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THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1850.

No. 6.

THE AFFIANCED.

A CANADIAN TALE.

Wo! wo! that aught so gentle and so young,
Should thus be called to stand in the tempest's path,
And bear the token and the hue of death,
On a bright soul so soon!

MRS. HEMANS.

Amidst the tumults and alarms which during the unhappy years of 1837-8, disturbed the peace and prosperity of Canada, there occurred in private life many touching incidents, which could not fail to awaken the sympathy of every feeling heart, and wring from it, whatever were its political opinions and prepossessions, the sincere tribute of admiration, pity and regret. Among those which have come to our knowledge, there is none more replete with thrilling and affecting interest than the one we are now about to record.

M. de St. Vallery, was the seigneur of one of those fertile tracts of country which lie upon the banks of the romantic river Richelieu, in the Province of Eastern, or as it was then called, Lower Canada. It was a fief worthy to have been coveted by the proudest of Europe's feudal barons—spreading out its broad acres into fair fields, and sunny slopes, and rich woodlands,—all teeming with the prodigal bounties of the lavish earth, and glowing with a varied beauty scarcely surpassed by the fabled loveliness of Arcadia.

The lord of this beautiful demesne was descended from the noblest blood of France, and though born and educated in Canada, he, like many others of his class, throughout the country, still claimed equality and alliance with the ancient noblesse of his paternal land, and regarded

with almost religious reverence, every memento of his ancestors which bore testimony to his illustrious origin:

This absurd pride of birth was a weak point in the character of M. de St. Vallery; but it was atoned for by many virtues. He was an affectionate father, a true friend, a kind master, and he had been a peaceful subject, till wrought upon by the specious arguments of the discontented, and the whispered suggestions of his own haughty and aspiring spirit, he joined in the outcry against the ruling powers, and took part in the abortive insurrection, the results of which even at this time are to be seen and felt in the Province.

He lived in the midst of his tenantry like an ancient baron of France, equally proud, enjoying the same feudal power, although to a more limited extent, and maintaining as much of the state which belonged to the old regime, as was compatible with the simpler and more primitive habits of the country which, by paternal adoption, he called his own. Early in life he had married the daughter of an Irish officer, who brought him only the dowry of her beauty and her gentleness,—but four years previous to the commencement of our tale she had died, leaving to his care an only daughter, the sole fruit of their union.

Millicent de St. Vallery was now in her seven-

teenth year, and as graceful and beautiful a creature as ever unfolded into womanhood. With her mother's name she inherited many traits of her peculiar beauty—her sunny eyes, her brilliant complexion, her perfect symmetry of shape, and airy grace of motion,—while her dark soft hair, her natural vivacity, and the inbred politesse and refinement which ever marked her manner, betrayed her paternal descent from that grand nation to whom these distinguishing characteristics peculiarly belong.

Millicent loved her father, but her mother had been to her an object of passionate affection. She resembled her in character and mind as well as in person, and from her early teaching, the daughter had imbibed, a deep and fervent attachment for her maternal land. It can be no matter of surprise, therefore, that the excitement which was daily gaining strength and bitterness around her, should cause her much uneasiness. When first her father and his friends began to utter their invectives and express their discontents, she could wield many playful arguments in reply, but as the state of things became more serious, and her ear was constantly wounded by threats and execrations, she forced herself to be silent, because she saw her father's brow darken, when in her gentle pleading tones she ventured to utter a word of extenuation or defence.

Many, indeed, at this time were her secret fears and forebodings, and more keenly than ever did she now miss the tender counsel and affectionate sympathy of her mother. Her father's love for her, seemed, with all the better feelings of his heart, to be merged in the wild enthusiasm of party, and amidst the conflicting tumult of hopes and fears, and unaccomplished purposes, even the gentle presence and endearing caresses of his child, lost the power of soothing him which they had once possessed. There was only one being to whom she could freely utter her fears, and to whom she dared use the language of earnest remonstrance, and if in him it failed to produce the effect she wished, it at least called forth the gentle soothing of affection, instead of the stern rebuke which now too often fell from the lips of her father.

Léon de Lorimier was the ward of M. de St. Vallery, and the orphan son of his early and dear friend. He had been reared from childhood to mature youth in the family of his guardian, and, as was almost the necessary consequence of such companionship, a mutual affection had grown up between Millicent and Léon, which as time advanced, and matured the graces and virtues of each,

had ripened into an attachment of no ordinary strength.

M. de St. Vallery, who loved Léon as a son, saw with pleasure the mutual inclinations of the young people, and when appealed to on the subject by his ward, most cheerfully promised to bestow on him the hand of his daughter. At the opening of our story they had affianced nearly two years, and though both still young, St. Vallery yielded to Léon's entreaties, and consented that the marriage festivities should be celebrated during the Christmas holidays which were approaching.

