital principle had fled.

Amos knelt upon the deck, the blood flowing freely from fresh wounds he had received in his breast and on his head, and presenting a most ghastly spectacle. "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace," uttered he, in a low but fervent tone; "Thou heardest my petition, and hast granted the prayer thereof, blessed be thy holy name." I shuddered to hear the Deity addressed in terms of gratitude for the indulgence of revenge, and should have expressed my disgust, but a shot from the pirate came crashing through the bows—and Amos lay at my feet a headless corpse.

"The schooner means boarding, Sir," shouted O'Brien. "Up helm," cried I, running aft—"tend the braces, men, and trim the sails, as she gathers good way." The ship payed off, and the schooner, observing our manœuvre gave us a broadside, that scratched two of my men out of the book of life, and wounded three others. I must own that a sickness of heart came over me when I witnessed this destruction of so many of my gallant band; but Jackson suddenly aroused me by a shout—"the ship, Sir,—the frigate—hurraa, I knew ould Ironsides (the name by which the Captain went amongst these men) wouldn't leave us—hurraa boys!—every b—y rogue on em, will be strung up like ingons."

I looked, and there, sure enough, was the dashing craft emerging from the fog, under a heavy press, and coming down to our rescue. One of the pirate's boats was yet lying under our bows—the frigate was too close for the schooner to get away; besides, the master-spirit that had ruled their actions was no more; so manning the boat with six men, I prepared to board. In another quarter of an hour I stood upon the pirate's deck—no creature was to be seen, but mangled dead and wounded lay in all directions. I brought the vessel to the wind, lashed her helm a-lee, and then went into the cabin, urged by an ir-

resistible impulse to ascertain the fate of the young females.

They were there—the eldest was sitting crouched in a corner, her long hair hanging over her neck and bosom, and her eyes wildly glaring with unnatural ferocity. The youngest was extended at full length, with her head resting in her sister's lap, and her face turned up, with a fixed expression, on the countenance of the elder. I spoke soothingly, but the only answer returned was an hysteric laugh—alas! one was a maniac, and the other a corpse!

The boats from the frigate boarded us soon after, and my command was transferred from the Yankee to the schooner—the body of the chief still hung at the mainstay, nor would Captain — suffer it to be lowered down—and a fair breeze springing up, we steered for Jamaica; and entered Montego Bay with the human sacrifice still exposed. Upwards of forty of the pirates had been killed or wounded, and the rest expiated their crimes on the gallows. The young surviving female of the American family never properly recovered her reason, but she inherited the property of her father, and lived upon it many years, refusing every offer of marriage that was made to her.

The uncle and niece were buried in the same grave. The planters very handsomely presented me with a valuable gold-mounted sword, and the men with ten doubloons each: the beautiful craft was purchased into the service, raised upon, and spoiled; and the body of the pirate chief, enclosed in an iron frame, was suspended from a gibbet just above high-water mark—a signal instance of just RETRIBUTION.—*United Service Journal.*

(ORIGINAL.)

SONG.

I hae a sma' craft, an' a wee pickle sheep,
That wi' labour an' care in gude order I keep;
An' my flock is increasin', O! will ye agree,
To live my dear Jean in a bothie wi' me.

An' my flock, &c.

I hae a kind heart, O! ye ken its ye're ain,
An' surely nae langer ye'll keep me in pain;
That heart wi' my hand, an' a I will gie,
If ye'll be content in a bothie wi' me.

That heart, &c.

Had I a fair kingdom, I'd make ye my queen,
Thou flaxen-haired lass, wi' the bonnie blue een;
Tho' for state wi' its cares, I carena a flee,
I'd rather hae Jean in a bothie wi' me.

Tho' for state, &c.

A crook is the sceptre by which I would reigt,
My war-spear a sickle to cut down the grain;
As to love in a palace, that's a' in my ce,
Fond love wi' my Jean in a bothie for me.

As to love, &c.

R.

(ORIGINAL.)

OCTAVIUS SKEGGS, THE NICE 'YOUNG MAN.

BY E. L.

Mr. Octavius Apollo Skeggs
 Was a bachelor bold, hale and hearty,
 And what with his head and his beautiful legs,
 Was a very nice man for a party.

SONG.

"ONLY think! Figgins," exclaimed Mrs. F. one evening to her husband, as he entered the shop with a chandler's wicker basket on his arm, having just delivered a quarter of a pound of eights, and half an ounce of the best gunpowder tea to the order of one of their principal customers; "only think! those Browns had a party last night, and we were'n't asked. I suppose we're not good enough for them now, since they've left off the marine store and commenced in the cook-shop line. But people should'n't forget what they were once, and how they got their money; for my part, I've always had my suspicions. Thanks be, though we *do* keep a chandler's shop, our money's honest come by, and we dosent make sassengers out o' *any thing*. And let me tell you, Mr. Figgins, the next time they send their grease here for sale, you'll deduct two pence ha'penny for the pieces of brick and lumps o' tatoes found in the last, you were *wise* enough to allow them to cheat you in, more shame for you."

"My dear," attempted to remonstrate Mr. F. "you know I have told you twenty times——"

"Yes," interrupted his dominant lady; "I tell you sir, you are no man of business, or we should'n't be as we are now." Here the amiable lady drew a long sigh, and entered into a gloomy relation of what they might have been, had Mr. Figgins been like some *one* else; and concluded by endeavouring to convince him, that if he had in him the spirit of the Smiths, (her maiden name,) he'd give a party that would shew the Browns he was'n't to be outdone.

But Mr. Figgins, who did not see the matter exactly in the same point of view as his intelligent lady, attributable no doubt to his being less clear headed than the Smiths, appeared much inclined to contest the point with Mrs. F.

"My dear, we can't afford it—what signifies——"

"Yes, that's like you, just like you—whatever you think is likely to do me good, or make me happy, you always oppose, you do Figgins!" and here the injured lady, checked in her volubility by the strength of her feelings, applied the corner of her apron to her eye, breathed two or three deep sighs—they might have been intended for sobs—and exhibited sundry hysterical contortions of the countenance—alarming symptoms! It was too much, the

obdurate heart of the little tallow chandler was melted—he seized her hand—

"Jemmy, (a contraction of Jemima,) Jemmy my soul, compose yourself!"

"Fig—Fig——" was all the sensitive lady could reply.

"Compose yourself, my all, my loved—I consent to all—to every thing—I won't object to nothing at all, only don't faint."

After the lapse of a few minutes, during which the distressed Mr. Figgins never ceased to assure Mrs. F. of his determination to leave the party question entirely in her own hands, if she'd only "*come to*." That lady, by the judicious application of a blown out candle, the odour from which allowed to enter the nasal orifice, is an infallible restorative in such cases, *did* "*come to*," and, assisted in her plan of operations by her daughter, Miss Arabella Jemima Catherina Figgins, (the two ladies putting their heads *together*;) it was determined to give a set out the next evening, that should astonish the Browns, and procure them the enviable company of the charming Mr. Skeggs—the former the chief desire of the elder—the latter the sole wish of the younger lady.

In one of those numerous courts in the vicinity of Drury Lane, once the resort of the lowest and most degraded of both sexes inhabiting the great metropolis, but which, happily for the thickly populated neighbourhood around, and the community at large, has within the last two or three years, by the vigilance of the magistracy, been considerably purged of their wretched inmates, about half way up, was an old decayed building, which appeared to threaten the passer-by with immediate destruction—the windows were stuffed with filthy rags, and its whole appearance denoted the extreme of poverty. But as there was scarcely a house in the court which did not present the same repulsive appearance, it would have called for no particular notice, but that toward it the messenger, (Master Figgins) conveying the invitation to Mr. Skeggs, directed his steps. The door, as is usual in such purlieus, was wide open, verifying the proverb "*there's honour among thieves*;" but arrived here, there being neither knocker nor bell, Master Figgins felt himself rather perplexed as to the course he should next pursue, but finally adopted the expedient of stamping on the floor, and after amusing himself in this manner for about ten minutes, a half naked, dirty, stunted urchin made his appearance from the basement. Eying him with some suspicion, Master Figgins enquired whether Mr. Skeggs lived there? The boy opened his mouth, closed it again, stared, and with a knowing wink shook his head. Master F. repeated his enquiry.

"Kegs?" at length replied the boy, with an apparent dubiousness, that evinced he was rather at a loss to know what legs meant.

"Mr. Skeggs," repeated Figgins, junior.

"Oh! Skeggs, what's that?"

"Why it's a gentleman," answered Master Figgins, with a juvenile tone of self approbation at his own superior knowledge.

"Oh, a gentleman is it, then he doesent live here," drawled out the urchin, and before any further questions could be proposed, he had vanished whence he came.

Finding none else made their appearance, Master Figgins, waxing wroth, commenced hammering away with renewed violence, and was about giving up in despair, when a female on the first floor came to the head of the stairs, and after demanding what he meant by alarming all the people in the house, and informing herself of the nature of his errand, in every particular, directed him to proceed up stairs, and he'd find the person he wanted in the second door third pair back. Feeling his way in the dark, after falling through two holes in the stairs, and knocking at the door of No. 1, third pair back, whereby he aroused the anger of the said No. 1, who threatened to knock him down, if he played off any of his larks on him; he finally succeeded in discovering the object of his search, and having delivered the letter of invitation, and received in reply a very neatly folded cocked hat note, lost no time in retreating from so dangerous and uncivilised a neighbourhood.

Mr. Octavius Skeggs, who was a gentleman of rather limited means, enjoying the stipend of fifteen shillings weekly, in consideration of certain services by him performed, in the dignified capacity of a lawyer's clerk, was at the moment Master Figgins knocked at his door, seated in his apartment, or, as he termed it, his little back snugger, enjoying his breakfast—the paraphernalia of which meal consisted in a wooden tray, on which was a paper containing the residue of a quarter of a pound of five penny moist sugar, a gallipot containing milk, or what in London answers to that name and the same purpose, thin whitewash well strained; the last crust of a half quarter loaf, and a basin filled with tea, just emptied from a tin shaving pot, which served the general purposes of his culinary department, as well as the purposes to which its name more directly confined its use. Butter he eschewed, for as Mr. Skeggs informed his friends, he was subject to the bile, and therefore delighted in sop, which failing a spoon, he conveyed to his mouth by aid of the aforesaid crust and his fingers—it was a maxim with Mr. Skeggs, "fingers were made before forks." Unpalatable as such a meal may appear to those accustomed to a more substantial breakfast, it was evidently not so accounted by Skeggs, who dispatched it with the gusto of an alderman at a civic feast. A long six (purchased of course of his friend Figgins,) stuck in a broken blacking bottle, served to render darkness visible, and display the

domestic economy of Mr. Skeggs's apartment, but which it is not *my* intention to expose.

"Hem! hem! ahem!" coughed Mr. Skeggs, endeavouring to divert to its right channel a crumb of bread, which rather perversely had gone the wrong way; "ahem! well I *did* think it would be strange if Christmas passed without my being asked out somewhere or other. Let me see, who will be there? Miss Figgins, nice gal that Miss Figgins—wonder if there's any money there—would'nt mind sticking up to her, if I thought so. Ma' Figgins, Miss Julep, the three Misses Mudfoys, Miss Spicer, sweet gal Miss Spicer, Miss Jones, &c. &c.; and after enumerating ladies sufficient to have twice filled Mr. Figgins' house from top to bottom, he continued: "Of course I shall be the leading character of the male portion. By the bye, that Miss Potts turned up her nose at me the last time we met—shall only dance with her once, and that toward the end of the night. I must deliver a speech—I must say— but bless me, it's tonight, I shall not have time to learn one." Here Octavius was lost in a reverie, but presently exclaimed: "Right! well thought of, the one I spoke at my friend Muggins' will do very well, with an alteration of names." Then jumping upon a chair, that he might the better see his figure, and thereby study his action in a piece of looking glass hanging over the mantel-piece, he commenced a rehearsal of the intended speech—displaying great oratorical powers and beautiful action, but as most eloquent speakers are often carried away by the force of their own powers, so Mr. Skeggs, in the heat of his subject, forgetting he was not on terra firma, stepped back, and as a natural consequence, found himself, when in the act of delivering an elegant compliment to Miss Figgins, extended on the floor in a very unspeakerlike attitude. Recovering from the smart occasioned by this fall, he commenced overhauling his ball apparel, and finding the same in bachelor's order, popped a pair of white kid gloves that he wore at his friend Muggins' ball last Christmas, into his pocket, intending to renovate them at his office with India rubber; bread was too expensive. He now, with a laudable desire of being perfectly up in his part, prepared to rub up his dancing, but just as he had arranged sundry articles of furniture in the form of a square, intended to personify ladies and their partners standing up in a quadrille, and was setting to his partner, represented by a chair, the church clock struck nine, the hour to which his governor, the comprehensive title by which Mr. Skeggs, in common with lawyers' clerks in general, spoke of his master, insisted upon his being punctual. In an instant, party, speeches, dances, every thing was forgotten, and seizing a low crowned narrow brimmed hat, which it required a little humouring to coax on his head, and thrusting his hands into, and fingers

out of a pair of berlins, once white, darted into the court and out of the court into the street. If there was one portion of Chesterfield that Skeggs admired more than another, it was that wherein he advises never to hurry through the streets, as it betokeneth not the gentleman but the man of business, and that he might not be mistaken for such, so innate with us in every degree of life is this feeling of assumption, he invariably made it a point of starting much earlier than necessary, and to saunter along with the slow and carelless air of a man who wishes to impress on the world that his time is his own. It was therefore with some degree of mortification that Mr. Skeggs found himself for once compelled to use more than ordinary despatch; arrived at the next church, the minute hand pointed to ten minutes past. "Bless me," quoth Mr. Octavius to himself, "and I have yet twenty minutes walk to accomplish." What was to be done? he could not resist—off he started, fast, faster, faster still, and in less than five seconds he was fairly running—but it would'nt do, "What can people see in me to be staring so," thought Mr. Skeggs, but the idea originated in his own fanciful conceptions, for even at that early hour people were too busied in their own affairs to be at all conscious that such an important personage as Mr. Octavius Skeggs was hurrying past them. He knocked his hands together, stamped his feet, poured out a volume of breath and shrugged his shoulders, hoping thereby to convey the idea that the coolness of the air caused his accelerated speed; but it not happening to be a cold morning, the result was, he succeeded in attracting that attention it was so much his desire to avoid. Yet on he went, but had not proceeded far, ere he fancied he caught the sound of feet clattering behind—he was too embarrassed to ascertain the cause—it gained upon him, was at his heels, and now at his elbow—he looked down, and discovered a ragged urchin running and panting by his side; observing he was noticed, the boy looked up with a grin on his unwashed cheeks, which, correctly interpreted, meant to imply that he could run equally as fast as Mr. Octavius Skeggs—but the latter, who was at no time an admirer of juveniles, frowned fiercely on the boy, who misinterpreting the frown, only grinned in return. Skeggs frowned more fiercely, in vain, his annoyer was not to be disconcerted or driven from the performance of a feat he considered rather meriting approval than censure. Skeggs walked, so did the boy—he ran, so did his tormenter—he could'nt stand it, and acting on the impulse of the moment, he bestowed no very gentle box on the young gentleman's ear, at the instant when his countenance was lighted up by a broad grin, expressive of triumph. Astonished, and writhing under the effects of the blow, he flew to the road, and seizing a handful of mud, in a second Mr.

Skeggs presented the appearance of a spotted leopard. The youngster awaited not the issue, but darted across the road and fled, leaving the unfortunate Skeggs to be indebted to the kind offices of a stranger for his cleansing—a crowd having collected around him, each demanding what was the matter, how the gentleman was run over, &c. &c. Skeggs with some difficulty managed to escape, and crossing into a by-street, commenced threading his way through the back lanes—but hark, St. Sepulchre's struck the half hour; off darted Skeggs once more, the all absorbing idea, the loss of his lucrative situation before his eyes, and after knocking down an intimate female friend, spinning round an elderly lady, and capsizing an old woman's apple stall, he finally arrived at his office just three quarters of an hour behind time; and as something of importance requiring our *presence*, generally happens during our *absence*, even though that be but ten minutes, so was it that morning, and Mr. Skeggs accounted himself peculiarly fortunate in escaping with the rebuke from the governor, that if he, Skeggs, could'nt manage to be at the office in proper time, he, the governor, must get some one who could. * * *

Six o'clock appeared to Octavius a long while coming, but come at last it did and struck: so did Mr. Skeggs, who, popping his tools into his desk, declared he had shut up shop and was preparing to depart, when the governor rang, and requested him to make a copy of a bill of costs, which he was anxious to dispatch to his agent in the country by a gentleman leaving town by mail that evening—"just like him," muttered the disappointed Skeggs, "sure to find something for one to do when its time to leave off;" but knowing by experience there was no alternative, he "set to," and having completed the task, sent it in by Ned and was preparing to make a precipitate retreat, when the governor entered and begged Mr. Skeggs would be so *kind* as to leave the bill of costs at the Elephant-and-Castle on his way home, and without waiting a reply quitted the office; "leave it on my way home," exclaimed the unfortunate clerk, "leave it on my way home—three miles out of it—I won't stand it, I'll leave, I'll give notice tomorrow," and so saying, with the air of a man determined no longer to submit, (but which a walk to the Elephant-and-Castle, giving him time to cool, also allows him leisure to reflect that there's "nae relief," and so very prudently resolves to look over it this time)—he forced his hat on one side of his head, and strode out of the office with a touch-me-not look, to the no small admiration of Ned, the junior clerk, who felt some degree of awe at the firmness and clerly bearing of his senior, and could'nt help expressing to himself a hope that some day he might become as great and as dignified as Mr. Octavius. * * *

