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THE ROYAL ELECTION.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES—BORROWED FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF POLAND.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

CHAPTER III.

WE will leave Lechus to pursue the road to the city, and introduce our readers into the great hall in the palace of Prince Boleslaus, the Weyvode. The father of the fair Rixa, and one of the candidates for royalty, Boleslaus, was an old and distinguished nobleman, who had been the friend and private counsellor of the late king, and was only second to him in rank and wealth. Boleslaus was a good man, but by far too gentle and unobtrusive to be the favourite of a bold and turbulent people. He had little chance of success in the coming election; yet it was his weak point to wish to be elected king. He loved the pomp and show of royalty; in short, he was a kind, benevolent man, who possessed an immense share of vanity. Beloved by his vassals, and respected by his friends, he imagined that all the world viewed him in the same light. He made a great mistake—many wiser men have done the same; and the old Weyvode lived in a barbarous age, and could hardly be expected to know better. He could neither read nor write; and all the knowledge he had acquired during a long life, was derived through the bards and story-tellers, who frequented his court. His jester was his oracle, and was a privileged person, who said and did a thousand fantastic things in his presence; beguiling the tedium of a wet day, or a dull hour, with his drollery.

Zouski was the most independent creature in the world—a freeman in a household and a land of slaves—and he exercised his prerogative to the utmost: he would have been termed a radical in these days. No matter. Our fool only possessed too quick a perception of the ridiculous, which made him often speak the truth, when his superiors would rather have been flattered by a lie. He knew his power, and kept it; and, like a wise man, whilst his reputed folly amused others, it kept his head safe between his shoulders, and enabled him to rule the house. He saw the absurdity of an old superannu-

ated courtier wishing to entangle himself with the cares of royalty, and he left no opportunity escape of turning it into ridicule.

The prince was absent in the city, canvassing for the election. All his domestics and slaves were in attendance to swell his train, and increase their master's consequence in the eyes of the crowd. Zouski alone had refused to accompany him, "for fear," he said, "that they might take a fancy to him, and elect him king." The old white-haired bard, Rolof, and himself, alone occupied, at this broad hour of noon, the vast hall, which looked like a museum of dried boars' heads, bears' paws, deers' horns, wolves' tails, and eagles' claws, which formed a sort of crest to suits of rusty mail, dingy banners, and massy shields, which completely hid the stone walls, pannelled with oak, from the view of the spectator.

The bard was seated on the lower step of the dais, his head leaning upon the small harp, used at that remote period. Zouski, arrayed in the cap and bells, the symbol of his office, and dressed in a gay, motley suit, was tossing a gilded ball from hand to hand, and cutting a thousand fantastic capers. Sometimes he stopped in the midst of a gallopade, which would have astonished a modern dandy, and cast a sly glance at his companion. The old bard's thoughts were far away, composing an extemporaneous song in honour of the day, and in praise of the country, for which he felt all the poet's love, the patriot's zeal. He had Utopian visions, that old bard. He abhorred every thing like despotism. Had he lived in the time of Robert Burns, the latter's song of "Wha weeps for honest poverty" would have found an echo in the old man's breast. He loved his master; but, like Zouski, he did not wish to see him king, because he thought that it would not contribute to his happiness or the general good. But his fit of abstraction was over, and, tuning his harp, he sang, in a fine tenor voice, little broken by years, the fruit of his lucubrations:

Birth place of the brave and free,
O'er thee, Poland, clouds may lower;
Noble hearts are shrined in thee,
Hearts that spurn a tyrant's power.

Patriots who her rights maintain,
Against the despot's servile band;
Who have sworn to burst the chain,
Or perish with their native land.

"A good strain, good Rolof, and very well sung," said the jester, "an a man could command the sense of hearing in such a hubbub. I would for once I were hard of hearing. The braying of so many asses without, and the tinkling of your harp within, have turned my ears to leather."

"Why then, master fool, increase the noise? Your jingling cap and bells add but a feeble treble to the deep bass of the crowd."

"One fool, I've heard in my wise days, old boy, makes many. The fools without are roaring for a king, I am ringing for my dinner. The house is empty—the buttry is locked—the cook up to his ears in politics, instead of being immersed in the affairs of grease—and I must preach patience to my empty stomach. So which do you think is the most profitably employed?"

"I know you, sir fool, to be no admirer of any crown but your own."

"That's real patriotism," said the jester, taking off his cap, and holding it aloft, with a ridiculous grimace of admiration; "mine is the cap of liberty. Look ye, 'tis as light as air, and its merry bells still usher in bright thoughts. Master Rolof, I would not change my thornless diadem to be elected king of Poland, in these troublous times."

"It is expected," said Rolof, "that my Lord Lechus will be chosen king."

"Confound the knave!" returned the jester. "He will rule them with a rod of iron. The nomination of such a ruler, will make rebels and democrats of us all. They had better choose some poor and honest varlet like myself. Some light-hearted fool, who in his folly might teach them wisdom."

"Your jest is bitter."

"It suits the unsettled spirit of the times; when men have lost a tyrannical ruler, they may enjoy both liberty of speech and conscience. If my Lord of Cracow is to be our king, we shall have to give an account, not only of words, but of unuttered thoughts."

"Walls have ears, sir jester; and even fools may have cause to rue their one day's liberty."

"Well, let us be merry while we may," said Zouski; "tomorrow is yet in the skies—and come what will, one hour of freedom is worth an age of slavery."

"Do you think, good Zouski," said the old man with an anxious glance of enquiry, "that our noble

master stands any chance in this contest for royalty?"

"Not so good a one as I do," said the jester, resuming his game at ball. "The Poles are a warlike people, Boleslaus is old, and a man of peace. He would not lead then forth to conquest; and they are too poor to exist without plundering their neighbours. The Lord of Cracow is proud, avaricious, and sanguinary. He will make war, for the love of shedding blood, and the justice of the cause will be decided by the wealth of the nation he has a mind to despoil, while his poor subjects will be doubly taxed at home to pay for the expenses of the army abroad. Bright days are in store for us good Rolof. The people may well shout! Ha! ha! ha!"

"You have only described two of the candidates, sir jester—discuss the other ten."

"Grammarcy for the task, you have inflicted upon me," said the jester; "why man they possess all the bad qualities of the Lord of Cracow, without his talents. The tyrant is a clever tyrant, but they would prove both tyrants and fools."

"Alas, for the poor country," said Rolof. "She has fallen upon evil days. I begin to wish my dear master might be elected king after all."

"You could not wish him a greater evil," said the jester. "But the country?" asked the old man. "Must right itself," returned the jester. "There are plenty to be found amongst her brave citizens, as wise as me, and more valiant withal, who would shed the last drop of their blood to obtain her freedom."

"The princess tarries long, this morning," said the old man. "She and her noble lover should have been here two hours after sunrise, and 'tis now high noon."

"The fair Rixa shews her wisdom," continued the jester, "in obstinately persisting to ride a horse that she is unable to manage. To win her favour today, I must praise her fine horsemanship. But jesting apart, I wonder what detains her." He stepped up to the window and looked anxiously forth. "I should be sorry to lose my pretty playmate; one smile of hers is worth all the vociferations of this stormy crowd."

"She'll be too late for the pageant," said Rolof. "Do, friend Zouski, go forth into the street and report their coming."

"Would you have me thrust my nose into the hornet's nest while the hive is swarming," returned the jester. "They will not cluster round their king till noon. Ah, 'tis a rare medley, yet nine days hence and all this noisy shew of loyalty will scarcely serve to raise a laugh around the hearth at night. I prophecy, with the wisdom belonging to mine office, that this day's folly will be marked with blood."

"I have, you forget your office; is this a jest?" said a voice near him, which made both the jester and his gossip start. "Who made you a prophet?"

"Your highness!" said the jester, recovering his composure. "I judge the future by the present and the past—will you please to have a cast of my new vocation?"

"Give me a cup of wine first?" said the prince, flinging himself beneath his canopied chair. "Talking to the knaves has made me dry. Here, Ivan, take off these spurs! and now, sir fool, tell me who will be king of Poland?"

"A man who will not number half your years, my lord. Does your highness tremble for your hoped for crown—will it please you to accept mine? Such baubles are in fashion—it will fit an older head than mine."

The prince laughed good humouredly, but he seemed a little disconcerted at the offer, while the jester dropping upon his knees, offered him his cap and bells with most ludicrous gravity. "Why, Zouski, you would not have me, in mine old age, play the fool?"

"You pleased yourself, my lord, before you consulted me. Had the Poles wished you for their governor, you would have been elected when they placed King Premislaus upon the throne. My claims to royalty are almost as good as yours—yet no man flings aloft his cap and cries: 'God save King Zouski.'"

"The fool's gone mad," said the prince, highly amused by his nonsense, beneath which he concealed a great deal of shrewd good sense.

"I would your highness were as mad as I am, you would find your senses by losing them." Then making a sudden vault into the air, he burst out into a strain of song, which cost him less labour than Rolofs', and was much more to the purpose:

I tell thee prince, hap what may hap,
I would not change my bells and cap,
To wear the crown you seek to win,
For all the jewels set therein.

That shining circle set with thorns,
Which folly covets,—wisdom scorns;
Dependent on the public will,
A king is but a servant still.

"My lord, seek not this foolish crown—change not your present independence for a breath of popular applause, which will grow cool before your head ceases to ache with the noise made at your election to the throne."

"Zouski," said the prince, gravely, yet sensibly touched by the earnest manner of his motley favourite; "you have outstepped your office. Who made you a politician?"

"That which makes most men talk of what they know nothing about," said the fool. "Ah, my dear honoured master, I wish you were fool enough to know your own weakness, and act like a wise man—withdraw your name from this election."

"Never!" said the prince, angrily. "I consider my claims incontrovertible. The nation will never be so ungrateful as to place another over me. They will respect my lofty station, my great wealth, long services, and honourable principles. The states will be unanimous in my favour. Where is my daughter?"

"She is coming, sire. I hear the people shout—and with her comes another candidate for royalty. Hurra! long live King Lechus!" said the jester, flinging up his cap.

"Take care, sir," said the offended old man, "or I will have you punished for such unseemly jests."

The jester seemed little discomposed by his threat, but skipping behind his master's chair, stood ready to thrust in a word, or by his mad capers to call up a laugh, should the company appear weary, or the conversation flag.

The old Weyvode met his son-in-law elect with a very cloudy brow, while he enfolded his lovely daughter in his arms, and kissed her with every demonstration of the most lively affection. "You are late, my Lily—what detained you so long?"

"A very untoward accident, my dear father," said the princess, and she proceeded to relate her adventure at the blacksmith's forge. The old man listened to the recital with great attention, then turning to Lord Lechus, he enquired if he had rewarded the brave peasant for his prompt assistance to his daughter.

"Yes, your highness, I trust I did," returned the Lord of Cracow. "I laid my whip across his brawny shoulders for the insolent manner in which he stared at the princess, and the presumptuous manner in which he dared bandy words with me."

"You did wrong, my lord," said the prince, frowning; "to strike an honest independent man, who had rendered my dear child an important service—what must the poor man have thought of our liberality?"

"Who cares what he thinks?" said the nobleman, scornfully. "Your highness is too tolerant to these plebeians—should it be my good fortune to obtain the crown, I'll rule those ignorant knaves with a tighter rein."

"I find, my Lord of Cracow, that your name is placed at the head of the list of noble candidates," said the Weyvode, with an air of strong displeasure; "it was not until this morning that I learnt that you were a candidate for the throne. I should have thought my age and well known services, should have given me the precedence."

"Nay good, my lord, be not angry," said the jester. "Do you not perceive that this gives you a double chance—should the crown drop from your own head, it may chance to drop upon your son's."

"Peace, fool!" said Lord Lechus, frowning at the impertinent jester, then turning to the prince, he said:

"My name stands where my peers placed it—I trust their influence will keep it there."

"My lord, your peers are few in number," said the prince, with asperity. "It is the voice of that brave people whom you speak of with such contempt which must decide that matter. Ha, there! Bring wine and refreshments, and let us drink a health to Poland's future king. Rolof, give us one of your best songs."

The old harper modestly complied with his master's request :

Fill, fill, high the goblet, ye patriot band,
Let us drink to the health of the lord of the land !
The lips of the people shall echo the sound,
And dim eyes grow bright, as the wine cup goes round.

Here's a health to the oak, which no storms can o'er-throw,
Which stands most sublime when the hurricanes blow ;
May it's root never wither, it's leaf never fade,
Whilst the people securely rejoice in its shade.

"Rixa, will you away with us to hear the Herald's proclamation?" said the Weyvode, turning to his daughter, who had remained silent during the foregoing scene, her arms folded, and her eyes bent intently upon the ground. The voice of her father appeared to recall her wandering thoughts. She expressed a warm interest in the result of the coming contest, and retired with her maidens to her own apartments, to change her dress, which she considered soiled with the dusty journey to the city.

"Your highness looks pale today," said her favourite tire-woman, as she arranged the long fair locks of the princess, and confined them beneath a golden net. Your journey has fatigued you. Had you not better wear the rose-coloured velvet robe and turban ; it will cast a glow upon those colourless cheeks—what says my Lady Azilla ?"

The young and very pretty woman, to whom the tire-woman had appealed, turned from contemplating her own charming face in the mirror.

"I do not agree with you, Minna. The splendid red velvet will make our beautiful princess look still paler. I should prefer the white brocaded silk, flowered with gold. Which will you wear, sweet lady ?"

"Neither," said the princess, bursting into tears. "I do not wish to go."

"Not wish to go!" exclaimed both the females at once. "What is your highness dreaming of?"

The princess flung her arms about Lady Azilla, and hiding her head upon her bosom, continued to sob audibly. After a few minutes of passionate weeping she raised her head, and looking both her companions earnestly in the face, said in a mournful

voice : "Oh, this hateful marriage, it will break my heart!"

"Do not say so, my lady coz," returned the Lady Azilla. "He is a brave and high-born cavalier."

"But he is so ugly," replied Rixa, "and so disagreeable—if he were the King of Poland tomorrow, I should feel no pleasure in sharing his crown."

"You did not think thus basely of your noble lord, fair Rixa, yesterday?"

"This morning's ride made me alter my opinions. I was disgusted with his treatment of that handsome peasant. Which of the twain think you, cousin Azilla, was the nobleman?"

"They admit of no comparison."

"I think not," returned the princess.

"Why, my dear lady—you surely would not name my Lord of Cracow and yon peasant in the same breath?"

"I confess it would be paying the blacksmith a poor compliment," said the princess, colouring. "In spite of his humble garb and occupation, I never saw a nobler looking man—he might be called one of nature's gentlemen."

"Your highness is in a merry mood today."

"Nay, but I'm perfectly serious."

The Lady Azilla held up her hands and exchanged glances with the tire-woman : "What would my Lord Lechus say to this?"

"Who cares what he says."

"And your father?"

"Would agree with me," said the princess. "The Lord of Cracow is no favourite of his—state policy alone made him choose such a son-in-law."

"But he may be chosen king."

"Not while my father stands upon the same list," said the princess, with a frown. "But even if such should be the case, I have no ambition to share his crown."

"Your highness talks as if you had a choice?"

"My father will not force me to marry Lord Lechus without my own consent."

"You forget, my dear cousin, that that consent was given some months ago. You are no longer a free agent."

"Oh, it was forced upon me," said the princess ; "I did not love him—I had no preference for another—I did it in obedience to my father's wishes ; you well know that I was a mere child just out of the nursery, and you all told me that it was a great match for me. Had I known aught of my bridegroom, I would rather have died than suffered such betrothment."

"Hark, my lady, there's the Herald's trumpet," said Minna ; "I hear the trampling of the horses in the court-yard beneath. You will be too late."

"I am ready," said the princess, wrapping her gorgeous riding mantle round her stately figure, and casting one long glance in the mirror ; and, smiling at her own beauty, she swept from the apartment.

CHAPTER. IV.

THE market-place was thronged to overflowing. All ranks were gathered to hear the proclamation. There was the nobleman, with his numerous retinue of armed vassals, ready to give and take offence at the least signal from their chief. There was the wretched, half-starved, ragged mendicant, whose petitions for relief were neither heard nor regarded. There might be seen the female of rank, gaudily dressed, and well mounted, and guarded by a train of slaves, whose gay apparel proclaimed the wealth of the respective families to whom they belonged. The fair haired Russian, the swarthy Tartar, the Livonian, the Bohemian, the Hungarian, and the German, mingled promiscuously in the crowd, and were distinguished by the badges of their different countries. In the midst of this throng, our little friend Ora was struggling, in order to see and to be seen, and she found, to the no small mortification of her vanity, that the attempt in either case was equally abortive. She was so diminutive in stature that the sea of heads closed in above her, and the huge frames of a band of Cossacks among whom she had unwittingly poked her way, by dodging in and out, and creeping under the arms of the tallest of the crowd, completely closed in the unhappy belle. Her gay dress hung in flutters round her. She had lost the gay silk handkerchief which confined her rich brown hair, which, floating over her face and shoulders, served as an additional veil to impede the passage and sight of the poor girl, who, fearful of being trodden down, and finding it impossible to escape, began to weep and sob aloud.

"What the devil have we here?" said a well known voice, which made little Ora's heart leap within her. "Is it a puppy or a child?" As he spoke, Ora parted her scattered locks, and looked piteously up, and Lechus, for it was he, pushed aside the shoulders of two of the tall broad shouldered Cossacks, and looked down, and both he and Ora burst out a laughing—Lechus at the ridiculous figure of Ora cut, and Ora for joy, that she had found a friend and protector.

"Oh, dear Mr. Lechus, pray take me out of this horrible crowd. I have lost both my shoes, and my gown has been torn off my back, its a thousand wonders that I am alive to tell you all my misfortunes. Instead of being able to see any thing, I have hardly room to see myself. A hundred times since I saw you this morning, I have wished myself safe at home."

"Aye, mistress Ora, when butterflies trust themselves abroad in rude company, they should remember their delicate wings," said Lechus; "you are caught in a trap, and I know not in what manner to get you out. You will never allow the black monster to put his paws upon you, or I would lift you over the heads of the crowd, and convey you to a place of safety."

"Oh, I will give you a thousand thanks, and a kiss in the bargain," said Ora, holding up her arms, as the blacksmith bent down his, and lifted the little maiden, as if she were a mere baby, from her suffocating hiding place; then shouldering a passage through the motley throng, they soon found themselves beyond the outer circle.

"Why, Ora, your fine dress, of which you were so vain this morning," said Lechus, surveying the rescued damsel from head to foot, "is nearly demolished."

"Now don't increase my misfortunes by telling me of them," returned Ora. "Am I not sufficiently punished already? Those rude people pushed me about as if I had been a reptile in their path, instead of the prettiest girl in our village."

"And so you are, Ora; but the world knows nothing of our village—women, to retain their reputation in society, are best at home."

"But every body likes to be seen, now and then," said Ora, "and I thought my youth and sex would ensure me respect."

"And admiration—ha, Ora?"

"Well—and if I did think so?"

"For once you were mistaken, Ora. A pretty young woman is always out of her place, when unprotected in a crowd like this," said Lechus; "and what did you encounter all these dangers to see?"

"The twelve kings, to be sure."

"Now, heaven help us!" returned Lechus laughing, "I think one will be sufficient, and he prove a good man and a true; and what think you induced all this vast multitude to assemble themselves together on this spot?"

"The same folly which led me to abandon my quiet home, I suppose," said Ora.

"You have guessed it. Then cease to marvel that your little head should be overlooked, when high-born damsels are regarded with indifference by men who have only eyes for their future ruler."

"Bless me, master Lechus! you have become a politician since I saw you this morning."

"I have grown somewhat graver; are you not highly edified by my moral and sententious speeches?"

"You have fallen in love," said Ora, thoughtfully.

"Who told you so?" said the blacksmith, with an involuntary start.

"Instinct," said Ora, "the only teacher who never errs in her mode of tuition. Reason may deceive us, nature never; and by infallible symptoms, I know that the spell I cast upon you this morning has begun to operate."

"It was a more skilful hand than yours, Ora, that wove the charm. I have given you over to Casimer. Go and enchant him with your pretty wiles. I am proof against such witchcraft."

Before the disappointed village belle could frame a reply, they were joined by Casimer and Steinulf.

"Here, old man," said Lechus, "take care of your daughter; you, Casimer, are a fine gallant, to leave your sweetheart to the tender mercies of an idle fellow like me?"

"I wish I had a right to the title you bestow upon me in joke," said Casimer. "But I never could induce Ora to give me one kind word."

"She will think better of it, depend upon it," said Lechus, with a sly glance at Ora. "I know her mind upon the subject. She says you are a proper man and handsome, and rich withal, qualifications which she never thought of bestowing upon me."

"Is this true?" said the delighted Casimer, taking the hand of the little flirt, who turned indignantly away, saying as she did so: "I have heard of love in a desert; but love in a crowd like this!—the poor god would require an additional pair of eyes and wings, to find his way."

"And his worshippers a double pair of ears, to listen to his fine speeches," said Lechus. "Hear them! what a larum! The air grows heavy with their shouts. There's the Herald's trumpet! Hark! do you hear it? And here come the candidates, each gorgeous vest shrouding an anxious heart. The good old Weyvode Beleslaus looks pale with secret care. Beshrew my heart! neighbour Steinulf, were I the dressed up puppet by his side—that fellow in crimson on the black horse, (which looks the nobler animal of the two,)—I would not care for a crown, if I could call that beautiful woman mine."

"Do you call her pretty, master Lechus?" said Ora, curling up her own pretty lip. "She is but a fair haired painted doll. I could shew you a finer face any day."

But Lechus was in no humour to discuss the subject, and, in spite of her late disasters, Ora followed the stream of spectators back to the market place, to see the candidates, and hear the proclamation. The blacksmith was about to follow her example, when a powerful arm detained him. A shudder ran through his herculean frame. He turned—and beheld the Tartar at his side.

"The devil!" involuntarily burst from his lips.

"The same—at your service," returned the courteous stranger.

"What do you want with me just now?"

"To make your fortune."

"I trust no one to do that, but myself."

"Vastly independent—but listen to reason?"

"It will decide against listening to you," said Lechus. "I told you before I wanted none of your counsel."

"You are a foolish fellow," said the Tartar, "to undervalue what you know so well. Is there a day, or an hour perhaps, without your listening to my advice?"

"That is the reason I have done so ill in the world," said Lechus.

"No, no," said the Tartar, laughing. The world

is mine; wealth and station are in my gift, and you would still have possessed these, had you adopted my advice. But you have such an opinion of your own sagacity that though you have ever been a ready listener, it always ended in your following your own suggestions, instead of mine. Come, once more, I am willing to help you. Your fortune depends upon the events of this hour. Open your eyes and ears and I will work wonders for you; your place is in yonder circle," he continued, pointing to the centre of the market-place, which was filled by the candidates for royalty. "Force your way thither; wherever men are gathered together, there, be sure, I am in the midst of them. Farewell, we shall meet again at midnight."

In spite of his boasted independence, Lechus felt greatly inclined to follow the Tartar's advice. Another moment decided him. He had as much right there as any one else, and bounding forward, he plunged among the living mass.