Léon de Lorimier, in compliance with his father's dying injunction, had finished his education at one of the literary institutions of the United States, and had there imbibed those republican sentiments, and that ardent love of liberty, which he ever after cherished. He had since visited Europe, had resided for some time in France, his father land, and from thence, crossing the channel, had remained long enough in England to become familiar with its laws and institutions. But the aristocracy, the magnificence, the luxurious refinement of the old world failed to weaken in his heart the opinions and sentiments he had imbibed in the new, where he had received those early impressions, and adopted those principles never to be destroyed or effaced.

Yet was Léon no bigoted partizan, and though he espoused the cause of the Canadians, the cant words of the party were never on his lips, nor would he allow that there was either tyranny or oppression to complain of, from their rulers. In common with thousands, he wished for reform on some points, and he thought and declared, that as a people wholly distinct from the English in manners, habits, and religion, the Canadians would be far happier, and advance more rapidly in intellectual power and improvement, were they to become a separate nation, independent wholly of the home government; still he did not advocate any open or violent rupture. Their object, he said, must be effected by time, and the aid of other causes, which were silently, but surely, operating to bring about the desired result.

Yet notwithstanding the moderation then urged by Léon de Lorimier, and by others also who deprecated any overt act of disloyalty, the excitement which prevailed among all classes of the French population was so great, as completely to spurn all counsel or control from the more cautious or peaceably inclined. Thus the aspect of public affairs became each day more gloomy and threatening, and Millicent's anxiety increased in

proportion to the danger she dreaded. Her nights were often sleepless, or disturbed with frightful visions, in which her father or lover were presented to her in situations of frightful horror, and when the day returned, it usually brought with it such tidings from abroad, as put to flight all the little calmness she had struggled to acquire.

It was towards the close of a dark November day that she had sat long at her chamber window, watching intently the windings of the distant road, for the return of Léon, who had been absent from home since morning, and she longed for his cheering presence, to relieve her anxious and oppressed heart. The gathering dusk of twilight soon rendered every object indistinct, and with a feeling of disappointment, she arose and descended the stairs.

When she reached the hall, she saw with dismay that it was filled with men, and that in their midst stood her father, distributing to each, arms and a quantity of ammunition. They were his tenants, and had come hither to receive from the hands of their seigneur, those weapons, which once raised in open warfare, were to produce a train of consequences, fearful, and terrible indeed. Millicent heard her father enjoin upon them secrecy for the present, and firmness when the moment of action should arrive; she marked the excited and savage countenances of the peasants, hitherto so quiet and inoffensive, and as her ear caught their low, muttered threats, she shuddered with undefined terror, and hastily entering the library, sat down in the deep recess of a window and burst into tears.

There she wept long and silently, but her bursting heart felt relieved by her tears. Suddenly she was aroused from her grief by the sound of horses' hoofs galloping rapidly up the long avenue of elms that led to the house, and the next moment she heard the voice of Léon greeting her father in the hall. The peasants had departed to their homes and for a few minutes St. Vallery and Léon remained in low and earnest conversation, then together entered the apartment where Millicent sat, hidden within the folds of the crimson window curtain, from observation. The first words which her father said, in reply to a previous observation of Léon, electrified her.

"We must arm and join them Léon, and that too without delay."

"There seems, indeed, no other alternative," Léon replied; "but in my opinion this premature resort to open hostilities will prove the ruin of our cause."

"Tush, boy!" exclaimed St. Vallery impatiently, "name not ruin with a cause like ours.

Utter but the cry of liberty, and look which way you will, a host of patriots answer to the call!"

"Yes," said Léon, "and were they armed, disciplined, and experienced, as are those whom we oppose we might be sure of victory. But now—"

"And what now?" interrupted St. Vallery. "With all their ignorance and destitution, have you not told me that these valiant patriots beat back the trained soldiers of England from the attack of St. Denis?"

"It was no attack, sir; I do not think it was intended as such," answered Léon. "They were fired upon from the houses as they marched into the village, which was no fair combat; besides this, the soldiers were in a sad plight—worn out by a dreadful night march, in which they were exposed to cold and rain—and many of them were literally barefooted, having lost their boots in the mire of the roads."

"I cannot but admire your eloquent defence of those friends of peace and justice who came to enforce their oppression at the point of the bayonet," replied St. Vallery with a sarcastic sneer. "But let it pass—we are discussing the question of to go, or not to go, and methinks as we have taken hold of the ark of liberty, it becomes us through weal and woe to 'grip fast.' The war has unquestionably commenced, whether prematurely or not, future events must decide—but the time has come for all true lovers of freedom to buckle on their armour, and declare themselves soldiers of the Republic."