"Dear me what can have become of Mr. Skeggs,"

exclaimed Miss Arabella Figgins to her mamma, the company having assembled some time and been admiring with longing eyes a plate of muffins and crumpets which were drying before the fire, and promised to be as relishable as sheet iron by the time they were allowed to discuss their merits. Rat-tat—rat-tat—rat-tat-tat, was the response to Miss Figgins' remark, and after a lapse of two minutes, during which a shuffling noise was heard in the passage, as of a person changing his boots, was ushered into the room, with all due ceremony, one of the *niciest* of young men, habited in a green goose tailed dress coat turned down with green velvet, there's something so natural, so verdant in green! buttons gilt, conservative pattern, the lappels as he moved, ever and anon saluted a pair of calves we are fain to acknowledge rather shrunken, or, as a lady present remarked, that appeared "very much as though they wanted putting out to grass." His waistcoat was of red or scarlet velvet, set off by an under waistcoat of blue; the collar of his shirt was thrown open and laid over his coat, *à la Byron*; of his neck we will say nothing; a pair of light coloured tights joined company to a pair of black silk hose, and his feet thrust into a couple of patent leather pumps, with two extensive bows, completed his *tout ensemble*—need I add the gentleman thus accoutred was our friend Skeggs. How gratifying to witness the *entrée* of a great man into a brilliant assembly; there is a certain something draws us towards him despite our predetermination to appear indifferent; and what a sensation is created all round—the condescending nods, the patronizing recognitions, and smart compliments, and then to know that all the pretty brilliant eyes in the room are fixed on—are literally devouring him—alas, seated in some neglected corner, hidden by the massive proportions of an elderly lady, how often have we sighed and wished, were it only for one night, that we were like Mr. Skeggs, a ladies' man—for all this was the happy lot of that individual; nor was there a single invidious remark made by any one during the early part of the evening, with the exception of one young lady whom he had omitted to recognise, in the hurry of the moment, much to the said young lady's mortification, and who declared to the person next her that for her part she could not see anything so very much to admire in Mr. Skeggs. But tea commenced. "Allow me," observed Skeggs to a lady who was rising for her tea. "Toast or muffins?" said Octavius to a rosy cheeked damsel, catching up both the plates from a young gentleman who was anxious for an opportunity to do the agreeable; "toast if you please," whispered the rosy cheeked lady, whose thoughts were so wandering, perhaps to the being by whose polite attentions she was drawing on herself the observations of the ladies, that she was perfectly unconcious she had helped herself to two whole muffins, until reminded of that fact by Miss Figgins, who began

to feel some alarm lest the provender should not hold out, if such a wholesale example were permitted; "well, so I have, lawks what am I thinking on?" and returning one to Mr. Skeggs, that gentleman deposited it on the edge of his own saucer, requesting with great gravity that the young lady would inform him which was the part she had touched, as it would be so much more relishable than the rest; to all which, and sundry other pretty things, Miss invariably replied by the exclamation of "*La, Mr. Skeggs.*"

Tea being finished, Mr. Skeggs, at the request of Mrs. Figgins, escorted by a pair of rosebuds, (we love to quote Skeggs' own expressive terms,) on either side, led the way to the *salon-de-danse*, where having formed a set and taken the top, led off with Miss Figgins. "Quick!" shouted Skeggs to the fiddler, "quick!" and the fiddler played quickly. Suddenly Miss Figgins sprang into the air, shook one foot, and descending on her toes, sprung into the air again, shook the other foot, and descending as before, cut two figures and remained stationary; immediately the opposite lady performed the same graceful movements and stopped also. Off darted Mr. Skeggs to the centre, gave three electric springs, to the admiration of the ladies, chassed twice and retired to his place; this was performed successively by the remainder of the ladies and their partners, with the only difference of slighter or more animated springs. Miss Figgins recommenced; she seized the sides of her white muslin frock, and extended them as far as practicable, by which graceful movement, she, unwittingly of course, displayed a very prettily turned ankle, jumped backwards and forwards half a dozen times, gave two graceful hops on one leg, and concluded by a very neatly executed pirouette, and by the inflation of her gown, conveyed, to the singular idea of a white muslin balloon on the top of which were placed the head and shoulders of the lovely Miss Figgins. Mr. Skeggs next performed some indescribable movements with his glazed pumps, advanced twice towards Miss Arabella, who remained in the centre, but rapidly retreated towards the further end of the room, (by the bye some of the males asserted this was done to shew off, as there was no necessity for his going more than half the distance, but such assertions generally proceed from envy,) the third time he rushed towards Miss Figgins, seized her hand, twirled her rapidly round and then hurried her to her place and bowed; this figure was also performed in the same manner by the other couples: but it were useless my going through the set, since most of my readers (the dancing ones) have doubtless too often danced it to feel any interest in a mere recital:

"What a nice young man," sighed the youngest Miss Spraggs to a Miss White, as at the conclusion of the dance Skeggs approached, and in an irresistible tone requested to be informed if she was engaged

for the next dance, and to which, receiving a reply in the negative, he added, "may I have the felicity?" and a most bewitching smile informed him he would have the felicity.

Rapidly do the hours fly when we are comparatively happy; too rapidly even though it be made up of such trivial pleasures as a ball room affords, to allow us time to form more than an imperfect idea in what such happiness consists. Nor is the ball room exempt from its share of worldly troubles; here, too often, envy, detraction, and every other ill feeling arising from mortified vanity, or rebuffed self sufficiency, is generated and displayed with bitter animosity, and, but patience, readers, we have done, we had mistaken our humour; it is not to moralise.

Having danced with every lady present, a most important branch of the *business* of a ladies' gentleman, not even forgetting the corpulent Mrs. Figgins, who declared, "she never danced, but really Mr. Skeggs was such a funny man she couldnt help standing up." Mr. Skeggs rose and performed a tour round the room, halting opposite every lady, and in the most urgent manner requesting her to oblige the company with a song, and the more such lady assured Octavius she never sang, the more that gentleman endeavoured to persuade her, she did sing, and which is according to the style of the most fashionable society; but unable to prevail on the ladies, he quietly seated himself in the full expectation of what ensued, namely: "Do Mr. Skeggs oblige us with a song," said Mrs. Figgins; "oh, really Mrs. Figgins you know if I could sing how happy I should be, but,——" "Oh now Mr. Skeggs," interrupted Miss Arabella, "do sing"—"do sing Mr. Skeggs," exclaimed a dozen voices from as many sweet ladies all round him. "Do my ladies," replied the yielding Mr. Skeggs "I cant resist, if I never sang before, I couldnt help singing now," and having delivered himself of this speech, Mr. Skeggs rose, took a few strides to the top of the room, and after three or four preliminary coughs, and as many apologies, commenced a single song, bearing reference to a countryman called Giles, courting a young lady bearing the name of Sary, at which song the company appeared much tickled, and laughed heartily, until he came to a part wherein he described Giles as catching the young lady churning butter,

I drank some beer and then did steer,
To seek for Sary, my heart in a flutter,
When in the dairy, like a fairy,
I seed my Sary a churning o' butter.

and which churning, Mr Skeggs endeavoured to illustrate by a corresponding movement of his arms, whereat the smile died off and the young ladies assumed a grave air, and coughed in their handkerchiefs, only to be accounted for by the supposition that some of the ladies present, accustomed to such exercise, considered it rather too personal, which

must have lowered Mr. S. fifty per cent in the estimation of the female portion of the company; but that Mr. Skeggs, not being a man easily disconcerted or taken aback, by some very opportune attentions, contrived to regain his place in their esteem.

"What a nice young man," whispered a little miss to a young gentleman by her side, the son of a fishmonger, whose complexion bore no unapt resemblance to a fried whetting; "isn't he?"

"Oh, I dont see nothin partikler in him," replied the fishmonger's son—which proved there was at least a difference of opinion.

"Oh dear, Mr. Skeggs, what odd things you do say," exclaimed a smiling country cousin of Miss Figgins, in reference to something very sublime Octavius had been pouring into her; "well I never, did you ever, Miss Figgins?" and immediately the country cousin and Miss Arabella were convulsed with laughter.

Supper being unfashionable, at least so said Mrs. Figgins, sandwiches were handed round to the company, consisting of some cold ham shaved into wafers, deposited between two small starved pieces of bread, which having duly disappeared, Mr. Skeggs challenged the ladies respectively in a glass of Barclay & Co.'s entire, and seeing a fitting opportunity, and fearful he might be anticipated, he rose slowly, with a calm and impressive air—

"Silence," exclaimed Mr. Figgins.

A pause ensued—Mr. Skeggs bowed to the company, swallowed a little more Barclay, wiped his mouth, coughed and spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen—hem—ladies and gentlemen, I had hoped some one possessed of greater abilities and more adequate to the task, would have prevented the occasion of my thus addressing you—but since it has *developed* on me, ladies and gentlemen, trusting to your *kind* generosity, and that you will pardon my humble speech, ('hear! hear!' shouted Mr. F. 'Hush, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs. Figgins, 'don't interrupt,') that you will pardon my humble speech. Hem! Having witnessed the efforts of our distinguished host and his amiable and accomplished lady, (Mrs. F. held down her head and tried to blush,) we should indeed be wanting in our duty did we not endeavour—did we not attempt—did we not—gentlemen, I say did we not endeavour to attempt, we should be wanting in our parts."

"Hear! hear!" resounded from the gentlemen. The fishmonger's son observed to his neighbour, a dresser of hair, that Mr. Skeggs appeared to be wanting in *his* part.

"I have," continued Mr. Skeggs, "been present at many," here he laid a stress on the word, "*very* many parties, but never do I remember one in which so much was done to *distribute* to the enjoyment of the company as I have witnessed this evening, by our distinguished host and his amiable and accomplished

lady, Mrs. Muggins—hem—Figgins—and it will be with feelings of grateful recollections,” here Mr. Skeggs pressed his hand to his heart—“that I recall the pleasant, the happy moments I have passed this night under their hospitable roof, and in your company. When I look around me and transcribe Mrs. and Mr. Mug—Figgins, her son, (Billy, said Mrs. F. sit up and take your fingers out of your mouth,) her beautiful and *graceless* daughter, when I look on those full length portraits of their parents—I say gentlemen, when I look round and see this—I feel—I fancy—gentlemen, are you astonished that I am unable to find words to illuminate my ideas.”

Having delivered himself of this rather abrupt peroration, Mr. Skeggs seated himself amidst general plaudits, but immediately rose again and proposed the health of their distinguished host and his amiable and accomplished lady, Mrs. and Mr. Figgins.

“Mrs. and Mr. Figgins! Mrs. and Mr. Figgins!” was immediately responded by the company, undergoing the varied alternation of voice from bass to alto. This was followed by the rising of Mr. Figgins, who began with the usual commencement of “unaccustomed as he was to public speaking,” which he repeated three times; but feeling his rat tail rather rudely pulled by some person behind, which, on turning round, he discovered was occasioned by Mrs. F. who was endeavouring thereby to make him understand he was not to make a certain animal of himself. He stated he should conclude by trusting they would take the will for the deed, and accept his and his old woman’s thanks, of whom, (his old woman) though he said it, he might put his hand on his heart and say there was’nt a better wife or a fonder mother in London, nay in England, no, not in the universe! that they had lived together as man and wife eight and twenty years come next Valentine’s day, enjoying every domestic happiness, (here Mr. Figgins was observed to suppress a sigh,) a married life could bestow, but now they were getting old, like a couple of long sixes, and my gal there and her brother, like the same long sixes only cut—cut—”

“Short,” whispered the fishmonger’s son to the maker of perukes, as Mr. F. suddenly found himself in his seat, being reduced thereto by the mortified Mrs. Figgins, who thought it very odd he could’nt leave the shop below.

A rather abrupt pause ensued, but was quickly filled up by Mr. Skeggs again rising and proposing in a neat speech the health of Miss Figgins in particular, and the young ladies in general, which having been drank with all due honours, the young ladies and gentlemen began to get exceedingly merry, as most young ladies and gentlemen do after supper, which induces us to coincide with Mr. Skeggs, that supper “ought to be introduced within half an hour after the company’s arrival.” Nor did

their merriment meet with interruption, except on one occasion, when, in reference to some pun rather too bad, the hair dresser had perpetrated, Mr. Skeggs unwittingly exclaimed that it was *barbarous*, laying rather too much emphasis on the two first syllables, at which the said barber got very indignant, being in a very friendly manner informed by the fishmonger’s son, that Mr. Skeggs intended to insult him, which called forth the remark that “a joke’s a joke, but that’s not a joke,” at which Mr. Skeggs felt rather perplexed, and not exactly comprehending how the remark applied, conceived it proper and attempted to laugh, but finding he had all the laugh to himself, he looked serious, and turned and said something pretty to Miss Figgins.

In this manner did the night pass, and it becoming late, the company prepared to depart, when Mr. Skeggs, after expressing great regret that he could not divide himself into twenty Mr. Skeggs, finally decided upon seeing two young ladies home, not more than four miles distant from his own habitation.

“What a nice young man!” was the general exclamation of the ladies, as Mr. Skeggs departed with his charge, having first very poetically kissed his hand and blew the kiss towards the girls, which he termed kissing the ladies at a blow.

“What a nice young man!” sighed Miss Figgins, as she closed and double barred the shop door, having first watched Mr. Skeggs out of sight.

“Well, a’nt Mr. Skeggs a nice young man?” asked one of the young ladies to the other young lady, as Mr. Skeggs left them at the door of their own house; “what a charming husband he would make!”

P. S.—I had quite forgotten, but Mrs. Figgins had the grateful intelligence conveyed to her the next morning, that the Brown’s were *not* astonished, having been out themselves to a party the same evening, and consequently saw nothing of the grand display opposite.

SAYINGS FROM THE TALMUD.

WHEN *Æsop*, in answer to the question put to him by Chilo, “what God was doing?” said “that he was depressing the proud and exalting the humble,” the reply was considered as most admirable. But the same sentiments are to be found in the *Medrash*, though expressed, as usual with the Jewish writers, in the form of a story: it runs thus: “A matron once asked Rabbi Jose, ‘In how many days did God create the world.’—‘In six days,’ replied the rabbi, as it is written. ‘In six days God made the heavens and the earth.’—‘But,’ continued she, ‘what is he doing now?’—‘Oh!’ replied the rabbi, ‘he makes ladders on which he causes the poor to ascend, and the rich to descend, or in other words, he exalts the lowly and depresses the haughty.’” There were

discovered on the fragments of an ancient tombstone Greek words to the following purpose: "I was not, and I became; I am not, but shall be." The same thought is expressed in the following reply of Rabbi Gabiha to a sceptic. A freethinker once said to Rabbi Gabiha, "Ye fools who believe in a resurrection, see ye not that the living die? how then can you believe that the dead shall live?"—"Silly man!" replied Gabiha, "thou believest in a creation—well then, if what never before existed, exist; why may not that which once existed, exist again?"—*Goodhugh's Lectures on Biblical Literature.*

QUEENS' PICTURES.

QUEEN Elizabeth, who was exceedingly vain of her person, was not a little incensed by some of the sad daubs which the limners of that day put forth as royal likenesses: to prevent which, she required Lord Burleigh, then Secretary Cecil, to put forth an ordinance, prohibiting "all manner of persons to draw, paint, engrave, or pourtray her Majesty's personage or visage for a time, until by some more perfect pattern and example, the same may be by others followed;" adding, "for that her Majesty perceiveth that a great number of her loving subjects are much grieved and take great offence with the errors and deformities already committed by sundry persons in this behalf, she straitly charges all her officers and ministers to see to the due observation thereof, and as soon as may be to reform the errors already committed."

A SPANISH INN.

THE whole presented an interior quite suited to the pencil of a Teniers. A bright wood fire sparkled on the wide hearth, shedding a brilliant red light upon the group of animated figures assembled in its immediate vicinity, and here and there also picking out some conspicuous figure from the more distant parties. The back ground was in deep Murillo shade.—excepting on one side, where the flickering flame of a solitary lamp, contrasting its pale light with that of the fire, cast a yellow tinge on the squalid features of the hostess and her helpmates, round whom the eyes of some dozen of cats danced like monster fireflies. A well-polished *batterie de cuisine*—sides of bacon—ropes of onions—platters—goblets—and tobacco smoke—were not wanting to fill up the picture. But it was perfect without the aid of such accessories: the spirit and expression of each actor in the Spanish scene, and the diversity of costume, giving it a decided superiority over a picture of the "Flemish school," in which foaming pots of beer, and a melting *frau*, must needs be introduced to extract animation from the stolid features of the assembled boors.—*Scott's Ronda and Granada.*

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES TO A POT OF MIGNONNETTE,

PLANTED BY A FRIEND, SINCE DECEASED.

BY E. L. C.

Sweet Mignonnette, I love thee well,
Wherever thou dost bloom,
But most of all in this small pot,
And in this quiet room.

For she who sowed thy tiny seed
Deep in its bed of mould,
And watched to see thy infant germ,
Its emerald tint unfold—

Sleeps with the hush'd, and dreamless dead,
Among those sacred shades,
Where fair Mount Auburn's sculptured tombs,
Gleam through the op'ning glades.

But when the dazzling sunlight falls
Upon thy fairy bells,
And forth, as if in grateful joy,
A gush of fragrance swells—

I hear a glad voice ringing sweet
From out the silent tomb,
And see a bright, dark eye, look forth
Upon thy clust'ring bloom.

I see among thy dancing leaves,
A thin and jewell'd hand,
Striving, thy weak and flexile stalks,
To bind with silken band.

Sweet Mignonnette, she loved thee well,
Loved all things pure and fair,
All perfect forms—for to her eye,
God's hand had written there.

Walks she not now 'mid brightest shapes,
And flowers of heavenly birth?
Such is our trust—the mortal coil,
Alone is claim'd by earth.

For as thy flower, fair Mignonnette,
From germ minutest burst,
So the freed spirit soars to God,
When dust returns to dust.

Her heart's deep longings breath'd in prayer
All, all are answered now,
Our trembling spirits, shrined in flesh,
Must still in darkness bow.
Montreal, April 12, 1839.

HOW TO LIVE.

SIR Wm. Temple says, "The only way for a rich man to be healthy is to live as if he were poor, by exercise and abstinence."

(ORIGINAL.)

GRACE MORLEY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY E. L. C.

She knows no sympathy with childhood's joys,—
 No touch of pity for its bursting griefs;
 And I would have the maiden of my choice,
 She who should sit beside my household hearth,
 And o'er my home shed the soft light of love,
 A child in heart, with feelings that gush'd forth,
 Like a glad fount, at childhood's ringing laugh
 And the fair infant's smile.

"AND so the children are to have a pic-nic tomorrow," said Charles Castleton, a young naval officer, approaching a table, at which his cousin Clara Hsley sat copying a cluster of rose-buds, that stood in a vase beside her.

"Yes, should the weather continue fine," answered Clara,—*"It is Henry's birth-day, and mamma has promised them to celebrate it in the woods,—so they are to drive to old Pompey's cottage, and rove to their heart's content among the sweet dells and dingles, and dine in the old wood on the banks of the beautiful river, and return home by moonlight, over the wild mountain road, that you used to love so well, Charles, before you saw fairer and more classic lands on the shores of the blue Mediterranean."*

"More classic, Clara, but not fairer, and surely not dearer; you cannot think that. But for this pic-nic, are we not to share the privileges of the children, and be included in its delights!"