"Where are you going, Lechus?" said Casimer, attempting to hold him back. "Do not thrust yourself into the presence of those above you—you will be trampled beneath their horses' hoofs. Nay, your head may pay the forfeit of your rashness."

"Crowns have become so common of late," said the blacksmith, bursting from him, "that even mine may serve to play a game at bowls."

(To be continued.)

DUELLING.

WE read in Swedish history, that Adolphus, King of Sweden, determining to suppress these false notions of honour, issued a severe edict against the practice. Two gentlemen, however, generals in his service, on a quarrel, agreed to solicit the King's permission to decide their difference by the laws of honour. The King consented, and said, he would be present at the combat. He was, attended by a body of guards and the public executioner, and before they proceeded to the onset, he told the gentlemen, that they must fight till one of them died.—Then turning to the executioner, he added, "and do you immediately strike off the head of the survivor."

This had the intended effect; the difference between the two officers was adjusted, and no more challenges were heard of in the army of Gustavus Adolphus.—*Trusler's Memoirs.*

FOLLY AND MADNESS.

FOLLY consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.—*Locke.*

TOPICS OF DISCOURSE.

THE weather is not a safe topic of discourse; your company may be hippish: nor is health; your associate may be a *malade imaginaire*: nor is money; you may be suspected as a borrower.—*Zimmerman.*

(ORIGINAL)

THE VILLAGE POET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GARLAND.

SIR,—I have sent you a copy of another ballad, which I got from a Canadian girl at L'Lette, when I came up the St. Lawrence two years ago. She told me that it was written by a young man of the village, and may interest you as being a specimen of Canadian Literature; but, independent of this adventitious cause of interest, I think, considered *per se*, the song is by no means destitute of merit, and, in three or four passages, imitates very successfully the manner of the old French chansons. The translation was written for my own amusement; but should you be of opinion that it conveys any idea of the original, you are at liberty to publish it for the benefit of such of your readers as are unacquainted with the French language. Perhaps, it may be thought not sufficiently *literal*, and several of the lines will, no doubt, appear somewhat common-place to an English reader; but, in extenuation of all defects, I must say, that the spirit of the song has been, as much as could be in a translation, adhered to, and that verse can never appear to the same advantage in a language foreign to that in which it was composed.

27th July, 1840.

C.

LUCY ET COLIN,

CHANSON.

I.

Ecoutez moi faciles belles
Apprenez à fuir les trompeurs,
Ecoutez amants infidèles,
La peine due aux suborneurs.

II.

Lucy des filles de Vincennes
Etait la plus riche en attrait,
Jamais l'eau pure des fontaines
Ne réfléchit des plus beaux traits.

III.

Hélas des peines trop cuisantes,
Hélas un amoureux souci
Vint tenir les roses brillantes
Sur le teint vermeil de Lucy.

IV.

Vous avez vu souvent l'orage
Qui courbait les lys d'un jardin,
De ces lys elle était l'image
Et déjà penchait vers sa fin.

V.

Par trois fois en entend la cloche
Dans le silence de la nuit,
Par trois fois le corbeau s'approche,
Frappe aux vitres, et s'enfuit.

IV.

Ce cri, cette cloche cruelle,
Lucy comprit tout aisément;
Aux filles en pleurs autour d'elle,
Elle dit ces mots en mourant.

VII.

" Chères compagnes je vous laisse,
Une voix semble m'appeler:
Une main que je vois sans cesse
Me fait signe de m'en aller;

LUCY AND COLIN.

A BALLAD.

I.

Listen, soft maidens, to my song,
And learn false man to fly;
Ye faithless lovers, ere ye wrong,
Hear how the perjured die.

II.

The gentle Lucy of Vincennes
Was fairest of the fair,
Never did brightest lake or fount
A lovelier image bear.

III.

Why fades the rose's crimson glow
On Lucy's blushing cheek?
Alas, she feels a tender woe,
A pang she may not speak.

IV.

You've seen, when icy blasts blow keen,
The drooping lily bend;
Lucy is still that flower I, ween,
Fast withering to her end.

V.

Three times the solemn bell does ring
When night and silence reign;
Three times the gloomy raven's wing
Flaps at the window pane.

VI.

That warning knell, that boding sound,
Sweet Lucy understands;
And to the weeping girls around
She speaks her last commands.

VII.

Companions dear, I leave you all,
The hour of death draws near;
Voices I hear that on me call,
And beck'ning hands appear.

VIII.

"L'ingrat que j'avais cru sincère
Me fait mourir si jeune encore,
Une plus riche a su lui plaire,
Moi, qui l'aimais voilà mon sort.

IX.

"Ah! Colin, ah! que vas-tu faire?
Rends moi mon bien, rends moi ta foi;
Et toi que son cœur me préfère
De ses baisers détournes toi.

X.

"Un beau matin en épousée,
A l'église il te conduira;
Mais homme faux, fille abusée
Songez que Lucy sera là.

XI.

"Filles portez-moi vers ma fosse,
Que l'ingrat me rencontre alors,
Lui, dans son bel habit de noce,
Et Lucy dans les draps des morts."

XII.

Elle expire. On creuse sa fosse
Et l'époux la rencontre alors,
Lui, dans son bel habit de noce,
Et Lucy dans les draps des morts.

XIII.

Que devient-il! son cœur se serre.
Un froid mortel vient le transir.
Qu'a-t-il vu? Lucy qu'on enterre
Et Lucy qu'il a fait mourir.

XIV.

Il tombe; chacun se disperse,
L'épouse fuit loin de ce Jeuil,
Colin baigné des pleurs qu'il verse
Reste éperdu sur le cercueil.

XV.

Vaine et tardive repentance,
Pleurant ses premiers amours;
Aux suites de son inconstance
Il ne survécût que deux jours.

XVI.

Près de son amante fidèle
Les bergers l'ont porté, dit-on,
Et Colin repose avec elle
Couvert par le même gazon.

XVII.

La tombe reçoit mille offrandes
Deux à deux les amants constants,
Reviennent l'orner de guirlandes
Au retour de chaque printemps.

XVIII.

Vois cette peine, amant volage,
Et crains un semblable destin,
Avant que ton cœur se dégage
Souviens-toi du sort de Colin.

VIII.

False! false! is he I thought sincere,
For him so young I die,
There's one more rich to him more dear,
Loves she so well as I?

IX.

O! Colin, make me rich again,
Be faithful as thou wert;
Oh thou who in his breast doth reign,
Reject his perjured heart.

X.

Another morn makes thee his bride;
False man, wronged maid, beware,
For at the altar, by thy side,
Dead Lucy will be there.

XI.

Ye maidens carry my sad bier
To meet his wedding crowd;
False Colin decked with bridal gear—
Poor Lucy in her shroud.

XII.

She dies. They stretch her on her bier,
It meets the wedding crowd;
False Colin decked with brutal gear—
Poor Lucy in her shroud.

XIII.

How fares he? Through his heart there thrills
The pangs of mortal pain—
What sees he thus his blood that chills,
'Tis Lucy he has slain.

XIV.

He falls—the wedding train is gone—
The trembling bride is fled;
Colin is stretched in tears upon
The coffin of the dead.

XV.

Oh, vain and late are now those sighs
That weep thy early love;
Two days are past and then he dies—
Nought might his grief remove.

XVI.

The shepherds buried him, they say,
In faithful Lucy's grave;
They side by side the lovers lay—
The same flowers o'er them wave.

XVII.

In pairs the constant lovers come,
And votive offerings bring;
They weave new garlands for their tomb,
On each returning spring.

XVIII.

Read, fickle lover, this sad tale,
And e'er it be too late,
When other charms thy truth assail
Think thou of Colin's fate.

(ORIGINAL.)

BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD.

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

Her heart is not with our old hall;
Not with the things of yore;
And yet methinks she must recall
What was so dear before.
She wept to leave the fond roof where
She had been loved so long,
Though glad the peal upon the air,
And gay the bridal throng.

L. E. L.

ON alighting at the entrance hall, Beatrice was received by the courteous Sir George Brereton, with old fashioned state and formality. She had scarcely time to raise her admiring eyes to its magnificent doomed roof, round which ran the galleries leading to the different apartments, ere he hurried her up stairs to the boudoir of Lady Brereton, who, after a rapid survey of her face and person, pressed her in her arms, enquiring kindly for her mother and her sister Mary. At the mention of their names, tears rose to the eyes of Beatrice, which Lady Brereton observing, she said:

"You have never left home before, I presume, but I hope we may reconcile you to your temporary separation from those you love. Allow me to introduce you to my valued young friend, Lady Julia Russel."

Beatrice, for the first time, perceived a lady seated at an embroidery frame, who now coldly bowed to her as she fixed on her a pair of penetrating dark eyes. The poor girl began to wish herself at home again—for there was a stately pride in the manners of Lady Brereton, notwithstanding the attempts she made to be gracious, that chilled her young heart and impressed her with awe. The room in which they were was splendidly furnished, but quite in the massive taste of the olden time, with quaintly carved cabinets, rich jars of oriental china, and marble tables, on which were placed curious boxes, flowers, made in wax, and various ornaments; a few oil paintings adorned the damask walls, among them a fine likeness of Colonel Brereton, which appeared to have been taken some years before. As Beatrice gazed upon this, she mentally said:

"I should have liked him far better than I do now, that he is so awfully like his mother. Would that I were in my dear old oak tree."

Lady Brereton detained her some time, asking many questions, with the evident wish to draw her out, and occasionally looking astonished at the pertinence of her replies, while Lady Julia continued to view her with a supercilious smile. At length she was released, and gladly she followed the servant who

was desired to conduct her to her apartments, where she found every comfort and luxury, and a prospect from the windows of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. Norris soon joined her young lady, and as she assisted her to dress, amused her with all the gossip she had been collecting since her arrival. Beatrice enquired if there were many visitors in the house.

"Only a few gentlemen," she was told, "who had come to enjoy the pleasures of shooting with Colonel Brereton. But Mrs. Crampton tells me," continued Norris, "that there is scarcely a day without a large party at dinner, of ladies as well as gentlemen."

"Has Lady Julia Russel been long here—will she soon go away?" were the next questions asked by Beatrice.

"Oh, no, she is always here, Mrs. Crampton says; she makes herself so very agreeable to my lady that she invites her for months together; they do say that Colonel Brereton has offered his services to her, but no one wishes it, as she is not a favourite amongst the servants, she is so fanciful and gives so much trouble; now do, Miss Beatrice, try and please Lady Brereton, who knows what might come of it."

"The puissant Colonel Brereton might condescend to offer his services to me, probably," replied Beatrice laughing. "I should act the part of my lady admirably, should I not?" And the wild girl walked across the room elevating her head and imitating the voice and manner of Lady Brereton so exactly that Norris laughed aloud; in the same instant Lady Julia's maid entered to ask if she should dress Miss Annesley's hair. A smile was on her lip as she made the inquiry; it was evident she had both seen and heard her; Beatrice deeply blushed, declining her civility, while she turned towards Norris with a look of mock fear, on the door being again closed. Most lovely did she look, when, attired in a robe of white muslin, and without one single ornament amidst her luxuriant tresses, she entered the drawing-room before dinner, where were assembled a large party. Many admiring glances were turned upon her, and many whispered remarks made as she advanced towards Colonel Brereton, who had hastily stepped forward to meet her. She slightly drew herself up to receive his salutation, while he smiled, and taking her hand, addressed her formally, as Miss Annesley, conducting her at the same time to a seat next to his mother, who received her with more than her accustomed stiffness.

"This must surely be the Fairy Palace, that

transforms every one into stone, who enters it," thought Beatrice, stealing a look at him; "if they think to metamorphose me, they will find themselves mistaken."

Lady Julia had watched with a keen eye the meeting between Colonel Brereton, and our heroine, and seemed fully satisfied with its coldness, until he lingered by her side talking, when she became evidently restless and uneasy, calling his attention to a book of prints which had been sent that morning to the Abbey, and dinner being announced at the moment he approached her, he could not avoid offering her his arm to take her down, while Beatrice fell to the care of Lord Charles Clapperton, a gay, frivolous young man, who had begged to be introduced to her, and who was the last Colonel Brereton could have wished to see placed next to her, as he knew that he would encourage her in all those sportive sallies, which he desired should be kept in check before Lady Brereton, until she became better acquainted with her, and his eyes were anxiously turned upon her, each time that her laugh was heard at the satirical, and lively remarks made by her companion, who spared no one present.

"You at least have escaped the chilling influence of this sombre place," said Beatrice. "I had begun to fear the fairy's wand had touched you all."

"Even stone must melt before the power of so much beauty," replied Lord Charles, bowing:

"Pray try its magical effect on Sir George's wig which looks as if it had come fresh from the hands of the sculptor."

Beatrice turned in the direction, and as she marked the stiff flaxen curls that adorned the head of the good old man, she could not restrain her mirth.

"Hush," said Lord Charles: "are you intimate with Colonel Brereton?"

"Rather so," returned Beatrice, blushing; "why do you ask?"

"Because he appears disposed to give you a good scolding whenever he gets you in private; dare you encounter his eyes?"

Beatrice involuntarily looked towards him as this was said, when she met his fixed stern gaze rivetted upon herself, which, however, instantly softened into saddened expression that touched her with shame and regret. She knew the affectionate son he was, and that to witness her ridicule of his aged father must pain him, and her eyes fell beneath his, while she maintained a profound silence, until she withdrew with the ladies, notwithstanding the provoking remarks made by Lord Charles, who whispered:

"I see that you fear him. I had given you credit for more spirit; yet perhaps he is a favourite,—if so I beg your pardon."

"Beatrice gladly returned to the drawing-room, for she felt wearied with the state and form of the tedious banquet, which but for the gaiety of Lord Charles would have passed still more heavily. She

sat down at a table to amuse herself with some prints, while Lady Julia, running over to Lady Brereton, cast herself on her knees before her, calling her 'cara madre,' and many other endearing terms, all of which were received with apparent pleasure, and reciprocal feelings of affection by her ladyship, who, as she stroked her face, turned to Beatrice, asking her why she wore such a profusion of long ringlets."

"Why should I not?" enquired our heroine, surprised.

"Because this is the fashionable head now," observed Lady Brereton, alluding to Lady Julia's, who smiled superciliously.

"Is it, then, I think it very ugly," retorted Beatrice coolly, and again turning to the prints.

"My young friend, you should not give your opinions so freely," said Lady Brereton with gravity; "it is as dangerous as the gifts of mimicry and ridicule, which will only make you enemies."

Beatrice felt her cheeks glow at these words, and a slight palpitation at the heart, they were so pointedly spoken; yet she made no answer, and the conversation then turning upon things and people to whom she was a stranger, she seemed to be entirely forgotten. Music was proposed on the re-entrance of the gentlemen, but she took no part in anything passing round her, nor heeded their presence, for that sense of loneliness had crept over her which must ever be experienced on leaving home for the first time, and finding ourselves amongst those who care not for us. The sounds of Lady Julia's harp at length roused her, when raising her head she perceived Colonel Brereton standing near, and intently surveying her.

"Your gaiety seems vanished, Miss Annesley," he said, drawing near. "Shall I summon Lord Charles to restore it?"

"No! I hate strangers," replied Beatrice pettishly; "and here I see none else."

"Then your hate is extended to all present; am I to think so?"

Beatrice was silent:

"I hope you do not repent having indulged us by coming to the Abbey?" continued Colonel Brereton.

"Indulged," replied Beatrice, looking up in his face astonished; "who have I indulged by coming?"

"Not yourself, I fear, if I may judge by your words and manner."

"Is there no pain attached to leaving all we love—to hearing no kindly voice—to seeing none near who can sympathize in our feelings?" asked Beatrice; her large blue eyes filling with tears.

"You cannot make that case your own surely," said Colonel Brereton, now sitting down by her.

"Indeed, then I do; even you treat me as if we had never met before."

"How so?"

"By calling me Miss Annesley! I am not Miss Annesley, returned Beatrice very petulantly.

"Why, did you not quarrel with me for addressing you too familiarly at the park," said Colonel Brereton, surprised, yet amused; "how am I to please you?"

"I should not quarrel with you for doing so here, it would remind me of home."

"Then Beatrice it shall be: dear Beatrice, if you will," and he laid his hand on hers, as it rested on the table. Beatrice smiled through her tears, and from that moment an interest for her arose in the breast of Colonel Brereton, which never afterwards lessened. Lady Julia Russel now approached them, asking Beatrice if she could sing or play.

"I can do both, but not tonight," was her reply.

"I cannot take that answer back to Lady Brereton, who wishes to hear you," returned Lady Julia. "I live but to obey and please her," and she cast a languishing glance on Colonel Brereton, whose countenance had resumed its wonted cold gravity. "Come," persisted Lady Julia, "we do not expect a proficient, yet I have no doubt you sing very nicely; your sister Miss Annesley used not to be afraid of us."

"She had no cause; my sister Mary sings beautifully," returned Beatrice warmly.

"I think I have heard another voice as sweet," observed Colonel Brereton; "you have not forgotten the fairies' song, I hope; you will sing that to oblige my mother, will you not Beatrice?" She instantly gave her hand to him to lead her to the instrument. Lady Julia following them with an expression on her face of jealous astonishment, and deep-felt hatred and anger, the song was performed with simplicity, and united with so much melody that it called forth unanimous applause. The moment she had concluded it, Beatrice hastened away, like a child thankful that her task was completed. Lady Brereton then called her towards her, saying:

"Thank you, my love; you have taken us by surprise. I was not prepared to hear any thing so beautiful. Sir George, that pleases even you, I hope?"

"It does indeed," replied the amiable old man, patting Beatrice on the head; you are a good child and must promise to let me hear you sing every night." Colonel Brereton smiled, and looked evidently pleased, then drawing her arm within his, he conducted her to a couch, where they continued conversing together for a considerable time, while Lady Julia watched them with envious eyes; she could not be blind to the extreme beauty of our young heroine, whose countenance, now all smiles and animation, appeared the index of a mind pure and innocent as it was fair. She beheld the admiring, even tender gaze of Colonel Brereton, fixed upon it, and

her heart throbbed with agony—for she felt that in Beatrice she had a rival too powerful to be resisted.

"But she has violent passions, I am told," mentally said Lady Julia, "consequently she will not always appear to the advantage she now does. My affectionate attentions to his mother must gratify him, nor will I cease to pay them so long as I have hope."

"Lady Julia Russel was one of the six portionless daughters of the Earl of Morton, a most dissipated, bad man, who neglected every duty that he might devote himself to his lawless pleasures. Equally unfortunate in her mother, who had proved faithless to her lord, what could be expected from one reared in such a school; a few showy accomplishments were only hers, while her mind, being suffered to lie waste, became the receptacle of every nauseous weed; *what she was*, and what she *seemed*, how mournfully opposite. Lady Brereton pitied her, knowing that her home was an unhappy one, and had learnt to love her from her sedulous attentions to herself, ignorant of their real motive; she therefore made her a constant and a welcome guest at the Abbey, which opportunities Lady Julia endeavoured to improve by throwing out every lure she conceived likely to attract Colonel Brereton. Had she known him better, she might have spared herself the trouble, for a complete man of the world, he saw at once through her arts, and secretly despised them, though, from politeness, as a guest in his father's house, he paid her every due attention; to weaken the influence which he regretted to see she had acquired over his mother, he had urged the latter to invite Beatrice to Norwood, in the hope that her engaging simplicity might attach her, while the wholesome restraint it would prove to the volatile girl herself, might correct the faults engendered by a false indulgence. On separating for the night he whispered to her:

"You do not feel so forlorn and friendless now, sweet Beatrice, I hope?"

"Oh no, that shadow has passed," she replied, smiling:

"But another, and another may come, and what then?"

"I will come to you, and you shall chase them away."

"Agreed—here is my hand, will you take it; there is a dear girl; now all our differences are settled, God bless you."

Beatrice soon became an object of great attraction to the numerous visitors who frequented the Abbey, there was a freshness of feeling, and a nameless charm, about her romantic and enthusiastic character, which united to her beauty, gained for her the admiration of all those who look not beyond the surface of things; they beheld her as they would a lovely flower, caring not whether it had sprung from the

rock and possessed no enduring life, or whether sown in the good ground, it had taken root, and would produce unfading blossoms for Paradise. Such thoughts never crossed them; fair to look upon was enough, in their estimation, and Beatrice was this in perfection. Lady Brereton, in a short time discovered her quick and susceptible temperament, nor did she scruple to chide her as she would have done a daughter of her own, frequently holding up Lady Julia as a model for her imitation, which never failed to call forth the impatience of our heroine, who conceived a violent prejudice against that young lady, in consequence—this, instead of retaliating, Lady Julia strove to remove by a winning softness of manner, and by many little acts of kindness that could not fail to disarm the warm-hearted guileless Beatrice. Discovering her taste for poetry and works of fiction, she offered to lend her books, with a caution to read them only when alone, as Lady Brereton disapproved of novels for young people; these were a great treat to Beatrice, who, while under the tuition of Mr. Mortimer, and of her sister Mary, had rarely met with such productions, except the most approved, and she carried them in triumph to her room. The pursuits and avocations of Colonel Brereton took him much from home, yet notwithstanding, he contrived to devote a considerable portion of his time to the interesting girl, who, after a few weeks intimate association, had learnt to apply to him on all occasions for advice, or to complain when others vexed or annoyed her, and it was strange to mark how entirely he could throw off that cold reserve and repelling manner habitual to him whenever he addressed her, or listened to her lively, playful conversation; he perceived that she felt not quite at ease in the society of the stately Lady Brereton, and this made him the more assiduous in his attentions, to reconcile her to her separation from her fond and tender mother. There were gay parties almost daily at the Abbey, and many to rival him in his efforts to please, but in no one did she appear to take the same interest, or to feel the regard she evinced for him, nor did she conceal her preference, which at times amused him, when he contrasted it with her early prejudice, while it increased his affection for her, in spite of her many faults; her sudden ebullitions of temper, her determined self will which she never had the art to conceal. Lady Brereton could not forbear feeling astonishment that her son, who had hitherto been unscathed by any tender passion, should thus suddenly have become enamoured of one so unsophisticated and childish as Beatrice, beautiful though she certainly was; but she was too well aware of his determined character to offer him any advice upon the subject, and while she secretly mourned, she trusted that his eyes would become opened in time to see his folly ere he made any declaration of his attachment to its object, Lady Julia took every opportunity to pro-

voke the faults of Beatrice into notice before her, in order to strengthen the prejudices which she delighted to see Lady Brereton had conceived against the thoughtless girl, who but too often gave her occasion to censure her severely. From the warm hearted Sir George Brereton she experienced the utmost kindness and even affection, for while her gay and sportive disposition amused and cheered the old man, her pleasing attentions in bringing him flowers, of which he was particularly fond, when illness confined him to the house, taught him to love her as his own. Things were in this train when one morning, as Colonel Brereton was returning through the grounds of the Abbey to give some orders to Antonio, which he had forgotten on going out, and passing near the flower garden where Beatrice usually spent hours daily, he entered it and discovered her reclining on a mossy bank, overshadowed by the graceful Libernum, whose golden blossoms nearly swept the ground. On drawing nearer he perceived that she was in a deep sleep, evidently wearied by her labours; he paused to gaze upon her for an instant, when a small volume on which her cheek was resting attracted his attention; curiosity tempted him to remove it very gently, and opening it he found that it was a French novel of a decidedly immoral tendency; he started and bit his lip, then turning to the title page, read the name of Julia Russel.