A suppressed sob from Millicent at this moment betrayed her presence, and while her father with a look of annoyance paused in his rapid walk through the apartment, Léon, pale with emotion, raised the heavy folds of the window curtain, and drawing forth the weeping girl, led her gently to a sofa. The startling intelligence, now first made known to her, that open hostilities had actually commenced, proved too much for her fortitude. Dwelling as she did in the midst of discontents and party excitement, she had heard much to alarm her, but she had never seriously apprehended the extremity which had now been resorted to. She trembled at the result, and seemed to see as with a prophetic eye, the ruin of her father's fortunes, the destruction of Léon's hopes, of her own happiness, and a train of appalling evils which she dared not contemplate.

Thus suffering with all the acuteness of a tender and loving heart, she could not cease to weep—while Léon bent fondly over her, soothing her with gentle and endearing words, and praying her to be comforted. St. Vallery, on the contrary,

was irritated by his daughter's excessive emotion, he thought it childish and weak in the extreme; but aware of her sensitive nature, he spoke to her in a tone of the utmost gentleness.

"Millicent," said he, "these tears are unworthy the daughter of a patriot, ready to lay down his fortune and his life for the good of his country. He needs the cheering voice of affection to urge him on in the path of danger and duty, and would not be unmoved by the tears of a weak and cowardly girl."

"Pray forgive me, dear papa," she said, the trembling tones of her voice showing how hard she struggled for firmness, "but I cannot, you know I cannot, regard as you do, the cause in which you are embarking all that is most dear and precious. To me it seems a desperate one,—and I fear that instead of securing the rights and immunities for which you profess to struggle, you are about to cast from you all that has made life sweet and happy—nay, that you may perhaps sacrifice life itself in the coming contest."

"Millicent," answered St. Vallery calmly, "you know very little of political affairs, while all men more or less make them their study, and it is this ignorance, my child, on your part, which induces foolish fears, and renders you incredulous as to the probable, I may say, as to the almost certain issue of the present struggle. Rely upon my word, that in the north and the south, the east and the west, through the whole length and breadth of the land, thousands are waiting for the signal to rise in aid of this good cause; and what effectual resistance, think you, can be opposed to the dense mass of Canadians battling as one man for their rights, and rendered invincible by that stern and desperate courage which chooses death rather than slavery.

"Slavery!" echoed Millicent; "had it indeed come to that, dear papa, your daughter's voice would be the last to woo you to inactivity. Were such the state of things, I verily think, coward as I am, that I would boldly grasp the sword and go forth to fight for freedom at your side! But——"

"But!" interrupted her father, in a chiding tone; "you have too much English blood in your veins. You love your mother's country better than your own, and are well content to live under a British yoke, although your father's ancestors were among the noblest, who upheld the thrones of the Henrys and the Louises of France."

"I do not forget that, papa," said Millicent, raising her earnest eyes to his face, while a proud glow kindled on her beautiful cheek; "but I do indeed love my dear mother's country," she added in a softened voice, "and Léon felt the tears which

had stood in her eyes, fall fast upon his hand as she spoke. "How could I be so ungrateful as not to love the land which gave me such a mother!—for her sake, so long as I have consciousness, it will and must be scarcely less dear to me than is my own."

"Ah! yes," said St. Vallery, touched in spite of himself by her deep devotion to her mother's memory, "for her dear sake, my daughter, we will both love it, but not *better* than our own; and now, however unpleasant the subject, let us speak of arrangements that must be made. Léon has this evening brought intelligence, which renders it necessary for me, with all my followers, to repair immediately to the scene of action. He, of course, will accompany me, and as it is impossible, in the present state of the country, for you to remain here unprotected, I propose, my dear Millicent, that you should repair to the city, and seek a safe shelter with the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu, till more peaceable times, which, I trust, are not far distant, shall reunite us again in our quiet home."

"To the city! papa?" exclaimed Millicent; "will you send your daughter there, and expect her to find safety in the midst of a people against whom you are in open revolt?"

"The sanctuary of a religious house will afford you a quiet and honorable asylum, my child, and relieve me from great anxiety on your account," said St. Vallery; "and if, as I doubt not, our arms prove prosperous, a few short months, it may be weeks, will see us in possession of the garrison, now but feebly guarded by the few regular troops on duty there."

Not even the harrassed and anxious state of Millicent's mind, could prevent a smile of incredulity from playing an instant on her lips, as her father uttered this confident boast. She cast an enquiring glance upon Léon, to learn if he echoed it, but he replied only by a silent and melancholy gesture of his head.