"Doubtless, if you wish it; I dearly love these little rural festivals; but we feared you and Grace might not fancy the boisterous mirth of the children, which, on this annual day of liberty and enjoyment, we make it a point never to restrain; unless, indeed, which is seldom the case, it far o'erstep the modesty of nature."

Clara looked up from her drawing, with a glance of soft inquiry as she spoke, for she desired much that her cousin might choose to join this excursion; she wished to share the pleasure of the children, and she could not, neither did she seek to conceal from herself, that his presence would greatly enhance her happiness; Charles had recently returned from a three years cruise in the Mediterranean, and found

Clara, whom he left a child, grown up into a blooming and beautiful woman, not dazzling, but lovely, lovely in person and still more so in mind and character; and with the enthusiasm peculiar to his profession, he had yielded unreservedly to the influence of her attractions. During the month that he had now passed at Oakland, he had breathed words of love into her ear, and if she listened to them in silence, it was not with a reluctant or untouched heart; for that, had thrilled to every whispered accent, and not a word or tone that had fallen from his lips, nor a look that had beamed from his dark and eloquent eyes, but she had garnered them there, and brooded ever over them, with woman's voiceless, yet impassioned tenderness.

But recently a gay and celebrated belle, who was on a visit at Oakland, had shared, Clara sometimes thought, too largely in the attentions and admiration of the young sailor; though as she now raised her sunny eyes to his, she almost forgot the shadows that for a week past had darkened her glowing and happy heart; for there was something in the fond gaze that met hers, which told a tale too dear and flattering to be disbelieved, and she reproached herself for the doubts she had permitted to disturb her peace, and for the wrong she had done her cousin, in supposing for a moment, that all beautiful and courted and admired as was Miss Morley, he could be so vacillating, as already to have transferred, even to her thronged and brilliant shrine, the homage of a heart, that he had so recently proffered to herself.

Clara's eye drooped, and her cheek glowed, as these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind; nay, it burned painfully, when made conscious that he noticed her confusion, as touching her cheek with

one of the rose buds, that he had stolen from the vase, he suddenly exclaimed :

"What thoughts are those, dear Clara, that tinge this pure cheek, with such a brilliant hue!—why this bursting bud looks pale beside it, and I could almost fancy it pining with envy to be thus, outvied in loveliness. Would I could look into your mind, fair cousin, that temple of bright and sweet images, and see what is now passing in its innermost recesses."

"Ah, Charles, do not wish so; all that you beheld there might not appear to you so pure and stainless as should besem a maiden breast. Remember we are yet of earth, and even with our holiest affections, our highest and noblest aspirations, mingles a taint of human frailty and imperfection. But a truce to moralizing, and give me back my rose bud."

"Nay, I must keep this, dear Clara, it is now associated in my mind with the cheek to which I compared it," and he plead so eloquently that although, she said it was the prettiest in the bunch she was attempting to copy, she suffered it to remain in his possession.

"And now let us make arrangements for this picnic, Clara, since I am resolved to be included among the children, and I can answer for Miss Morley, who so loves the country and its simple pleasures, that she will be delighted to join us."

"Does she love them Charles?" asked Clara in a somewhat doubting tone.

"Yes does she, fair sceptic, as truly and as fervently as yourself," cried a gay voice, in a tone of blended rebuke and playfulness, and Grace Morley entered through the glass door from the terrace, followed by a merry troop of children, dragging forward a huge Newfoundland dog, which they had literally loaded with flowers. But the animal burst from them the moment he saw Clara, and trailing the broken garlands after him, bounded forward and laid his shaggy head, with a whine of joy, in her lap. The children too, clustered around her, each talking with delight of the morrow, and begging that she and cousin Charles, would go with them and share their holiday.

"You include Miss Morley, also!" said Clara.

"No, we do not," answered Lucia, in a subdued voice; "she does not like us, sister, she says we make her head-ache, and was angry, and left the garden because Neptune sprinkled her dress when he leaped from the water."

Clara could not repress a smile, though she hastened to silence the little girl, lest the object of her complaint, might overhear it and be vexed. But they prattled on upon some other theme, while Clara caressed and listened to them, or seemed to listen, though her attention was in reality attracted by Miss Morley, who had thrown himself listlessly upon a sofa and called Charles to come and fan her. And there he now stood, gently waving the painted feathers, and speaking, as he bent over her, in the softest

and most subdued tone, while with her radiant face upturned to his, she looked, so Clara thought, unutterable things.

She was in truth a creature of matchless beauty, perfect in form and faultless in feature—such an one as Phidias might have chosen for the subject of his chisel. She had a dazzling complexion, a brow like polished ivory, dark, eloquent eyes, that could bewitch at will, that were lovely in tears, and resistless when half veiled by the long silken fringes, and by those snowy lids which made one involuntarily recal that expressive line of Shakspeare :

"As sweet as were the lids of Juno's eyes."

No woman ever understood better than did Grace Morley the management of the eye—and when it was her pleasure so to do, she could make it discourse most eloquently, and in a language not to be misunderstood—as she now lay half reclining on the damask cushions of the sofa, her white dress and ebon hair contrasting with their crimson hue, Clara fancied she had never before seen her look so beautiful—her colour was heightened by exercise, and a half blown rose, which she had gathered in her walk, was placed with careless grace among the soft ringlets that shaded her brow. "How," thought the humble Clara, "when viewed in comparison with this radiant creature, can I hope to retain my empire over the heart of one who so loves beauty, as does my cousin," and instinctively she raised her eyes towards an opposite mirror—but it reflected back so lovely an image, a figure so delicate and sylph-like, a face of such pure and childlike, yet spiritual beauty, that she blushed with conscious pleasure as it met her view.

Her brother Henry, a fine boy of ten, caught her eye in the glass, and laughingly exclaimed :

"Do you blush, sister, because you are so pretty? well then I will make you blush again, by telling you what I thought this morning, as I read of the three goddesses who quarrelled for the golden apple, that if you had been there they would neither of them have got it."

"Bravo, Hal!" shouted Charles Castleton from the other end of the drawing room; "as gallant a speech that, my boy, as ever knight of the tourney whispered in the ear of his lady love, and a goodly promise it gives to the rising fair, of your manhood."

"You have no need to laugh, Mr. Castleton," said one of the younger boys, with the air of a champion; "because Henry told Clara she was pretty, for I am sure no one can look at her twice without knowing it, though she is above making a boast of it herself," and he glanced significantly at Miss Morley.

"And she is good too," lisped little Kate, climbing up and throwing her arms round the laughing but confused Clara; "she never frowns upon us

when we tease her, and if I had torn her dress as I did Miss Morley's this morning, she would not have sent me away crying—would you, sissy dear?"

"Yes, Kate, if you had been naughty," returned Clara, striving by a sign to silence the clamorous little group, and bending down her lovely face, so as almost to hide it in the clustering ringlets of the child.

"No, you would not—would she be cross, cousin Charles?" and the persevering little questioner appealed to Castleton, who at that moment crossed the apartment towards her.

"Never, Kate, her nature is all sweetness," he answered in a fervent tone, and taking the little creature from Clara's arms, he pressed her fondly in his own.

Glad to make her escape, Clara glided away towards the sofa, where Grace still reclined—but this little scene had not produced a very amiable effect upon her temper—she saw that the children's remarks were not lost upon Charles, and she was excessively annoyed to have Clara represented to him, in a light so much more attractive than herself. Clouds overshadowed her bright and beautiful brow, and when Clara, hoping to turn her thoughts into a pleasant channel, spoke of the pic-nic, and kindly asked her if she would like to join the excursion, she coldly replied:

"That if her head continued to ache as it did then, she should be incapable of any enjoyment, and fit only for her pillow—but she begged not to interfere with the plans of others, or be the means of marring any one's pleasure, especially that of the children, by detaining Clara from them, who seemed—" and her lip slightly curled, "to be so essential to their happiness."

"They would certainly prefer my accompanying them," said Clara, with her accustomed gentleness of tone and manner; "but even little Kate is old enough to sacrifice her wishes unrepiningly to the comfort of others, and I doubt not, all of them will abundantly enjoy the day, even should I remain at home, which I shall cheerfully do, unless you are able and inclined to join the party. But let me do something for your head, dear Grace; I will send these noisy children away, and bathe it in eau de Cologne, and I doubt not it will be quite well to-morrow."

"Let me kiss you before I go, sister," said Kate, stooping down from Castleton's arms, who stood by holding her in silence, and stretching out her dimpled hands towards Clara. The embrace was given and returned, and as she slid down to go away, she cast an arch glance at Grace, and roguishly plucking the rose from her hair, threw it at Charles, and ran laughing from the room. Miss Morley started and endeavoured to smile, but it was plain to see how much she was annoyed by the wild freedom of the artless child. But her fair face assumed a more

complacent expression, when Charles, as though it were a precious deposit, placed the stolen flower in his bosom, and finding herself again the sole object of thought and attention, her animation and good humour by degrees returned. Charles sat on a low ottoman assiduously fanning her, while Clara's little soft hand bathed her temples with eau de Cologne, and thus ministered to, and amused, she became once more the brilliant and fascinating beauty, whose faults were lost in the assumed sweetness of her manners and disposition, or forgotten in the charm of her varied and lively conversation.

The following morning dawned bright and cloudless, and the gay voices and busy feet of the children were heard from their apartment, even before the shrill note of chanticleer proclaimed its approach. Miss Morley too, rose with renovated health and spirits, declaring herself well enough to join the pic-nic, and looked forward with much pleasure to the promised enjoyments of the day. She wished to go on horseback, and Charles and Clara, who were experienced equestrians, gladly acceded to the proposal. Mr. and Miss Grey, some friends of Clara's, also rode with them, while Mr. and Mrs. Ilsley, with Mrs. Darracot and her sister, occupied one carriage, and the children of the two families, with their nurses, the other. It was still early when the party set out, and Mr. Grey, who was an admirer of Clara's, immediately attached himself to her, nor could she avoid feeling wounded, at the willingness with which her cousin Charles yielded her entirely to his care. For himself, he seemed completely fascinated by Miss Morley, and beautiful indeed she looked, as gracefully she managed her high spirited steed, and bent her bright glowing face gaily towards Castleton, conversing as she rode with unaffected ease and vivacity.

"Could I be thus absorbed by another," thought Clara, "and he within hearing of my voice?" and a pang shot through her heart as she asked herself the question. "Oh, man knows nothing of the intensity and fervour of that sentiment which springs up in the heart of woman—nothing of its self devotion, its concentration of thought and feeling and purpose—looking with fond desire but to one end, circumscribing its enjoyments and hopes within one magic circle, which however limited it may be, is broad enough for the wide expansion of those tender sympathies and emotions that constitute her felicity."

Such were the thoughts of Clara Ilsley, as she contrasted her lover's conduct with what would have been her own, under similar circumstances. But her's was a well disciplined mind, fortified by principles, that could alone sustain her under life's many and varied trials, and which enabled her gratefully to enjoy the blessings of her lot, even if deprived of one dear and cherished source of happi-

ness. She dearly loved the innocence and gaiety of childhood—too dearly, not now to sympathise in its pleasures, and was too fervent a votary of nature, not always to derive exquisite delight from the boundless and exhaustless beauty of its rich and ever varying scenes.

Their road lay through winding lanes, overgrown with shrubbery, and fragrant with the breath of wild roses and the rich scent of clover fields, or along the elevated banks of a broad river, from whence they caught lovely views of mountains blue in the distance, farm houses standing in the sheltered nooks of wooded hills, with the rich vegetation of early summer glowing around them in the varied hues of the different grains, that were clothing the earth with beauty, and promising an abundant harvest to the rejoicing husbandman. How those dear children enjoyed their drive, and how sweetly in unison with their ringing voices and merry faces, were those natural melodies that floated unseen but felt, on every breeze that fanned their rosy cheeks, and lifted the silken curls from their young and laughing brows. In the exuberance of their glee, they mimicked the wild notes of the birds and the bleating of the lambs that clustered in snowy groups on the emerald meadows; and they shouted with joy at the sight of a golden oriole that darted from its leafy covert, and passed like a ray of light before their eager eyes. Sometimes they were enamoured with a graceful birch, whose silver trunk seemed starting from the bank in which its old roots were imbedded, to bend almost horizontally over the bright water, as though it sought in that mirror to gaze upon its reflected image and lave its pensile boughs in the cool and limped wave—or they stretched forth their hands as they passed on, to pluck the wild briar roses that grew in rich luxuriance on the banks, and stood on tip-toe, heedless of the prohibition of old John, and the warnings of the terrified nurses, to grasp the snow-white blossoms of the cornel, or the feathery branches of the larch, that loaded with its small and delicate cones, stretched its fantastic arms across the road, as if to crave companionship with the statelier trees that bordered the opposite side.

And so they passed on, quaffing that cup of happiness which the lip of childhood only tastes—for man poisons it with vain regrets for the past, and hopes as vain for the unseen future—regardless of that present, which may perchance comprise all that ought to constitute his earthly felicity. Let him learn of happy childhood a lesson, and enjoy as they are bestowed, the rich blessings strewed in his path by a bountiful Providence—leaving with child-like confidence the events of the future to His disposal, who orders all things in wisdom. Clara's heart shared in the overflowing delight of the little ones, and reining up her gentle Thetis beside their carriage, she echoed all their joyous exclamations,

and spurred her steed up many a tangled bank to pluck for them the coveted privet or the tempting wreath of wild convolvulus, that waved its purple bells in air. Mr. Grey vainly strove to follow where she led—her quick and graceful movements put him continually at fault, and often when he had struggled through a dense thicket in pursuit of her, and gained with indefatigable pains the top of a high bank, whither she had preceded him, her “silver footed Thetis” would suddenly re-appear bearing the laughing girl, on the very spot from whence they had commenced their ascent—she having forced her way down another path, before he had succeeded in gaining the summit she had left. These little *contretems* of Mr. Grey's, furnished the children with much amusement, and Clara in seeing their happiness, ceased to dwell upon her own sources of disquiet.

In a couple of hours the little party reached the cottage of old Pompey, an aged black, whose youth had been spent in the service of Mrs. Ilsley's father, but who, with a partner as ancient as himself, had for several years tenanted this quiet spot, overseeing a small farm belonging to Mr. Ilsley, and spending the long evening of his life in ease and comparative indolence. The small dwelling, scarcely discernible through the vines and trees that embowered it, stood midway up a richly wooded hill, overlooking a wide stretch of fertile country, that was bounded by a chain of mountains, lying far off on the horizon, and towering towards heaven, till their faint and shadowy outline was lost in the ethereal hue of the atmosphere. Below spread out a broad and rapid river, studded with clusters of minute but exquisite islands, than which the far famed Cyclades, that gem the classic Ægean could not boast a rarer degree of beauty. Gently swelling hills rose on either side, and groups of venerable trees, cultivated farms, and every object essential to the perfection of a lovely landscape, were here embraced within the range of vision.

Old Dinah's wrinkled face lighted up with pleasure when she saw the children—she had nursed their mother in her arms, and the faithful creature loved them as her own. With what gracious hospitality she brought the richest milk from her little dairy to regale them—delicious beer of her own brewing, cakes, that feverishly might not have been ashamed to own, and strawberries—such strawberries! rich and ripe, and actually smothered in cream! Rare and dainty was that rural refection, and dainty would it have been, even without the aid of Spartan appetites to heighten its flavour. And then how cheerfully the old couple allowed those little fingers to pluck their choicest roses and carnations—aye, and even to steal some clusters of the sweet scented honey suckle, that climbed over their one low casement, and filled their little room with such an exquisite fragrance—and Pompey himself

led them round his small neat garden, and loaded their young hands with all that their eyes coveted, and seemed to feel his own youth return in ministering to the happiness of those gay and guileless beings. But the day was wearing on, and as they were to dine in a beautiful wood of tall beech trees, that formed a verdant point in the river, they bade farewell to their kind entertainers, and repaired to the place of encampment.

The servants had already conveyed thither the various contents of the carriages—hampers, and baskets, and boxes innumerable—dolls and toys, and bows and arrows, and guitars and flutes, and books, ay, even books, that nothing might be wanting, as Mrs. Hsley said, for comfort, pleasure or improvement—and so, as if they had indeed come hither for study, a score or more of volumes lay strewn upon the turf. Each one, in selecting them, had suited their own taste, or aimed to please that of another, and to say nothing of Mother Hubbard, and Cock Robin, and Peter Parley, there were rival reviewers lying in friendly neighbourhood, and rival poets amicably reposing side by side. Clara had brought only a volume of Miss Mitford's "Village," which she loved for its simplicity, and fidelity to nature. "Childe Harold" was Miss Morley's choice, and as for Charles Castleton, like a true sailor, as he was, he drew forth a volume of Cooper and of Marryatt, and laid them on the grass, with old Isaac Walton in the middle, to keep them, as he said, from quarrelling. And there they all lay undisturbed, for little was read throughout that lawless day, excepting what was conned from the human heart, and from the wide spread and ever glorious book of nature. It was a picturesque scene which that old wood presented on this happy holiday—all strayed or sat at will among its shades, and the joyous children roved in every direction, and came bounding through the trees, laden with wild flowers, and stained with wood strawberries—their glad shouts waking the silent echoes, and their flying feet chasing the nimble squirrel, that looked down as if in triumph, from the top of a swinging bough, on the noisy group whom he had baffled.

Clara gave zest to their enjoyment, by the gaiety with which she shared their sports, and she was just giving them a lesson in archery, while they all gathered round to witness and imitate her skill, except little Kate, who sat upon the turf nursing her doll—when Charles Castleton, with Grace hanging on his arm, approached the spot and begged to join in the diversion. They had been absent for a long time, walking apart by themselves, and Clara, who was in the act of shooting, felt her hand tremble as they drew near. But she conquered her emotion, and the arrow sprang from the relaxed string and pierced the distant mark at which she aimed. Every little voice shouted applause, as casting down her bow, she turned, with a heightened colour, to greet her cousin

and Miss Morley. But the glow left her cheek, when she marked the rose that on the preceding evening had graced Miss Morley's hair, fading on Charles' breast. 'Was it then so cherished because she had worn it?' thought Clara—and where was the bud that had been her gift, and which he had plead so earnestly to obtain!' Charles marked her changing colour, and the direction of her eye, and he felt his cheek burn at the silent reproach that look unintentionally conveyed to his heart. But at that instant Miss Morley took up the bow to try her skill, and Clara's wounded feelings were forgotten in his eagerness to watch the gestures of her rival.