“Dangerous woman,” he muttered, while his countenance grew dark as night; “how dare you strive to contaminate this innocent child?” he reflected a moment whether to awaken Beatrice and question her or not, when the thought struck him, to replace the book by another which he happened to have with him; he then stole away and proceeded immediately to the boudoir of Lady Brereton, where he found Lady Julia as usual at her embroidery frame. Colonel Brereton naturally possessed very violent passions, but education and high polish had taught him the necessity to keep these in check, though in the pale cheek and kindling eye might be discovered the internal storm. He walked up to Lady Julia, and presenting the book, calmly said:

“You will oblige me, Lady Julia, by not interfering in the studies of Beatrice; this work is scarcely one that any woman ought to peruse, much less a young girl whose mind is so totally unformed.”

Lady Julia received the book, while her cheek crimsoned.

“Dear me, I am surprised how she obtained it,” was her reply; “it is one I preserve as it belonged to my mother—but I never would have allowed Miss Annesley to read it, had I been aware that she had taken it from my room.”

“You did not then lend it to her?” enquired Colonel Brereton, with a searching look, under which Lady Julia quailed:

“I did not, Colonel Brereton—you may ask her—

self," she returned, agitated and confused as she rose, and at the same time quitted the room in tears.

"Claude, you spoke too harshly to that sweet young woman," observed Lady Brereton; "you perceive she has not been to blame."

"I cannot determine that until I question Beatrice," returned Colonel Brereton; "in my own opinion she stands condemned, and I am only surprised that one possessing your discernment, should suffer yourself to be deceived in a character, as you certainly are in Lady Julia's."

"My son, you are unjust to a being the most amiable and gentle—you are prejudiced against her on account of the crime of her mother; surely that is wrong?"

"I confess I can feel no confidence in one who has received her earliest impressions from a faithless wife, and I would not make her mine had she for her dowry the treasures of Golconda."

"I trust you may never find cause to repent your stern judgment, Claude, or your preference for a self-willed, passionate girl," said Lady Brereton, with some heat.

"That is my affair," rejoined Colonel Brereton, picqued at the remark; then instantly changing the subject he enquired at what hour his mother wished to drive, and withdrew.

In the meantime Beatrice had awakened, and starting up looked for her book, to proceed in the story, when on opening it her eyes rested on these words:

"Child of delusion, why turn ye aside from the happy paths where the Angel of the Lord tarry round about to guard thee from all dangers. Why follow after pleasures which tarry sin and misery in their train, and will lead thee unto death eternal behold the mariner steering for the desired haven; will he pause on his way and purposely wander from the right track, to seek the uncertain and glittering objects which may dazzle him on the moonlight-sea. Oh, no! Will he not use every appointed means to keep in the safe course—be grateful for the beacon light which warns him from the rocks, and cease not day nor night, his watchings and his labours until he reaches the port in safety. Why not imitate His wisdom, young Christian—take the Bible as thy guide, Christ crucified as thy light, and prayer as thy strength—depart not from these as thou hopest to attain those joys which eye hath not seen or heart conceived, but which are reserved for all who trust in Him alone for salvation, and exemplify that trust in their good works."

Beatrice was powerfully struck by this simple admonition, and still more astonished on finding the name of Mary Annesley written in the title page. She gazed on it for a few moments in silence, wondering how it could have come there, then burst into a flood of tears, as she remembered the precepts of that dear and valued sister, and how little she had

attended to them since her sojourn at Norwood—how she had suffered the slightest excuse to keep her from the house of God—how she had pursued a course of light and frivolous reading at those hours, which at home had been consecrated to the study of the sacred volume—indeed, how completely pleasure had usurped the place of duty. Even the last kind and affectionate letter of Mary, she had suffered to lie unanswered in her desk, and bitterly did she reproach herself, for, when once she are awakened to our faults, no censor so severely condemns us as our conscience, whose whisperings are as scorpions lacerating our bosoms. Her reflections were interrupted by Lady Julia, who came to accuse her of a breach of promise, in allowing her books to be seen.

"You know I did not give you the one Colonel Brereton saw you reading; I merely left it with others on my table—I beg, therefore, when you are asked the question you will say so?"

"Colonel Brereton—has he been here?" returned Beatrice, surprised; "then it must have been he who exchanged the books; I have been sleeping, I believe, for I did not see him—yet of what consequence can it be—is there any harm in the story, for I had only just commenced it."

"I am not aware that there is, but you know he is extremely particular and fastidious, and I assure you expressed himself so severely that I quite tremble; but he is a horrid tyrant, that every one knows."

"Oh, surely you are mistaken; to me he appears all kindness."

"Yes, none know better how to assume the appearance of amiable qualities; but I believe, those who have been under his command would give him a very different character."

"Your opinion astonishes me, Lady Julia," returned Beatrice. "I assure you when I first came to Norwood, I fancied he was an especial favourite of yours."

"Of mine," repeated Lady Julia, laughing affectingly and colouring. "Oh dear, no, his attentions at one time, were, I confess, sedulous; but as they me no encouragement he has happily ceased them to confer them upon you, for he has always been famed for having a reigning favourite. Poor little Beatrice, I pity you, since he is as fickle as the shadows which one moment darken all things around us, then suddenly withdraw and permit the glad sun to shine forth again—preserve me ail ye good angels from one like unto him, I fervently beseech."

With these words she retired, smiling at the effect they had visibly made on the artless Beatrice, who stood transfixed to the spot for several minutes, after her departure, musing on them; then starting, while an angry frown clouded her brow she dashed down the small spade she held in her hand, and fled from the spot like lightning.

During the remainder of the day she purposely avoided Colonel Brereton. It was usual for her to

sit next him at dinner, but when he would have approached to lead her down this evening, she abruptly turned away and accepted the arm of another with whom she conversed and laughed the whole time, though it was apparent to those who knew her well that her mirth was constrained and unnatural. Lady Julia noticed this with internal satisfaction, which, however, was changed for chagrin, when in the course of the evening she perceived Colonel Brereton draw near her as she sat moodily at one of the open windows, and enter into a deep and earnest conversation with her. She marked the agitation of Beatrice—the tears in her eyes as it proceeded, and the absorbing interest he appeared to take in all that was saying; the rapid changes in his countenance from displeasure to the most tender expression. At length he led her into the next room where they remained for some time alone, when they returned, Lady Julia saw at a glance, from the confidential manner in which Beatrice hung upon his arm, and her bright and happy face, that all her own hopes were forever blasted, and she determined to lose no more time by remaining at Norwood Abbey, but to proceed to her father's house, in Northamptonshire, immediately.

On the morning following, Colonel Brereton formally announced his intended marriage to Beatrice, to both his parents. Lady Brereton having for many weeks anticipated this result, expressed no surprise—disappointment and regret, she certainly felt, as she had aspired to a far higher alliance for her only son, of whom she was so justly proud; but she wisely refrained from giving utterance to her thoughts, as she stooped to kiss the beautiful girl now kneeling before her, and who was embraced by Sir George with all the affection of a father. This proved indeed, a day of happiness to Beatrice; she wrote hurried letters to her mother and to Mary, telling them the glad tidings, and received the congratulations of the faithful Norris, with all the gay and sportive glee of a child who has just obtained a new toy, saying, as she danced and skipped about the room:

“Will it not be charming, Norris, to become a married woman, and be called ma'am—and my lady—to go where I like—spend as much money as I like—and to dress as I like—and then the trousseau that I shall have—and the jewels. Oh! I would not be an old maid for the whole world?”

“Well to be sure, you are a strange girl,” replied Norris; “no one, to hear you talk, would take you to be the sister of Miss Mary—time will tell us which of you is right, I suppose. I am rejoiced you have triumphed over that artful Lady Julia, who has been as cross and snappish to her woman ever since she heard that Colonel Brereton had offered his services to you, as any old maid need to be, who had lost her last chance. I do hope, Miss Beatrice, you may experience all the happiness you expect—the colonel is a noble looking gentleman, it is true—but

that is not enough; handsome is as handsome does; they say he can be a terrible Turk if he likes—Antonio is mortal afraid of him, but you have spirit enough to —.”

“To box his ears if he ever annoys me,” interrupted Beatrice, laughing. “Now help me to dress, good Norris, for it is getting late and there is a party expected this evening.”

Previous to the proposals made by Colonel Brereton to our youthful heroine, it had been settled that she should return to Annesley Park on the following week; but the total change in the tide of her destiny altered also this arrangement, and at the request of Colonel Brereton her parents consented to her remaining at the Abbey until the Christmas season. The happiness Mrs. Annesley expressed at the splendid prospects which had opened before her beloved child, were quite in accordance with her worldly character. In her reply to the letter of Beatrice, she dwelt on the many advantages she would acquire by her union with Colonel Brereton, whose birth, talents and promised wealth, would place her in the first society—which her beauty and accomplishments so qualified her to adorn. She felt very anxious that she should be presented at court as soon after her marriage as possible, and descanted long upon the different merits of mechin or blonde lace as the trimming of her bridal dress—leaving this important point to be decided by Beatrice. How different were the contents of Mary's letter, which breathed in every line the piety and true affection she felt. Beatrice had confided to this valued sister the state of her feelings and their depth, far more openly than she had done to her mother; and Mary, while she warmly sympathised, yet warned her against allowing them to possess undue influence over her, else, she wrote, would they lessen her love for God, who, if she desired to be happy, ought to fill the first place in her heart. She reminded her of the solemn and responsible duties she was about to engage in, and how necessary it would be to learn forbearance. She commended her, in fervent prayer, to her Heavenly Father, through whose divine grace she would receive strength to act faithfully in the sphere he had chosen for her, concluding with the words from Scripture: “that from those to whom much was given, much would be required.”

Beatrice, with her accustomed child-like confidence, shewed both her letters to Colonel Brereton; on reading the one from Mrs. Annesley, he smiled contemptuously but made no comment. Mary's seemed to afford him satisfaction, for, on returning it, he said:

“Good would it have been for us both, my Beatrice, had your mother been to you all that Mary is; I would you were more like her?”

“If you admire her the most, why have you chosen me,” asked Beatrice, annoyed at the remark, while her eyes instantly filled with tears.

"That is a question which shall receive no answer," replied Colonel Brereton, smiling. "My heart I will bare to no one."

"Not to me, dear Claude," returned Beatrice, coaxingly, as she knelt down by his side at the table on which were scattered the papers he appeared to be examining.

"No, not to you, loved one," he replied, laying his hand on her beautiful head and gazing tenderly in her face.

"Answer me only this one question. Am I the first you ever loved—or was Lady Julia right—oh, I hope not, for I could not bear to think that you had ever cared for another."

Colonel Brereton laughed.

"Be satisfied that you are the only one I ever desired to make mine indissolubly," he said, pressing his lips on her cheek; "now go, dear, for I am particularly engaged at this moment for my father; I will be ready to ride out with you at four o'clock."

Beatrice kissed her hand to him as she lightly tripped away, while he, after following her with his eyes until the door closed, returned to the examination of the papers which soon absorbed his whole attention.

Many more weeks fled rapidly away, until summer had fled, and the sear and yellow leaves, driven by the blast from their branches, lay scattered on the ground. Yet while nature mourned over the decay, and the scene without looked dreary and desolate, within the abbey reigned hilarity, pleasure, magnificence, and all that was bright and beautiful, defying, as it were, the storms of fate, or the darkening clouds of misfortune to draw nigh. Lady Julia Russel had long since taken her departure. The farewell scene between her and Lady Brereton had been full of affected sentiment on her part, and on that of her more sincere friend, of real regret. On embracing her, she said: "Farewell, my dear Julia, I shall mourn you as a daughter lost to me. Alas! had my wishes been consulted, this would have been your home for ever. But Claude, in the choice he has made, has gratified his eye, and, in doing so, has, I fear, bartered his happiness. That I may prove mistaken, is my earnest prayer."

Lady Julia smiled malevolently, and while she secretly indulged a contrary wish, she replied:

"Warmly do I re-echo your maternal hope, dearest Lady Brereton, while I tremble for its accomplishment:

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn;"

and, heaven knows, that with a wilful creature such as Beatrice, your son will not find many roses; but, 'addio cara madre,' for by that tender title I must ever call one from whom I have experienced the kindness you have always shewn to your devoted Julia, even though the dear right to it cannot be mine."

When once she was gone, however, Lady Brereton was surprised to discover many fine traits in the character of Beatrice, which she had entirely overlooked while in the daily hearing of her faults from Lady Julia, who magnified them with the asperity of a jealous envious woman. It was true that our heroine was passionate and self-willed, yet had she a kind, warm heart, which prompted her to perform numerous acts of charity, sometimes injudiciously perhaps, yet still to be admired. She was affectionately attentive to Sir George, who was a constant sufferer from gout; placing his footstool, where she knew he liked it, or running, with the fleetness of a deer, for a book or a paper that he had inquired for. This had gained for her his entire affection; and few things vexed him more than to hear her taken to task for some childish, thoughtless act. Colonel Brereton noticed the favourable change in his mother's opinion with infinite satisfaction, for he was strongly attached to her, whose fondest hopes he knew had been garnered up in him since his childhood, and this reflection had made him lament the more her prejudice against the choice his heart had made. Unhappily, however, her naturally austere and distant manners produced so chilling an effect on the volatile Beatrice, that she always felt uneasy in her society, while the lengthened admonitions, and weariful lessons on patience and obedience, which she thought it right to inculcate, tasked those admirable qualities far beyond the measure possessed by this spoiled child, with whom it was alternately clouds and sunshine—weeping or laughing.

It was the custom of Lady Brereton to give a grand ball annually at the abbey to the whole neighbourhood, and the period having arrived for this festivity, the most magnificent preparations were being made, by persons engaged from London for the purpose. It may be imagined with what delight Beatrice had hailed the near approach of a night which gave promise of so much pleasure. Mrs. Annesley had sent her a new dress for the occasion, and this she had tried on daily ever since its arrival. At length, with a fluttering and joyous heart, she beheld herself attired in it for the ball, a coronet of white roses adorning her head. Certainly, on her entrance into the brilliant suite of rooms, a more beautiful object could not have been conceived than herself. Those who had never seen her before actually started, while Colonel Brereton received her at the door, with a smile of pleased admiration on perceiving the effect she made. It was a proud moment for Beatrice, who, as she gazed around, almost dazzled by the blaze of light which burst upon her, could have fancied herself transported to some faery palace, and he on whose arm she hung, the prince of the enchanted place. "Surely this is happiness," she mentally said; "and yet how often has Mary assured me that she flies such scenes, making her

abode only in the calm and tranquil homes, where religion reigns; but then Mary is so very serious."

The rooms were filling fast—and many lovely girls were amongst the guests, whose bright, merry countenances seemed in unison with the thoughts of Beatrice. The instant the band commenced playing she was led forward by Colonel Brereton to join the waltz, when all eyes became rivetted upon her; so exquisitely graceful was her performance—when it ceased he hurried her into a deep recess, whose windows were filled with fragrant plants, and said to her, in a low voice:

"Beatrice, dear, I have one request to make which you will oblige me by acceding to—do not waltz with any one but myself, and do not dance at all with Lord Stepney—should he ask you, tell him you are engaged, and then come to me—that is he leaning against the orchestra."

Beatrice turned her eyes in the direction and encountered the fixed gaze of a stranger, on whose once handsome face might be traced the fearful effects of a dissipated life in the pale and sunken cheek which gave to his appearance years twice the number he had seen. She blushed as she marked the notice he bestowed upon her, and enquired the reason of Colonel Brereton's prohibition.

"That I cannot give you, Beatrice," he replied; "my wish is a sufficient one, I am sure for you."

"I don't know that," she returned, smiling; but the affectionate manner in which she laid her hand in his as she said this, contradicted her words—he pressed it warmly, when again they mingled in the gay dance. There were so many friends present, to whom Colonel Brereton wished to pay attention that he felt he could not with propriety, allow Beatrice to engross him, however much he might have wished it—yet he lingered near her till another led her from him, when he sought out a young lady as his partner for the set which had just begun to form. Now amongst the defects in the disposition of Beatrice, the passion of jealousy reigned despotically; as yet it had scarcely been called into notice, save for trivial childish causes; but the time was arriving when it was to acquire a strength more fearful, more dangerous. Indulged as she had been, and the first thought of, and cared for at home, she could not bear to see any notice or attention given to another, which she conceived to be her right alone. Her love for Colonel Brereton, was strongly tinged with this selfishness—no one, she thought, ought to share his admiration with her—his eyes must be closed to their perfections, their amiable qualities, and open only to hers. She never made the reflection that in making her his choice in preference to all who he had ever seen, he had paid her the highest compliment man can pay to woman. This was not enough—she must be his exclusive thought—none else must dare obtrude themselves on his notice, and if they seemed to admire or like him, they instantly became objects

of her extreme hate. How much of earth was mixed with her affection—how little of that love enjoined by God.

On perceiving Colonel Brereton, when the dance had ended, conduct his partner, (who was a beautiful girl), to a couch, sit down by her, and enter into a lively conversation with her, she began to feel restless and uneasy, heeding not the remarks made by her companion, who at length, tired with the effort to amuse her, became silent. After watching them awhile, she turned to him, with the inquiry of—

"Who is that young lady Colonel Brereton is talking to?"

"She is the honourable Miss Gaveston, and a great heiress; highly accomplished and extremely amiable," was the reply.

"I do not think her handsome," returned Beatrice, biting her lip, impatiently.

"Do you not, indeed? she is considered so, I assure you. Mark what a sweet expression there is in her countenance; so mild, so feminine."

Beatrice did look, when she perceived the dark eyes of Miss Gaveston raised to those of Colonel Brereton, who appeared to be listening to her with interest and attention.

"She seems horridly affected," said Beatrice, pulling a beautiful bouquet which she held in her hand to pieces.

Her companion smiled, but made no answer. At the same moment the lively Lord Charles Clapperton approached her, accompanied by Lord Stepney, who, he said, had requested an introduction.

"Now comes my time to punish him," thought Beatrice. "He shall see that I can flirt as well as another."

"If Miss Annesley is permitted to waltz, will she favour me with her hand?" inquired his lordship, laying a stress upon the word.

"Permitted?" repeated Beatrice, forcing a smile, while anger rankled at her heart. "Who is to prevent me?"

"I beg pardon," returned Lord Charles; "but I told my friend that you were under martial law, and must obtain leave. Was I incorrect?"

Beatrice involuntarily glanced towards Colonel Brereton, who was regarding her attentively, while a frown contracted his brow. "Ha, ha! he is annoyed; I am glad of that," again thought Beatrice, who, giving her hand to Lord Stepney, said aloud:

"I own no law but my own will, therefore I shall be happy to waltz with you."

"That is right. I am glad to see you have the spirit to resist foolish prejudices," replied Lord Charles, smiling as Lord Stepney, casting on him a look full of meaning, drew her arm within his.

On seeing this, Colonel Brereton was at her side in an instant.

"Beatrice, can you have forgotten your engagement to me," he enquired, in a voice which ex-

pressed feelings, he would have wished concealed.

"I thought you had forgotten it, therefore I wished not to remind you of it. Miss Gaveston, no doubt will take pity on you." This was said with bitterness, as she walked away with Lord Stepney, who, enjoyed the passion which he saw raging in the breast of Colonel Brereton, but which, by a powerful effort, he mastered, though it was madness to witness, the freedom of the young and libertine nobleman, as he ran his eyes over the person of the lovely girl, and encircled her waist with his arm, to bear her round the room in the gay gallopade. "Villain, you shall answer for this another time," he muttered, ere he moved away from the scene with rapid steps.

There must have been something in the manners or conversation of Lord Stepney offensive to Beatrice, for she soon pleaded fatigue, and withdrew from the circle; he would have conducted her into the picture gallery, which had been thrown open for the night, and where several young persons who prefer quiet corners, had congregated; but this she opposed, looking eagerly round, her for Colonel Brereton, whom she could no where see, and whose request she now regretted having slighted. Her anxious countenance revealed a mind ill at ease, while the thought crossed her that a ball was not so full of happiness as she had imagined, and, gladly she turned from her obtrusive partner to join some of her youthful friends, who were amusing themselves in a group, by quizzing the various persons passing before them—and, indeed, in many cases little blame could be attached to them for so doing, for is it not a melancholy sight to witness in scenes like this—the wrinkled cheek of age disfigured by rouge, the palsied head shaking under the glittering diamonds, the bared and shrivelled bosom over which the gauze of lace is so lightly thrown, and to reflect that but a step lies between such objects and the grave! Oh, how beautiful in contrast to these, are the grey hairs and appropriate attire of the venerable pilgrim, on whose serene and calm countenance, (deeply lined, though it is), may be traced, those holy thoughts which exclude the world and its gay follies, as unworthy and inconsistent with the higher, nobler aims of an immortal soul, for whose redemption a Saviour died; the thoughtlessness of youth we regret, but not without hope of their repentance and amendment, but the forgetfulness of age to prepare for eternity, how mournful?

Lord Stepney now walked over to his friend, Lord Charles Clapperton, evidently surprised at the rebuke he had received from so young a girl as Beatrice, and at the disgust with which he had inspired her, for he said:

"By heavens, Charles, that is the veriest little shrew I ever met; did you see her indignant toss of the head, and the curl on her lip, as she turned from me just now? She has the face of an angel, but the spirit of a d—l, or I am much mistaken. I say, old

fellow, she would look well in my phaeton though, wouldn't she?"

"Hush, there is Brereton entering, you had better not let him hear you talking treason," replied Lord Charles. "He did not appear over pleased to see you carry off his lady love in such gallant style; he has not forgotten the story of poor Fanny Belson, I imagine."

"Pshaw, what was that to him, unless I was his rival; might not fifty other spectres in white pass in array before me like the ghosts in Macbeth, and cry Stepney, Stepney, thou false and perfidious man?"

"Come, come, you are too bad, and will contaminate me; let us go into the next room, I wish to speak to Miss Gaveston," said Lord Charles, laughing.

"Any where you please; this is a devilish stupid affair, pon honour. I never would have came here, but for Lady Westerham; I think I shall soon steal away."

"Indeed I would advise you," returned Lord Charles, for Brereton looks very much inclined to throw down the gauntlet."

"And what if he does, I am not the one to be tardy in lifting it up, hey, Master Charles."

"I crave your pardon! no! At the same time I have no inclination to leave my warm comfortable bed, to attend you to some crackskull common, I assure you, so come along this way."

At a late hour the supper was announced, when Beatrice hoped that Colonel Brereton would have come to take her down, but instead of this he gave his arm to Miss Gaveston, who was smiling most bewitchingly in his face. Beatrice could have cried with vexation, as she muttered:

"Horrid creature, how I hate her with my whole heart."