"You are not, then, dear Léon, equally confident with papa, of success," she said.

"Never heed him, Millicent, he is but half a patriot," said St. Vallery, in an irritated tone, as he marked the mute intelligence which passed between the lovers. "On my life," he added, "I believe he would rather remain idly here, and talk treason with the curé in the dark little *salle-à-manger* of the *presbytère*, than go forth, now that the conflict has fairly commenced, to share its toils and dangers."

"Whatever, sir, you may fancy my secret inclinations to be," said Léon, haughtily, stung by the taunting remark of St. Vallery, "there is now but one course for me to pursue; and although in

place of the brilliant hopes and conquering arms which glitter in your perspective, I see only unfulfilled purposes and untimely death, I feel that I cannot pause in the career I have unwittingly commenced, and resolute as the boldest and most sanguine, I am ready to rush onward and fulfil my destiny."

"And have you then no faith whatever in the justice of our cause?" asked St. Vallery, with a flashing eye; "and do you recognize no pledge of success in the fearless bravery of those who have nobly espoused it?"

"None, sir," answered Léon, calmly. "Reform was to be desired; but I for one would not see the sword unsheathed, even to achieve this desired object. Wo to the hands that rashly light the torch of civil discord; but now it has been done, and with an ignorant zeal and unpreparedness, which must of necessity bring their own punishment upon the head of the aggressors."

"And how, my young Nestor, how, may I ask," said St. Vallery, with a sarcastic smile, "has it happened, that with such views and opinions, deeply rooted as they seem, you have become so identified with the partizans of liberty, as to deem yourself obliged to defend their quarrel, even in defiance of what you doubtless consider higher principles of justice and right?"

"I have been deceived with regard to the designs of those who are eager to proceed to extremities," answered Léon; "and hurried on, as I allowed myself to be, by the ardor and inexperience of youth, I now find myself too firmly pledged to their cause, to be able to retract with honor."

"It is not too late even now, dear Léon," said Millicent, laying her little soft hand entreatingly upon his arm. "It can never be too late to renounce an evil purpose," she continued earnestly, "and it is ever possible to do so with the strictest regard to honor. Think, dear Léon, of all you have at stake—remain at peace for my sake, and join with me in entreaties to papa, that he will withdraw from this unhallowed contest."

While she was speaking, St. Vallery had approached a table, on which a large map lay unrolled, and affecting to be absorbed in tracing its delineations, he took no notice of her words. But Léon, too deeply moved by her vehement grief, to trust himself immediately with a reply, sat a few moments in silence, covering his face with one hand, while the other clasped that of Millicent with a tender and convulsive pressure.

"You relent!" she softly whispered. "At last, I see that I have triumphed. The voice of conscience and of love has prevailed against the idle

sophistry which was hurrying you on to acts which neither reason nor religion could approve."

"Not so, dear Millicent," he said; "you, who govern me in all things else, cannot prevail here. It may be sophistry, or insanity,—term which as you will,—but in my soul the feeling is resistless, that bids me go onward in the course I have begun. Do not oppose me, dearest, my honor is concerned, and I know my Millicent would not bear to see that sullied by the slightest shadow of reproach."

"No—no—not of *deserved* reproach!" she said; "but how can your honor suffer, Léon, by renouncing a cause, which upon closer knowledge, neither your heart nor your reason can approve?"

"Nay, I said not so," he answered quickly; "they do approve the cause, but not unreservedly; yet whether so or not, I am solemnly pledged to it, and as you love me, Millicent," he continued in a low and earnest voice, while a passing cloud for a moment darkened the serenity of his fine manly brow, "as you love me, dearest, use no more entreaties on this subject. My promise is given—pledged irrevocably, and I must depart to-morrow with your father."

"Depart! and leave me, Léon, alone and desolate!" she exclaimed, in accents of passionate despair. "Am I not your affianced bride! a few short weeks, and we should have been united; but now, alas! that love—those hopes, which since the days of happy childhood, have dwelt in our hearts, growing still stronger and brighter, and oh! more tender with every added year, must all expire in darkness!"

"Spare me, dearest Millicent, my heart is breaking," said Léon, in strong emotion; "spare me now, and I swear to you upon this holy symbol," and he pressed his lips upon the small golden crucifix which hung suspended from her neck, "that if it pleases heaven to grant me life beyond the term of this unhappy conflict, no human power shall again separate us; I will live for you, dear one, live only to make you happy, and atone as I best can for the suffering, it is now my evil fate to cause you."