Conscious, as she was, of her surpassing beauty, Grace stood long, slowly adjusting her arrow, and taking deliberate aim, in an attitude well calculated to exhibit to their utmost advantage, her personal superiority over her less brilliant but more lovely friend. Clara saw through the studied purpose of Grace, but she was a stranger to envy, and she gazed with unqualified admiration upon her beautiful and graceful figure. Charles however dreamed not that there was any art in this display—the fabled spells of Circe, never more completely changed the outward form, than had the wit, the beauty, the evident devotion of this modern enchantress, wrought upon, and for the time, transformed the mind, and blinded the perceptions of Castleton. He had been startled on the preceding evening by her brief display of an unamiable temper—but during this day of close companionship, she had expressed sentiments so beautiful, and discovered tastes and inclinations so perfectly in unison with his own, that every unpleasant impression was effaced, and he yielded to her fascinations, to the almost total neglect of one, whose loveliness of person and mind had hitherto gratified alike his pride and his affection. Whether, had Miss Morley in reality possessed that purity of heart, and those endearing traits of character, which Charles loved in Clara, the transient admiration which she had awakened, would have ripened into a warmer sentiment, it is impossible to say—but as it was, she could not long maintain over a mind like his, the influence she had struggled so hard to obtain. It was an unusual thing for a day to pass without some developement of her real disposition, and, guarded as she had now been, circumstances surprised her into a display, which rent the flimsy veil her art had cast over the eyes of Charles, by the force of contrast and enhanced in his estimation the loveliness of Clara, and firmly reestablished her dominion over his affections.

Several minutes elapsed before Miss Morley affected to be satisfied with the correctness of her aim—aware that the gaze of Castleton was upon her, she stood drawing out and then relaxing the silken string of her bow, till even his patience was almost exhausted by her delay. The children gathered around her, each bright eye intently watching for

the arrow's flight, and each little foot placed in advance, all eager to start in the race and be the first to pick it up, the moment it should have fallen to the ground. But alas! for the beautiful serenity of Grace, Henry Ilsley, in his eagerness to be foremost, accidentally touched the elbow of the fair archer, at the very moment she was in the act of letting her arrow fly, when the sudden motion sent it whirring from the string in a direction much more wide of the mark than she had meditated. Instantly she threw down her bow with a gesture of angry impatience, that petrified Charles with astonishment, but she seemed for the instant to have forgotten his presence,—Clara's innocent laugh rang in her ears, and vexed beyond endurance, that any one should presume to find a subject of mirth in her annoyance, she lost all self-control, and exclaimed with a look and accent, that at once and forever dispelled her enchantments over the heart of Castleton.

"Indeed, I see nothing to be amused at, Miss Ilsley, and cannot but marvel that a person so correct and elegant in her habits and tastes as you are reputed to be, should at all pretend to admire, or even endure the mad frolics of these lawless children. For my part, when next we come into the woods for pleasure, I hope they will be left in their nurseries—I confess I am not philanthropist enough to have my enjoyment enhanced by their presence."

"Dear Grace, pardon me for laughing; but indeed I could not help it," said Clara, still struggling to suppress the mirth that dimpled her sweet mouth; "and as for those gay young creatures," she added, "how can you be vexed at their wild glee? it is delightful to see their happiness, and hear their gushing laughter ring through these old woods. I am sure the day would have been a dull one to me without them," and she checked a rising sigh, and looked down with a flitting blush as she inadvertently uttered these last words, fearful lest Charles might think her so far wanting in maidenly modesty as to have intended them for a reproach to him.

"They are amusing enough for a short time, but to have one's comfort spoiled for a whole day by their noisy mirth, is too great a trial for the patience of any one less patient than yourself," answered Grace pettishly, and she turned away with a still frowning brow, when she encountered the piercing eye of Charles Castleton, fixed upon her with an expression, ah! how changed from that which a few minutes before had told so flattering a tale. She started, as the too probable consequences of her self-indulgence flashed upon her, and anxious, if possible, to retrieve her error, she affected a sudden playfulness of manner, as she gaily asked:

"And am I to expect no sympathy from you either, Mr. Castleton, in this provoking defeat of my skill, when I had taken such a careful and true aim! or do you too," she continued, piqued by the stern seriousness with which he regarded her, "see so much to

admire in the rude gambols of these children, that with Clara, you esteem every thing connected with our own comfort a matter of secondary importance?"

"As it is their holiday, Miss Morley," said Charles coldly, "and we are only self-invited guests, I think we have no right to complain of any annoyances, to which we have voluntarily exposed ourselves. And you must pardon me, if I agree with Clara in seeing far less cause for anger, than for mirth in the little incident that has now discomposed you."

"I bow submissively to your wisdom," said Grace, with an air of vexation, that she endeavoured vainly to conceal; "and when I have been long enough instructed by your sage precepts, with Clara's example to enforce them, I trust I shall become as all enduring and equable, as her serene and faultless self."

Charles bowed with a somewhat scornful smile as he replied:

"I presume not to utter precepts for Miss Morley's guidance, but I can wish for her no better boon, than that she may become in all things like my cousin Clara."

Clara's colour went and came at these words, and not trusting herself to meet the tender glance that she felt to be resting on her, she turned away to hide her emotion. But it was difficult indeed for Grace Morley's proud spirit to endure in silence this scarcely veiled rebuke—yet she did command herself so far as to utter no reply, though her haughty air, her kindling eye, and the mock humility with which she curtsied her thanks, gave certain indication of the deep resentment that was awakened in her heart. But still hoping to recover her influence over Castleton, and finally to triumph, by winning him from Clara, she resolutely suppressed the bitter expression of her anger, and smilingly resumed the bow, to try once more her skill in archery. Clara made some playful remark, foreign to the unpleasant circumstance that had disturbed their enjoyment, and Charles was selecting for her a light and well-balanced arrow, when Henry Ilsley came up to say the boats were ready for a sail, and Mr. Grey had sent him to desire they would come down immediately.

They instantly obeyed. Charles gave an arm to each of the ladies; cheerfulness was restored and they hastened, gaily talking and laughing, to the river. One boat, laden with the elder members of the party, was just pushing off as they arrived there, and Mr. Grey was waiting for them in the other, and forcibly keeping out the children, who were crowded together on the bank, impatient to embark. The ladies were soon seated, together with the elder children, but as there was no room for the nurses, it was thought best to leave the little ones behind. Their entreaties and cries, however, melted Clara's tender heart, and declaring that she

would herself take charge of them, she placed them about her, greatly to her own inconvenience, and looked perfectly happy when she saw their little faces brighten up, and heard them lisp forth their innocent delight. Grace, at first looked rather annoyed, but she marked Castleton's eye beaming tenderly upon Clara, and in imitation of so beautiful an example, she condescended to take Rosa Dorracott under her especial care, promising to be answerable for her safety.

She, however, soon repented of her benevolence, if it be possible so to term any action that is prompted by a purely selfish motive—for the child was restless, as children ever are, continually reaching over the edge of the boat to grasp the water lilies that floated on the surface of the waves, or clapping her little hands and dancing with delight, as they sailed among the fairy islands, and saw their banks gay with wild roses, and tufts of winter green with its bright glossy leaves and clusters of exquisite, wax-like flowers. Obligated thus to bestow her attention almost exclusively upon her young charge, Grace became heartily weary of her self-imposed task, and would not have attempted to conceal her chagrin had she not been conscious that Charles was observing her—for he had again renewed his devotion to her, and she flattered herself that her empire was becoming firmly established. But she dreamed not how greatly to her disadvantage was the parallel which all that time, he was drawing between her undisciplined, and selfish and exacting mind, and the self-sacrificing, serene, and benign spirit of his lovely cousin.

That day's experience had indeed rivetted fast the golden links of affection that bound his heart to Clara, and though he still rendered external homage to Miss Morley, his eyes continually strayed from her dazzling beauty, to the speaking face of Clara, as, beaming with kind and tender emotions, it looked down on the little dependant beings, who clung with such fond and trusting confidence around her. She seemed indeed as guileless, and as childlike in her sweet simplicity as themselves, and as Charles thought what a fountain of deep and pure and holy feeling dwelt within her heart, he wondered at his own strange infatuation, that had pledged him, though but for a day, to the service of another—and yet he blessed his folly, since it had shewn him more strikingly than ever, the true value of the gem, that he might else have cast away, for one that sparkled indeed, and attracted by its outward brilliancy, but could boast no intrinsic virtue to render it precious.

Long before their sail terminated, Miss Morley had grown very weary of her little protégé, and so far relaxed in care and vigilance, as frequently to alarm Clara for the child's safety. Grace, however, ridiculed her fears, and by assuring her that she kept a firm hold of the little girl's clothes, made her tolerably easy. But as they again came into shall-

ow water on their return to the shore, Rosa's anxiety to obtain the water lilies revived, and Grace exhibited much impatience in endeavouring to restrain her efforts. The little girl, notwithstanding, continued to persevere, and in an unlucky moment, when Miss Morley's attention was given to Castleton, she lost her balance, as having fairly grasped one of the lilies she was striving to drag it up, and fell over the side of the boat. Grace screamed, and all started with dismay to their feet, but Clara's watchful eye had marked her danger, and her ready hand caught her as she fell, and snatched her back from death.

"Good heavens! how these children terrify one!" exclaimed Miss Morley, pale with mingled terror and anger.

"God bless you, my sweet Clara," cried Charles, "but for your presence of mind, the child had surely been lost!"

Clara could make no reply; but these words uttered in a tone of impassioned tenderness, were not even in that moment heard without emotion, and clasping the terrified little creature closely in her arms, her agitated feelings found relief in tears. There were few words spoken during the brief moments that elapsed before the boat touched the shore, excepting indeed the clamorous exclamations and unceasing prattle of the children. When they had all landed, Grace, as if instinctively aware that her reign of power over Castleton was finally ended, took Mr. Grey's offered arm, and walked away, her beautiful features clouded by an expression of chagrin and vexation, that she no longer endeavoured to conceal. The children bounded away to where the sylvan board, seen through the trees, was spread for their repast, and Charles and Clara followed at a slower pace, and by a more circuitous path—and then it was that Castleton made the fond avowal of his love, and as Clara listened with a downcast eye and glowing cheek to the tale of his heart's wanderings, for he sought to conceal nothing from her, and heard how every roving thought had at length returned to its true allegiance, acknowledging only the influence of her sweetness and purity, she felt that the self denial and patient forbearance of years, would have been more than repaid by such moments of happiness as those.

From regard to Miss Morley's feelings, nothing would have been said of Rosa's danger, had not the little girl told the tale herself, and when Clara appeared, she was overwhelmed with the mother's grateful thanks, whose expression, however, served not to heighten Grace Morley's good humour, though she had so far recovered her spirits, as already to have commenced a flirtation with Mr. Grey.

The dinner in that old woods was a joyous one, and it was not till the tall beeches were tinged with the golden light of declining day, and their length-

end shadows fell far across the green-sward, that the blithe revellers arose from their repast, and thought with regret of bidding adieu to that scene of rural happiness. The ladies repaired to Pompey's cottage to resume their riding dresses, which, in the morning, they had there exchanged for garments better adapted to the woods, and all were soon in readiness, and the equestrians mounted for their return. Grace fell into the rear with Mr. Grey, hoping to pique Charles by her coquetry, but he and Clara, happy as affianced lovers always are, or ought to be, rode, together with Miss Grey, beside the children's carriage. It looked almost like a triumphal car, so laden was it with green boughs and wild flowers—every little hat too was garlanded with briar-roses, and even the horses heads were crowned with the bright blossoms of the woods. Some of the merry things, worn out with the day's pleasure, had fallen asleep, but most of them were as gay and as frolicsome as on their first setting out in the morning. They carolled forth their baby songs in full chorus, and little Kate's joyous voice rose shrill above the rest, as they sung that pretty rhyme which is familiar in many a nursery, and cherished in many ripened minds with the fond and happy associations of childhood, and which, as it is now nearly out of print, we shall insert for the benefit of our readers :

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
The field mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisy's have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
The glow-worm has lighted her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings,
Will be wet with the close clinging damp.

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
The fairy bells tinkle afar ;
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you
fast,
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away now,
To your home in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear, have invited the ant,
And a few cozy neighbours to tea."

Clara was still child enough to join in the song, and when Charles and Miss Grey also lent the aid of their voices, the children were enchanted with the melody. Its last words were concluded, just as the carriage reached the termination of the avenue at Oakland, and as each little foot sprang out upon the piazza, their sad voices were heard exclaiming, "and this is the end of the pic-nic."

But when the long sweet days of another June returned, Charles and Clara passed one of the earliest days of their bridal in that old beech wood—and of

all, who had now returned with them from that pleasant spot, none were then absent except Grace Morley—she had not yet forgotten the humiliations of the last pic-nic, for she had preferred Charles Castleton to all her admirers, and she wished not to witness Clara's happiness—a happiness, which she felt might have been hers, had she early learned the task of self-discipline, and sought to cherish, as peculiarly became her sex, the kindly and gentle affections of her nature.

Montreal.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO —

"Che cosa è questo amore?"

PASTOR FIDO.

I little thought so soon to pine,
A slave again,
And that it should, sweet girl! be thine
To give such pain.

I little thought, when first I gazed
On thy young eyes,
Albeit so glowingly they blazed,
Like sunlit skies.

I little thought the *brother's* love
I bore thy name,
Should after such a little prove
A softer flame.

Yes! flower of love! my soul's sweet light!
This breast of mine,
Once free as eagle's soaring flight,
Is now all thine!

Montreal.

I. D. A.

BRITISH LOVE FOR ANCIENT INSTITUTIONS AND NAMES.

It was in vain to remind them of the noble hearted patriotism by which Cromwell was distinguished, or of those high mental qualities which seemed to bespeak him as born to sovereignty; they still dwelt on the conventional blemish of his obscure birth, and that consideration, instead of pleading some excuse for his faults, only served to divest them, in common with himself, of all privilege, and to bring upon them a merciless censorship. There may be more to condemn than to admire in this feature of our character as a people; but those who look upon it with most disfavour will perhaps admit, that, next to the genuine love of country, there is no passion, notwithstanding its usual follies, and its dangerous excesses, that does so much to expel the dross of social selfishness, and to beget a refined generosity of temper, as the passion of loyalty.—*Dr. Vaughan's Protectorate of Cromwell.*

AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear,
Has left its last soft tone with you,
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

THE PIRATE.

Days flew swiftly away at this pleasant period of my visit. Belinda received daily intelligence from Blanchard, either through her father, Captain Harrington, or the kind and excellent Lindsay, who, for her sake, cherished the friendship which had so inauspiciously begun amidst strife and danger.

Marion, I now understood, had been engaged to Baron Feldbach for many months, and the arrangements were, that after a short stay at St. Margerets, he was to proceed to Germany, settle his affairs, and then return to claim his fair bride. I saw so little of him that it was difficult to define his character, for while his mornings were chiefly devoted to giving lessons in German to Marion, or in playing billiards, his evenings were usually spent with her and Mrs. Harrington, amidst the gaities of the neighbourhood. Uncle Sam could not conquer the prejudice he had conceived against him, and with an effort avoided being rude, but Mr. Harrington viewing him as the rich *fiancé* of his daughter, felt of course every disposition to treat him with deference and attention.

The first day on which Blanchard was pronounced quite recovered, he came out to St. Margerets. He had never beheld Belinda in such buoyant spirits, and he appeared struck and interested in the change. She had thrown off her mourning attire, and was dressed as when first they met, in pure white, and a most engaging creature she certainly looked.

"Why, Belinda dearest, where is the care which sat so lately on this young brow," he said, stroking back her clustering ringlets; "I began to fear that cheerfulness was unknown to you."

"It is strange," replied Belinda, "that all the circumstances which have hitherto associated us, should have been so attuned to melancholy; the first evening you came here, dearest Harvey, oh, what a sad one it was, yet how full of deep interest."

"It was so, my beloved, but henceforth let care and sorrow avauat. Mind me, if ever one shade crosses your beautiful features again, and destroys their harmony, I shall say to you begone likewise."

Belinda smiled.

"To what bright spot do you purpose transporting me, where the evils inseparable from earth may not dare intrude," she said; "perfect happiness would be far too dangerous to our best interests,

and therefore in mercy is it withheld, nor ought we to desire it, since it would close our hearts against the higher joys reserved for us in another world."

"My sweet monitress, I command you be silent," returned Blanchard frowning, even while a smile played on his lip; "come, let us stroll into the grounds, I have a strong wish to visit all our old and favourite haunts. Too cold, say you, I thought it had still been summer, all appears to me *couleur de rose* today."

In the evening, Mrs. Harrington proposed to Marion that cards for a ball, upon which her heart had for some time been fixed, should be sent out the following day.

"I hope you will not refuse to grace it," she said, turning to me; "I know that your opinions are very strict with respect to amusements, and I had intended to postpone it on your account, but existing circumstances make me wish to see all my friends before my daughters leave me."

"My dear Mrs. Harrington, think me not so precise as to withdraw myself from the circle of your friends on such an occasion," I replied; "I have certainly no desire for balls, since I conceive them unsuited to my years, nor do I think that at any age such scenes promote ultimate good or happiness—since whatever tends to distract our attention from higher duties, render our minds vain, wandering, and listless, must prove injurious; all rational thinking persons will agree with me, who have ever made religion their study and their guide, yet to say I would deem myself censurable for appearing at a ball, would require more strict notions than I have yet arrived at. The danger in most amusements is their frequency—there are some I would entirely exclude, need I name the theatre for one?"

"Oh, what can you have to say against the theatre—my delight, where sentiments so exalted, and so noble are expressed."

"And frequently so false," I added; "my dear friend, take the best, and the least objectionable, and still there will be found scenes and expressions which no Christian mother would like her young daughter to hear. How constantly is the duty of the child set aside, and the parent held up to ridicule, the most sacred ties rent asunder, and the sympathy called

forth for the vicious, wherever sin is concealed under the mask of beauty, rendering it an object of admiration and love; surely it must be dangerous and improper."

"I am sorry you object to theatrical amusements, for I had hoped to induce you to attend an amateur play, which Mrs. Fortescue has in contemplation," said Marion; "Belinda, are you aware that she intends asking Captain Blanchard to take the part of her hero. Do you think he will consent?"

"Indeed I know not," replied Belinda, while her cheek crimsoned; "but I sincerely hope he may not."