The scene of splendour she entered, attended by Lord Charles, possessed no charms for her. The supper room was fitted up in the style of a magnificent tent, with ottomans and couches placed round it—quite a grove of orange trees, carried in for the night, adorned the sides, while innumerable lamps hung from the roof—the table spread with every luxury, presented a beautiful appearance; but Beatrice turned away from it with indifference. She tried to laugh at the gay nothings spoken by Lord Charles, but her mirth was feigned, for again had Colonel Brereton disappeared, while Miss Gaveston was now talking to another; in the same moment she beheld Antonio, the page, go up to Lord Stepney and address him, when he immediately left the room. New fears assailed her, for the angry glances that Colonel Brereton had cast upon his lordship during the latter part of the evening had not escaped her notice, and she dreaded that a quarrel with all its direful consequences might arise between them. Poor Beatrice, how full of bitterness were her reflections, yet what to do she knew

not. She continued to watch the door in feverish anxiety, until at length her agony was happily removed by the re-entrance of him she desired to see. She uttered an ejaculation of thankfulness, while the long drawn sigh that escaped her, expressed the relief his presence afforded her; she looked in his face, which wore its usually serious and stern expression, but she could not define his thoughts, as he stood with folded arms gazing proudly around him. Once when he was addressed by a gentleman standing behind him, he turned and smiled, but like a sunbeam over the dark and troubled waters it quickly faded away.

On leaving the room she purposely drew near him, in the hope he would have spoken to her, but he allowed her to pass without appearing to see her. Her pride now took the alarm, and tossing back her long ringlets in disdain, she mentally said, while tears rushed to her eyes:

"I could box his ears—that I could. I will never speak to him again, I am determined."

On returning to the ball room she found only a few young people collected, and all in the highest spirits; they rallied her upon her grave looks:

"Why, I vow Colonel Brereton has quite changed you from the merry creature you used to be," remarked one; "indeed I am not surprised, for he is awfully austere; are you not afraid of him? No—you say—I doubt that. Come and let us have a race in the picture gallery before Lady Brereton returns—I always think of Colonel Brereton in petticoats, when I see her draw herself up, and fix her large dark eyes upon me."

The playful cheerfulness of her companions, soon infected the versatile Beatrice, who consented to join them in their sport, and she was laughing most merrily, vaulting over the chairs, and chasing them round the room, when Lady Brereton, accompanied by several of the eiders made their appearance. The whole party stood still, while Beatrice hung her head abashed, though a smile lurked on her beautiful lip.

"Upon my word, young ladies," said Lady Brereton, "it is time that your chaperons should return to you. Beatrice could you not have found a more feminine amusement—I am really surprised and shocked."

"It was all our fault, Lady Brereton," said a good-natured girl, stepping forward; "we proposed the romping party."

"I wish you had called me to join you in it," observed Lord Charles, much amused; "it was scarcely fair to monopolise the fun all to yourselves."

"Colonel Brereton, will you have the goodness to order the band to reappear?" rejoined Lady Brereton, with increased dignity and hauteur.

"Come, come, I will not have my little Beatrice vexed," said the good-natured Sir George, who, a spectator of the scene, pitied the increased confu-

sion of our heroine. He drew her arm within his as he spoke, adding: "I remember the day when I would have vaulted over the chairs with her myself; ay, you may laugh, saucy one, but Lady Brereton recollects no doubt, the time when we both ——"

"Sir George, Sir George," interrupted her ladyship, "such reminiscences are out of place; Lady Culverton, shall I show you the portrait I was mentioning to you."

This attracted Sir George, who, delighting in nothing so much as to display his pictures, of which he had a very valuable collection, hurriedly placed the hand of Beatrice in Colonel Brereton's, saying, as he did so:

"There, there, if I cannot run after you, I leave you with one who can," and then followed the stately steps of his lady.

Colonel Brereton made no attempt to move, neither did he relinquish the hand thus forced upon him. Beatrice felt inclined to withdraw it, but some secret power prevented her; she would have given worlds to raise her eyes to his, but she could not. Just then Antonio approached his master, and said:

"Major Boileau wishes to speak a few words with you, sir; he waits in the lobby."

"Is he there, tell him I am coming to him instantly," was the quick reply, and hastily leaving Beatrice standing alone, he followed the page from the room.

All her terrors again returned, for she connected the interview with Major Boileau and his supposed quarrel with Lord Stepney, and unable to conceal her feelings she glided from the gay ball, and rushed to the privacy of her own apartment, exclaiming:

"And this is pleasure; what mockery in the terra—oh, Mary, Mary, you were right; how can happiness dwell where envy, hatred, jealousy, and every dark passion shew their odious power over us. Worthless finery," she continued, tearing the flowers from her dress, and trampling them beneath her feet, "I will destroy you as the remembrancers of a night full of vexation and trouble." She walked towards the glass, and started back appalled at her own disturbed countenance; every trace of colour had vanished, while care sat on her youthful brow, which was contracted and worn. "What would my sister say were she to see me now?" proceeded the poor girl, weeping bitterly, as she gazed on that form, which but a few hours before had been the admiration of all; "would that she were here to comfort me—I am very miserable—I cannot help dreading the consequences of my folly in not attending to the wishes of Claude, who, I am convinced, is extremely angry, from his not coming near me once since I danced with that hateful Lord Stepney."

She now threw off her dress and every ornament, casting them impatiently on the ground, and then rang violently for Norris, who on attending her

summons, exclaimed, as she beheld the wildness of her appearance :

"La, Miss Beatrice, what ever is the matter ? dear, dear, see how you have torn your beautiful dress," lifting it from the floor ; " what a thousand pities !"

"Don't stand lamenting over the trash like a fool," returned Beatrice, very petulantly ; " but help me to get to bed, for I am dying with fatigue—off, off with this horrid wreath, there, thank goodness, I am released ?"

Norris knew her young lady too well to offer any expostulation ; she assisted her as quickly as possible, without venturing to enquire the cause of her perturbation. At length Beatrice laid her aching head on her pillow, forgetful of her prayers and of her duty to God, while the ball, the music, the gay forms, and the image of Colonel Brereton falling under his adversary's hand, tortured her imagination for hours, till she fell asleep. Norris watched by her side a considerable time, when perceiving with thankfulness that she really slept, she placed the lamp at some distance from her and then retired.

Not long, however, after her departure was poor Beatrice suffered to enjoy repose ; feverish dreams haunted her, and waking with a start, she sat up in her bed, while a confused recollection of her fears rushed on her mind ; she drew aside her curtains and perceived the grey morning breaking in the east, and unable to rest she left it and walked over to the window—all looked cheerless and gloomy without ; she strained her eyes in the direction of Colonel Brereton's apartment ; a light was still burning there ; she continued watching, pale, and shivering with cold, until she fancied that she heard footsteps and the tramp of a horse on the terrace beneath. She unclosed her lattice and looked eagerly forth, when her worst fears seemed to be realised on beholding Antonio leading his master's well known charger, equipped for going out.

"Merciful God, what will become of me," ejaculated the terrified girl, clasping her hands. " Another moment and this agony will destroy me ; let the consequences be what they may I will learn the worst."

With these words she threw on her dressing gown, and regardless of who she might meet, or what they would say, she left her apartment to seek Colonel Brereton. All the rooms through which she passed were still in darkness. On reaching the gallery over the entrance hall she fled down the staircase, where she encountered one or two of the domestics, who gazed upon her in astonishment, but she paused not until she gained the door of Colonel Brereton's private sitting room, where, entirely overcome by her feelings, she fell down with a faint scream. Some one hastily unclosed it from within ;

it was himself, who, on beholding her thus, said, as he raised her in his arms :

"Good God ! Beatrice, what is the matter—why are you here in this wild state ?"

She gasped, she tried to speak, but she could not, and in much alarm he carried her into his room, where, placing her on a couch, he held her hands, which were cold as death, between both his, as he repeated his anxious enquiry of " what had disturbed her ?"

"Oh ! I know you have quarrelled with that horrid man," at length sobbed Beatrice ; " and I am sure you are going to fight him, for your horse is at the door. Oh, Claude, dear Claude, if you love me, forgive me, and do not break my heart."

She threw her arms round his neck as she said this, while her tears fell in showers on his bosom ; he seemed affected by this display of her affection, and pressing her tenderly, he asked :

"My poor child, who has terrified you with such thoughts—I do not comprehend you ?"

"Oh, yes you do—I saw it all myself last night, after I had disobeyed you by dancing with Lord Stepmey, you looked dreadfully angry, and I cannot tell you how unhappy it made me."

"You acted like a very silly girl. I confess," returned Colonel Brereton, now smiling, and stroking her face as she looked imploringly in his ; " but for Heaven's sake compose yourself, or you will be ill. I had no quarrel with Lord Stepmey, who went away early last night ; neither am I going to meet him this morning."

"Are you really telling me the truth ?" inquired Beatrice, intently surveying his countenance. " What then did Major Boileau wish to say to you, and why is your horse awaiting you ?"

"Boileau wished to arrange the hour when the hounds were to meet, and you see me booted and spurred for the chase. Now are you satisfied, you little simpleton ?"

"Oh, thank God ! thank God !" fervently ejaculated Beatrice, with a deep-drawn sigh ; " a weight of misery has been removed from my heart. Claude, I will never offend you again, I am determined."

"Make no rash promises, dear," returned Colonel Brereton, tenderly pressing his lips to hers. " I fear many dark days, many storms are gathering over us ; but we must bow before them, since we cannot resist their violence, or the fate which has ordained that our destinies should be united."

"It is not yet too late to avert them, if you think so, or repeat your choice," said Beatrice, with emotion, while her eyes assumed an almost unnatural brightness. " Perhaps Miss Gaveston—"

"Hush ! self-tormentor," interrupted Colonel Brereton, holding up his finger, and smiling. " Have I not known Miss Gaveston for two years ? and had I wished it, might I not have taught her to love me

even as I have taught you? Why then indulge such ideas, you little jealous, captious being. But I must not detain you here," he added, "for I expect Boileau and the rest of the party every instant. Return to your room, love, and try to obtain some repose. I would not have you exposed to their remarks for much."

"I forgot every thing, every one else, when I fled down hither," said Beatrice, deeply blushing to be reminded that she had stepped beyond the rules of decorum in so doing.

Colonel Brereton folded her affectionately in his arms, as he replied:

"The dear right will soon be mine to bid you stay; until then, God in Heaven bless you, my own innocent minded child."

Beatrice bounded away from him with lightened, happy feelings, and retraced her steps to her room, from whence she heard the baying of the hounds and the cheerful horn of the huntsman in the court-yard, and she watched at the window till she beheld Colonel Brereton come forth and mount his horse, which was pawing the ground and neighing, in his eagerness to start. He gave one rapid glance towards her window, then galloped off, followed by the whole party of gentlemen from the Abbey, whose merry voices she heard re-echoing through the woods long after they were lost to her view.

On the entrance of Norris at a late hour to dress her for breakfast, the contrite Beatrice clasped her arms round her, expressing her sorrow for the impatience she had shewn towards her the preceding night, and giving the reason of the agitation she had found her in.

"La, bless you, my dear young lady, I am too well used to your tantrums to take offence at them," replied the consoling Norris. "But I think if Colonel Brereton had seen you tearing your dress, and trampling on your beautiful flowers, in such a passion, he would have blessed himself."

"Do not remind me of it; I am ashamed of myself. Dear Norris, accept this little broach as a peace offering, and keep it for my sake: I have often heard you admire it"—and Beatrice placed a very pretty topaz one in her hands as she spoke.

"Well, you certainly have most winning ways after all, Miss Beatrice," returned the delighted Norris; "but I do wish, for your own peace of mind's sake, that you would not allow every trifle to ruffle you, or take such fancies in your head, else depend upon it you will not live to make old bones."

"I wish to goodness, Norris, the power were mine to command my feelings; but you know that from my earliest childhood I never could."

"Because you were never punished for giving way to them," returned the honest servant. "I have seen you as a child scream till you were black in the face, stamp your little foot, and throw something at your brother or at me, and my mistress

never so much as say a word to you; indeed, she would pet you the more, by giving you a cake or a toy to cease crying. I am sure such spoiling as that is against Scripture, which commands the rod to be applied, if we wish to save the child."

Ah, do not blame my dear mamma; often when I am alone do I reproach myself for my undutiful behaviour to her," said Beatrice, sorrowfully, "while every unkind word I ever uttered to my brother and sister recurs to my remembrance with painful vividness," and she pressed her hands over her eyes; "But let me not think about it now," she added, in a gayer tone. "When I am older, dear Norris, I shall have more sense, mamma has often said so."

Norris smiled affectionately, and shook her head. "Miss Mary says, 'we should sow the good seed while the soil is new, not wait till it becomes hard and sterile, and full of weeds.' 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;' but leave him to his own headstrong ways, and where will they carry him at last? not to the Lord, who will have mercy on the humble, and will lead the gentle; but who beholds the proud afar off."

Norris feared to say more, as she perceived the countenance of Beatrice become overcast; but now it was more in sadness than in anger; for when her faithful old nurse, after completing her toilet, had left her alone, she knelt down, praying earnestly for forgiveness, and for help from that power whose paths of pleasantness and peace she had forsaken, to revel amidst those of pleasure, whose enchanted ground she had found full of snares, artfully concealed beneath flowers.

The manners of Lady Brereton towards our heroine this day were more distant and reserved than usual, occasioned by her having heard an exaggerated account of her early visit to Colonel Brereton, from her woman, Mrs. Fry, who had met her on the stairs.

"Upon my word, Claude," she observed to her son, on his entering her boudoir before dinner, "I feel the charge of so intractable a girl too heavily, and I would gladly be released from it. If you are so lenient to her faults now, you will complete the work her silly mother has begun, and bitterly rue it hereafter."

"What would you have me do—correct a beautiful young creature with the same severity that I would a rebellious troublesome, soldier?" inquired Colonel Brereton, much annoyed. "Could I have acted otherwise than I did this morning, when she fled to me in such a fearful state of agitation?"

"Caused by her own wilfulness," proceeded Lady Brereton. "I repeat, I shall be thankful when my responsibility ceases, and that she is once more restored to her home. Would that she had never left it, to come here."

"My dear mother, I must entreat of you to spare

your regrets on that subject, since they would me severely, without producing any good result," retorted Colonel Brereton. "I have made my choice, and must abide the consequences. I think you have seldom found me a waverer, when once I have decided on any point."

"No, indeed, Claude; stern inflexibility is one of your greatest faults; yet could I have wished you to pause ere you took a step so perilous to your future happiness. Had you chosen her sister Mary, plain as she is, I should have felt less disappointment; but really to select Beatrice, when there was a Lady Julia, a Miss Gaveston —"

"And ten thousand others," rejoined Colonel Brereton. "It was really very provoking—was it not, my lady mother? yet in so doing I have but followed the example of my father, who laid his laurels at the feet of the most beautiful woman in the world, even as I have done. What more can I say?" and he bowed low as he made this gallant speech, which was received with a gratified smile, and a graceful bend of the knee, and thus ended the discussion.

With spirits elated and joyous as a child's, Beatrice descended to the saloon, where she found Colonel Brereton alone, standing at one of the windows, apparently in a meditative mood, from the gravity of his countenance, that scarcely relaxed on beholding the approach of the lovely girl, who, dancing up to him, placed her hands in his, which were held forth to receive her. For several moments he continued gazing on her blushing face, intently and in silence; he then said:

"And upon this fair and fragile thing have I embarked my hopes, my honour, and my peace. Good God! if they should be wrecked, what a wretch I should become for the finger of scorn to point at! Beatrice! Beatrice! such thoughts are madness!"

"Claude, what do you mean? and why look so fearfully upon me?" inquired the astonished girl, fixing her large blue eyes on his. "You are not angry with me still?"

"No, no; it was nothing. I merely expressed aloud the ideas floating in my mind, as you entered. Now tell me, dear, what you have been doing since we parted this morning?"

"I have written a long letter to Mary, to make amends for my past neglect; I read aloud to Sir George, and then he went with me to visit your poor sick horse, Dalby; thinks him better, and that he will be able to go out again next week."

Colonel Brereton drew her towards him as she uttered this, while the dark spirit appeared to pass away, for again his manner became all tenderness, as he said, after a pause:

"I wish, Beatrice you would endeavour to propitiate my mother? it would gratify me much."

"And do you think I have never tried?" asked Beatrice, in a slightly reproachful tone, while the

ready tears sprang to her eyes. "Claude she will never love me! and the thought is often painful!"

"Well, well, think not about it now, dearest one," rejoined Colonel Brereton, observing her distressed countenance. "I will love you for her and for myself too; will not that do as well?" and, to divert her attention from dwelling on a theme so trying to one sensitive as herself, he gave her a glowing account of his sport that morning; how, after a long run, they had killed the fox; adding, that a lady had accompanied them, who came in at the death, and that he had presented her with the brush, which she carried home triumphantly in her horse's head.

"Surely you did not admire her for it!" asked Beatrice, her cheek glowing with indignation. "I hate a woman who would take delight in any thing so cruel. It is bad enough in a man to make sport of suffering. You may smile, sir, but you cannot defend yourself. Therefore, listen, I command you, while I plead for the dying fox?" and in accents sweet and full of pathos, Beatrice, half playfully, half seriously, recited the following address to

THE HUNTER.

"Hark away, hunter, the morning has risen,
Fair lay the fields and forests to view;
Safely the fox we have roused from his prison—
Spring from your couch and with ardour pursue.

In vain let the cold and comfortless morning,
Loudly give notice to keep within door;
Lavish of health in contempt of the warning,
Call for your steed though the tempest may roar.

Hardly brave it, all perils defying,
The keenness of hope will soar above fear;
The merry toned horn and the sun when uprising,
The cold and the dark gloomy morning will cheer.

Yet pause, when the fox, near exhausted, is flying,
And reflect that your breath is as fleeting as his;
And while on the ground he is panting and dying,
Ask, "when comes the moment which brings me
to this?"

Ah, hear me, gay hunter, if ever reflection
Should steal through your mind when the day is
near past;
Then, then, let the force of religion's conviction,
Remind you each morning may rise as your last.

Colonel Brereton watched her animated countenance with deep interest, while she repeated these lines, and as she ceased he caught her to his bosom, and, pressing his lips affectionately to hers, said:

"My own, my beautiful! None shall henceforth strive to weaken the influence which your purity and innocence command. From the world and its snares I will shield you with this powerful arm; and when they tell me you have faults, I shall say they are

forgotten in your virtues, even as the thorns are disregarded in the sweetness of the rose."

The door at this moment was opened, when Sir George and Lady Brereton entered, who were immediately followed by the remaining guests at the Abbey; the cheek of Beatrice betrayed confusion, but on the proud and lofty brow of her companion, who had drawn himself up to his fullest height, none but those who knew him well might trace that it was in his nature to yield to tender emotions, or be otherwise than he now appeared, stern, cold, and most repellent.

The time has now arrived when we must turn from these childish annals of our heroine, to behold her in the more responsible character of a wife. Willingly would we linger, for it is in fear and trembling that we proceed, but though it is pleasant to walk amidst flowers, under a bright and sunny sky; yet is it more useful for man to traverse the deep sea, and brave the storm, in search of wisdom and knowledge—thus with the Christian, who, though he is suffered to proceed awhile on his way, rejoicing and happy, yet when God sees that the blessings he has showered upon him, instead of leading his heart more nearly to himself (which they ought to do) only render him careless, presumptuous, and forgetful, he suddenly changes the scene; the sunshine fades away, darkness overhadows him, while the tempest of affliction breaks over his devoted head; he pauses then in his career of folly; he reflects, or as scripture emphatically expresses it in the story of the Prodigal Son, "he comes to himself," as if recovered from some fearful mental delusion, bitterly does he then repent his past ingratitude, that he has suffered himself to be so ensnared by the dangerous fascinations of the world as to wander far from the home of his heavenly father; he looks around him, yet he sees no friend, no comfort near, and in despair he exclaims:

"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say, Father I have sinned against heaven; and against thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy son," thus is the proud, rebellious one conquered; he seeks his God, he kneels, he prays, and received in love, he is pardoned.

Time rolled swiftly on, and the spring, the beautiful spring, had returned, with all its fresh sweet flowers, its hedgerows and hillocks green, when on one of the brightest mornings in the merry month of May, the gates of Annesley Park appeared thronged with gay and handsome equipages; white favours adorned the hats of the numerous attendants, on whose honest countenances beamed good humour and merriment, while within the mansion were assembled, those who had witnessed the bridal of Colonel Brereton and of Beatrice. The scene presented was one full of interest, happiness being strangely mingled with tears, and expressions of sorrow.

It had been the earnest wish of Mary, that at the altar in the little Parish Church, her sister should have knelt to breathe those words, which in her opinion, were so full of solemnity, but this was overruled with indignation, by Mrs. Annesley, who affirmed that her daughter's wedding should not be conducted like that of any tradesman's, or servant maid's, consequently a special license having been obtained, the ceremony took place in the drawing-room of her father's house. Mr. Mortimer feelingly and beautifully performing it; the temporary altar Mary had raised with exquisite taste, although many and bitter were the tears she shed over it ere her task was completed; none knew but herself the source from whence they sprang, that a blighted affection, and blighted hopes had cankered one of the tenderest and kindest of hearts. Nobly she strove against her feelings, and fervently she prayed for divine help to rise above them, yet when all was over, when she beheld Claude Brereton, the secretly beloved, now irrevocably united to another, when rising from his knees with his young bride, he turned to bestow on her a brother's first embrace, nature could endure no more; she shrank trembling from his touch, and covering her face with both hands, she wept tears of the keenest agony; for an instant he gazed on her astonished, but other thoughts crowding on his mind, he gave his hand to the lovely Beatrice, and led her to her mother, who amidst all the joy she felt at beholding her fondest hopes for her favourite child thus realized, yet lamented that the hour had come when she was to be taken from her, never more to return, but as a visitor in her paternal home. She gazed on the radiant creature as she stood by the side of her proud husband, all her sportive gaiety for the time being awed by the solemnity of the scene, until her sight became dimmed by her tears. Again and again, she folded her in her arms, calling her by the most endearing epithets, and imploring Colonel Brereton to be kind to her, never to breathe a harsh word, or thwart her in any of her wishes, all of which injunctions he answered by a smile, while Mr. Annesley said:

"Pshaw, Maria, do not be so silly, the child will be far better away from you than ever she has been with you; you know that you have humoured and indulged her until she has nothing left to wish for. Brereton, my friend, take my advice, commence by having your own way from this day, else you may bid adieu to it for ever; I speak from sad experience."

"Thank you, sir," replied Colonel Brereton, laughing. "I shall not fail to follow such good counsel when I find it necessary, depend."

These words caused a pang in the breast of Mrs. Annesley, and could a look have killed, the one she cast on her husband, would certainly have had that effect; but in truth, poor man, he had some cause for the caution he had given, for Mrs. Annesley had

that morning tried his patience beyond all endurance, provoked with him for remaining so long in his studio, when he ought to have been preparing to appear at the marriage of his daughter; she entered it in a violent passion, and tearing up some valuable papers which had cost him months to collect and fill up, she drove him out, and locking the door, vowed he should not enter it again for a month to come. None but a scientific man can imagine his feelings at that moment; but he was a philosopher, therefore did he conceal them, and on taking leave of Beatrice it was with an affection truly paternal and an entire forgetfulness that she had been the innocent occasion of so much vexation and annoyance to him. Perceiving the distress of her own family at the thoughts of her leaving them, Colonel Brereton lingered until the latest moment, while Beatrice sobbed and wept as she was alternately clasped in their embraces. Even Lady Brereton unbent from her usual austere manner, and kissed her tenderly as she bade her farewell, an example which was followed with even more warmth by the kind-hearted Sir George, who patting her on the shoulder, said:

"Dont cry, my dear; be a good child, and fulfil the vows your lips have pronounced in all fidelity and love—learn to bear and forbear, as you hope for happiness; and may an old man's blessing be with you both."