"Oh, Léon," she said, sadly, "with such a fearful gulf yawning between us and happiness, I can find no comfort in your promises. I tremble to look into the future, for I have a dark presentiment that the hopes, the affections of years, are soon to be extinguished, never again in this life to bring us peace and joy."

Burning tears gushed from her eyes, and her head drooped upon the shoulder of her lover. Léon could not speak; her tenderness, her grief, wholly unmanned him; and he pressed her closely to his heart, and as he bent his face over that

lovely head, which, perhaps for the last time—and the thought was agonizing—found its resting place upon his bosom, he breathed a heartfelt prayer to the Virgin for her safety, and their reiteration to love and happiness. The silence of several minutes which ensued, was broken by St. Vallery—he had been too intent upon studying the map spread out before him, to heed the low-breathed and broken tones of the lovers; but a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he said abruptly:

“Léon, I am not superstitious—never, that I recollect, had dream or omen any weight with me before; but now, I confess it, I am haunted by one which seems to me in very truth a supernatural omen. In glancing over this map, the island of St. Helens, here laid down, brought it with fresh force to my mind, though, in fact, ever since its occurrence, the impression has been strangely vivid.* Do you remember, in one of the most severe thunder storms of last summer, how the lightning scathed that majestic elm, upon this island, beneath which the Marquis de Vaudreuil signed the articles which transferred these provinces from the French to the British crown? The giant tree had battled with the elements for centuries; for even at the time of this transaction, it was no longer in its youth, and as I read the circumstance of its destruction at this time, it seems to me a visible token from heaven, that the country, which, by right of discovery, of prior settlement, and of conquest from the aborigines, justly appertained to the French, is about to pass through another revolution, which will restore it to the descendants of its earliest possessors.”

Léon could scarcely repress a smile at the avowal of this idle superstition, from the lips of St. Vallery, and he pitied the delusion of a naturally strong mind, so absorbed by the passion of the moment, as to seize upon all events, and wrest every physical occurrence to the favoring of a darling project.

“I well remember the tree,” he replied, “from childhood it has been an object of my ardent admiration, with its broad majestic arms, its mass of living foliage, and its gigantic trunk, around which, in bygone times, have clustered the nobles of England and France; and beneath whose shade, before the face of the white man was seen by their wondering eyes, the red children of the forest sang their war songs, and smoked the calumet of peace. But the last time I rowed my canoe around the island, I could almost have wept over the stately ruin, as it stood scathed and blackened in the summer air. Yet I cannot say, sir, that I read

in its fate any omen of evil to the present possessors of the soil. It is a common thing to see a tree smitten by lightning—the state of our own minds only, gives mysterious meanings to natural events,—else when the old oak at the head of the Friar’s Walk, was some years since blasted in a like manner, why did you not regard it as an augury of strange and wonderful events?”

“For this reason,” said St. Vallery impatiently, “because it was not a tree connected with the histories of the past,—because the times demanded no supernatural indications,—and because” he added half smiling, “I am not, as I told you, superstitious. Yet let the subject pass, I have my own feeling about it, and you are welcome to yours; but we must settle other matters now. Millicent, my dear,” he said, addressing her, “there is no use in attempting to conceal the state of affairs from you; by to-morrow night, Léon and myself are obliged to be at St. Charles, but short as the time is, I cannot depart till I have placed you in a safer home than this.”

“Dear papa,” she said, “my safety is with you and Léon. I will not—I cannot be separated from you, and if your path leads through danger and death, there shall mine fearlessly go with you.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed St. Vallery; “the beautiful village of St. Charles is converted into a military garrison filled with armed men, in hourly expectation of an assault. It is therefore no place for women, not even for those who have lost the attractions of youth and beauty, which are still yours—and can you, my child, ask to be conducted there?”

“Yes, any where with you and Léon for my safe-guard,” she answered passionately; “plead for me, Léon—plead that we may not be separated—should we part now, we meet no more in this life.”

“Dearest girl, yield not to such a frightful thought,” said Léon tenderly; “but Millicent, you must not go with us,—for your own sake—for mine, cease to urge a wish of which you would assuredly repent.”

“And do you too, Léon, cast me from you?” she asked reproachfully—“you, who have a thousand times sworn never to forsake me; my affianced—to whom I have plighted vows which only the holy sacrament of marriage can render more binding.”

“Ah, if I could ever keep you at my side!” he exclaimed, “but that is impossible. You shall hear from us every day, dear Millicent; but do not persist in accompanying us. To the dangers and discomforts of a beleaguered camp, I cannot

* A fact.

dearest, expose you, and therefore I join my earnest entreaties to those of your father, that you will free us from intense anxiety on your account, and consent to remain in the safe asylum of the *Hôtel-Dieu*, till we can again reclaim our treasure."