"Ha! my little jealous lady, how immediately she takes the alarm," returned her sister.

"Do not accuse me of so mean a quality," said Belinda, looking down; "surely you would not be pleased to see one you loved, doing that which you disapprove, Marion?"

"Ah, my dear, if you set your affections on so attractive an object, you must prepare yourself for many little crosses—you do not expect to monopolize him?"

"I do not wish it, my sister—to require the constant society of a beloved object for our own gratification, rather than make their happiness our study, would be selfish."

"How prettily spoken," returned Marion; "but am I not to be envied—there is my dear Baron Feldbach in love with himself, and positively he has no rival."

"Oh, Marion, how can you speak thus lightly of one to whom you are so soon to plight your vows," said the dear Belinda, in a tone of reproach.

The gentlemen at this moment entered, when Blanchard drawing near to Belinda, observed:

"Why, my pretty Nun, all gravity again—how is this?"

"Belinda is uneasy at the idea of your performing Romeo with the fascinating Mrs. Fortescue," returned Marion, thoughtlessly.

A slight shade of displeasure crossed his face.

"Is that the case, Belinda?" he asked.

"Answer for me, Marion, I think you misunderstood me," returned Belinda, her tone of voice to me implying fear.

"Marion has answered for you once, and untruly," said I, smiling; "therefore trust her not again, else we will betray her."

Belinda thanked me by a look, while Blanchard laughingly said:

"Marion, you are incorrigible, I have half a mind to punish you, by proposing your Baron for the part of Monsieur Zephyr, in the interlude—how would he become a pair of wings?"

The ponderous figure of the Baron approached as he uttered this. Blanchard looked over his shoulder as he led Belinda away, and the arch expression of his countenance on beholding him place himself by

Marion's side, was irresistible, and returned by one from her equally mischievous.

At an early hour Blanchard took leave.

"You will come to us soon again, will you not?" enquired Belinda.

"Tomorrow, I fear, duty will detain me," he replied; "and Thursday I have an engagement. Friday, fair maiden, will see me at your feet."

"I hope," added Belinda, placing her hand in his, "I love not to speak certainly of happiness—it seems to me presumptuous."

"I hope—then be it dearest—good night."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Mary," said Belinda, throwing herself into my arms, on our meeting in her own apartment; "it is a fearful thing to love, to give up our heart to any object of earth's mould, to feel as we gaze upon it, by what a frail hold we possess it; yes, to love as I do, so devotedly, must be wrong. Would that I were as Marion, calm and indifferent."

"Wish not that, my child," I replied, embracing her; "else would you be equally so in the performance of your duties—you are fully aware of the danger attending inordinate affection—you well know its sin in the sight of Him who has said, 'give me thine heart,'—and this will make you watchful over yourself, and constant in prayer. Alas, if left without the Divine guidance, who would be blameless—but for God's restraining grace, every thought, every word, every action, would be continually tinctured with sin; but when he sees our earnest desires to please him, he will lend a gracious ear to our petitions—nor will he ever try us beyond our strength, but will with each temptation make a way for our escape.

The day fixed for Mrs. Harrington's ball arrived, the arrangements for which had been the sole occupation for very many preceding ones. Belinda, assisted by Blanchard, had taken an active part in all the decorations, and I confess I could not help feeling an interest in her innocent gaiety, particularly as I perceived how doubly careful she was to omit no more important duty. Blanchard was to have come to St. Margerets early in the morning, to help her and Marion in wreathing evergreens and flowers in the dancing room, but he wrote her a few hurried lines, expressing his regret that he was unable to do so, owing to some unexpected order, which would detain him until a late hour, when he was engaged to dine at Mr. Fortescue's, and would come with their party in the evening. This was her first disappointment, and checked the buoyancy of spirit with which she had left her room at early dawn. I was sitting quietly at my work table, removed from all the bustle and confusion in the house, ruminating on the trouble bestowed, and the time consumed for one night's pleasure, when Belinda suddenly entered in tears. I looked at her in amazement.

"Why Belinda," said I, "I must scold you even

as our friend Harvey does whenever a shadow crosses your fair face—who dares to weep on a day like this ?”

“Alas, dear Mrs. Mary, I have cause to weep,” replied Belinda; “Bertha has just been here, and tells me that she fears Lindsay is seriously ill; he has been confined to his bed for two days. I wondered that he had not been to see us.”

“This is indeed sad news,” I returned, much concerned; “he has been looking ill for the last fortnight. Is there any one attending him ?”

“She says not—I have just been sending him some nice jelly, and kind uncle Sam has gone at my request to see him. I hate the thoughts of the ball now; how I wish it were over.”

“My dear girl, be comforted,” I said, “a few hours will see the ball over, and tomorrow we will walk with your uncle to the parsonage. Bertha, you know, is an anxious creature, and soon takes the alarm.”

“I trust it may be so,” replied Belinda, sorrowfully; “but she tells me he looks so anxiously at little Gertrude, and last night he said to her: ‘poor child, who will take care of you when Lindsay is gone?’ and the dear creature answered him by another touching question: ‘who takes thought for the hills of the field, my Lindsay?’ Dear excellent Lindsay, Gertrude shall be my child, if ever she is deprived of your gentle guardianship.”

I thought as she uttered this, her whole soul beaming in her expressive eyes, how far away she might herself be in a little time, but I expressed not my thoughts to her.

The ball room was thrown open at the appointed hour; the band of the — regiment were stationed in the conservatory, all looked brilliant, gay, and beautiful. I assisted to dress dear Belinda, and very lovely she appeared in my sight; but as I marked the pensive expression in her sweet face, I feared that Blanchard would be disappointed.

Mrs. Harrington’s energies revived wonderfully this evening—it was marvellous to witness the little fatigue she displayed while standing for hours receiving her guests—but she was sustained by the praises, the flatteries, the compliments which flowed from each as she received them, with smiles and words, courteous and bland. Marion, superbly dressed, and hanging on the arm of Baron Feldbach, seemed to afford her infinite delight, for her eyes followed them wherever they moved—I had never beheld her so animated, but then I had seen her only in the domestic circle, and there she cared not to shine—the world, the gay world, was the idol of her idolatry, the shrine at which she knelt.

Mrs. Fortescue and her party were amongst the latest arrivals. She entered, escorted by the handsome Harvey Blanchard, and accompanied by Mr. Fortescue and a few other gentlemen—she looked most supremely happy. A slight shade passed

over Belinda’s face on beholding them, but she checked it instantly as she advanced to meet them. It would have been natural, I thought, had Mrs. Fortescue now withdrawn from Blanchard, but instead of this, she scarcely waited to receive Belinda’s greeting, but coldly addressing her, led him away to the other end of the room, and in a few minutes afterwards they were seen dancing together. Blanchard nodded to Belinda on perceiving her, but I scarcely think she observed it. She stood for one moment with her eyes fixed on the ground, alone and silent, then glided from the spot apart from all. How well could I enter into the feelings of her young and sensitive heart. I was standing near Captain Blanchard and his partner when the dance had concluded, and I overheard her remark:

“How very well Miss Harrington is looking tonight, what a contrast there is between her and her sister; the one all life and happiness, the other moping melancholy—I always termed them ‘day’ and ‘night.’”

Blanchard bit his lip at the remark, but made no answer.

“Only observe Belinda,” continued Mrs. Fortescue; “she looks as sad as if she were going to attend a funeral—I suppose she considers herself so wicked for mixing in this scene of vanity, that she dare not be gay.”

Blanchard turned in the direction where Belinda stood—she was conversing with Captain Harrington, and her features certainly wore a sad expression. Suddenly she looked up, and beheld whose eyes were fixed upon her—how instantly did her countenance change, and how beautiful was the smile which she bestowed upon him. Most warmly did he return it.

“Do lead me into the next room,” said Mrs. Fortescue; “this is so intolerably oppressive,” and they moved away.

The moment he was relieved from his charge of the lady, he went in search of Belinda. As he moved through the crowd, his remarkably handsome form attracted universal observation, and many a wistful glance was cast upon him, as the band again commenced playing, he perceived Marion, and approached her, enquiring for her sister.

“Heaven knows where she is,” replied Marion; “she was sitting in yonder window a little while since, looking the very image of woe.”

“What makes her so sad tonight,” asked Blanchard, impatiently; “I left her all gaiety yesterday.”

“Aye, but you forget that you have proved a recreant knight this day, and came not to your appointment,” replied Marion, holding up her finger in a chiding manner, “and then instead of attending your lady love, as you were in duty bound to do, your allegiance was ceded to the pretty Mrs. For-

rescue—how can you then expect aught but upbraids and tears.”

Blanchard started.

“Is she so exacting,” he enquired in a tone of marked displeasure; “was not my note, explaining the duty which detained me, sufficiently satisfactory, and may I not be allowed the privilege to accept any invitation I please.”

Marion laughed, and without staying to allay his irritation, she passed on, while Mrs. Harrington in the same moment approaching him, made some request which I did not hear, but he immediately offered her his arm, and conducted her into the card room. I watched their return, when they appeared conversing earnestly; as they drew near where I stood, I overheard Mrs. Harrington say:

“You know she was educated entirely by her doating grandmother, who in a great measure spoiled her, and brought her up with such strict notions, that she considers every little innocent recreation a sin. I am only surprised that she consented to make her appearance at all this evening.”

I heard not Blanchard’s answer, but from his countenance, the poison of such repeated remarks had evidently taken effect. I strove not to feel angry, but it was with difficulty I suppressed my indignation. I walked away, determined to seek Belinda—I soon perceived her standing amongst a group of young people, who as I approached, flew off to join the dancers—she then moved forward, when I joined her.

“Dear Belinda,” I said, “you have been sought for by one who you would not wish to shun—come this way with me.”

I led her to the spot where I had left Captain Blanchard talking with Mrs. Harrington. He was now alone, and leaning with folded arms against the door. Belinda timidly approached him, while I drew back; he looked up on perceiving her, and intently fixed his gaze upon her. She held a beautiful bouquet of flowers in her hand, which she presented to him smiling, as she said:

“I have kept this for you all today—I began to fear my poor flowers would fade ere you came to receive them.”

There was a gentle reproach in her tone and words, and he retained the hand which offered them, as he observed:

“You were displeased that I came not as I promised today, Belinda?”

“Oh no, how could I be displeased dear Harvey, when you so thoughtfully sent me word what detained you, but will you not take my flowers?”

His countenance lost much of its moody expression, as he accepted her offering.

“Belinda,” he said in a gayer tone, “you must come and waltz, we have never yet danced together,” and he would have taken her towards the group.

“I have refused several—I dislike waltzing—do not press me,” she answered.

“Nay, you may refuse all, but never me,” he urged, as he encircled her waist with his arm to impel her forward, but she shrunk away.

“You must not oblige me thus—I cannot waltz with you, I have promised.”

He looked at her for a moment, then with a gesture of extreme impatience he released her, saying:

“My pretty prude, I will not so offend again—if this gay scene is so unsuited to your taste, you had better retire, and not stay to mar the cheerfulness of others,” and he hurried away as he spoke.

I saw him waltzing with Mrs. Fortescue immediately afterwards—poor Belinda, how I pitied her. A young officer, Mr. Danvers, had also witnessed this little scene, and he seemed to feel for her, as he walked up, offering his arm.

“You have done a bold thing, in refusing Harvey Blanchard,” he said, smiling; “few may do that with impunity.”

Belinda’s soft eyes were filled with tears, which, with the utmost difficulty she restrained from flowing copiously.

“I am sorry to have vexed him,” she replied, “I like dancing, but I never waltz.”

Mr. Danvers appeared distressed to see hers, but he was too well bred to seem aware of it. He led her towards the dancers, and continued talking in a lively strain to divert her. Belinda endeavoured to rally her spirits—occasionally she encountered the eye of Blanchard, which was quickly withdrawn whenever he perceived that she saw him—he still held the flowers, but when she met him again, he had given them to Mrs. Fortescue, who cast a supercilious glance on her as she glided by, hanging on his arm, with her hands clasped together.

“What a hateful woman is that,” remarked Mr. Danvers; “I have quite an aversion for her—she is all affectation, and assumes the manners of a child, without either its simplicity or its innocence.”

“Oh, you are too severe,” replied Belinda; “make some allowances for the errors in her education; I have been told that she lost her mother at an early age.”

“You are very kind to defend her,” said Mr. Danvers; “I confess my charity extends not so far—but I see they are going to form a quadrille, will you show our friend Blanchard that you can confer rather than mar cheerfulness, and suffer me to lead you towards it. Nay, do not look so irresolute, you must indeed oblige me.”

An approving glance from me decided her, and she advanced with her kind-hearted companion to join the set. I marked the surprise of Captain Blanchard, who drew quite near and fixed his gaze upon her. The music was very beautiful, and Belinda soon seemed to feel its inspiring influence—the grace and ease of her every movement could not

fail to be admired, while the brilliant colour now mantling on her cheek, aided very considerably to heighten her beauty. Mrs. Fortescue would have drawn Blanchard away, but the light aerial figure floating before him, was too attractive. The moment the dance had ended, he made an effort to approach her, but Mr. Danvers, drawing her arm within his, conducted her into another room. I was not sorry for the chagrin he displayed. Mrs. Fortescue now in a plaintive tone said that she felt faint and unwell—I hastened over to her, and begged she would allow me to take her up stairs.

"You are very kind," she replied; "but if I only breathe the air of the hall, it will revive me."

"Pray lean on me," I continued; "you do indeed look fatigued. I will show you to Belinda's favourite room—you will find it quite refreshing after this."

Blanchard joined his entreaties to mine, and we proceeded together. Belinda had arranged her boudoir most tastefully for the evening—her plants filled the windows, while beautiful drawings adorned the walls—the small ottomans and stools of her own exquisite workmanship, gave it a very elegant appearance, lighted as it was by lamps. The old chair stood in its accustomed corner, and near it the round table, on which lay the well remembered Bible of bygone days.

Blanchard started on our entrance, and seemed suddenly oppressed by various emotions. He left Mrs. Fortescue to my care, while he viewed every thing in the room with an attention so rapt, that he appeared to forget our presence. Many of the drawings were his own, and some of the books, none appeared to escape his observation. It had been insidiously whispered to him during the evening, that Belinda had a cold unloving heart—but here was refutation of the charge.

"And so this is the cell of St. Margerets' Nun," said Mrs. Fortescue, who had placed herself in the old chair; "methinks the world and its vanities have crept in; the only thing which is in keeping with her professed opinions is that ponderous Bible."

"The room is more gaily arranged than it usually is, in compliment to her friends," I replied; "but it is always to me the most delightful one in the house, and never shall I forget the many pleasant hours I have passed here with Belinda."

"Dear me, is it possible—to me Miss Belinda Harrington is the least interesting person I ever beheld—she has no soul, no enthusiasm—to see her tonight amongst so many young and happy people, the only melancholy object—but then she is very serious, (in a tone of irony,) and consequently would consider it improper were she to seem happy at a ball."

"I can forgive the mistaken notions you have formed of Belinda, who is naturally possessed of

the most cheerful even spirits I ever knew, because you are a stranger to the beauties of her mind and heart," I returned; "tonight she has cause for the depression you observe, since she heard some hours ago that her valued friend, Mr. Lindsay, is seriously ill."

"Good God, is Lindsay so ill," exclaimed Blanchard, who I had scarcely thought listening; "why did she not tell me?"

"Perhaps she had no fitting opportunity," I replied, a little pointedly.

"Is Mr. Lindsay a friend of yours, Captain Blanchard?" asked Mrs. Fortescue, with a sarcastic smile.

Blanchard heard not the question, for he had turned away to the window.

The door now opened, when Belinda, Mr. Danvers and Captain Harrington entered. She looked surprised on beholding us.

"You see we have taken possession of your sanctum," said I; "I hope we are welcome."

"That you well know you ever must be," replied Belinda; "I trust you are better, (addressing Mrs. Fortescue,) I fear you found the heat too much for you in the dancing room."

"Aye, this is the only room where I feel at home," said Captain Harrington, throwing himself on the sofa; "for it is here that I am reminded of my dear old mother; the good taste of my little Bell having taught her to preserve what she knew was most valued by her. Ha, Master Blanchard, are you there, what are you looking at so intently—are you deaf man?"

Blanchard smiled, as he turned to answer him, but under it was an expression of concern. He held out his hand to Belinda, who stood near him, and drew her within the recess of the window, where they conversed in low tones for some time.

I was now satisfied, and could afford to talk to Mrs. Fortescue with great complacency, even though I had some suspicion that she did not value my conversational powers in proportion to their merits. Mr. Danvers was engaged with Captain Harrington, asking divers questions about the frigate, and when he conceived it likely they would sail, which seemed to engross them both. But it was not likely that Mrs. Fortescue would remain thus satisfied long—after a few yawns, highly complimentary to poor Aunt Mary, she rose, sweetly expressing her thanks, and saying she was now so recovered, that she wished to return to the ball room. Uncle Sam, who piqued himself upon his politeness, immediately squared in the old fashioned style, and bowing low, offered his arm. Now there are few things more provoking than the "wrong man" thus presenting himself upon such occasions, and he is usually so officiously attentive, that he permits little chance of escape; but Mrs. Fortescue was an adept at manoeuvring, and pretending not to see him, she ran

over to Belinda's stand of flowers, exclaiming, as she bent over them :

"What exquisite geraniums these are, Miss Harrington—how do you manage to preserve them in such perfection during the winter; mine are nothing compared to these, you make me quite covetous."

Belinda instantly came forward.

"You seem very fond of flowers," she returned, "will you allow me to gather you some?" and she commenced breaking off one or two of the finest.

"Oh, no no, pray do not," said Mrs. Fortescue; "I have a sweet collection here," and she held up the bouquet which Blanchard had given her. "Is it not a love? I would not add one leaf to it for worlds," pressing it fondly towards her.

"Will you give me one Belinda?" asked Blanchard, with a smile full of meaning.

"Must I try you again?" she returned, playfully placing the flower in his hand, with a grace so winning, that he was constrained to remark :

"You are indeed all gentleness, my own confiding Belinda; how difficult it would be to chafe your sweet temper."

"Oh, praise me not," replied Belinda, while gratified affection beamed in her soft eyes, as she met his, full of admiration, "it is most dangerous, particularly from you."

"Captain Blanchard," said Mrs. Fortescue, "at what hour tomorrow will you come to me?"

"I am not quite sure that I can attend you tomorrow," he returned, as he left the recess.