Mrs. Annesley followed them, weeping, to the door. She could not speak, but she looked anxiously in the face of Colonel Brereton, as if she would have read the thoughts of his heart. He seemed to divine hers, for a change for one instant came over his habitually grave countenance—he threw his arm round Beatrice, and said, in a tone of deep feeling:

"Mrs. Annesley, have no fears for your child; she shall be petted and spoiled to your heart's content. Will that satisfy you?"

"Oh, yes, yes; thank you a thousand times. Now am I at rest—now am I happy. God in Heaven bless my own darling Beatrice."

The carriage of Colonel Brereton rolled rapidly down the Park, until it reached the Lodge gates, where it was overtaken by Herbert, who, panting for breath, exclaimed, as he threw into the window a beautiful bouquet of flowers:

"There, my dear little sister, I have been gathering all your favourite flowers out of your own garden, to remind you of home; but before you go, say that you forgive me for every unkind word I ever spoke to you."

"Oh, this is too much," cried Beatrice, bursting into a fresh paroxysm of grief. "Dearest Herbert, it is I who ought to ask your forgiveness."

"Herbert, my dear boy, you should have spared your sister this unnecessary pain," observed Colonel Brereton, as the carriage door was opened, and the boy sprang in.

"Do not reproach him," sobbed Beatrice, now

locked in her brother's arms. "Dearest Herbert, I will keep your flowers for ever, for your sake."

"And you will come back to us soon again. Will you not?" rejoined Herbert, struggling manfully with his feelings; "and will sit in your old oak tree singing merrily, as you used to do before Colonel Brereton came at all, and we will scamper together through the woods and over the fields."

"Yes, yes, my boy, she shall," returned Colonel Brereton, smiling benignantly, as he released Beatrice from the boy's hold, and rested her head fondly on his own bosom. "Now return, there is a good fellow, for we have many miles to go this day."

Herbert unwillingly obeyed him, and descended the steps with a heavy heart. The Lodge gates were then opened, the carriage dashed through them, and in a few more minutes it had driven far out of his straining and sorrowful gaze, while the church bells chimed their merry peals upon the air, and the bridal throng dispersed.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM,

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHEESE, ESQ.

Though frail the paper which records a name
As little seeking as unknown to fame,
Still will this page preserve its worthless trust,
When this still frailer hand lies mouldered in the dust.

For wealth I ask not, nor for titles great,
Nor all the empty joys of courtly state,
Those gilded pleasures which deceitful rise,
And mock the appetite which most upon them preys.

Domestic love, thou soul-endearing sound!
What heavenly raptures in thy joys are found!
What bliss extatic, what angelic peace—
Thine are the joys which by possession but increase.

All others on the weary senses pall,
And by remembrance, but revive their gall,
Which, by its sharp, undying, venom'd sting,
Makes life a weary wilderness—a hated thing.

Few friends I boast—in fewer still confide,
And thou art one of those, my bosom's pride;
One in whom native worth's surpassed alone
By true religious practice, more professed than known.

Ambition prompts me—oh! forgive the thought
That I by thee will not be all forgot,
But that, where'er I am, whate'er I be,
Thou't sometimes think of one who'll ever think of thee.

(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE FALL OF WARSAW—1831.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

THE thunder clouds of battle
 Have burst upon the plain ;
 From the quiver of the mighty
 No shaft has sped in vain.
 It cannot miss its mark,
 When guided by the free,
 And though the night be dark,
 More bright the morn shall be !—
 And though Poland numbers now,
 Her best and bravest low,
 A spirit is abroad,
 Which no despot's host can chain ;
 While her sons can wield a sword,
 They'll fight it out again !—

II.

Above their heroes fallen,
 No useless tears they shed ;
 Their grief is for the living,
 Their vengeance for the dead !—
 Then to the field once more,
 Ye brave true-hearted band,
 Nor give the contest o'er,
 Till your swords have freed the land—
 And when in dust ye lie,
 Your names shall never die.
 The father to the son,
 Your glorious deeds shall tell ;
 Shall shew the fields ye won,
 The spot on which ye fell.

III.

The patriot band approaches,
 A bleeding corse they bring,
 Wrapp'd in the gory standard,
 And hark the dirge they sing :—
 " Brothers, bear the hero on,
 Gently, to his bridal rest ;
 Manhood's honours he hath won,
 By the deep wounds on his breast.
 Freedom's sword can never rust—
 Lay her martyr in the dust ;
 He hath gained a deathless fame,
 Which to all new life imparts ;
 Ages hence shall find his name
 Graven on the people's hearts !

THE PROUD MAN.

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and

has transformed him into his own mistress. He is his own gallant, and makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image ; though there is no soul living of his church but himself, yet he believes as the church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite ; and advances himself, not only above his merit, but all mankind ; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crony above his soul. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatever he has receives a value in being his ; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others, for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially ; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment, but admits of no privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others ; and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer. A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep silent stream glides quietly on ; so a vain-glorious, insolent, proud man, swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows its bounds, and when he sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty as if he was advanced upon men's shoulders, or tumbled over their heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse ; and so he is, for his head holds no proportion to his body, and his foundation is lesser than his upper stories. We can naturally take no view of ourselves, unless we look downwards, to teach us what humble admirers we ought to be of our own value. The slighter and less solid his materials are, the more room they take up, and make him swell the bigger, as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts.—
Butler.

EFFECTS OF PERSEVERANCE.

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance ; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion ; yet those petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.—
Johnson.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE AGRICULTURAL ART.

BY ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

"I know of no pursuit in which more real and important services can be rendered to any country than by improving its agriculture."

Washington.

"Ye happy fields unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul."

Gay's "Rural Sports."

A KNOWLEDGE of the means by which individuals and society at large are enabled to exist, is essential to every man who would understand the sources of those blessings which he enjoys,—blessings familiar to him as the air which sustains his life,—familiar as the water which subdues his thirst,—familiar, and, therefore, enjoyed heedlessly, thoughtlessly. This knowledge ought to be taught to the young—rigidly retained in the memory of the old, and should be regarded by the literary, in common with the labouring man, as of paramount importance. Convinced of the force of this consideration, we disdain to apologize for inviting attention to a subject, which, sooth to say, engrosses the solicitude of more than two thirds of our fellow-creatures. It is of more importance, we think, than a soul subduing love-ditty, or a heart-rending, tear-compelling tale. It is a stern reality; and, in this utilitarian age, one which should be thoroughly understood. Albeit, the subject is trite and even threadbare, yet its weight should prove no hindrance to its repeated discussion, since—as we shall aim to prove—by a judicious application of the art of arts, the population of a country will increase—its manufacturers flourish, and consequently inland and foreign commerce be carried on with vigour and success; and, moreover, in proportion as it receives encouragement the temporal welfare and prosperity of mankind will be promoted.

I. In the first place, we should bear in mind that the territory in the possession of any people can be well termed the capital stock, from which, in proportion to its improvement by a judicious bestowment of attention and labour, profit will accrue. By labour we are enabled to procure from the Earth's surface a supply of timber, cordage and sails for navies; and by industry, flax, wool, hides, tallow and dye-stuffs, are obtained for consumption at home or abroad. Labour, according to the Political Economists, is the *only* creator of Wealth. By labour, are we enabled to penetrate the crust of the Earth, and obtain an abundance of ores, which subjected to the proper process of refinement, will be made to yield copper, lead, coals and iron. If it

had pleased Providence to supply our daily wants without toil on our part, it might be dispensed with; or, if the earth always produced in the form suited to our use, we should be under no necessity of cultivating or manufacturing. Moreover, if she produced in all countries alike, the necessity of commerce would be superseded. But the fact is, we must work or starve—make cloth or go naked—dig ore and convert it into iron or have no tools to work with; interchange the products of different climates, or else forego their enjoyment. Land, in its natural state, is of little or no value. In most countries it is a gift to settlers, and in America is sold for one dollar and a quarter the acre. To expend labour upon it is to enhance its value, and its value is greatest when it is tilled best and made to yield the most grain and fruit. In a word, LABOUR IS THE CREATIVE POWER OF MAN. Our cities, with their splendid streets, their avenues with stately edifices, and towering churches are the happy results of this "creative power." The country, with its cleared grounds, green fields, productive valleys and smiling hills, bear evidence of the industry of man. Every thing which contributes to our necessities or luxuries is the product of labour. "Labour," as some one has well said, "is the action of humanity accomplishing the work which the Creator has given it in charge."

"All is the gift of industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes and renders life
Delightful."†

II. The fact being admitted, then, that labour is indispensable, we venture to assert that where there are inducements for productive labour, there will congregate many whose lot it is to live literally by the toil of the hand and the sweat of the brow. This is evident from the indisputable fact that population is always, in the long run, measured by the demand for labour. Wherever it is needed, there will workmen be found to supply the demand—and if the demand cease, the labourer will perish, together with his rivals and brethren. If labour is cut off which enables him to live, he has nothing in reserve for his subsistence. Hence national happiness rests on the *perpetual* demand for labour;—for an intermittent demand is seldom or never productive of national benefit. Providence has created no useless or unproductive thing, and if in any country there are uncultivated fields, the object of Providence is not fulfilled; and if government does not favour the demand for labour and thus give facilities to society to live in happiness and abundance, it is far from discharging one of its most important commissions. The broad territory, which the people of the Western World inhabit, embraces a climate and soil adapted to almost every species of production. It

† Thomson's "Seasons."

has the vertical sun with its fierce rays, and also the biting frosts; it can produce those fruits which require the former and can survive the latter. The people of the Western Hemisphere are blessed with a bountiful provision, and from the hills and plains, agricultural exertion is only needed to obtain whatsoever our necessities and luxuries seem to demand. This garden of the West, by bolding out such inducements for labour, will, ere many years are numbered among the "have beans," be stocked with a dense population, which necessity had compelled to seek in agricultural industry its means of subsistence. Thousands of hard-handed and honest-hearted emigrants have already flocked to this "garden," seeking a livelihood, where, thank Providence, there is no unnatural alliance between industry and poverty; and the experience of the past teaches us to anticipate the time when this World of the West will be the theme of admiration at home, and of envy abroad—the time when the industrious and deserving are advanced and advancing in the proud career to prosperity and glory. This will be, when agriculture is properly esteemed and when by agricultural exertion meliorations are made on the capital stock by a healthy and numerous population.

III. This pursuit of improvement is not visionary or trivial, but has been sanctioned by the voice of Time. It is far from being a speculation or an idle dream. The art of Agriculture, well named the "Parent Art," is coeval with human civilization. So long as men roamed hither and yon—living in tents and squatting here and there, where some green spot invited a stay, and had no fixed habitations, they were barbarians;—but when they chose a place for dwelling and scattered a few grains of wheat for the purpose of harvesting and procuring means of subsistence, they had made a step in the march of civilization. The oldest, and the best Book assures us that the first three men were a gardener, a ploughman and a grazier: if it be sneeringly objected that the second was a murderer, let the reply be that when he became so, he turned a builder! This art can survive all sneering. It has received the commendation of the Past, and, as a celebrated Essayist, has wittily remarked, "if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms." It is an art which can exist with the exclusion of all others. It has been compared to speech, without which society would be the dismal chaotic jumble; the other arts, mere figures and tropes, in fact, only ornaments.

IV. An argument, aside from its utility, in its favour, can be drawn from the fact that the pursuit of Agriculture is agreeable and innocent. It should never be forgotten that the first man was placed by *divine wisdom* in a garden, to dress it and till it. Its occupations are peculiarly quiet and peaceful, and it is no matter of wonder that great statesmen

have been partial to the pleasurable toils of the farmer, and have greedily sought in husbandry, that freedom from anxiety and disgust which no political atmosphere could afford. History tells us that a step from the throne to the farm, was frequently agreeable and profitable. The Imperial Charles was better employed, while digging in the garden of the Monks of St. Justus, than when, at the head of his legions, he immolated thousands upon the altar of his ambition. I wish to say, explicitly, that the pursuit of this art has a tendency to promote an ameliorating effect upon the characters of those who follow it. They are enabled to shun the rancorous bitterness of party-politics and to escape from the annoyances of sectarian excitement. They are luckily exempt from

"————— the vain low strife
That makes men mad; the tug for wealth and power;

The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour."

"Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
Free from the alarms of fear and storms of strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round."

They can follow the even tenor of their ways, rejoicing in quiet industry, and enjoying that genial comfort which systematic employment can only bestow. Where agricultural prosperity is most apparent, you will find the inhabitants are intelligent and determined enemies of immorality, and decided friends to order and virtue. There pauperism and crime are rare, since these are procreated by habits of indolence, which agriculture neither encourages nor permits. We have it on the authority of the late Judge EVEL,* that "Scotland has but few paupers and Flanders less." While the dome of the heavens stretches far above him, while the woods, fields and waters are around him, and wafting food for the pleasing of every sense, the farmer is reconciled to his honest calling; his duties are agreeable, and what is fortunate, essential to his enjoyment.

"Among the lower classes," says the Author of a Diary in America—a man, who is not authority to be quoted indiscriminately, as we think; "among the lower classes, the morals of the manufacturing districts and of the frequenters of cities, will naturally be at a low ebb, for men when closely packed demoralize each other; but if we examine the agricultural classes, which are by far the most numerous, we shall find that there is much virtue and goodness in the humble cottage; we shall there find piety and resignation, honesty, industry and content

*An eminent writer on agriculture—and for a few years the accomplished editor of "The Cultivator," an agricultural journal, published at Albany.

more universal than would be imagined, and the Bible pored over instead of the day-book or ledger."†

V. We need hardly assert that Agriculture is a healthy pursuit. The tiller of the soil is not like the operative, obliged to be confined in close and crowded cells which are seldom visited by the pure air. His employment requires out-door exercise, and if he be wise, he will suffer the blush of the morning to redden his cheek, and by constant labour invigorate his frame. His mind, too, cheered by a glowing desire to excel in bringing from nature's bosom her choicest gifts, animated by enquiry and disciplined by experiment, can rarely be enervated or rendered stagnant. He who tills the earth and accustoms himself to note her beauties and their effects upon the soul has ample advantages for improving in intellectual energy, and for fostering that priceless purity of thought which is attained by him who thoughtfully contemplates the outward world.

VI. Besides this, the business of Agriculture is an honourable pursuit. Many examples might be quoted from English and American annals, to prove that husbandry was in great repute with men who have stood high in the world's esteem. But this "Parent Art," needs no examples to show its benefits and importance. It is an honourable pursuit, not because this Philosopher or that Statesman, this Poet or that Warrior so regarded it—it is honourable, not because Heathendom and Christendom unite in pronouncing it so, but because it is, of itself, an industrious and noble calling; because it invigorates the body and strengthens the mind; because it opens to fresh inquiry, the newly discovered beauties of nature, and enlarges the boundary of Science; because it ministers unto life's wants and comforts, and changes the desert and wilderness into a gorgeous scene of verdure and beauty. "There is," says Cowley, "no sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist; the utility of it to a man's self; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it, to all the rest of mankind, the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity." "The best part of the population of a country," says Andrew Jackson, "are the cultivators of the soil. Independent farmers are everywhere the basis of society and the true friends of liberty."

Thus, I have called attention to the necessity of agricultural exertion, and have endeavoured to show its effects upon the general welfare and prosperity, and have presented other considerations to prove that the occupation of the farmer tends to strengthen the body and ennoble the mind. In conclusion, I beg permission to congratulate the husbandman on a pursuit so useful and innocent, and to offer a few remarks on the means which will give

†Second series of a "Diary in America," by Captain Marryat, page 150.

efficiency to efforts made by him on behalf of agricultural improvement.

VII. The establishment of a society by which members, associately or individually, can perform essential service to the cause, will tend to promote, if not individual, at all events, public good. The members of an Agricultural Society should feel it their duty and privilege to stimulate their neighbours and friends by personal example, by diffusing journals of Agricultural knowledge, by lending their aid to introduce the study into schools, and to procure for Agriculture the fostering aid of our legislative councils, and especially to give the art a more exalted place among arts, and to banish that disposition to neglect it because there are some specimens of humanity so extravagantly wise as to deem the pursuit unfashionable or vulgar. The Members of the Society should keep in perpetual remembrance that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, renders some commendable service to the state. There should be created a public spirit in favour of this necessary art, and none should fail in its encouragement, for the work is a noble one and its objects are the good of our country and the happiness of ourselves. The efforts you make, the seed you sow, will sprout and bear fruit, and though you may not live to see and gather the final glorious harvest, yet you may feel sure of a reward in the conscious pride of having faithfully performed a high and important duty.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CANADIAN CARNIVAL.

THOUGH most residents in Canada are well acquainted with the festivities depicted in the following sketch, it is necessary to state, for the benefit of those who are not so well versed in the "coutumes," that the Carnival properly begins about the middle of December, and extends to Ash Wednesday; during which period the greatest hilarity prevails everywhere. The "fêtes," particularly observed during this interval are Christmas, New-year's, and Twelfth Night, or "Jour des Rois;" on which last it is customary to produce a large cake wherein a bean has been imbedded, and divide it among the assembled party; whichever lady gets the bean reigns queen of the day. On Christmas-eve, high mass is celebrated at midnight, to which people of every denomination flock for amusement, to see the church-parade, and rejoice at the appearing of Christmas; and in the country, on New-Year's-eve, waits (i. e. serenaders) go round to every door, singing a rough catch, beginning with:

"Bonjour le maitre et la maitresse,
Et tous les gens de la maison,"

and levying contributions for the New-Year's dinner of some deserving pauper.

The description of these general facts and accompanying incidents has been attempted in the following stanzas :

Lo ! the car of mirth advancing
Jaded labor sinks to rest ;
Furred sleighs, like meteors glancing,
Fly with herald honours blest :
Joyful messengers they're leading
Christmas, New-Year, hither speeding.

Trim we then our dwellings neatly
With the cheering ever-green ;
Mince-pie stores we'll fill completely—
Presents for each festal queen ;
Offering crispest cakes we'll meet them
And with smiling faces greet them.

Husbandmen now cease from toiling,
Wealthy merchants leave dull care,
Lawyers, men no more embroiling,
To your firesides bright repair :
Soon you'll find that heartfelt pleasures
Make you lords of sparkling treasures.

Should their claims begin to weary us
Through the crowded streets we'll stroll ;
Pageants there, for gay and serious,
In succession quickly roll ;
Long nights darken cold December,—
Festive scenes we then remember.

Howling storms may rage and bluster,
Piercing winds shriek wild without,—
Still like snow-birds let us cluster,
Joining in the frolic rout !
Heed not Boreas white wreaths curling,
In the graceful waltz keep twirling.

Choosing now your favourite lasses,
Wary 'gainst a bruising fall—
Throng ye to the midnight masses,
On the sainted hours to call.
Blithely ring the bells a-morning
Of their advent jovial warning.

Holy Christmas first appearing,
Bids us join her swelling train
To each heart herself endearing,
Though but clothed in vesture plain ;
Up Cathedral aisles she leads us
And with glowing rapture feeds us.

There—deep anthems proudly pealing,
Rolling waves of sound along,
Raise her to the lofty ceiling
On majestic wings of song.
Awe-struck myriads amazing,
With strain'd eye-balls breathless gazing.

High upheld in state, she lingers
Till the sober twilight gray,

When she clasps her snowy fingers
And swift gliding fades away ;
From their heavenly trance relieving,
All at her departure grieving.

Soon we hear the sleigh-bells jingle
Issuing from the open gates,
With rude country voices mingle :
Ushered in by chaunting waits,
Laughter-loving New-Year enters
And—mad romp !—all eyes concentrers.

Then, what piles of sweets are eaten—
Mark the visiting and cheer !
Then, how smoking nags are beaten !
All to please this wild New-Year,
Presents showering, open-handed,
On the mortals with her banded.

Dame Tradition tells sad stories
Of her deeds in former times ;
(Santiaclus lost half his glories,
Through her never ending crimes :)
Kisses oft were slyly stolen
Eggs, in boots laid by some droll hen.

Finding now that sports are altered,
Banished rudeness sorely weeps ;
In his steps he since has faltered
Loath to herd with sooty sweeps.
Bearing ill their boorish greeting,
From this land he is retreating.

Let not in his track, ye gentles,
Holidays all disappear ;
Levying still its customed rentals,
Gladden each returning year.
Twelfth night, many fair queen's craving,
Well browned cakes for you is saving.

Take advice, too, jolly farmer,
Throw that short black pipe aside ;
Don your best gray coat—'tis warmer—
To the dance ! whate'er betide :
Scenes like those your hut adorning,
Till by Lent you're clothed in mourning.

SYLVIO.

Montreal, December, 1840.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest :
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer.

Pope's Essay on Man..

(ORIGINAL.)

THEME ON LOGIC.

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHEESE, ESQ.

THE term Logic is derived from the Greek verb *lego*, which signifies to collect, to gather, as in reasoning we collect the ideas we have acquired in order to form conclusions; as an art, it is called the art of thinking or reasoning justly.

Logic has been called the history of the human mind, as it traces our knowledge from simple notions through all their different stages to the conclusions we draw from comparing them together. The end of Logic, therefore, is to explain the structure of the human mind, with its powers and faculties, and the means of improving them, so that we may arrive at truth and knowledge, free of the errors and mistakes into which we are apt to fall.

The first step in the attainment of knowledge, is to acquire ideas, so that they may be easily remembered and communicated to others. For gaining this point, certain rules are given, called rules of Definition, Division, Distinction, and Classification.

The rules of Definition express the essential qualities of objects in such a manner that we may obtain a better knowledge of them. Rules of Division are used when the parts of an object are so numerous that we cannot comprehend them all at once, but when we make a separation between them in our own mind, we are enabled to view them leisurely one by one, and thus arrive at the knowledge of the whole. Division differs from Distinction in as far as the former is the method we employ to obtain more distinct notions of objects when things of a similar nature require to be separated; the latter is used when we separate objects according to the difference made by nature. Rules of Classification are used when our ideas, or the objects of our ideas, are very numerous, and therefore it is not only necessary to separate them, but also to arrange them into classes according to their essential qualities, that we may be enabled to extend our knowledge to a greater variety of objects.

After having obtained ideas, the mind next proceeds to form judgments by comparing these ideas together. Rules are laid down for enabling us to draw these conclusions rightly, and also to express them in words. When a judgment is thus expressed, it is called a proposition, or a sentence expressing the agreement or disagreement of two or more ideas. When we cannot immediately discern the agreement or disagreement between the two ideas, we must have recourse to a third, which is calculated to shew the relation between them, and this train of reasoning is called a Syllogism.

Aristotle claims the sole merit of the invention of the Syllogism; and his claims have been generally recognised; for though the Syllogistic mode of reasoning had been long known and much practised

before his time, yet he had the merit of reducing those principles to a system, which till then had lain as a mass of indigested materials.