"There is no other alternative," hastily interposed St. Vallery, "I would have sent you to your aunt, madame DeLorme, at St. Eustache, but that I fear the sounds of war may soon be heard in that peaceful village also; therefore we are safest in choosing the convent. I have already obtained the consent of the Abbess, to receive you, my dear Millicent, and as I have just learned that M. DeMontville, a loyal Canadian, departs for the city to-morrow, whither he is fleeing with his family for safety, I will place you under his especial care, and you can have no safer escort. Justine, of course, will accompany you, but the remainder of the servants may be left here in charge of the place. I do not apprehend for them any molestation."

"And if not for them, neither is there any to be feared for me, and here too will I remain," exclaimed Millicent in a firm and resolute tone. "Dear papa," she continued, "forgive my opposition to your will, but if banished to a distance from those I love, uncertain of their fate, and forbidden to attend them in danger, my heart would surely break. Go, and leave me, if you will—but wonder not at any moment to see me by your side—the restlessness of misery may drive me forth to seek you amid scenes which once I should have shuddered to hear named."

St. Vallery and Léon exchanged looks of consternation and surprise. The gentle child-like girl, whose gay and sportive mood, whose ringing laugh, and buoyant step, had been as music to their souls, seemed suddenly transformed into a resolute and desperate woman. There was an unnatural lustre in her eye, a heightened flush upon her cheek, that told of intense suffering, and of a spirit nerved to its utmost to meet and endure with courage whatever might await it. Léon actually trembled with alarm, as he gazed upon the change which had come over her, and terrified at what might be the consequence of further opposition to one of so sensitive and passionate a nature, he said earnestly, yielding to the fears which assailed him:

"Let her go with us, sir,—it is not safe to forbid her—if you persist in doing so, her reason, or even her life, may pay the forfeit of her obedience—Millicent, my beloved," he continued, drawing her gently towards him, "be comforted, we will not, no, we never will be separated."

She looked up at him a moment, as if doubting the sincerity of his words, but his kind smile of love re-assured her, and she sank upon his bosom, where her over-wrought feelings found relief in a grateful shower of tears.

"Foolish boy, you know not what you do," said St. Vallery, himself moved beyond his wont—"but since you have promised, so let it be, and remember that the consequences of this act must rest upon your own head. It is absolutely impossible, however, to take her with us to St. Charles—on that I put my interdict. Since go she must, we had better leave her, perhaps, with Madelaine, your foster-mother, who, you know, lives at St. Marc's, on the other side of the river, opposite St. Charles. It will be near enough to pay her a daily visit if we choose, so cheer up my bird, and tell us if this arrangement will do? You are a true woman, Millicent, and had ever some wondrous tact by which to work out your own will—though I cannot say that your new weapons please me quite so well as did the winning and graceful ones of other days."

Millicent, with kisses and grateful smiles, repaid her father for his indulgence, and made Léon almost happy by a gleam of her wonted cheerfulness. Indeed, so rejoiced was she by the concession she had obtained, that she ceased for a time to dwell upon the gloomy side of the picture, and made her preparations for quitting her hitherto happy home with more cheerfulness than she had thought herself capable of evincing, under circumstances so depressing.

The following morning saw them depart. St. Vallery and Léon throwing aside the more costly articles of foreign manufacture, which composed their usual dress, arrayed themselves in a complete suit of *étouffe du pays*, while Millicent, who was attended by Justine, assumed the habit of a Canadian peasant girl; but the small close cap which she wore could not wholly conceal the rich and abundant tresses of her beautiful hair, nor hide the graceful contour of her finely formed head. Neither could the coarse apparel which she substituted for her customary tasteful and rich attire, disguise the exquisite symmetry of her figure, or destroy the air of superior delicacy and refinement which distinguished her.

They reached St. Marc's without incident, and received a kindly welcome from Léon's foster-mother, the good Madelaine. Her little domicile was neat and quiet, and she promised the anxious Léon, to do all in her power for mamsello's comfort. After partaking of a simple repast, which the hospitable dame pressed upon the

travellers, St. Vallery and Léon rose to depart, having to cross the Richelieu to St. Charles.

"I shall see you every day, dear Millicent," said Léon, as he pressed a farewell kiss upon her quivering lips. "Indeed, we are so near, I can almost watch your motions," he added with forced gaiety, "so you have but to hoist a fairy signal, and I shall be at your side as quickly as a swift canoe can bear me over the waves."