"Oh, indeed you must, it is our second rehearsal, and you were so inattentive a Romeo the last time that it was quite shocking—you must really learn to die with more propriety. Miss Harrington, I am going to have an amateur play next week, I hope you will come to it—I am promised a full attendance, and I have got such a sweet dress for Juliet, I had it sent me from Paris."

Belinda's happy countenance again became overcast, but she spoke not.

"And who is to perform Juliet?" asked Mr. Danvers.

"Who? why myself of course—now do, there's a dear, take the part of the lean apothecary."

"That might be dangerous, for I should be sorely tempted to poison you in good earnest."

"Horrid creature," murmured Mrs. Fortescue, moving away, and taking up a book from the table.

Blanchard had drawn near the old chair during these remarks, he looked on it for some time, and then said to Belinda :

"How well do I remember this! I can almost fancy the old lady still reclining here—those were happy days love, were they not?"

"They were indeed," replied Belinda, with a gentle sigh; "and yet I would not recall them, or my own dear grandmama, even if I could, to this world of care."

"That was sadly spoken, Belinda."

"Harvey, will you grant me one favour," and she approached him nearly.

"Yes, surely, a thousand, what would you have?"

Belinda hesitated, she seemed fearful of expressing her wishes, at length she gained courage to say :

"I would wish you to have nothing to do with this foolish play."

"I care not for the play," he quickly rejoined; "but as I have promised, I must perform—and if you wish to please me, you will endeavour to rise above these foolish prejudices—shall we go down stairs?"

She accepted the arm he offered, with a subdued air of disappointment. He then approached Mrs. Fortescue, and lightly touching her on the shoulder with the flower he held, added :

"Presto bella Signora."

"How could you disturb me," returned the lady, starting round, and looking up in his face with childish simplicity; "I was reading 'Newton's Cardephonia'—I declare I should become quite good if I were to remain in this room. What is Cardephonia, it is something from the heart is it not?"

"Aye, the heart is a dangerous subject," replied Blanchard; "it has a will of its own, which may not be controlled—what say you Belinda?"

"That if we suffer it to follow its own inclinations, they will ever lead us to evil and to sorrow," she replied, in a low soft tone.

"And how may the torrent be stemmed, sweet lady?"

"By prayer to Him who never turns away from our petitions."

Her voice, as she uttered these few words, appeared to touch him, for his light manner underwent a change as he pressed the arm which hung upon him. They then left the room, followed by Captain Harrington and Mr. Danvers, who had become excellent friends. I stood for a moment to watch their receding steps—the gay music still resounded from below—bright forms were rapidly passing, while the laugh and sounds of mirth rung in my ears. I hastily closed the door, and casting myself into a seat, covered my face with both hands.

"No," I exclaimed after the reflection of many minutes; "Belinda will, I fear, never know happiness with Harvey Blanchard—his power over her is greater than she imagines, and will need her constant most strenuous efforts to arrest its progress—oh, he is not the one to have trusted with the gentle being, who in one moment he caresses and the next he checks, according to his caprice—he is all too volatile, too young, and too beautiful, and yet how alive to good impressions. I am convinced he loves her the more for her engaging piety, even while he appears to condemn its strictness. Well he may, for who but one whose every thought, word and so-

tion were brought in subjection to the Divine guardian, would have exhibited the patience, the forbearance she has shown this night—never for one instant has her temper been ruffled—yes,” I continued, “there are many here, who to the world may appear as amiable as Belinda—but ere we can be satisfied that they are so in reality, we would ask how far the vain thought is checked, the voice of detraction and of envy silenced, how far each action of their lives in *private* as well as in public, is regulated upon principle, and their hearts in a state to adore and worship their Creator, to feel humble at their own unworthiness, to pass on through all difficulties, all opposition, all temptations in the narrow way, consistently and steadily—unless these can be answered affirmatively, where is their resemblance to Belinda, or their treasure laid—alas, not in Heaven.” I was so wearied with the noise, the heat, and the crowd, that I determined I would not again return to the ball room, and I took up a book, with which I amused myself for some time—nearly an hour must have elapsed when I was joined by Belinda, she looked pale and fatigued.

“Oh, how thankful I am to return to the quiet of this room,” she said, delighted to find me still sitting up; “my dear Mrs. Mary, this has been the longest evening I have passed for ages,” and she sat down on a low ottoman at my feet, and rested her head on my knee.

“Are your friends all gone away, my love?” I enquired.

“I left Mrs. Fortescue’s party in the hall—Harvey was going home with them.”

This was spoken in so sad a tone that I could not help saying:

“My beloved child, I have watched you with much interest through the night, and I have been gratified to see you adorn your religion so meekly and so beautifully.”

Belinda answered not, nor did she raise her head, but I heard a deep sob, which exceedingly distressed me. At the same moment a quick light step ascended the stairs, the door opened, and Captain Blanchard entered.

“I beg you a thousand pardons,” he said, “but Mrs. Fortescue thinks she left her shawl here. Good heavens, is there any thing the matter with Belinda?” he continued, advancing towards her, and taking her hand, he attempted to raise her head. “What, in tears; how is this—are they from grief or passion?”

“From neither, Captain Blanchard,” I replied, as calmly as I could; “they proceed from feelings which have been restrained for many hours, they were not intended to meet your sight—the shawl is on that chair—I pray you to leave us.”

But instead of this, he lifted Belinda from her recumbent position, and supporting her tenderly, he said:

“Belinda, my beloved, speak to me—have I said or done any thing to distress you?”

“Oh, no, no, dear Harvey,” she replied, endeavouring to check her tears; “do not think so—if you ask why I weep, I can scarcely tell you—but this I know, that it has relieved a heavy pain which I felt here,” and she pressed her hand on her side.

“Is Captain Blanchard coming with Mrs. Fortescue’s shawl?” enquired a servant, looking in at the door.

“Confound Mrs. Fortescue’s shawl,” exclaimed the impatient young man; “you will drive me mad amongst you—there it is, take it and beg they will not wait for me, I shall go home with Mr. Danvers.”

“That voice rivalled uncle Sam’s,” said Belinda, forcing a smile; “see you have quite frightened Mrs. Mary.”

“I have felt irritable all the evening,” replied Blanchard, throwing himself into the old arm chair; “and I fear I have shown it towards you, without intending it—I received a letter this morning from Ireland, which vexed me much.”

“Ah, I am sorry for that,” returned Belinda, placing herself by his side, and looking anxiously in his face; “your mother is not ill I trust.”

“No, thank God, but she tells me I have been rather extravagant of late, and that she cannot answer my demands at present.”

“Do not harass your mind with such things, dear Harvey, but trust a gracious God, who rules all things for our benefit. You must learn to curb your wishes within your means—shall I teach you?” and she took his hand as she added the last few words playfully.

“Heaven bless you, my own dear gentle guide,” he replied, drawing her towards him; “would that the hour were come, when our fortunes were united, for your sake surely I would then become more careful.”

The voice of Danvers calling to him, made him hastily rise—he affectionately wished her good night, and extending his hand to me as he passed, he hurried from the room, and soon afterwards left the house—thus ended the ball at St. Margerets.

The next morning presented a scene of great confusion and discomfort—every apartment disarranged, and withered garlands strewing the floor in all directions, giving an air of desolation and melancholy, which produced a chilling effect. Belinda rose in gay spirits, and assisted her favourite maid Fanny in restoring her boudoir to its accustomed simplicity. When she beheld it once more in order, she looked round delightedly, saying:

“My own peaceful room, never will I again suffer you to be molested and disturbed—yet how soon will you cease to be mine. Dear Mrs. Mary, kind, kind friend, how often shall I think of the hours I

have passed here with you, when I am far away—oh, do not forget me.”

I caught the dear girl to my heart as she spoke.

“Alas,” I mentally said, “is she not like the bird who inadvertently makes its abode in the mast of a ship—while at anchor in the peaceful haven, all is well—she may fly off to the groves and return at pleasure; but when once the noble vessel is launched into the deep, and carried over the dark and stormy waters, where will the bird find rest and security. Where but in Him who suffers not even the sparrow to fall unheeded or forgotten.”

Our first care after the early morning, was to engage uncle Sam to walk with us to the parsonage—we found Lindsay so much recovered, that he received us in his study. He appeared gratified by our visit, and thanked Belinda with a flushed cheek, for all she had so thoughtfully sent him—nor had she now forgotten her young friend Gertrude, whose delight at the contents of the basket we had brought, was unbounded.

“You were very gay last night,” observed Lindsay.

“Aye, they contrived amongst them to turn a once well regulated house out of the window,” replied uncle Sam, gruffly; “if my good mother could see it this morning, I think it would astonish her—but here comes the hero Harvey Blanchard, as if he were carrying an express. How now my hearty, (on his entering) has the wind shifted, are we off today?”

“I wish to God we were,” replied Blanchard, smiling, as he returned our greetings; “I came to enquire for Lindsay; you are better, I trust—that is right. Ah, my little Gertrude, come here,” and the child sprang into his arms; “tell me who am I?”

“You are my Harvey,” she replied, laying her innocent face down on his breast; “are you come to stay again—how is your poor arm,” stroking it as she spoke; he kissed her affectionately, while she continued with an earnest countenance: “my Lindsay was so sad yesterday, he told me no one cared for him but Gertrude—now you love him, do you not? and Belinda loves him dearly, and God loves him, which is better than all.”

Lindsay gently placed his hand over the lips of the dear child, as with a crimsoned cheek he told her she might go to Bertha.

“You will soon visit us again?” enquired Belinda, whose countenance betrayed her feelings.

“Oh yes, I hope to preach as usual on Sunday next, my cough is so much better.”

“Not for two hours, I trust, Lindsay,” said Blanchard.

“Is that for my sake or for my friends?”

“For both perhaps, since I mean to attend your church to hear you, which I believe I never yet have done. Belinda, will you admit me with you?”

Her answer was a happy affectionate smile. I always observed that her manner towards Blanchard, when in the presence of Lindsay, became reserved—I could well understand the delicacy of this change, since the struggle he made to conceal and to conquer his attachment to her was but too evident, the precarious state of his health rendered it an easier task, as he felt by what a slight tenure life was held, while his mind so beautifully regulated, and absorbed by his ministerial duties, raised him above the hopes and disappointments of this sublunary sphere. To me, Lindsay was the most interesting being I had ever beheld, so young, and yet so devoted, so true a Christian. He was zealous in leading his flock to the fold of the true shepherd, and stood firm as the beacon, to warn the unwary mariner from the rocks and sands, where destruction awaited him—but if the faults of others were discussed before him, when he could not defend he would remain silent. He felt that by nature he was evil even as they, and that to grace alone he owed all the good which was manifest in his every word and action—he knew that the inclination to sin belonged universally to fallen man, but while the renewed heart would check its risings and lament over it—the nominal Christian would follow its leadings wherever passion led him, without reflection, without remorse. We would not lengthen our visit, as we were aware that his time was precious, and that he had put aside his papers on our entrance. We met Bertha and her young charge at the door.

“My master will be quite well, now that he has seen you, Miss Belinda,” she said; “God bless your sweet fate, it always does my own heart good, but you will soon be leaving us, I fear. Ah, I thought how it would be, when the handsome Captain returned.”

Belinda’s cheek instantly became suffused with blushes, as she stooped to caress Gertrude.

Bertha had been the faithful and attached servant of old Mrs. Harrington, and had nursed Belinda in her early childhood, nor would she have ever left her, but at her own request, who for the sake of the little motherless girl, made the sacrifice. She thought none either so good or so beautiful as her young lady in the world—she admired and liked Captain Blanchard, from the manner in which he was associated in her remembrance with Mrs. Harrington and her favourite son, but she could not reconcile the idea of his carrying her favourite away to “foreign parts,” since she conceived that any country out of England must be barbarous. Uncle Sam had always a kind word for Bertha, and as we were leaving the house he slipped his offering into her hand, saying:

“Aye, Bertha, a handsome face and a piece of red cloth, are sure baits for foolish girls. I thought my little quiet Bell would have passed them by un-

noticed, but they are all alike, all alike, and I should only have to hang out an old red jacket from the stern of the *Beltona*, to be boarded by all the young ladies in the neighbourhood. We expect to sail the week after next.

"So soon, dear heart, how will that sweet lamb bear to be taken so far from home?"

While this short colloquy passed, Belinda had drawn Blanchard away to little Gertrude; they were both bending down and laughing with her, as she had clasped her arms round Belinda, wishing to detain her. I could not help gazing on them with interest, and thinking that if so dear a child were indeed their own, how might she become the innocent means of leading his thoughts and inclinations to a surer happiness than he was now pursuing. Alas, what dark storms rose between them and this happy picture of domestic peace. Blanchard led his horse and walked home with us, Belinda hanging on his arm. As they preceded Captain Harrington and myself, I saw that they were engaged in earnest conversation; at the gate of St. Margerets they paused until we joined them.

"You will not come in then, today!" said Belinda in a tone of entreaty.

"Not today, love," he replied, mounting his horse; "I am particularly engaged; but on Sunday morning you may expect me."

"You promise."

"Faithfully, *addio carissima*," and waving his hand to us all, he was soon out of sight."

Sunday came, and happily it proved a morning of bright promise; Mrs. Harrington had heard that there was a very fashionable preacher at P—, whose lectures it was quite the *ton* to attend; this induced her to leave her apartment early enough for the morning service; "of course you will go, Mrs. Mary?" she enquired, but I declined, saying, "that I could hear none more edifying than Mr. Lindsay, and I preferred the quiet village church."

"You are a strange creature," returned Mrs. Harrington; "are you not aware that Mr. Surplus is followed by crowds of the highest rank and fashion in London, and that his language is considered more eloquent, and his manner and voice more imposing, than any of his day?"

"I am quite aware that he is the fashion," I replied, but as I go to church to derive strength, advice, and comfort, rather than to admire the preacher, you will excuse me."

"And Miss Belinda, I suppose, is of the same opinion," returned Mrs. Harrington, in a supercilious tone, to her daughter.

"If you will allow me, mamma, to accompany Mrs. Mary, you will oblige me."

"Oh, certainly, certainly; come Marion my love—Baron Feldbach, may I crave your arm."

And the lady walked out in all the pride of a new dress bonnet and rich carriage pelisse; we lingered a

little after the party had driven away, in expectation of Captain Blanchard, but he came not—and attended by Mr. Harrington and his brother, we strolled through the village to its neat and humble temple with grateful and adoring hearts. Mr. Lindsay's text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," was most beautifully and touchingly expounded; and as I looked on his slight figure, his hectic cheek, and marked his faltering voice, I felt that he was hovering on the confines of another and a better world, his sermon was much shorter than usual, and he joined us as was his custom, at the church gates.

"Blanchard has not kept his appointment I see," said he, smiling, to Belinda. She shook her head sorrowfully; "patience, patience, my sister, he continued, kindly pressing her hand, "let us only continue fervent in prayer—wait humbly our answer, and he will yet be won over to us—God bless you," and he turned away.

Our fashionables did not return from P—, for some hours; at length they arrived in a flutter of excitement and spirits; Mrs. Harrington had been charmed by the preaching of Mr. Surplus, indeed all had been equally so, and the desire to obtain his company at dinner, by his delighted auditors, had caused quite a sensation and rivalry amongst them.

"Was his discourse so very excellent," I asked.

"I am scarcely judge enough to know; but his manner, his voice, his eloquent language, were beyond all praise."

"He has detained you a long time," remarked Belinda.

"By no means, we have been walking on the Mall, listening to the band for the last hour," returned Marion.

"Did you see Harvey there?" enquired her sister, in a tone of hesitation.

"Certainly I did, my dear—he was escorting Mrs. Fortescue." Belinda sighed, while Mrs. Harrington fatigued and languid, from the unusual excitement she had undergone, retired to her room, there to lounge away the rest of the Sabbath, until the hour for dinner.

"I can assure you," continued Marion, that the good people of P—, are beginning to talk of Mrs. Fortescue's flirtation with Captain Blanchard, when he is not here, it appears he is always walking or riding with her, and constantly is her page seen carrying little pink notes over to his quarters. What say you to such doings Belinda?"

"That I entreat you to spare my feelings on this sacred day, Marion," replied Belinda, considerably agitated, "oh do not deprive me of all peace and tranquillity," and she left the room in a flood of tears.

"The good people of P—, must have little else to occupy them," said I, exceedingly annoyed at this intelligence "when they thus make the affairs of their

neighbours the subject of their idle and ill natured remark."

"You can never stop the voice of scandal, my dear Miss Mary," replied Marion: "she has the eyes of an Argus, and tongues many as the Hydra; but I really fear that Mrs. Fortescue is a very silly woman, she feels pride in being seen with the handsome Harvey Blanchard, who is courted and caressed by all, while the man's vanity, gratified by such constant adulation, leads him to give every encouragement."

"How can he reconcile this with his engagement to our loved Belinda?"

"Oh, it is only his imagination which has been caught by the blandishments of Mrs. Fortescue, in reality no doubt he loves Belinda."

"My dear Marion, to what may not that vivid imagination lead—who can dare say 'so far will I go;' those who thus hang over the brink of sin, and trifle on her dark borders, may fall ere they have time to poize their balance. I have seen little of Mrs. Fortescue, but that little is to me far from satisfactory. As a married woman I think her silly, childish and by no means ingenuous; she errs not at her age from simplicity. Yet let me not be hurried into expressions so detracting, God alone sees the heart; may a saving change be wrought in hers."

"Mrs. Fortescue is exceedingly romantic," returned Marion "she delights in enthusiasm and sentiment while her studies are such as to foster these qualities. She has been disappointed in her husband who is what she terms a good sort of person—her refined taste is not satisfied with this—she beholds him devoted to his worldly occupations—immersed in the cares and business of his profession, he returns fatigued and wearied in the evening, stupid wretch he falls asleep, else takes out some horrid old account book tied with red tape and becomes absorbed in his calculations of pounds shillings and pence. She contrasts all these with one who will write verses in her album, enrich its pages with beautiful drawings, read aloud poetry, flatter her—listened to her, now allow me to ask if the comparison to one like Mrs. Fortescue is not dangerous."

"If she is devoid of religion and of good sense, most assuredly it is," I replied, "and has the ingratitude to forget that the fatigue of her husband arises from attention to his duties—and the study of his affairs, to the interest he feels in the welfare of his family. I have known many an album writer become thus *unsentimentalised* after marriage, for the realities of life are sad enemies to its fictions."

"I do not however think that Mrs. Fortescue is devoid of correct principles," rejoined Marion, after a pause; "her errors appear to me to spring rather from thoughtlessness and an overweening vanity."