As there are three distinct judgments in every act of reasoning, so there must be three distinct propositions in every regular Syllogism. Syllogisms have been divided into various classes called Figures, which are four in number, and arise from the position of the middle term of the Syllogism, for it may be placed in four different ways.

There is also a farther division of the Syllogism, according to its quantity and quality, which is called the Mood. These Moods are sixty-four in number, but only ten or eleven of them will give just conclusions. Rules are given for reducing the unconcluding to the concluding Moods.

The certainty or probability, and the falsity of a Syllogism, are called its matter. A certain proposition is either Intuitive or Demonstrative. They are called Intuitive propositions, because it is only necessary to look at them to be convinced of their truth. Demonstrative are those which are deduced from clear proofs.

Syllogism was the primitive instrument of the Aristotelian system, and therefore Aristotle was at great pains to make it as perfect as possible. For this purpose, he laid down certain Rules for the construction of Syllogisms, for reducing them from unconcluding to concluding Moods, and for discovering sophisms or false Syllogisms, so as to prevent the errors and mistakes into which they would lead us.

The knowledge we obtain by intuition and demonstration relates only to ideas, but many of our judgments relate to facts, and here we must have recourse to Experience and Testimony.

By Experience we obtain a knowledge of objects, which come within the observation of our senses; but as the life of man is short, and his opportunities of enjoying this observation are very limited, much of his information must be obtained from others. It is, therefore, highly necessary that he should be able to judge on what grounds this testimony should be received, and for guiding him in this matter, Rules are laid down, some of which will be briefly observed.

In receiving the testimony of a witness, we should consider, whether he is qualified to judge of the matter; i. e. whether he has paid proper attention to it, so as to be able to form a regular judgment upon it; and, whether he has been in such a state of mind as to be able to examine into it.

The second rule is, that the witness should have no intention to deceive. Here we must attend to the character of the witness, whether he has no interest in the case, and, whether his account is confirmed by others.

Logic likewise comprehends rules for composing themes in communicating our knowledge to others,

points out the different things to be attended to, and the order in which they should be considered.

The free nature of the Athenian Government, by which almost the whole power was vested in the common people, rendered it highly necessary for the person who aspired to their confidence to possess the powers of persuasion, in order to gain their assent to his measures. When eloquence was found to be of such importance in the state, the Sophists arose, who professed to explain the principles of the art, to declaim on all subjects with equal readiness and fluency, and to teach the Athenians to become orators by rule. At this time Socrates lived, who opposed himself to these corruptors of the eloquence of their country, and by using great simplicity of language, exposed their false pretensions, and at last overthrew their system.

The first regular system of Logic was that of Aristotle, which, before his time, was chiefly directed to the power of forming notions, but did not extend to the powers or faculties of judging and reasoning. By the invention of the Syllogism, he endeavoured to introduce as much clearness, perspicuity and certainty, into moral and political reasoning as possible.

It does not seem to have been practised immediately after his decease, as there are no compositions extant of the Syllogistic method, nor do we find it to have been employed by any Greek writer in the way of reasoning.

Aristotle, at his death, left his writings to Theophrastus, one of his most celebrated disciples, and he again left them to a disciple of his, called Neleus of Scipis, a city in the neighbourhood of Pergamus in Asia. After his death, they were left in the hands of his heirs, who kept them shut up in a chest. When the kings of Pergamus began to collect all sorts of books for their libraries, as the city of Scipis was under their subjection, these heirs of Neleus, fearing lest they might be taken from them, hid them in a vault under ground, where they remained nearly one hundred and thirty years. The descendants of the heirs of Neleus, having fallen into extreme poverty, brought them out, and sold them at a very high price, to Apellicon, an Athenian, who was at that time making a collection of the rarest and most curious books he could find. As they were much spoiled by the length of time and dampness of the vault, where they had lain, Apellicon got copies of them immediately, and the blanks filled up upon conjecture. From this circumstance we may account for the many mistakes which occur in them. After Apellicon's death, they remained in his library till the arrival of Sylla in Athens, who laid hands on them, and sent them to Rome, to be placed in his own library. Tyramion, a grammarian, was extremely desirous to procure a copy of them, and obtained the favour from Sylla's librarian, and was

at great pains to have them transcribed. This copy was afterwards given to Andronicus of Rhodes.

As there was at that time a good deal of intercourse between Greece and Rome, Cicero obtained the works of Aristotle by this means. But they were for a long time imperfectly known, as the following anecdote will prove. One of Cicero's friends, called Trebatius, was in his library at a certain time, and happening to take up Aristotle's treatise, *De Locis*, he asked Cicero what book it was. Cicero replied, "A book which is less known than it deserves to be."

When Aristotle's works came to be known to the Romans, they studied his Rhetoric with which the Analytics were conjoined, but paid more attention to the Philosophy of Plato and the Stoics, because they were more accommodated to their taste.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, that dreary and dismal period called the Dark Ages began, during which period no improvement or discovery in science took place whatever, and even the Greek and Roman languages were imperfectly known, and that to only a few shut up in monasteries and cloisters.

Charlemagne was the first who endeavoured to restore literature, by establishing a school in his own palace during the eighth century, and it was on this plan that colleges and universities were afterwards established. From this sprung the Scholastic Philosophy, a mixture of the doctrines of Plato and the Stoics.

In a short time, however, the works of Aristotle excited the attention of the learned everywhere, and came by degrees to supersede all authors. They were written on a great variety of subjects, on Moral and Natural Philosophy, Metaphysics, Mechanics, Mathematics, Grammar, Criticism, and Politics; thus almost every person could find something suited to his taste, and when once the attention of men was turned to them they would soon see their peculiar excellence. Some favourable circumstances likewise occurred, which rendered their reception more favourable.

The Arabians had obtained some copies of Aristotle's works, shortly after his death, and had studied them with great care. When they conquered Spain, they brought with them more correct copies of them, than were to be found in western parts of Europe, and established schools there. Many of the greatest men resorted to the schools of the Arabians, or to those in Spain, to be taught in the Philosophy of the Arabians.

Aristotle's Logic was very generally adopted, being favourable to the wrangling and disputes of that time, and the more frequent these disputes became, there was the greater attention paid to his logic. Very great rewards were offered to those who excelled in it. At times they disputed in public, and as this was the only means by which the common people had an opportunity of acquiring knowledge at

that time, (since the art of printing had not been invented yet) great numbers assembled. To those who excelled in these contests, particular titles were given, to render them honourable, such as—Irrefragable Doctor, Profound Doctor, Solemn Doctor. Masters, Bachelors, and Doctors were entitled to very high privileges, and it is recorded that Doctors contended even with knights for precedence, to which title, it was asserted, a Doctor had a right without creation.

During the Scholastic ages, the most exaggerated praises were bestowed upon Aristotle's Philosophy by the most learned persons of these times, and his authority was absolute on every subject, *Ipse dixit* or *Magister dixit*, was sufficient to silence all opposition.

Another great cause of so much attention being paid to it was, that the policy of the Romish church lay in supporting it to the utmost of its power, since the doctrines of Syllogism furnished them with weapons which they used extremely well in maintaining their ground against the Reformers who began about that time to attack it.

The causes which led to the overthrow of this system had been in silent operation for nearly a century before this. When Constantinople was taken by the Turks, in the year 1453, the fugitive Greeks fled to the western parts of Europe, and carried with them such of the Greek and Roman authors as they had preserved. From this period the revival of learning and the fine arts began, and a more intimate acquaintance with the languages prevailed. When men once relished the beauties of these, the bargarious jargon of the Scholastic Disputation would soon become disagreeable to their ears.

The free form of Government, which Charles V. granted to his subjects, and the discovery of the New World, at that time, must have contributed a good deal to the overthrow of the Aristotelian system. But the Reformation, and the invention of the art of Printing, in the fourteenth century, were still more effectual means, as by the one the knowledge of mankind was greatly extended, and by the other, men would be rendered bolder in forming opinions for themselves.

Ramus in France, Des Cartes in Germany, and Lord Bacon in England, took the most active part in bringing about this change. Ramus was the first who, boldly but rashly, attacked the system in a Thesis, which he published in the University of Paris (as was customary before obtaining a degree.) In this Thesis he declared that all the theories of Aristotle were false. He, however, met with great opposition, and at last fell a victim to the fury of the Popish party, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, as he was suspected of being a Protestant.

Aristotle's Philosophy still kept a strong hold over the minds of men, particularly in schools and uni-

versities. The College of Paris presented a petition to Parliament to prevent the publication of the opinions of Ramus and Des Cartes, and their request was upon the point of being granted, when the poet Boileau addressed another petition to them with so much wit and satire, that it made such an impression upon them, as to refuse the petition of the College.

The universities of Germany were the first who adopted the opinions of Ramus and Des Cartes, although they were unable to substitute any regular system instead of the old, till Lord Bacon arose, who, instead of inventing theories, and reasoning upon possibilities, has directed the attention of Philosophers to experiments, observations, and cautious induction.

The excellence of this plan has been proved by more discoveries having been made in science during the two last centuries, than for 2000 years preceding.

PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

NEVER did the morning break more beautifully than on the 12th of May, 1809. Huge masses of fog-like vapour had succeeded to the starry cloudless night, but, one by one, they moved onward towards the sea, disclosing, as they passed, long tracts of lovely country, bathed in a rich golden glow. The broad Douro, with its transparent current, shone out like a bright coloured ribbon, meandering through the deep garment of green; the darkly shadowed mountains, which closed the background, loomed even larger than they were; while their summits were tipped with the yellow glory of the morning. The air was calm and still, and the very smoke that arose from the peasant's cot, laboured as it ascended through the perfumed air, and, save the ripple of the stream, all was silent as the grave.

The squadrons of the 14th, with which I was, had diverged from the road beside the river, and, to obtain a shorter path, had entered the skirts of a dark pine wood: our pace was a sharp one; an orderly had been already dispatched to hasten our arrival, and we pressed on at a brisk trot. In less than an hour we reached the verge of the wood, and, as we rode out upon the plain, what a spectacle met our eyes. Before us, in a narrow valley, separated from the river by a narrow ridge, were picketed three cavalry regiments; their noiseless gestures and perfect stillness bespeaking, at once, that they were intended for a surprise party. Farther down the stream, and upon the opposite side, rose the massive towers and tall spires of Oporto, displaying from their summits the broad ensign of France; while, far as the eye could reach, the broad dark masses of troops might be seen; the intervals between their columns glittering with the bright equipments of their cavalry, whose steel caps and lances were sparkling

in the snubbeams. The bivouac fires were still smouldering, and marking where some part of the army had passed the night; for, early as it was, it was evident that their position had been changed; and, even now, the heavy masses of dark infantry might be seen moving from place to place, while the long line of the road to Valonga was marked with a vast cloud of dust. The French drum and the light infantry bugle told, from time to time, that orders were passing among the troops; while the glittering uniform of a staff officer, as he galloped from the town, bespoke the note of preparation.

"Dismount. Steady: quietly my lads," said the Colonel, as he alighted upon the grass. "Let the men have their breakfast."

The little amphitheatre we occupied, hid us entirely from all observation on the part of the enemy, but equally so excluded us from perceiving their movements. It may readily be supposed, then, with what impatience we waited her, while the din and clangour of the French force, as they marched and countermarched so near us, were clearly audible! The orders were, however, strict that none should approach the bank of the river, and we lay anxiously awaiting the moment when this inactivity should cease. More than one orderly had arrived among us, bearing dispatches from head-quarters; but where our main body was, or what the nature of the orders, no one could guess. As for me, my excitement was at its height, and I could not speak for the very tension of my nerves. The officers stood in little groups of two and three, whispering anxiously together; but all I could collect was, that Soult had already begun his retreat upon Amarante, and that with the broad stream of the Douro between us, he defied our pursuit.

"Well, Charley," said Power, laying his arm upon my shoulder, "the French have given us the slip this time: they are already in march, and, even if we dared force a passage, in the face of such an enemy, it seems there is not a boat to be found. I have just seen Hammersley."

"Indeed! Where is he?" said I.

"He's gone back to Villa de Conde; he asked after you most particularly; don't blush man; I'd rather back your chance than his, notwithstanding the long letter that Lucy sends him. Poor fellow! he has been badly wounded, but, it seems, declines going back to England."

"Captain Power," said an orderly touching his cap, "General Murray desires to see you."

Power hastened away, but returned in a few moments.

"I say, Charley, there's something in the wind here. I have just been ordered to try where the stream is fordable. I've mentioned your name to the General, and I think you'll be sent for soon. Good bye."

"I buckled on my sword, and looking to my

girths, stood watching the groups around me; when, suddenly a dragoon pulled his horse short up, and asked a man near me if Mr. O'Mally was there?

"Yes; I am he."

"Orders from General Murray, sir," said the man, and rode off at a canter.

I opened and saw that the dispatch was addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the mere words, "with haste," on the envelope.

Now which way to turn I knew not; so springing into the saddle, I galloped to where Colonel Merivale was standing talking to the colonel of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"May I ask, sir, by which road I am to proceed with this dispatch?"

"By the river, sir," said the Colonel; a large dark-browed man, with a most forbidding look. "You'll soon see the troops: you'd better stir yourself, sir, or Sir Arthur is not likely to be pleased with you."

Without venturing a reply to what I felt a somewhat unnecessary taunt, I dashed spurs to my horse, and turned towards the river. I had not gained the bank above a minute, when the loud ringing of a rifle struck upon my ear: bang went another. I hurried on however, at the top of my speed, thinking only of my mission and its pressing haste. As I turned an angle of the stream, the vast column of the British came in sight, and scarcely had my eye rested upon them when my horse staggered forwards, plunged twice with his head nearly to the earth, and then rearing madly up, fell backwards upon the ground. Crushed and bruised as I felt by my fall, I was soon aroused to the necessity of exertion; for, as I disengaged myself from the poor beast, I discovered he had been killed by a bullet in the counter; and scarcely had I recovered my legs when a shot struck my shako and grazed my temples. I quickly threw myself to the ground, and creeping on for some yards, reached at last some rising ground, from which I rolled gently downwards into a little declivity, sheltered by the bank from the French fire.

When I arrived at head-quarters, I was dreadfully fatigued and heated; but resolving not to rest till I had delivered my dispatches, I hastened towards the convent of La Sierra, where I was told the commander-in-chief was.

As I came into the court of the convent, filled with general officers and people of the staff, I was turning to ask how I should proceed, when Hixley caught my eye.

"Well, O'Mally, what brings you here?"

"Dispatches from General Murray."

"Indeed: oh follow me."

He hurried me rapidly through the buzzing crowd, and ascending a large gloomy stair introduced me into a room, where about a dozen persons in uniform were writing at a long deal table.

"Captain Gordon," said he, addressing one of them, "despatches requiring immediate perusal have just been brought by this officer."

Before the sentence was finished the door opened, and a short slight man, in a gay undress coat, with a white cravat and a cocked hat, entered. The dead silence that ensued was not necessary to assure me that he was one in authority; the look of command, his bold, stern features presented; the sharp piercing eye; the compressed lip; the impressive expression of the whole face, told plainly that he was one who held equally himself and others in mastery.

"Send General Sherbrooke here," said he to an aide-de-camp. "Let the light brigade march into position," and then turning suddenly to me, "whose despatches are these?"

"General Murray's, sir."

I needed no more than that look to assure me that this was he of whom I had heard so much, and of whom the world was still to hear so much more.

He opened them quickly, and, glancing his eye across the contents, crushed the paper in his hand. Just as he did so, a spot of blood upon the envelope attracted his attention.

"How's this! you are wounded!"

"No; sir; my horse was killed——"

"Very well, sir; join your brigade. But stay, I shall have orders for you. Well Waters, what news?"

This question was addressed to an officer in a staff uniform, who entered at the moment, followed by the short and bulky figure of a monk, his shaven crown and large cassock strongly contrasting with the gorgeous glitter of the costumes around him.

"I say, who have we here?"

"The Prior of Amarante, sir," replied Waters, "who has just come over. We have already, by his aid, secured three large barges——"

"Let the artillery take up position in the convent at once," said Sir Arthur, interrupting. "The boats will be brought round to the small creek beneath the orchard. You, sir," turning to me, "will convey to General Murray—but you appear weak. You, Gordon, will desire Murray to effect a crossing at Avintas with the Germans and the 14th. Sherbrooke's division will occupy the Villa Nuova. What number of men can that seminary take?"

"From three to four hundred, sir. The padre mentions that all the vigilance of the enemy is limited to the river below the town."

"I perceive it," was the short reply of Sir Arthur, as placing his hands carelessly behind his back, he walked towards the window, and looked out upon the river.

All was still as death in the council: not a lip murmured; the feeling of respect for him in whose presence we were standing, checked every thought of utterance, while the stupendous gravity of the events before us, engrossed every mind and occupied

every heart. I was standing near the window; the effect of my fall had stunned me for a time, but I was gradually recovering, and watched with a thrilling heart the scene before me. Great and absorbing as was my interest in what was passing without, it was nothing compared with what I felt as I looked at him upon whom our destiny was then hanging. I had ample time to scan his features and canvass their every lineament. Never before did I look upon such perfect impassibility: their cold, determined expression, was crossed by no show of passion or impatience. All was rigid and motionless, and, whatever might have been the workings of the spirit within, certainly no external sign betrayed them; and yet what a moment for him must that have been! Before him, separated by a deep and rapid river, lay the conquering lions of France, led on by one second alone to him, whose very name had been the *prestige* of victory. Unprovided with every regular means of transport, in the broad glare of day, in open defiance of their serried ranks and thundering artillery, he dared the deed. What must have been his confidence in the soldiers he commanded! what must have been his reliance upon his own genius! As such thoughts rushed through my mind, the door opened and an officer entered hastily, and whispering a few words to Colonel Waters, left the room.

"One boat is already brought up to the crossing-place, and entirely concealed by the wall of the orchard."

"Let the men cross," was the brief reply.

No other word was spoken, as turning from the window, he closed his telescope, and followed by all the others descended to the court-yard.

This simple order was enough; an officer, with a company of the Buffs, embarked, and thus began the Passage of the Douro.

So engrossed was I in my vigilant observation of our leader, that I would gladly have remained at the convent, when I received an order to join my brigade, to which a detachment of artillery was already proceeding.

As I reached Avintas all was in motion. The cavalry was in readiness beside the river: but as yet no boats had been discovered, and, such was the impatience of the men to cross, it was with difficulty they were prevented trying the passage by swimming, when suddenly Power appeared, followed by several fishermen. Three or four small skiffs had been found, half sunk in mud, among the rushes, and with such frail assistance we commenced to cross.

"There will be something to write home to Galway soon, Charley, or I'm terribly mistaken," said Fred, as he sprang into the boat beside me; "was I not a true prophet when I told you, 'We'd meet the French in the morning?'"

"They're at it already," said Hixley, as a wreath of blue smoke floated across the stream below us,

and the loud boom of a large gun resounded through the air.

Then came a deafening shout, followed by a rattling volley of small arms, gradually swelling into a hot sustained fire, through which the cannon pealed at intervals. Several large meadows lay along the river side, where our brigade was drawn up as the detachments landed from the boats; and here, although nearly a league distant from the town, we now heard the din and crash of battle, which increased every moment, the cannonade from the sierra convent, which at first was merely the fire of single guns, now thundered away in one long roll, amid which the sounds of falling walls and crashing roofs was mingled. It was evident to us, from the continual fire kept up, that the landing had been effected, while the swelling tide of musketry told that fresh troops were momentarily coming up.

In less than twenty minutes our brigade was formed, and we now only waited for two light four-pounders to be landed, when an officer galloped up in haste, and called out:—

“The French are in retreat,” and pointing at the same moment to the Valonga road, we saw a long line of smoke and dust leading from the town, through which, as we gazed, the colours of the enemy might be seen, as they defiled, while the unbroken line of the waggons and heavy baggage proved that it was no partial movement, but the army itself retreating.

“Fourteenth, threes about, close up, trot,” called out the loud and manly voice of our leader, and the heavy tramp of our squadrons shook the very ground, as we advanced towards the road to Valonga.

As we came on, the scene became one of overwhelming excitement; the masses of the enemy that poured unceasingly from the town could now be distinguished more clearly, and amid all the crash of gun carriages and caissons, the voices of the staff officers rose high as they hurried along the retreating battalions. A troop of flying artillery galloped forth at top speed, and wheeling their guns into position with the speed of lightning, prepared by a flanking fire to cover the retiring column. The gunners sprung from their seats, the guns were already unlimbered, when Sir George Murray, riding up at our left, called out:—

“Forward; close up; charge!”

The word was scarcely spoken, when a loud cheer answered the welcome sound, and the same instant the long line of shining helmets passed with the speed of a whirlwind: the pace increased at every stride, the ranks grew closer, and like the dread force of some mighty engine we fell upon the foe. I have felt all the glorious enthusiasm of a fox-hunt, when the loud cry of the hound, answered by the cheer of the joyous huntsman, stirred the very heart within, but never till now did I know how far higher the excitement reaches, when man to man, sabre to

sabre, arm to arm, we ride forward to the battlefield. On we went, the loud shout of “forward” still ringing in our ears. One broken, irregular discharge from the French guns shook the head of our advancing column, but stayed us not as we galloped madly on.

I remember no more: the din, the smoke, the crash,—the cry for quarter, with the shout of victory,—the flying enemy,—the agonizing shrieks of the wounded—are all co-mingled in my mind, but leave no trace of clearness or connection between them; and it was only when the column wheeled to re-form, behind the advancing squadrons, that I awoke from my trance of maddening excitement, and perceived that we had carried the position, and cut off the guns of the enemy.

“Well done, 14th!” said an old gray-headed colonel, as he rode along our line; “gallantly done, lads! The blood trickled from a sabre cut on his temple, along his cheek, as he spoke; but he either knew it not, or heeded it not.

“There go the Germans!” said Power; pointing to the remainder of our brigade, as they charged furiously upon the French infantry, and rode them down in masses.

Our guns came up at this time, and a plunging fire was opened upon the thick and retreating ranks of the enemy; the carnage must have been terrific, for the long breaches in their lines showed where the squadrons of the cavalry had passed, or the most destructive tide of the artillery had swept through them. The speed of the flying columns grew momentarily more; the road became blocked up, too, by broken carriages and wounded: and, to add, to their discomfiture, a damaging fire now opened from the town upon the retreating column, while the brigade of Guards and the 29th pressed hotly on their rear.

The scene was now beyond anything maddening in its interest. From the walls of Oporto the English infantry poured forth in pursuit; while the river was covered with boats, as they still continued to cross over. The artillery thundered from the Sierra, to protect the landing, for it was even still contested in places; and the cavalry, charging in flank, swept the broken ranks, and bore down upon their squares.

It was now, when the full-tide of victory ran highest in our favour, that we were ordered to retire from the road. Column after column passed before us, unmolested and unassailed; and not even a cannon-shot arrested their steps.

Some unaccountable timidity of our leader directed this movement: and while before our very eyes the gallant infantry were charging the retiring columns, we remained still and inactive.

How little did the sense of praise we had already won repay us for the shame and indignation we experienced at this moment, as with burning cheek

and compressed lip we watched the retreating files. "What can he mean?" "Is there not some mistake?" "Are we never to charge?" were the muttered questions around, as a staff officer galloped up with the order to take ground still farther back, and nearer to the river.