And so it was, during the first week of Millicent's abode with Madeline,—Léon was daily with her, and frequently he came accompanied by her father. This state of things, however, did not long continue. Tidings came that a military force, sent from the garrison at Montreal, was on its march to St. Charles, and the insurgents therein collected, were ordered to prepare themselves for the expected attack. Many were the trembling hearts, and many the brave-ones that obeyed this command. Among the latter was St. Vallery. Firm in the belief of victory, he hailed the approaching conflict, as the crisis which should give assurance to their arms, and terminate the doubts of those who yet feared for the result of their cause. Under the excitement of these feelings, he paid Millicent a visit. He found her depressed, and left her without being able to infuse into her mind a single ray of those bright and cheering hopes which so elated his own.

Nor was Léon more successful. It was on the evening preceding the expected battle, that he went to bid, perhaps, a last farewell to his affianced bride. Sad, indeed, was that parting; but Léon bore himself like a man, he spoke to her words of comfort, and against his own secret convictions, strove to cheer her with the hope of better and brighter days yet in store for them. She heard him in tearful silence—her heart was sad with many fears, and something seemed to whisper her that, in this world, she was about to bid farewell to peace and love forever.

When at last he left her after many a fond and passionate embrace, she saw him depart with a fixed and tearless eye; the fountain of her tears was sealed up, her tongue refused to give utterance to her grief and apprehension. And, when at the door of the apartment he paused and turned back to gaze upon her, so still, so marble-like she stood in her pure and motionless beauty, that she seemed to him like some statue, fairer, more exquisite, than ever issued from the hands of Grecian sculptor.

Madeline entered in the kind hope of soothing and comforting her, but the heart-stricken girl turned away in silence, and, pressing the crucifix to her bosom, prostrated herself in humble

supplication to that Being who alone could support and comfort her. As the incense of prayer rose humbly from her heart, tears came to her relief, and when the evening darkened around her, she still remained struggling for submission, and commending those she loved to God.

Night with its silent watches advanced, but still Millicent did not seek repose,—he felt that she should court it in vain, and she remained kneeling at the foot of the cross, when suddenly the wild blast of a bugle came, borne on the night air to her startled ear. The sound thrilled her with terror; she sprung up, and rushing to the window, looked forth in the direction of St. Charles. All was still without; but the rapidly glancing lights in the distant camp, indicated some unusual excitement, and through the whole of that terrible night, this bugle note was heard at intervals, shrill, and long, and loud, curdling the heart's-blood of the unhappy Millicent, and conjuring up a thousand racking fears to torment her.

It is well known that on the night preceding the battle of St. Charles, the experienced commander of the British force ordered a bugle to be frequently sounded, as if in menace of an immediate attack. This *ruse de guerre* had its desired effect, and the soldiers were in the morning, eager and well prepared for action after a night of refreshing sleep, while, on the contrary, the enemy, kept constantly on the alert by his cunning feint, passed the night in constant expectation of an onset, and the morning's dawn saw them wearied and dispirited by the excitement and anxiety they had endured.

To Millicent the cause of these fearful sounds was likewise unknown, and it is no wonder that to her startled ear, every blast of that piercing bugle should sound like the fierce note of instant and deadly assault. Long and lingering were the hours of that miserable night, and with the first faint dawn of light she sent forth a messenger to bring her tidings from St. Charles. Before his return, however, hostile sounds, of a nature too decided to be mistaken, smote upon her ear and heart. Quick and distinct came the rattling noise of musketry, and the loud roar of cannon told too plainly that the work of death had commenced.

We will not attempt to describe the agonizing suspense of Millicent during this dreadful and uncertain interval—yet strength to endure was given her, strength which she knew could only come from heaven in answer to her earnest prayers, else would she have wondered at her own calmness. But in a few hours all was again still on the opposite side of the river. The battle was over and the patriots defeated, but the interest which

Millicent might at another time have felt in these tidings was all absorbed in intense anxiety for her father and Léon.

She dared not hope that they had escaped death, for the dreadful loss of the Canadians, great as it actually was, came exaggerated to her ears, and with feelings of mute and passionless despair, she yielded to the conviction that they were among the slain. As the day advanced, and she heard no tidings from them, this conviction became a certainty in her mind. Now she was indeed alone and desolate upon the earth; she would go to the battle field in search of their disfigured forms, and when she had laid them in their parent earth, she would seek the shelter her father's love had provided for her, and live a veiled sister among the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu! Thus thought and resolved the stricken girl in the first moments of her deep and utter wretchedness, and when another sleepless night had passed slowly and wearily away, she proposed with the first gray light of dawn to depart and execute her harrowing task. Justine, her faithful attendant, who had in vain endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose, was to accompany her, together with a priest, who went, if need be, to shrive the dying and perform the last offices of religion for the unburied dead.

(To be continued.)