"Two most dangerous opponents," I returned, "who may truly be designated the children of selfishness—for have they not led to the home deser-

ted, the children forsaken the husband dishonoured, and the death of a fellow creature, times without number—there is a natural purity in a refined woman which seldom permits her to look beyond the early blossoms of a predilection for some favoured object; beheld through the false vista of romance, and nurtured in the school of fiction it creates no alarm. But from the indulgence of such feelings, I would warn her as from a precipice—in a married woman they are fraught with danger, fraught with woe; they conceal shoals and quicksands upon which every happiness will eventually be wrecked—for how can that produce aught but misery which tramples on the commandments of God—but Captain Blanchard is, I see, riding up to the house; I will make my escape ere he enters, for I feel that I could not meet him at this moment quite as friendly as usual."

After retiring for a while to my own apartment, I entered Belinda's; she was still in her bed room, which was divided from the outer one by folding doors—she soon rejoined me. Her lovely countenance calm and composed as ever—I embraced her in silence, and we sat down by the cheerful fire—in a few minutes her attendant Fanny entered saying, "Captain Blanchard begs to know if Miss Belinda will admit him to her boudoir;" her words were followed by his quick light step bounding up the stairs. "Oh yes, Fanny, your young lady will admit me," and he gently put her aside as he came forward; Belinda rose to receive him, while her cheek crimsoned; she could not smile. "I see you are angry with me," he said, taking her hand, "but I can assure you I was not to blame, I desired my servant to call me in time and he neglected to do so."

"I am not angry, Harvey," she replied; "I supposed you were detained by duty, or from a wish to hear the new preacher; how could I be vexed at that?"

"I was detained by neither," returned Blanchard, "but to tell the whole truth, I was up late last night, at a champagne supper at the Fortescue's, and this made me late today; I was very angry with my servant for not attending to my orders."

"That was a pity, since it was in consideration for you; perhaps had the remembrance of your promise been pleasing to you, it might have induced you to decline a party which encroached upon the duties and sacredness of the Sabbath day," this was uttered in a tone slightly reproachful, but the light society in which Blanchard had mixed, for the last few days, rendered it grating to his ears, and he received it with impatience. "I can never become the slave to forms, or consent to have my free will trammelled by the crude opinions of others," he replied drawing himself proudly up.

"Perhaps you have made a sacrifice to your will in coming here at all today, said Belinda sorrowfully. I should grieve to think so."

"Then think it not, I seldom do that which I dislike, and his features relaxed into a smile as he stood

before her; have you any thing more to charge me with, fair lady."

"Ah, dear Harvey I charge you with nothing," she returned, gazing in his face most affectionately "if having found a pearl of great price, myself, I desire to share it with the one dearest to me on earth, let not that offend—if I would yield up every hope, every thought of happiness, even life itself, if I might only lead you to Him who gave himself unto death for us both, let it not displease you; I do not press you on this momentous subject, lest I should retard rather than advance my earnest desires; I very, very seldom allude to it before you, but today my heart was overcharged and would not be controlled; will you pardon me." His answer was to strain her fondly to his breast; such gentleness, such devoted tenderness, could not be withstood—the rest of the day passed happily and peacefully.

At dinner Mrs. Fortescue's name was mentioned. Captain Blanchard said she was a fascinating creature, all soul, all heart.

"Oh, do you think she has a good heart," returned Belinda inadvertently, but instant reflection made her feel that such a remark from her was inconsistent and she looked down with a deep blush.

"Yes I do think so," repeated Blanchard, "she has shown it in several instances and in none more than her fondness for her children—I have frequently seen her carrying one, who is delicate, herself."

"Aye, for effect," said uncle Sam, in his most gruff tone of voice; "ask Danvers what he thinks of her."

"Oh, my dear uncle, hush," returned Belinda; "what quoted Mr. Lindsay in his sermon to day—that the voice of Christian censure should be silence before men, and prayer to the all merciful."

"My blessed child," said Mr. Harrington, taking her hand in his, as she sat near him: "every word I hear you breathe makes me lament the hour when such an angel will depart from my home, perhaps for ever."

Belinda's tears instantly rose to her eyes, while a shadow passed over Blanchard's expressive face, he might feel that this speech implied a doubt of his deserving the treasure he had sought with so much ardour, or at least that the parent in conceding to his wishes, had made a sacrifice, which he found it painful to complete.

At ten o'clock the bell rang as usual for prayers, Belinda would have glided quietly from the room, but Blanchard detained her as she was passing him.

"Whither goest thou," he asked playfully.

"Where you may follow," she smilingly replied, when he instantly drew her arm within his, and they left the room together.

Mrs. Harrington never attended—Marion had done so occasionally, but not since the arrival of Baron Feldbaeh; it was only lately that Mr. Harrington and his brother were added to our little con-

gregation, who met in the dining room. The servants stood on our entrance, when Belinda took her station before the table, upon which was spread the old bible. The portion she had selected, was the fourteenth chapter in St. John's Gospel—she read it with the pathos which she felt. Blanchard remained standing a short distance from her—his deep blue eyes rivetted upon her youthful form, his attention completely given. Then followed the prayer, when all bowed the knee, save himself—it comprised in its petitions, friends, enemies, and a yearning desire that each might be brought to the knowledge and love of God. Her voice faltered as she proceeded, and I feared least it should cease, but the strength she needed was given until she finished, when she closed the book and rose up. The servants then retired, while Blanchard approaching her, said:

"Belinda, I would not have you otherwise than you are for worlds—I wish to God the impressions I receive when with you, were more lasting—you are indeed all purity, all goodness."

"Look up from me to one who is above, my own dear Harvey," replied Belinda, touched by his words and manner; "for on earth there is none good—from Him you will receive all which you need to make you wise in a Christian sense, and oh! how supremely happy."

He pressed her hand in both his in silence—he would not return with us to the drawing room, but hurried away, while Belinda immediately after retired to her own; how well I knew for what—there in the solitude of her closet, while no eye but that of one looked down upon her, would her orisons be poured forth in fervency of soul, for him, the beloved of her heart, that he might become not as king Agrippa, almost, but altogether a Christian in spirit and in truth.

Although I had accepted no invitations since my sojourn at St. Margeret's, yet I had received much attention and civility from Mrs. Harrington's friends, and as the time of my departure was drawing near, I wished to call upon them to take my leave. Marion and Belinda both accompanied me in the carriage upon this occasion, and we were to meet Captain Harrington at the appointed hour, as we wished to visit his frigate. We all set off in gay spirits, but at each house where we received admittance, we were condemned to listen to every report then in circulation throughout the neighbourhood, none of which were given in charity. The projected marriages of my young companions had been much canvassed, and with all the envious acrimony which is too frequently the case upon such occasions. Of course, to themselves, nothing but congratulations and bland compliments were offered; one old lady, who appeared an exception to the rest,

at least in sincerity, patted Belinda on the shoulder, as she said :

"God grant you every happiness, my dear, and that you may not find the casket more beautiful than the jewel contained within it. I trust that the hour of your departure is near at hand, for there are those who would destroy your hopes, if it were in their power ; every means, every art has been used—you look alarmed—my caution is given not in spleen, but in real regard."

Belinda's buoyant spirits gradually declined, after each visit that we paid—Mrs. Fortescue had been repeatedly alluded to, accompanied by expressive shrugs and insinuations, while a manner of assumed pity was exhibited towards herself.

"Shall we call on Mrs. Fortescue?" asked the dear girl, in a reluctant tone, as we drove rapidly from the last house.

"Yes, surely," replied Marion ; "her name is on our list."

We accordingly stopped before her door. She was at home, and we were ushered into the drawing room, where we found her sitting *tête à tête* with Captain Blanchard. Belinda involuntarily started, but he instantly came forward to receive her, with a surprised smile, so ingenuous, that it reassured her. Not so, Mrs. Fortescue ; there was a palpable confusion in her address, and a very evident feeling of chagrin at our interruption. She appeared to have been in tears—she was beautifully dressed, reclining in a fauteuil of yellow damask—the chastened light of the room lent a becoming shade over her figure and face, which were pleasing without being beautiful when at rest, but her excessive affectation destroyed every charm the moment she spoke. She was surrounded by ornaments, and all the *recherché* collections of a fashionable fine lady, while in the luxurious couches, chairs, and even in the pictures, might be traced her prevailing character—there was an absence of all simplicity, which was replaced by enervating indulgence.

"I have been cruelly distressed this morning, Miss Harrington," said the lady, turning languidly to Marion ; "after all the preparations for my play being completed, Mr. Fortescue will not allow me to perform in it, and I am constrained to give it up."

"Cannot you engage a substitute," enquired Marion.

"Oh, no, no, never—none shall be Juliet but myself," and she looked towards Blanchard, who was at that moment showing one of his drawings to Belinda, from the splendid album which lay open on the table. He cast a furtive glance on her in return, but it was so rapidly withdrawn, that I could not read its expression.

"I am going to have a fancy ball instead of the play," resumed Mrs. Fortescue ; "my amiable sposo would have even denied me this indulgence,

but he could not resist my entreaties—it is fixed for Thursday, I have already sent out my cards ; I fear Mrs. Mary, you will not honour me, or Miss Harrington."

"Belinda," said Blanchard, laying his hand on hers, as it rested on the table ; "are you aware that you are now under martial law, and that I, as your commanding officer, order you to attend on Thursday evening."

There was a playfulness in his words, but an earnestness in his manner, which particularly struck me. I felt happy that Belinda was spared an immediate answer, by the entrance of a servant with a note to his mistress. Marion now mentioned our appointment with Captain Harrington, and we rose to take leave.

"Oh, I should delight in accompanying you," said Mrs. Fortescue ; "I have long wished to see the Bellona."

Of course we expressed our readiness to gratify her, when she hastened from the room to attire herself. She soon returned, carrying in her arms a delicate little boy, of apparently two years old, who was duly caressed and noticed by us all. Blanchard gazed on her with admiring eyes, as she fondly pressed the child to her bosom ; but he gave his arm to Belinda as we left the house, to stroll towards the spot appointed by Captain Harrington—we found him surrounded by his people, giving numberless orders, and applying terms that I dare not trust my memory to repeat. He conducted us over the stately vessel, which was indeed magnificent, well worthy to ride the blue waters of Albion, to stem the dark and stormy seas, and dare her foes to the combat. I had never seen Blanchard in such light spirits as today. He led Belinda to the state cabin, which her uncle had prepared for her reception, and displayed to her astonished gaze all its beautiful arrangements.

"To whom do I owe all this kind thought for my comfort—to you, or to my uncle?" she asked.

"We have both been watching over your tastes," he replied ; "our youthful wanderer surely deserves our tenderest care."

A gentle sigh, breathed by Mrs. Fortescue, who was standing immediately behind them, caused Blanchard to start round.

"Good heavens, you are fatigued," he said ; "give me your boy," and she placed the child in his arms, while tears bedewed her cheeks.

Blanchard's gaiety vanished. After viewing all that was interesting in the ship, we proceeded to the beach—the day was delightful, and the band of the — regiment playing at the moment, enhanced the pleasures of the scene, which to me was exhilarating in the extreme. Mrs. Fortescue now hung on Blanchard's arm in pensive mood, while she led the child in her other hand. Engaged in conversation, she soon forgot her young charge, and suffered

him to wander from her side, when he advanced towards the water, and before any one could prevent it, he had fallen forward, and was immediately carried out by the tide. Mrs. Fortescue uttered a piercing scream.

"Oh, my babe, my darling Adolphus," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in agony.

In an instant Blanchard had plunged after him, and succeeded in rescuing the poor infant. He very naturally ran with him to his mother, offering him to her arms; his whole countenance glowing with a generous animation, but she shrank from his touch—she could not sacrifice her dress and appearance by receiving the child, who as well as his preserver, were soiled and saturated with their immersion.

"Here is your boy, will you not take him?" asked Blanchard, impatiently.

Mrs. Fortescue turned to the nurse, who had been waiting at a short distance, but in listening to the music, had not perceived the accident; she came hastily forward on hearing her name, and the screams of the child.

"Has any thing happened to my baby?" she enquired in alarm, on beholding his condition. "He is cold as death," she continued, taking off her own shawl to wrap round him, and clasping him tenderly in her arms.

"Take him home instantly, Burford, and change his wet clothes," now said Mrs. Fortescue, but her caution was unnecessary, for the woman had already hastened away.

There are few things which strike even a thoughtless young man, more than want of affection in a mother to her child. It is perhaps the only link which the follies, the dissipations of the world have left unsevered in his own heart—it is ever the last to be broken. He looks back on her tender watchfulness of himself when a helpless being—a thousand early associations are connected with her image—he remembers her admonitions, her prayers, her patience, and her deep unchanging unwearied love in the few fleet moments he gives to reflection. Is there one so callous, so cold, so lost, as to forget all these. Oh, God forbid—such thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of Blanchard—he looked for a moment astonished, and then turned away in silence and evident distaste, even though Mrs. Fortescue expressed her anxiety for himself, and urged him to return home. He drew near to Belinda, who on first beholding the danger of the baby, had cast herself on her uncle's bosom; not daring to look up.

"Why, sweet one, how is this," he asked playfully; "what has terrified thy little soul?"

"Oh, Harvey, is he saved?" she enquired in a tone of deep emotion.

"Yes dearest, he is saved," replied Blanchard, smiling on her affectionately; "do you not see

what a neat figure I am—what say you to waltzing now—will you come?"

Belinda pressed the hand he offered in both hers, saying:

"God bless you, Harvey—hasten home, for you are quite wet—do not linger, I entreat."

"Your orders shall be obeyed, Signora," he returned, touching his cap; "we meet again this evening at St. Margerets—adieu."

She accompanied Mrs. Fortescue, (whose countenance betrayed her vexation,) to her own house, where we left her, and re-entering the carriage, we immediately drove home—uncle Sam vociferating:

"So much for Mrs. Fortescue's good heart, and fondness for her children—hey, Master Blahchard, a precious Irish gull you must be."

"Uncle, uncle, how dare you," exclaimed Belinda, laughing, as she endeavoured to silence him; "not one word of disrespect before me remember, else dread my severest displeasure."

In the course of the evening, Blanchard, who had dined at St. Margerets, repeated his wish that Belinda should attend the fancy ball.

"You may save yourself the trouble of pressing her on the subject," said Mrs. Harrington; "Belinda has made rules for herself, which our united entreaties could not induce her to wave."

"My dear mamma, I trust you are mistaken," replied Belinda, gently: "you know my wishes and opinions on the subject of such amusements, and that I certainly can have no inclination to go to Mrs. Fortescue's on Thursday—but if you desire it, my duty is to obey you, else I should neglect an expressed commandment, for one less positively defined."

"Then you comply with our request—thank you, dearest Belinda," returned Blanchard; "I would not be so urgent, had I not a reason:"

When I came to consider what this reason could possibly be, I felt assured that he must have heard the reports in circulation, respecting Mrs. Fortescue and himself, and that he was anxious to contradict them; certainly nothing could more effectually tend to do so, than the presence of Belinda at that lady's house.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO GRACE HORSLEY DARLING.

A nobler nature linked with sweeter name,
Ne'er won the voice of praise, the meed of fame;
Let laurelled wreaths the victor's brow entwine,
The civic crown, heroic girl, is thine;
And, better far, thy offices of love,
Angelic spirits register above.
Oh! as my lot it is, and still must be,
To breast the surges of life's stormiest sea,
Still be it mine, in my extremest fear,
To find such Grace, and such a Darling near.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FIRST SACRIFICE.

Slow o'er Judea's sacred plains, the shades
Of evening fell; around each mountain's brow,
And vine clad hill, twilight still wreathed her
Golden veil, and old Euphrates silver
Stream, flashed brightly in the parting ray; rich
On the dewy air, rose up the mingled sweets
Of od'rous flowers, and delicate fruits,
Which grew unplucked in that fair garden, lost
By disobedience,—our first parent's sin—
And guarded by the angel's flaming sword,
Lest their repentant feet should thither turn.
But not confined to that fair paradise,
The presence of the Lord.

His goodness fill'd

The universe, and tearful penitence,
And heavenly hope, and holy love made their
Abode with man, and from the fruitful Earth's
Deep solitudes, arose the ceaseless hum
Of gratitude—sweet incense to the source,
And giver of all good.

Beneath the vaulted sky, Adam and Eve
Stood in their loneliness. The voice of God,
Which erst in Eden's bowers, distinct and clear,
Spoke in the whisper'd breeze, no longer
To their outward sense reveal'd His holy will,
But on their hearts, impress'd the goodness which
Delay'd their doom, and of forgiving love,
And mercy undeserved, their souls assur'd;
Lowly they knelt upon the grassy turf,
Fresh from the hand of God, and clothed with grace
And majesty, such as no mortal's since
Have worn,—created to immortal life,
Yet by one fatal act condemned to Death's
Dominion,—dark—unknown,—from which their
souls
Shrank trembling,

With deep remorse, and humble
Penitence, they bend to seek the favour
And forgiveness of their Judge, and offer
At his best, a sacrifice for sin.
Held by a flowery chain, Eve's trembling hand
Retrain'd the gambols of a snowy lamb,
The firstling of the flock, whose innocent
Meek confidence, smote her full heart with pity,
And remorse.

At God's command, Adam prepared the stones,
And reared an altar to His awful name,
Then on the sacred pile,—mysterious rite!
The spotless victim laid. Silence profound,
And deep, reigned on the solemn scene. The stars
Look'd down from their pure depths, and the young
moon
Pour'd from her silver urn a flood of light,
The feather'd warblers hush'd their thrilling lays,

And scarce in evening's soft and balmy breath,
Trembled the aspen's leaf.

The heartfelt prayer, pure from their contrite souls
Went up to heaven,—and, lo! descending thence,
A lambent flame consumed the smitten lamb,—
Visible symbol of acceptance, and
Prophetic type of that far nobler
Sacrifice, which God in His own time, would
Send, to bless, and save mankind.

H. V. C.

THE HAME-SICK WIFE AND CONSOLING HUSBAND.

PART II.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

GEORDIE.

'Tis, Jenny, noo just towmonds five,
Since we came here, this fourth o' June;
Ye doubted, when I said, belyve
Frae grief to joy you'd change your tune.

JENNY.

Nae wonder, Geordie, I was wae,
For then ye ken a' roun' was gloom;
I missna' noo the birk clad brae,
Nor burnies side where flowries bloom.

GEORDIE.