The word was scarcely spoken, when a young officer, in the uniform of a general, dashed impetuously up; he held his plumed cap high above his head, as he called out, "14th, follow me! Left face—wheel—charge!"

So, with the word, we were upon them. The French rear-guard was at this moment at the narrowest part of the road, which opened by a bridge upon a large open space, so that, forming with a narrow front, and favoured by a declivity in the ground, we actually rode them down. Twice the French formed, and twice were they broken. Meanwhile, the carnage was dreadful on both sides; our fellows dashing madly forward where the ranks were thickest, the enemy resisting with the stubborn courage of men fighting men for their last spot of ground. So impetuous was the charge of our squadrons, that we stopped not, till piercing the dense column of the retreating mass, we reached the open ground beyond. Here we wheeled, and prepared once more to meet them; when suddenly some squadrons of cuirassiers debouched from the road, and, supported by a field piece, showed front against us. This was the moment that the remainder of our brigade should have come to our aid, but not a man appeared. However, there was not an instant to be lost; already the plunging fire of the four-pounder had swept through our files, and every moment increased our danger.

"Once more, my lads, forward!" cried our gallant leader, Sir Charles Stewart, as, waving his sabre, he dashed into the thickest of the fray.

So sudden was our charge, that we were upon them before they were prepared. And here ensued a terrific struggle; for, as the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, we came upon the close ranks of the infantry at half-pistol distance, who poured a withering volley into us as we approached. But what could arrest the sweeping torrent of our brave fellows, though every moment falling in numbers?

Harvey, our major, lost his arm near the shoulder: scarcely an officer was not wounded. Power received a deep sabre cut in the cheek, from an aide-camp of General Foy, in return for a wound he gave the general; while I, in my endeavour to save General Laborde, when unhorsed, was cut down through the helmet, and so stunned, that I remembered no more around me; I kept my saddle, it is true, but I lost every sense of consciousness; my first glimmering of reason coming to my aid as I lay upon the river bank, and felt my faithful follower, Mike, bathing my temples with water, as he kept

up a running fire of lamentations for my being murdered so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles? Spake to me alanah; say that you're not kilt, darling—do now. Oh, wirrah! what'll I ever say to the master? and you doing so beautiful! Would'nt he give the best baste in his stable to be looking at you today? There, take a sup; it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beatin' them; there only gone now. That's right,—now your coming to."

"Where am I, Mike?"

"It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

"Well, Charley, my poor fellow, you've got sore bones too," cried Power, as, his face swathed in bandages, he lay down on the grass beside me. "It was a gallant thing while it lasted, but has cost us dearly. Poor Hixley——"

"What of him?" said I, anxiously.

"Poor fellow! he has seen his last battle-field. He fell across me, as we came out upon the road. I lifted him up in my arms, and bore him along above fifty yards; but he was stone dead—not a sigh, not a word escaped him;—shot through the forehead." As he spoke his lips trembled, and his voice sunk to a mere whisper at the last words,— "You remember what he said last night.—"Poor fellow! 'he was every inch a soldier.'"

Such was his epitaph.

I turned my head towards the scene of our late encounter: some dismounted guns and broken waggons alone marked the spot; while far in the distance, the dust of the retreating columns showed the beaten enemy, as they hurried towards the frontiers of Spain.

ON EDUCATION.

I think we may assert that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.—*Locke*.

PHYSIC.

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.—*Addison*.

MR. VATTEMARE.

"Aut agitur in scenis, aut acla refertur.—Non tamen intus

*Digna geri promes in scenis; multaue tolles
Ex oculis; quæ mox narret faciundia præsens.*"
Hor. Ar. Poet.

THE numerous testimonials which Mr. Vattemare has received from the most eminent personages of the age, must have struck those who have had the good fortune to see even a title of them with surprise, no less by their value and variety, than as proofs of the talent and good conduct which alone could have elicited them. Indeed, the utmost ingenuity seems to have been displayed in discovering how to bear testimony to the grandeur and magnificence of the plan, and the disinterested labours of its inventor. Nor have these testimonials been bestowed alone by the great and noble of the earth—they, indeed, have offered of their abundance—but the poor, also, of their penury.

"Te pauper ambit sollicitâ prece,
Ruris colonus, te domina æquoris."

The emperor of half the world sends his jewelled and costly offering; the working man, the fruit of his self-denial and toil. The mitred Roman or Episcopal bishop unites with the rigid Calvinist, and the simple-minded Quaker in a common eulogy. The legislator lifts up his voice in the council chamber, and then, with the eloquent fervour of a disciplined and experienced mind, commits his thoughts to a more durable record, and there his offering lies, and by its side the more touching tribute of woman's admiration for disinterested and laborious effort. Here is the direct business-like letter of the merchant, and the more aspiring brief-like testimonial of the lawyer. Youth writes with a heart overflowing with enthusiasm at a scheme which realizes more than his excited imagination had ever conceived; the ordinary expressions of congratulation and panegyric are all too formal and cold for his burning zeal; in his eyes, instead of the laborious pioneer in a new, but rich and promising department of philanthropic enterprise, Mr. Vattemare appears exalted above the failings of humanity, a beneficent visitor from a purer region, a star like that which shone upon the shepherds of old, when the voices of innumerable angels chanted in the mid-heaven: "Peace on earth, good will to men." With such feelings, is it wonderful that difficulties vanish, and melt away like the dew? He considers the prize of victory as already won—he sees the productions of science and art already scattered over all lands, and man united into one great brotherhood—and his heart glows with gratitude and admiration, as he pours forth his feelings in a eulogy which shrinks from the cool criticism of experience and reality.

Books have been presented by hundreds, and rings, medals, crosses, portraits. Tributes there are, voluntary and well earned tributes of admiration and sympathy, which Mr. Vattemare has received from the first poets of the day, as well as from many an unknown, though not uninspired follower of the Muse. Artists of all nations have employed their best powers in the cause, happy in being allowed to contribute to the World's Album, and of extending their own renown, or at least their name, to the end of the earth. A thousand productions from a thousand different pencils, have already been pressed into the service, as the first fruits of the glorious harvest which art, united and purified by the communication and free intercourse of her followers throughout the world, will, one day or other, pour into the common treasury, for the common benefit of the race.

From the mass of testimonials thus various and valuable, there is one which is worthy of particular notice, as the most singular contribution ever made to a private individual, or to the cause of science. It consists of a collection of autographs, nineteen in number, and written in nineteen different languages, by as many persons, natives of the different portions of the Russian dominions, where these languages are in use. This unique collection was presented to Mr. Vattemare, at St. Petersburg, in 1834, by Count Néselrode, then Chancellor of the Russian empire, and Prime Minister of Foreign Affairs. By the aid of a French translation, we propose to give a slight sketch of these various specimens; to the readers of the *Garland*, who may not have had an opportunity of seeing the originals, although all the interest arising from the beautiful execution, the singularity and variety of the different and uncouth characters of the languages must necessarily be lost by a mere description.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

The collection begins with the nineteenth Psalm, in the Slavenski language, said by the learned, to have been the literary language of Russia, until the beginning of the last century. The manuscript is in imitation of print, and the initial letter of each verse is red. The characters are many of them like those of the Greek, and not a few like those of the English alphabet, some of them in appearance identical. The whole is surrounded by a bordering of paint like gold-leaf.

The second is a specimen of that wonderful language which has attracted the reverence and admiration of all ages, ancient and modern, for its plastic power, and fitness to express, with ease and fidelity, alike the most delicate and almost unappreciable shades and distinctions of philosophic thought

—the light graces of fancy—the scorching irresistible torrent of patriotic eloquence, and the high and sober dignity of history,—the language of the ancient Greeks. The specimen is written in a free, bold hand, and is not better executed than many which may be met with. It expresses gratitude to the powers of Christendom for their aid in recovering the independence of Greece, and the appointment of a king to aid the Greeks in arriving at their former glory.

A few lines of Arabic come next, on repentance and the fear of God; a distich on fidelity to promises, and another describing ignorance as the most dangerous of all maladies.

The fourth specimen is in ancient Hebrew, a language which, like the Slavenski and ancient Greek, can scarcely be said to be spoken in the Russian empire, or any where else, although once spoken, not only in Palestine, but in Phœnecia, Syria, Arabia, and Ethiopia. It is written in square characters, without points, and is surrounded by a border of bluish red.

There is also given a specimen of the German language, such as is used by the Jews in Russia. said to be, in most respects, the same as the language used by the English Jews in their commercial affairs. The following is a translation of the paragraph, which no Christian can read without interest; happily for humanity, and for forlorn, but not forsaken Israel, the picture here drawn is, in the main, correct:

“The Jews scattered throughout the western and southern provinces of Russia, enjoy the protection of an enlightened government. They exercise freely the worship of their fathers, and engage, without molestation, in commerce, and other branches of industry, which offer them the means of subsistence and of advancing their interests.”

Next in order come several specimens of Persian—the language of gentle affections, of love, bright eyes, and flowers that never fade. Blessings and thanks be to those who are opening up to the English public its concealed riches, and transplanting to the cold North its fragrant and magnificent shrubs, to perfume and adorn

The sober gardens of our English song,
Not bare before, and naked to the view,
Nor fruitless; but with modest beauty deck'd,

“The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
“The white pink, and the pansy streaked with jet,

“The glowing violet,
“The musk-rose, and the well attired wood-bine,
“With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head.”
And flowers of a thousand thousand hues.

The Persian language, at least that of it which meets the outward eye, is far from being beautiful, and may be manufactured thus:

Take *quant. suff.* of English commas, scatter them about the page *ad lib.* add a sprinkling of semicolons, and inverted interrogation points, the semicolons to be placed horizontally, and flanked by a dash bent *secun. art.*, these, with a crescent or two to the lineal inch, and about forty full stops to the line *chart. stult.* will have a dish of Turkish, which will go down any where out of the dominions of the Sultan.

There is, however, much in the language that is elegant and imaginative in sentiment, as will appear from the following beautiful extract which we take from the autograph as it stands in the French translation.

“Imitez ces arbres fruitiers, et comme eux, donnez des fruits à qui vous jette des pierres. A l'exemple des montagnes, donnez de l'or à celui dont la cruauté déchire votre sein; et prenez pour modèle de douceur et de patience, ces coquilles qui donnent leurs perles à celui qui les brise.”

The sixth specimen is in Turkish, with a triple border of blue and red. The portion translated is a prayer in which all Christians might join. “Lord! may thy mercy be my guide, conduct me in the way which leads to peace. Divine wisdom! I know not my own wants, do thou bestow upon me that which seemeth good to thee.”

The next is a specimen of the Mongolian language, and is written vertically; in some of the words there are spaces of more than an inch marked by black lines, and the whole, at a little distance, looks like the pounds, shillings and pence lines of a ledger, with short lines diverging downwards from each line—for about half an inch at an angle of forty-five degrees. The paragraph translated is as follows:

“We must in this life overcome our destructive passions, and endeavour according to the religion of the Grand Lama, to shun the three Sins, in order that the soul may pass (transmigrate) to the holy habitation of the Divinity.”

The Moguls like the inhabitants of Thibet, Burmah, Anan, Siam, and the greater part of the Chinese and Japanese, consider the *metempsychosis* or transmigration of souls, as one of the most important articles of their faith, even the soul of the Grand Lama being supposed to pass into his successor. This article of faith has prevailed in the East for more than three thousand years, and it is evident from the literature of Europe, that among more enlightened nations, it has not been without supporters.

The eighth is a beautifully written specimen of the Georgian language, giving an account of certain incursions into Georgia by the Ossetes in the year 448 (probably about A. D. 1225).

The ninth is the Armenian language, ornamented, and in smaller characters than any of the other specimens. It recounts the dispersion of the Armenians by the barbarians, and the hospitable reception

given them by the Russians, with their present prosperous condition under the Emperor Nicholas, who is styled their "Second Providence." "Under his sceptre," continues the writer, "the Armenians enjoy various privileges and prerogatives, superb churches, populous bishopricks, courts of justice, with judges elected by the people, schools, printing presses, and other institutions protected by the government. The devotion of the Armenians for the august sovereign of the Russians, is without bounds."

Doubtless the writer was aware, that his production would pass under the review of the emperor or his chief officers, and this may account for the adulatory style in which the emperor is alluded to, and for the exaggerated professions of devotion to his service.

The next is a specimen of the Moldavian language, said to be a derivation from the Latin. Its characters are many of them very similar to our Roman letters, others are like the Greek, and the whole seems to be merely a modification of the first specimen in the collection, the Slavenski. It professes to give a short explanation of the names and divisions of the Moldavian and Wallachian nations.

The eleventh specimen is in Chinese running hand (!) but approximating nearly to the characters used in printing. The passage which is from Confucius, is well worth attention, not only from the consideration that it was written at least five hundred years before the Christian Era, but also from its intrinsic merits. Dsy-tou asks his master in what *heroism* consists; and Confucius, being probably ignorant of what certain modern wiseacres have called *abstract* nouns, enquires of Dsy-tou, whether he means the heroism of the people of the south, or of the north, or Dsy-tou's own proper heroism, but receiving no answer, proceeds to say: "The heroes of the south make heroism consist in greatness of soul and moderation. Professing these virtues, they teach how to bear injuries without seeking to revenge them, and have arrived at the highest degree of wisdom. The great men of the north think that virtue consists in physical force. They pass their life under arms, and they harness, and face death without a fear. But can any thing be higher than the heroism of those who seek to live in peace with the whole human race! Are they forgotten in a well-ordered empire?—they complain not of their lot. Live they under a cruel government?—They remain faithful to virtue, and for her, cheerfully die."

The twelfth is in the Manchew language. The characters in form are similar to the Chinese, and like them are also written up and down the page. The passage is the farewell of a Corcan deputy to the Russian mission house at Peking, and is written in the usual inflated style of oriental complimentary composition.

The next is a Calmuck extract from a chronicle containing some historical details of the progress of

the Calmuck division of the great Mongolian family.

A further account of the Calmucks is contained in the next specimen, in the ordinary writing of Thibet, which states that there are three principal tribes wandering on the banks of the Wolga, numbering about 25,000 "waggon" or families, and 100,000 men.

A paragraph in the literary language of Thibet follows next in order. It gives some curious particulars of the religion of the Lama of Thibet. "The communion which his followers receive from his hands delivers from all diseases, and drives off destructive passions, and the soul passes into the invisible spirit of God. The learned Lamaic clergy believe that their religion will, in time, be extended over the whole earth. All the followers of the Lama have the doors of their houses facing to the south."

The sketch, slight as it is, affords much material for useful reflection, which it might not be amiss to improve; but it is time to close. Mr. Vattemare has the honour of possessing, in these autographs, a treasure as unique as it is valuable. They are, however, but a sample of the immense literary wealth of Asia, and the east of Europe. These countries, for centuries, remarkable chiefly for their valuable natural productions, and the unprogressive character of their inhabitants, have begun to excite that attention, which no countries more deserve, or can better repay. It is gratifying to know that the late Sultan took infinite pains to introduce Mr. Vattemare's system into his dominions; indeed no monarch in Christendom is said to have done more for his people than Mahmoud. There are mines of rarest literary wealth in Turkey, which will one day, we trust, be brought to light, for the good of the world; and, throughout the East, many valuable manuscripts might be found, which the barbarity of former ages failed to destroy. These would be hailed with enthusiasm by the literati of Europe, who would gladly give whole libraries in exchange for one relic of ages gone by, which might shed upon the modern world some rays of that sacred light, which once gilded with its glory the cradle of the human race—the birth-place of civilization—the holy land, where the SAVIOUR lived and died.

A. R.

Montreal, 23d December, 1840.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like a Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price.—*Lord Bacon*.

ALL deception in the course of life, is indeed nothing else but a *lie* reduced to *practice*, and *falsehood* passing from *words* into *things*.—*South's Sermons*.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

COME, mariner, down to the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave ;
For I have a bed of coral for thee,
And quiet and sound shall thy slumber be
In a cell in the Mermaid's cave !

On a pillow of pearls thine eye shall sleep,
And nothing disturb thee there ;
The fishes their silent vigils shall keep ;
There shall be no grass thy grave to sweep,
But the silk of the Mermaid's hair.

And she, who is waiting with cheeks so pale,
As the tempest and ocean roar,
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail
Come whitening up to the shore—

She has not long to linger for thee !
Her sorrows will soon be o'er ;
For the cord shall be broken, the prisoner free ;
Her eye shall close, and her dreams will be
So sweet, she will wake no more !

EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION.

SHALL your cook and your waiters, your carters and your ditchers, be accounted equally civilized with yourselves ? Shall they who watch the look, and tremble at the frown of a superior, be allowed to possess delicacy of sentiment and dignity of character ? No ; they are deprived of all personal consequence in society. Their own interest is annihilated. They are merely a necessary part of the luxurious establishment of their principal.

We passed by the residence of Polydore. We saw his gorgeous palace and widely extended fields. We examined his gardens, his park, his orchards ; and were struck with astonishment at the splendour of his establishment. And is this all, we inquired, designed for the accommodation of one man ? Can one creature, not six feet high, occupy all these splendid apartments ? Behold the flocks, and herds, and fields of corn ! Can all these be necessary for the sustenance of one ? But if all this be the product of his own labour, he has full liberty to enjoy it. Polydore must be a giant. Did he pile up these massy stones, and erect these ponderous buildings ? Did he subdue the lordly forest, and cover the fields with waving grain ? No : Polydore has done nothing. He owes all this to the labour of others. But how then, we inquired with amazement, did Polydore gain this ascendancy over others ? How did he compel his fellows to cultivate his fields, or labour in his ditches ? Polydore did not compel them, they were compelled by their necessities. A fortunate concurrence of circumstances, and the laws of the country, have made Polydore rich ; but these men are poor. A small portion of the product of

their labour goes to the support of themselves and their families ; but the far greater part is applied to the aggrandizement of Polydore's establishment. And as this aggrandizement increases, in like manner increases his ascendancy over others.

We saw through the whole in a moment. It is therefore absolutely necessary that every rich man should be surrounded by others more indigent than himself. If it were otherwise, in what manner would he induce them to supply his factious wants, or gratify his luxurious inclinations ? Cottages, then, must necessarily be found in the vicinity of palaces ; and lordly cities must be surrounded by suburbs of wretchedness ! Sordidness is the offspring of splendour ; and luxury is the parent of want. Civilization consists in the refinement of a few, and the barbarism and baseness of many.

As the grandeur of any establishment is augmented, servile and base officers are multiplied. Poverty and baseness must be united in the same person, in order to qualify him for such situations. Who fill servile and low employments in your Atlantic cities ? Are there not American minds to be found sufficiently degraded for these contemptible occupations. Ye find it necessary to have recourse to the more highly polished continental nations for suitable drudges to sweep your streets and remove nuisances, to stand behind your carriage, and perform degrading duties about your persons.

Civilized Europeans, when they visit your country, complain loudly of your barbarism. You are little better, in their estimation, than the savage of the wilderness. They cannot meet with that obsequiousness and servility which is necessary to their happiness. They complain, most dolefully, of the impertinence of their servants, and, indeed, of the difficulty of procuring any one sufficiently qualified for the situation of a menial. You frequently blush for the rudeness and barbarity of your countrymen, when you listen to these complaints of your polished visitants ; but do not despair. The seeds are sown ; and the growth will be repaid. The causes have begun to operate, and the effects to be seen. There will soon be a sufficiency of indigence and poverty of spirit to make servants obsequious, and multiply the number of domestics. Let splendour, refinement, and luxury triumph ; and we promise that sordidness, baseness, and misery, will walk in their train.

Man was designed by nature to cultivate the fields, or roam in woods. He has sufficient strength to do every thing for himself that is necessary to be done. He can erect a hut of poles and cover it with bark or skins without the assistance of another. A small portion of his time procures clothing and food ; and the remainder is devoted to amusement and rest. The moment you leave this point, your destination is certain, though your progress may be slow.—*The Savage*

(ORIGINAL.)

MUSINGS AND VAGARIES OF SQUIRE COCKLE.

BY A TYRO.

(Continued.)

CHILL December at length came puffing along with bloated cheeks; and in order not to be debarred by the inclemency of the season from benefitting by the Squire's instructions, I shifted my quarters into the same house with himself, where I secured a room, promising soon to rival his in *litter*, if not in literary appearance. As soon as I had got well settled and bolstered with every convenience, I prepared for my usual round of gaiety, which consisted in going out to one or two parties, and then, oyster-like, *modestly* retiring into my shell to enjoy a little selfish gratification. One evening I determined to risk the excitement of a first appearance on the boards; I therefore bedizened myself sprucely in a fashionable suit of black, a dashing waistcoat, stock to match, and paper-soled boots, admirably fitted to display the delicate proportions of my nether extremities. I was always, as you may judge from this description, over-fastidious in dress, and affected much *style* and a sort of easy carelessness, which passes current in the world for a trifle more than its actual worth.

When I had donned this finery, I gave a few finishing twirls to my ferocious whiskers, stretching from ear to ear in friendly rivalry with my grin—saw my consequential phiz reflected in leathers, as polished as “Warren's best” could render them—and then, assisted by a square of tinned glass, technically styled “a mirror,” I surveyed myself, with infinite satisfaction, from the forelock to the tips of the toes. I am naturally an egotist, and have drawn upon your patience to show off a person of which I am not a little vain; and whist! I will tell you a secret—when no eye is near, I contrive to screw up into the aforesaid mirror such killing looks as I fancy none of the fair sex can possibly resist! This is the champ-de-mars where I review my leers, ogles, smiles, &c. &c.—and, oh, fortunate looking-glass! like your prototype, how much oftener are you not favoured with a sight of these deadly weapons than is any enemy, fair or foul! To tell the truth, since my person is my only recommendation, I keep aloof from society merely to give myself a nominal value.

To return from this digression. Having finished my “toggerly,” I looked at the watch, and finding that it was full half-hour before the requisite time of departure, it struck me that I might help yawning through this dreadful interval, by stepping into the Squire's room, and getting him, if possible, to japan a few characters for amusement. Reader, I warn you that I am fond of having both boots and persons well blackened; be not surprised then, if you detect me occasionally throwing in malicious observations during Squire Cockle's sage remarks. Let not anger attribute them to spite—but remember that they are

the offspring of a perverse disposition, for which, of course, I am not accountable.

On my entering the Squire's apartment, he was, as usual, seated in that eternal arm-chair, roasting his feet near a blazing fire, and I just caught the dying sound of a low chuckle, denoting with him the evaporation of high spirits.

“Ah, my friend,” he almost shouted, on getting a glimpse of my figure, “a hearty welcome to jolly December! Long life to the old fellow for coming at last to cheer us up! You see, however, that I am determined to keep out sly Jack, who may be sure of a warm reception if he attempt to palm his ruby face upon us. But, bless me! what a stylish appearance you present! I can assure you that you are quite mistaken if you expect to meet any company here tonight, and you have been ornamenting yourself to no purpose. Ah! I see—you are going to a ‘flare up,’ and have only honoured me with a call ‘en passant.’ So you have really accepted an invitation! Why, I thought you too much of a bat ever to seek the light, but I am glad to find you on the move at last. Permit me to congratulate you on this change in your feelings.”

“If you knew me better,” I answered, “you would be aware that my feelings are the same as ever.”