I wonder'd na' that ye were sad,
I pitied you, my bonnie woman;
An' though I seem'd to you sae glad,
I grieved when ye grat 'bout the gloamin'.

JENNY.

About the gloamin' jeer nae mar,
For then my thoughts were hameward roamn';
I mind weel when my heart was sair,
Ye aye said blyther days were comin'.

GEORDIE.

An' so they hae, my Jenny dear,
Look roun' an' count our comforts noo;
We've muckle here, our hearts to cheer,
Our blessins are na' sma' nor few.

JENNY.

To Him aboon that kens the mind,
I'm thankfu' aye for a' that's given;
An' that ye've, Geordie, proved so kind,
I prize high 'mong the gifts o' heaven.

GEORDIE.

Noo ye can hear the kirk-bells ringin',
An' gang to worship aye dry-shod;
We needna noo be loupin—springin',
Ower mud holes to the house o' God.

JENNY.

Wi' worldly comforts aye increasin',
We noo enjoy the means o' grace;
May our minds be raised in praise unceasin',
To Him who rules ower time an' space.

GEORDIE.

'Bout liltles' liltis on whinnie brae,
An' laverocks singin' in the air;
'Bout mavis' notes—on bush or spray,
Ye seem na muckle noo to care.

JENNY.

The quackin' ducks—the gabblin' geese—
The cackle o' the layin' hen,
An' lammies wi' the snaw-white fleccc,
Aye bleatin' fill my thoughts ye ken.

GEORDIE.

Hoot, woman, that's nae half your stent,
Ye hae the bairnies playin' forbye,
As weel's the cows an calves to tent,
An' grumphies fattenin' in the styc.

JENNY.

My work is only woman's work,
Wee fykie work 'bout house an' byre;
But ye work hard frae morn till dark,
My wonder is ye never tire.

GEORDIE.

That minds me o' the muckle aik,
The stump's yet near the auld shanty door;
I thought my heart would surely break,
Sic faught I had to cowp it owcr.

JENNY.

Then a' was mirk—then a' was gloom,
The sun he couldna get his nose in,
But soon ye cleared and made sic room,
That I could see the neuk he rose in.

GEORDIE.

By bit an' bit I've cleared along,
An' laboured eident late an' early,
Whiles croonin' some auld Scottish sang,
'Bout Wallace, Bruce or hapless Charlie.

JENNY.

Rome was na biggit in a day,
'Tis prentice lear makes workmen gude,
The neebors roun' noo owa an' say,
There's nae can match ye in the wood.

GEORDIE.

'Tis art an' use makes labour light—
Bush wark though hard is aye enticin';
For ilka day afore your sight,
New comforts spring frae labour risin'.

JENNY.

The bairnies a' puir things are willin',
To do sic light wark as they can;
See little Geordie how he's fillin'
An' raxin' to the height o' man.

GEORDIE.

True, Geordie he's noo out fourtecn,
An' Jamie he'll be twal belyve,
Puir Andrew wi' the blearich een,
Though only aucht can owsen drive.

JENNY.

In troth ye roose the laddies weel,
Without a word 'bout my ain Jenny;
The gude wean toddles at my heel,
An' rocks the cradle for her minnie.

GEORDIE.

At that indeed she's unco gude,
An' ye will keep her hand in use,
So I maun strive to raise the food,
For soon wi' weans ye'll fill the house.

JENNY.

The wheat's a' dightit weel an' clean,
The morn ye maun gang to the mill;
I packit up the 'oo yestreen—
Mind siller for a stowp o' yill.

GEORDIE.

In that I'll do as ye advise,
For I may meet some neebor there;
Whose company an' cracks I prize,
Wi' sic I like to birl or share.

JENNY.

Ye'll start as early as ye can,
An' watch your turn—an' watch the miller;
Tak' tent an' no forget the bran,
E'en at the mill's as gude as siller.

GEORDIE.

I'll watch my turn as ye may trow,
Ilk lick o' bran bring hame to crummie,
I strive to fill ilk speakin' mow,
An' I will ne'er neglect the dummie.

JENNY.

Mind when ye get your meklor done,
Speer 'bout the claith at Wabster Scott—
At M'Master 'bout the laddies shoon,
An' M'Laren 'bout your ain new coat.

GEORDIE.

Hae ye naeither word to toun,
Nae word ava to luckie Gowdie;
But it is yet perhaps ower soon,
To tryst the gude auld skilly howdie.

JENNY.

'Bout that gude man ne'er fash to speer,
But mind anither thing my Geordie;
Bring hame a cask of nappy beer,
Either frae Lock or else frae Wordie.

R.

MEETING AND PARTING.

It is only when we meet and when we part that we feel the full strength of our love. We are like Memnon's statue, which was warmed by the sun's daily rays, but became vocal only when the Deity visited it and departed.

The enmity of mankind is a matter of much greater importance than their friendship.

ROMDO.

BY A. A. KLENCLE.

PERFORMED BY MR. W. H. WARREN AT MRS. BAILEY'S SECOND CONCERT.

Molto Allegro. 8va

Legato *pia*

Ped *

8va *loco* *

for

ped pia *

Ped * *Ped* *cres*

sf *f* *sf* *

8va

Ped

Sva *loco*
for

*

cres *ff*

Sva
decre *Ped*

Sva *loco*
P *PP*

OUR TABLE.

THE ARROW AND THE ROSE, AND OTHER POEMS—
BY WM. KENNEDY.

THE author of this very captivating volume having recently been for a short time domiciled in our city, where he was personally most favourably known, and having only recently embarked for his native land, after an extensive tour through the American continent, carrying with him the good wishes of the whole press and people, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn something of his poetical works, of which those in the volume before us are esteemed the best; for, although the poems have been some years published, they have not in this country obtained a very extensive circulation,—were it otherwise, we should scarcely venture to intrude our imperfect notice of them upon the public.

The leading poem is founded upon the loves of Henry, Prince of Navarre, and a fair peasant girl, from whom, at a trial of archery, where, like himself, a rival marksman had pierced an orange, and the twain stood upon equal terms, he begs a rose, which having obtained, he places against a tree, as a target at which to aim; and after transfixing the flower, he presents "the arrow and the rose" to the blushing maiden, accompanying the gift with words of knightly courtesy.

A moment and the sweet rose shivered
Beneath the shaft that in it quivered.
He bore the arrow and its crest,
The wounded flower, to the fair
The pressure of whose virgin breast
It late seemed proud to bear—
Shrinking, she wished herself away,
As the young prince, with bearing gay,
And gallant speech, before her bent,
Like victor at a tournament—
"Damsel! accept again," he said—
"With this steel stalk, thy favourite, dead!—
Unwept it perished—for these glows
On thy soft cheek a lovelier rose!"

The friendship thus begun is ripened into a warmer bond of union; and after following the young lovers in their rambles by fountain, stream, and tree, and listening with them to the sweet strains breathed upon the ear of Nature by the warblers of the forest, until they are completely encircled by the meshes of Cupid's net, the reader is compelled to look upon their parting scene, the Prince's mother, on discovering his lowly love, having commanded him to go forth from his boy-hood's home, to mingle with the great ones of earth, among whom he was destined in after days, to stand to pre-eminently conspicuous—it is a melancholy scene, and in it the poet searches the deep fountains of the heart for sympathy, while he pictures the mad grief of the boy lover, and the desolate hopelessness of the forsaken fair. The maiden, indeed, conscious at last of the wide chasm separating her from her high-born wooer, endeavours to crush the strong passion of her heart—need it be

said, in vain. He goes—but, in his absence, instead of schooling herself to forgetfulness, she only more devotedly drinks of the delicious poison she has so long deemed the nectar of her existence—the elixir of her life.

Days—weeks—months, "drag their slow length along," and Fleurette, such is the damsel's name, forgets to welcome the gay dawn with song, or to echo the wild carols of the birds she was wont to love. And yet, "hoping against hope," the maiden anxiously waits the return of her lover—for such is woman's faith, she cannot learn to believe that she has been forgotten—and the rustic wooers, enchanted by her beauty, meet only with stern refusal.

At length Henry does indeed return—but "what a fall was there!" How changed was he from the wild generous boy, whose whole happiness was shrined in the innocent loveliness of the peasant girl. He scarcely dreams that the devoted girl exists! Nay, he roams through the walks she loved, with one, immeasurably more dazzling and splendid—but oh how miserably wanting in winning gentleness and heavenly purity and truth. Fleurette, wandering in her memory-consecrated haunts, sees the courtly beauty hanging on the arm of Henry of Navarre, and hears his voice vowing eternal love to her, and she darts from her covert, and rushes madly to her father's cot, whither she is pursued by the prince, who, on discovering whose hurried footstep it is that told him his blandishments had not been unseen, is stricken with remorse, and begs of her to meet him at evening by the fountain where their first vows were heard; and after many bitter tears, and heart bursting sobs, the deserted one pledge herself to meet once more her recreant lover.

Pass we over the burning impatience with which the prince awaits the appointed time, which seems to him as it would ne'er arrive, so anxious is he to hear from her lips that he is forgiven by the fair Fleurette. The clock at length strikes the hour, and the prince flies to the trysting place; but no Fleurette is there. Moments grow into ages, as chafed with alternate thoughts, he paces beside the spring, listening for her fairy footfall. Alas! it comes not! and wearied with "hope deferred," he turns with an aching heart to his splendid home. But, ah! his foot has struck against a weapon lying on the green-sward, and stooping, he finds "the arrow and the rose," with a sealed letter lying beside them, and hurrying homewards, he seizes a taper, and reads the melancholy destiny of her whole fate it was to love, "not wisely, but too well." The poet's words will best explain the sad *denouement* of the mournful story.

The lamp upon his features playing,
Shewed fear predominating there,
Before him the dread billet laying,
While something whispered 'twas conveying
Tidings he could not bear.
What may we not be doomed to feel

On severing of a tiny seal !
 All that soothes and all that maddens—
 All that elevates and gladdens—
 Whatever Henry's weird, 'tis now
 About to break upon his brow ;
 For the feeble lines he traces,
 Seeming still to change their places—
 Few the words—enough for him !
 Dancing on the paper dim :

“ By the fountain seek for me !
 There I told thee I should be,
 Let what would betide to thee !
 Pass thou mayst without perceiving
 Her thou partedst without grieving ;
 Though thy love no longer burn,
 I shall wait for thy return ;
 Search again, and thou shall have me :
 All is well !—O ! God forgive me !”

From Henry's prophet breast arise
 More than woman's wildest cries,
 In her spirit agonies !
 Summoning the household band,
 Torches blazing in each hand,
 Over height and over hollow,
 With a speed they strained to follow—
 To the fountain he led on,
 To the fountain cut in stone ;
 He hath sprung into the water,
 In his arms he hath caught her—
 He supports her to the bank,
 Shading back her tresses dank,
 Printing fast the frenzied kiss
 On a cheek—no longer his !
 Offering provinces to give
 Him whose skill would bid her live—
 Vowing vengeance on his head
 Who should dare to think her dead !

Sure the arrow was and keen,
 That had pierced the garden queen !
 Threats, or promises were vain—
 She would never bloom again !

This affecting romance is not the less touching that it is founded upon the “ thrice told tale” of the high-born wooer deserting his lowly love, and leaving her to the hopelessness which follows the betrayal of the heart, when he has stolen from her the treasure of her young affections, and planted in her trusting heart the “ worm which dieth not.” It is rare that “ man, vain man,” dreams of the spirit's torture which he inflicts upon her whose “ whole existence” is garnered up in him ; he finds it easy to forget, circled round, as he is, with the “ sordid and busy crowd,” and jostling among thousands whose only god is self, that there is one pining in sorrow and solitude, living in memory upon the fond words he has breathed into her guileless ear—and while there are cases in which we must acquit the destroyer of actual crime, inasmuch as he meant not to destroy, we cannot the less mourn the ruin that has been wrought, nor can we too harshly condemn the lightness and levity which can thus trifle with a gem so priceless as a woman's heart.

The volume contains a number of “ fitful fancies,”—sweet little songs and poems,—each one a gem in its way, and all of them deserving a very high degree of praise.

THE BOOK OF ROYALTY.

AMONG the many beautiful specimens of typography with which the London press is daily teeming, we have seen none to which this volume may be deemed inferior. It wears, in sooth, a “ most royal” garb, the “ outward seeming” of the volume we have seen, being of crimson morocco, redolent of burnished gold. It consists of a number of coloured drawings, representing interesting historical scenes, connected with British sovereigns. To our judgment, indeed, the drawings are not as well executed as the other departments of the work, and the literary illustrations, although coming from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, possess no particular merit. This latter is a too common feature with the elegant volumes which, under the general titles of Annuals, Scrap-books and Albums, seem designed only to ornament the drawing-rooms of the great, without adding any thing to the literary character of the country. We have copied from the volume, the following song, which will be appreciated for the spirit which breathes through it. The reader will pass his own judgment upon its poetical merit :

God save the Queen ! all Britain through,
 One burst of joy repeats the prayer ;
 And all are loyal, firm and true ;
 Subjects are lovers every where.
 Our tributes are the hearts we bring,
 The debt of loyal love we pay ;
 God save the Queen we gaily sing ;
 God save the Queen, in fervour pray :
 We think of days our sires have seen :
 The brightest page of Britain's story
 Record, her wealth, her power, and glory
 When England's sovereign was a Queen—
 God save the Queen.

Great, glorious, peaceful, firm and free,
 God keep the reign of England's Queen,
 Who rules the isles that rules the sea,
 Still proud as she hath ever been :
 But should a foreign foe assail,
 Once more the land—once more in vain—
 We'll show how hearts with swords prevail,
 And turn our ploughs to hands again ;
 Her troops will be her chivalry ;
 There's something in the very name,
 To promise triumph, honour, fame—
 Victoria must victorious be :
 God save the Queen !

At home, God keep us sound at heart,
 And bless us with domestic peace :
 May loyal love in every part,
 Make rivals friends, bid discord cease—
 May knowledge spread all Britain through,
 And bear its healthy fruit at length,
 And that religion, pure and true,
 From which our land derives its strength ;
 Still freedom be the right of all,
 And still the rich protect the poor,
 And justice stand with open door,
 To come at every Briton's call—
 God save the Queen !

God save the Queen ! God save and bless
 A nation's hope and joy and trust—

The spring-head of its happiness—
 And keep her people brave and just ;
 So that a long and happy reign,
 Great, glorious, peaceful, firm and free,
 May cheer our British homes again :
 God bless the Queen, and may she be
 Blessing and blessed where'er she's seen,
 While subject-lovers all rejoice
 To hail her name with heart and voice—
 A heart-huzza for Britain's Queen ;
 God save the Queen !

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JUNE.

THIS is the last number of the thirteenth volume of this excellent magazine—one of the best of the American monthlies, having Washington Irving upon its list of regular contributors. Irving stands among the foremost of the American writers, and is well known as the author of several works, which will bear comparison with those of any author of the day, whether in Europe or America. Under the title of "Recollections of the Alhambra," we have a tradition of the Moorish wars in Spain, told in the usually beautiful language, and purity of style which characterize the writings of this gifted author. The first paper of this number, under the head of "Familiar Letters from London," possesses a racy though quiet humour, and is altogether a most excellent article. "Head Quarters, or the Elective Franchise," is however our favourite. The author possesses a rich vein of sarcastic humour, and pictures to perfection the electioneering mania of his countrymen. We cannot doubt, indeed; that in some cases, he has overdrawn, if he has not caricatured, the "free and enlightened" citizens; but we fear the article contains many sober truths, and the state of society which gives any reasonable foundation for such revolting scenes as he portrays, must be bad indeed. We would willingly give extracts to show upon what we have formed our judgment, but we cannot detach any portion sufficiently brief for the space at our command. There are several lesser articles, each possessing merit, and the poetry, as usual, is good: The magazine, taken as a whole, is well deserving of the very extensive circulation it enjoys, and of the favour with which it is received throughout the neighbouring Union.

THE LADIES' COMPANION FOR JULY.

WE have received the July number of this very beautiful magazine, which as usual is filled with interesting original matter, contributed by a vast number of pleasing authors. This is a periodical to which at any leisure moment we can confidently turn for calm and quiet enjoyment. The articles are principally the emanation of gifted females, whose pens search into the heart, commanding our sympathy with the "weal or woe," which tracks the course of our capricious kind. Mrs. Sigourney, the "Hemans of America," is one of the regular contributors to the work, and many others, whose pens possess corresponding merit. The *Ladies'*

Companion is one of a class of periodicals we should be glad to see more extensively circulated through the Canadian Provinces, believing as we do, that such works will greatly aid in softening the hostile and factious feelings which so much retard the general prosperity of our country.

REPORT OF THE STATE TRIALS AT MONTREAL, IN 1838-9—VOL. I.

THIS is a large octavo volume, of nearly four hundred pages, from the press of Armour & Ramsay, and contains the first part of a full and authentic history of the late unhappy revolt. It is as far as possible an impartial record, having been transcribed *verbatim*, from the official reports of the Courts Martial—the documents presented to the Court, and the addresses of the prisoners are annexed to each trial. As a narrative, it is mournfully interesting, and as a book of reference for historical facts connected with the rebellion, it will be found highly useful. We can confidently recommend it to all who desire to possess a plain statement of the facts connected with the recent disturbances in Lower Canada.

The book is handsomely printed on good paper, and in a clear open type, and altogether presents a most respectable appearance. The second volume is announced "in press," and, it is said, will very "speedily be published."

Our readers will be much gratified with the music we have been enabled, by the courtesy of Mr. Warren, to offer them in the present number of the *Garland*. It is the splendid Rondo performed at the second concert given by Mr. Bailey, and which, as well in composition as in the manner in which it was executed, received the most enthusiastic applause of the audience assembled to listen to the enchanting strains of the fair *cantatrice*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Gold Medal," by Mrs. Moodie; "Gracc Morley," by E. L. C. and the continuation of the "Maiden of St. Margerets," by E. M. M. will be duly appreciated by our readers.

"The First Sacrifice," by H. V. C. will be found eminently worthy of perusal.

Our Scottish readers will be gratified with the second and concluding part of "The Hamesick Wife and Consoling Husband," which appears in a previous page.

We have received some additional "Sketches of Paris," by our valued correspondent "E." but a pre-occupation of the pages of the *Garland*, has rendered it imperative upon us to postpone their publication till our next.

"I. D. A." is inserted.

"IND" has been received.

We will endeavour to comply in our next, with the suggestion of our friend G*.

"D. D." will appear in our next.