“Well, if they are not changed, your dress is, and now-a-days one change is about as important as the other. Yet how happens such a mournful colour as black to be so much the vogue? were it not for your waistcoat, I should be tempted to take you for a lawyer or an undertaker. (Thank goodness—muttered I—no one else would, for I can pretend to neither.) When I was young and in the country, the beaux dressed themselves in the brightest colours, and we might have been aptly compared to a flock of blue jays, robins, and humming birds, all met for a *hop* and a frolic. Oh! how we enjoyed ourselves then! How we did reel round, stamping and tearing about! and those delightful long country dances too, to the end of whose vistas we could but peep, we kept gloriously agoing, though scarcely able to stand! They had no puzzling intricacies to vex one; a very simpleton could get through a figure he saw performed over and over again a hundred times—it was merely ‘cross hands, down the middle, and up again.’ So at least our wise dancing-masters informed us. Then we had the merry fiddlers to make us brisk. They were true magicians, by the potency of their spells forcing us to jig away with a single partner, when tired of other dances. Our boots, too, were not flimsy things like yours—we would have worn out such as these in a short time—but they were good serviceable ones, where-with we could, when necessary, stamp on a spade, or kick a dog, without injuring their texture. Those were the articles to make a noise with; and what if we did grind a few corns, it only increased the din and produced more fun.

"But that age of vulgarity has passed, and is succeeded by an age of refinement—wherein palpitation of the heart would ensue on greater exertion than walking through a quadrille, and ladies can only become giddy in the sanctioned whirl of the sentimental waltz.

"Though I seldom go out now to see 'how the world wags,' I am half sorry that 'L'Allegro' has yielded so quietly to 'Il Penseroso;' but I console myself by the reflection, that when the latter shall have held sway for a short period, the *beau monde* will tire of the

'Pensive men devout and pure
Sober, steadfast and demure,'

Who keeps her

'Wonted state
With even step and musing gait
And looks commercing with the skies.'

They will turn her adrift, and joyfully recall the nymph that brings

'Jest and youthful jollity
Quips, and canks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles :'

And they will again

Bliſhly 'trip it as they go
On the light fantastic toe.'

"In the meantime, while anxiously awaiting this millennium, I would wish to be informed what class of gents holds the greatest sway in society. In my time, the blues and the greens ruled conjointly."

"If so," said I, "things have quite altered since then, for no colours dare now appear but red and black; the others have been exiled from courtly places and sent to weep in dust and ashes. Until now the red coats have had the advantage, but the blacks are beginning to rally, and will, I think, in the end win the day. I question if, on close inspection, these cavalier red-coats be found after all deeply read."

"Well, since you do not seem to value your antagonists very highly, how happens it that they have in a measure thrust you civilians out, since it must rest solely with yourselves to maintain your places?"

"It does not depend entirely upon our own abilities; for, though we may bravely defend our position, the misses form a powerful phalanx, and whatever side they choose to join is sure to be successful. I blame them for allowing themselves to be so dazzled by a little bright cloth as in their blindness to array themselves against us. Positively some of them have so completely lost their eyesight that they cannot even recognize us as casual friends during a truce." (Kind reader, since you have been so indulgent, I am tempted to ask whether you have not

at times enjoyed a laugh in your fur gauntlets, at being unceremoniously cut by some haughty damsel?)

"Oh, fie upon you!" sang out the Squire, "to blame the sweet creatures, I thought you were gifted with more gallantry than that. Why, to my own knowledge, the sex is so improved since my day, that they now seem to acquire learning intuitively, and I consider the change an admirable provision of nature, saving both teacher and pupil a great amount of unnecessary trouble. Only look at their possessing a finished education at fourteen, when we thought eighteen years the shortest period in which a young lady could be fitted for a woman,—and then deny that it speaks highly for the mental activity of the present age! This allows them more opportunity of seeing the world, which they take good care to improve. Time such a sluggard with others, does not hang idly on their hands; for their taper fingers are constantly employed in some pretty ornamental stitching, far better suited to their delicate touch than the coarse domestic needlework of our antiquated flames. Then they are taught to play the piano, and sing an accompaniment—advantages seldom within reach of their ancestors, each of whose muse, like Spenser's

'Whilome did maske

As time her taught in lowly shepherd's weeds,'

Being 'enforst' to pipe away on simple oat-straw reeds. In days of yore, young ladies were silly enough to pore over books known by the denomination of *useful*; but those at present in the market know much better how to increase the brilliancy of their conversation by culling the flowers of the most fairy-like and unearthly novels, and by committing to memory scraps of newspaper poetry, full of pathetic sensibility. The bare mention of this species of literature has inspired me, and I must out with

Sailings in a cockle-shell,

I must steer my vessel well,

Lest I strand it on a rock,

Wrecked, dismayed, by the shock.

Was not the imagination, even in these few lines, taken an amazing flight? In fact our age is a very poetical age, and our young ladies most poetical young ladies!"

"Stop, stop, Squire!" exclaimed I, suddenly pulling over my watch, "I must be off; even now I shall be late."

"Then you will only be the more fashionable!" answered he, bowing me politely out.

Montreal, December, 1840.

MOTIVES.

THE two great movers of the human mind are, the desire of good, and the fear of evil.—*Johnson*.

WALTZ SENTIMENTAL.

BY A. FLECHE.

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

First system of musical notation. The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo and mood are marked *P. Dolce*. The notation includes a treble clef and a bass clef, with various notes, rests, and ornaments.

Second system of musical notation. It features a repeat sign with first and second endings. The word *Fine* is written above the first ending, and *for* is written above the second ending. The notation includes a trill ornament (*tr*) and a key signature change to two sharps (D major).

Third system of musical notation. It includes trill ornaments (*tr*) and a dynamic marking of *dim e rit* (diminuendo and ritardando). The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo).

Fourth system of musical notation, beginning the **TRIO.** section. The tempo and mood are marked *P* (Piano). The notation includes a treble clef and a bass clef, with various notes and rests.

Fifth system of musical notation. It includes dynamic markings of *cres* (crescendo) and *dim e pia* (diminuendo and piano). The notation includes a treble clef and a bass clef, with various notes and rests.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melodic line with several measures, including a half note with a fermata and a quarter note with a fermata. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a fermata. The lower staff includes the instruction *for* in the first measure. Both staves show a continuation of the harmonic and melodic material.

The third system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line. The lower staff includes the instruction *pia* in the first measure and the marking *8va* (octave up) under the first and third measures of the bass line.

The fourth system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata. The lower staff includes the instruction *pia* in the first measure and *In Tempo* in the second measure.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fermata. The lower staff includes the instruction *D. C. Waltz* in the final measure. Both staves end with a double bar line.

MUSIC AND THE MUSCULAR SENSE.

THE divisions of the time in music in some degree depend on the muscular sense. A man will put down his staff in regulated time, and in his common walk the sound of his steps will fall into a measure. A boy striking the railing in mere wantonness will do it with a regular succession of blows. This disposition in the muscular frame to put itself into motion with an accordance to time, is the source of much that is pleasing in music and assists the effect of melody. The closest connection is thus established between the employments of the sense of hearing and the exercise of the muscular sense. The effect of disorders of the nervous system is sometimes to shew how natural certain combinations of actions are in the exercise of the muscular frame. The following is a curious illustration of what we have just been dwelling upon.

A young woman—who, by the by, could not be taught to go down a country dance—under a morbid mental excitement, in association with the organs of voluntary motion not unbecoming an opera dancer. At one time she would pace slowly round the room as in a minuet, with a measured step, the arms carried with elegance: at another she would stand on the toes of one foot, and beat time with the other. On some occasions she would strike the table, or whatever she could reach with her hand, many times softly, and then with force. At length it was found that she did every thing in rhythms. A friend thought that, in her regular beating, he could recognise a tune, and he began singing it. The moment this struck her ears she turned suddenly to the man, danced directly up to him, and continued to dance until she was quite out of breath.

The cure of this young woman was of a very unusual kind; a drum and fife were procured, and when a tune corresponding to the rhythms of her movements was played, in whatever part of the room she was she would dance close up to the drum, and continue dancing until she missed the step; when these involuntary motions instantly ceased, and the paroxysm ended. The physician profiting by this, and observing a motion in her lips, put his ear close to her mouth; he thought he could hear her sing; and questioning her, she said that there was always a tune dwelling upon her mind, which at times had an irresistible influence upon her, and compelled her to begin her involuntary motions. In the end, she was cured by altering the time in the beating of the drum; for whenever she missed the time, the motions stopped. We may now ask, what is this extraordinary disease? From being an excitable state of the nervous and musical system it will be called chore: but it is an instance of a natural combination of muscular actions morbidly produced; just as hysteria, where we have the expressions of various natural passions exhibited, for example, weeping or laughing.

THE MONKS OF NEWHALL.

MOST persons have heard of the hospitality which was at one time exercised by the religious houses, prior to the Reformation. When the country was in a rude state, the monasteries served as a species of inns for the use of weary travellers, with this distinction, that they charged no price for their food and lodging. At the Reformation, all this was done away, by the monks themselves being reduced to a forlorn condition; yet we have to record a remarkable instance of a semblance of the old hospitable custom being continued, and which still continues in feeble operation. On the boundary of the counties of Edinburgh and Peebles, and lying at the southern base of the Pentland Hills, there was once a rich conventual institution of Cistercian Monks. They had a great deal of the adjacent lands in their possession; some of which, till this day, are distinguished as having belonged to the *Monks*. Fortunately, this religious body did not lavish their ample endowments on improper objects. Over a tract of country, of many miles in extent, they were alike renowned for their hospitality and piety. They were at that time, in this part of Scotland, what the Monks of St. Bernard are in our own times. Their house was situated in the midst of a very wild region, yet far from being reclaimed. From the threshold of their monastery, the eye travelled over an apparently unlimited bleak morass, indented by ravines and hollows,—that wilderness land, a great portion of which is known by the name of Pennycuik Moor. To the west, this wretched district extends almost as far as the banks of the Clyde. For the greater part of the year, the climate here is raw and pinching. In the winter it is exceedingly inclement. The good Cistercian Monks, it may well be supposed, were seldom at a loss for objects whereupon to lavish their hospitality. At different places they established hospitals, or houses of refuge, at which refreshments were freely given to the passing traveller, who used them with becoming moderation; and warm lodgings for the night to persons overtaken by fatigue or darkness, in travelling over the waste. Besides these hospitals, or inns, there were two or three houses in which the sick and superannuated were attended to on a more permanent scale. For the further security and comfort of the traveller, there were crosses reared beside little fountains of water on the sides of the thoroughfares, which at once answered as land-marks in cases of deep snows, and as watering places for cattle.

Every vestige is now gone of these edifices, and it is only in the course of agricultural improvement that their sites can be accurately pointed out, from the foundations being turned up. The names of the places likewise fix the locality of the institutions of the Cistercians. The modern mansion of Newhall is built on the site of the monastery, and different places in its neighbourhood are called *Spital*. Thus, there is the Fore *Spital* and the Back *Spital*, both now farm steadings. Likewise *Monkkaugh*, *Monkraig*, *Monkburg*, and one place is still named *Font-and-Cross*. In confirmation of what had just been said of the ancient hospitality of the *Spitals*, a custom has prevailed, from time out of mind, at the Fore *Spital*, of giving shelter for a night, to poor wayfarers. An outhouse, well furnished with straw, is devoted to this object; and many is the occasion that, but for the beneficent, though mean, hospitality of the place, the poor beggar would have perished in this dismal territory. Few nights pass over, indeed, on which some houseless wanderers have not occasion to bless the kindly usages of the Monks of Newhall.

OUR TABLE.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

A FEW of the earlier numbers of this work led us to anticipate a slight falling off from the great excellence of its predecessor—the ever-memorable “Adventures of Harry Lorrequer”—an anticipation, we are pleased to state, which we cannot longer entertain. The story, indeed, is widely different, and not altogether so humorous, but it is in no way inferior; and as a picture of the gallant, daring, and generous soldier, embracing a rapid view of such a soldier's life, it may be deemed a production superior to the portraiture of the mere holiday warrior, the details of whose misadventures were so powerful in their effects upon the risibility of the reader.

A spirited chapter, which we have transferred to our pages, from a recent number, will, however, convey a much more correct idea than any thing we can write, of the vigorous style and eloquent language of the author. In it the “Battle of the Douro” is placed with the vividness of life before the eye, and a portion of the soldier's enthusiasm conveyed to the breast of the most peace-loving reader—evidences of the power exercised by the author over the imagination, and of the ease with which he sounds the “depths and shallows of the human heart.”

In somewhat a different strain is the chapter which immediately follows that which we have given. It is the “Day after the Battle,” when other feelings than the exciting hopes of yesterday have taken possession of the mind. We extract from this a few melancholy passages. It is the burial scene of the unfortunate Hixley, whose fate is recorded in the chapter quoted.

There are few sadder things in life than the day after a battle. The high-beating hope,—the bounding spirits, have passed away; and in their stead come the depressing re-action by which every overwrought excitement is followed. With far different eyes do we look upon the compact ranks and glistening files,—

With helm arrayed,
And lance and blade,
And plume in the gay wind dancing.

and upon the cold and barren heath, whose only memory of the past is the blood-stained turf, the mangled corpse, and broken gun, the shattered wall, the well-trodden earth where columns stood, the cut-up ground where cavalry had charged;—these are the sad relics of all the chivalry of yesterday.

The morning which followed the battle of the Douro was one of the most beautiful I ever remember. There was that kind of freshness and elasticity in the air which certain days possess, and communicate by some magic their properties to ourselves. The thrush was singing gaily out from every grove and wooded dell; the very river had a sound of gladness as it rippled on against its sedgy banks; the foliage, too, sparkled in the fresh dew, as in its robes of holiday, and all looked bright and happy.

As I followed every rising fancy, I heard a step approach: it was a figure muffled in a cavalry cloak, which I soon perceived to be Power.

“Charley!” said he, in a half-whisper; “get up and come with me. You are aware of the general order, that, while in pursuit of an enemy, all military honours to the dead are forbidden; but we wish to place our poor comrade in the earth before we leave.”

I followed down a little path, through a grove of tall beech trees that opened upon a little grassy terrace beside the river. A stunted olive tree stood by itself in the midst, and there I found five of our brother officers standing, wrapped in their wide cloaks. As we pressed each other's hands, not a word was spoken: each heart was full; and hard features that never quailed before the foe were now shaken with the convulsive spasms of agony, or compressed with stern determination to seem calm.

A cavalry helmet and a large blue cloak lay upon the grass. The narrow grave was already dug beside it; and in the death-like stillness around, the service for the dead was read: the last words were over: we stooped and placed the corpse, wrapped up in the mantle, in the earth; we replaced the mould, and stood silently around the spot. The trumpet of our regiment at this moment sounded the call; its clear notes rang sharply through the thin air,—it was the soldier's requiem! and we turned away without speaking and returned to our quarters.

I had never known poor Hixley till a day or two before, but somehow my grief for him was deep and heart-felt. It was not that his frank and manly bearing,—his bold and military air, had gained upon me.

No, these were indeed qualities to attract and delight me; but he had obtained a stronger and faster hold upon my affections,—he had spoke to me of home!

Of all the ties that bind us to the chance acquaintances we meet with in life, what can equal this one?—what a claim upon your love has he who can, by some passing word—some fast-fitting thought, bring back the days of your youth?—what interest can he not excite, by some anecdote of your boyish days,—some well remembered trait of youthful daring, or early enterprize? Many a year of sunshine and of storm has passed above my head; I have not been without my moments of gratified pride, and rewarded ambition; but my heart has never responded so fully, so thankfully, so proudly to these—such as they were—as to the simple touching words of one who knew my early home, and loved its inmates.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the December number of this elegant monthly, which is one of the most welcome of the American periodicals. It is, as usual, wholly indebted to its original contributors for its interesting contents. The number is accompanied by a very fine steel engraving, by Dick, and a beautiful plate of fashions for the winter season. It continues to earn well the favour with which it is received by an immense list of readers.

AMERICAN MELODIES—EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The Americans are, essentially, a reading, and of consequence a thinking people. Education, to a certain extent, is diffused among all the different classes of their heterogeneous society; and the man who neglects to secure for his children, such a quantity of learning as his means admit of is looked upon as a species of moral pestilence—a being unfit to exercise the honourable duties with which his political and social position has endowed him.

Among such a people literature has naturally made rapid progress. Periodicals, in immense variety, and many of them admirably conducted, have sprung among them, as if spontaneously from the soil; and the liberal encouragement they have received is an earnest that the people for whom they are produced duly appreciate the fortunate position in which, with respect to the intellectual treasures of the age, they have been placed.

Where *all* are readers, it is only natural that there should be many writers, and, in America, their name is “Legion.” Myriads there are who write—but whose ambition does not soar beyond the “Olio” of some village newspaper.

These effusions, though generally such as to perish with the current number of the journal they adorn, are not altogether unmixed with gems of genuine lustre—rays from the Promethean fire of genius. Many of these rays are necessarily destined to shine in vain,—but there are some whose light, catching an eye which can discern their beauty, are rescued from the oblivion they seem to covet, and placed where they may not be altogether lost to their country and to the world.

With some such patriotic design, the editor of these American Melodies, George P. Morris, Esq. seems to have been inspired, when he undertook the compilation of the very elegant volume before us—a work consisting of two hundred pieces, by two hundred different authors, some of whom stand in the foremost ranks of American literary men, the great majority of them however being, until now, altogether, “unknown to fame.” The compositions are all of them respectable—many of them very beautiful, and such as to reflect the highest credit upon the condition of literature on the continent of America.

Among the names which appear in this long list of authors, we observe with pleasure that of J. H. Willis, of Quebec, with the productions of whose genius the people of Canada have long been familiar. The piece selected is the beautiful melody, “Hark, comrades hark!” written and published some years ago, and which was reproduced in the *Garland* during the last year. We are pleased to observe the name of this gentleman, not less because it is worthy of such fellowship, than because it shews that our American neighbours are willing, as far as the common ground of intellect is concerned, to overstep the imaginary barrier which the force of circumstances has raised up between the different portions of this immense and beautiful country.

Were we to endeavour to extract the best of these "Melodies," in support of the correctness of our remarks, we should find it a somewhat difficult matter to decide on the relative beauties of each; but as we shall content ourselves with one taken almost at random from the book, the task will be much easier of accomplishment.

The following ode has already been extensively circulated here; but it is such both in spirit and expression as to bear republication well.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—

The volume is elegantly "got up," and embellished with a number of engravings; it is richly bound in morocco. A few copies are for sale at the bookstores of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW—TO BE DEVOTED TO THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF THE CANADAS.

THE Prospectus of a work under the above title has been for some time before us. It is to be under the management of a gentleman well known in the Canadian political world, Mr. Waudby; whose talents admirably fit him for the responsible situation he is about to fill. The *Review* is intended to be a correct record of the political history of the country, with such remarks and reflections as the events may naturally give birth to. A very extensive support is promised in the shape of contributions: and as the work will be under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, it has every prospect of being eminently successful.

MERCEDES OF CASTILE—BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPY."

WE are glad to learn from the American reviews, that Cooper is again in the field, and upon a subject in which his national prejudices will not be allowed to mar the effect of his splendid genius. The subject of this novel is the discovery of America, by Columbus, and the work is spoken of in terms of the highest praise. It has not yet reached "our table," so that we cannot enter upon its merits, but there cannot exist a doubt that the commendation bestowed upon it is eminently deserved.

THE FINE ARTS.

WE had lately the pleasure of examining, at the bookstores of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, a number of the finest engravings, we believe, ever imported into this country. These beautiful specimens of art are the work of many of the best artists in England, several of them being from the burin of Cousins, after paintings by Landseer, the design and execution of which it is impossible too highly to praise. The collection is altogether too extensive to be individually mentioned; but we cannot omit calling the attention of connoisseurs to the splendid prints of

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins,
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun;
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"

“Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,” the “Egerton Family,” and one which comes recommended to the heart by the feelings of admiration to which it cannot fail immediately to give rise. We allude to a beautiful picture, representing the heroic Grace Darling, and her venerable sire, administering to the comfort of the unfortunate beings rescued from the wreck of the Forfarshire steam-packet. The different figures in this fine engraving are represented with a touching fidelity it is impossible to surpass. As a whole it presents a most interesting spectacle, worthy the admiration of every admirer of the generous and noble in human nature.

There are, however, many others equally excellent with those we have mentioned, but of which it is needless to attempt a description, necessarily insipid and tame. The pictures must be seen to convey any idea of their beauty.

NEW YORK ALBION.

In our last, we mentioned the intention of the enterprising proprietor of the *Albion*, to issue during the year, an engraving of Windsor Castle. We omitted to mention that it was also in contemplation to furnish a finely engraved portrait of the Duke of Wellington. Since then, however, the intention has been changed, and the portrait of Washington announced as in progress, instead of that of the illustrious Duke, an arrangement, we think, extremely commendable, as shewing that the feelings of the American readers of the *Albion* are equally consulted with those of the persons for whom, more particularly, that journal is designed. The veteran editor of the *Albion* thus announces his determination:—

In our last we announced our intention of issuing to our subscribers *two plates* in the course of the ensuing year, the subjects being the *Duke of Wellington* and *Windsor Castle*.

It has occurred to us that it might be acceptable to our readers, if we were to select an American subject for one of our prints. This would seem to be but fair to our numerous American subscribers, as most of our previous plates have consisted of English subjects; we have accordingly determined upon adopting this course.

Consistently with this determination, and with our most careful endeavour to present that which shall be equally acceptable to all, we purpose to offer in due course the portrait of WASHINGTON.

The events of the Revolution have now become matter of history, and are too far removed from the present time to allow of the continuance of hostile feelings on either side. The one great nation has become two—the independence of the offspring has been acknowledged by the parent, and they meet upon the great theatre of the world, on terms of equality and friendship. Situated as they are, they have a mutual interest in promoting each other's prosperity;—by peace they gain every thing, by war they lose all. The interests of no two nations upon the globe are so intimately blended, and it is impossible to injure one without inflicting a blow upon the other. In blood, in language, in laws and institutions, the two people are still one, and the only difference that the philosophic philanthropist can discover between them is, that the government of one is at London and the other at Washington.

Such being the relative position of the two countries it behoves every virtuous citizen of both to promote and inculcate to the best of his abilities, peace, harmony, and reciprocal good will.

In our humble labours, which have now continued upwards of *eighteen years*, it has ever been our aim to cherish and promote these sentiments, and we think that the offering we now design to present to our American friends, will be conducive to the same end. The plate will be produced as soon as practicable, and will be superior in execution to any that we have yet offered to our readers.

As an additional attraction, it may be mentioned that a branch of the *Albion* is to be established at Liverpool, for the purpose of supplying subscribers with the latest English news. It will be printed regularly on each day that a steam-packet sails, and will be furnished to subscribers of the *Albion* at ten shillings, the price to non-subscribers being one pound per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will feel indebted to a “Monk of G— Abbey,” if he will do us the favour to send us the conclusion of the Legend, of which we have received the beginning. If it reaches us in time, we shall endeavour to publish it in the February number.

We have to thank “Elspeth” for a clever satirical poem. The personal allusions, however, unfit it for our pages. As requested, it will be returned, when called for.