THE CALLING OF GIDEON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The yoke of Midian on the land lay sore,
 And Israel mourned her days of glory o'er;
 When guilty nations at her presence fled,
 And God's own arm her hosts to battle led:
 When at His awful bidding, Joshua rose,
 Like death's destroying angel on his foes;
 And cities spoiled, and altars in the dust,
 To impious tyrants told, that God was just.
 Ungrateful Israel from Jehovah's hand,
 Long reaped the blessings of the promised land;
 Till flushed with conquest, hardened by success,
 They broke his laws, revered his mandates less;
 And bound as slaves upon their fertile soil,
 They found meet recompense in chains and toil,
 The Lord unmoved, through seven revolving
 years,
 Marked Israel's bondage and her bitter tears;
 And called the armies of the east to share
 Her plenteous harvest and her vintage fair.
 Wrath and destruction through the land they
 spread,
 And strangers reaped the famished children's
 bread;
 Her men of might, disdaining to be slaves,
 Pled to the rocky holds and mountain caves;

In desperate bands to dare the unequal strife,
 And purchase freedom, with the loss of life,

Dire was the crisis—in their hopeless grief.
 They turned once more to heaven, and sought
 relief;

A ray of comfort through the darkness broke,
 And God relenting, through his prophet spoke.
 In solemn silence round the gifted seer,

Gathers the crowd, intent their doom to hear;

They feel the land is for their crimes accursed,
 And sick with misery, long to know the worst:—

"Thy sins, O Israel! have provoked my wrath—

"Am I not He—the Lord, who brought you forth,

"From out the land of bondage and of shame,

"Till Egypt trembled at Jehovah's name—

"Who the fell rage of Pharaoh's arm controlled,

"When o'er his host the waves triumphant rolled?

"Beneath my feet the despot's force I trod,

"And Israel hailed me her redeeming God.

"If you my laws—my awful power withstand,

"Still shall you bow beneath the spoiler's hand;

"But if repentant to your God you turn,

"My fierce displeasure shall no longer burn."

The prophet ceased—and sternly gazed on those
 Who loudest mourned their bondage and their

woes,

While the sole answer that the people gave,
 Rose in one cry to Heaven!—for God, to save!

One man alone, amid that prostrate crowd,
 Felt that high mandate, and with spirit proud,
 Spurned the invader's yoke and foreign chain,
 And viewed his country's slavery with disdain;
 Gideon had loved in calmer hours to trace,
 The promised glories of his fallen race;
 And deemed the hand that erst vouchsafed to
 guide,

His chosen people through the foaming tide;
 And placed his cloud between them and their
 foes,

A veil of darkness—till in splendor rose,
 With the last glimmerings of returning light,
 The pillared fire that led their hosts by night;
 Could aid his chosen in their sore distress,
 As erst he led them through the wilderness;
 Could burst their bondage as their sires of yore;
 Their ancient freedom and their laws restore;
 And full of hope the warrior strode away,
 To Ophrah, where his father's dwelling lay.

His ripened harvest from the robber band,
 Gideon had saved, and with his own right hand
 Had piled the golden treasure on that morn,
 And now in secret threshed the rescued corn,
 Beneath an oak whose giant branches spread,
 Their grateful shadow o'er the hero's head,

A radiant vision met his startled sight,
 Robed in the beauty of immortal light ;
 The Angel of the Lord with glory crowned,
 He saw—and sank in silence to the ground ;
 His strong heart heaved ; in quick succession came,
 Dark, bitter thoughts of burning grief and shame ;
 His country's wrongs, his strange degrading toil,
 To seize his own, as 'twere some robber's spoil,
 His starving children's oft repeated cry,
 Oh, father ! give us bread, or let us die !
 Withered his soul, and not one murmur broke
 From his pale lips as thus the angel spoke :

"Thy God is with thee, Gideon !—cease to fear,
 "Thy country hails her great deliverer here.
 "So Heaven shall nerve thy arm the land to
 save,
 "And Israel cease to be the oppressor's slave."

"If God be with us," Gideon promptly cried,
 "Midian no longer shall our woes deride ;
 "By all the wonders that our sires have told,
 "The glorious miracles in days of old ;
 "When God his people led with outstretched hand,
 "Through the dire plagues of Egypt's hostile
 land ;
 "But spoiled and trampled, God forsakes us now,
 "And tyrants triumph o'er their prostrate foe ;
 "And oh, dread Lord, this feeble arm, though
 brave,
 "Would ill suffice a fallen land to save ;
 "Poor in Manassah is our low estate,
 "And I, the least, upon my kindred wait."

"Fear not, the Lord can raise thy mean degree ;
 "Tis thine to burst the yoke of slavery,
 "Thy people's rights and freedom to restore,
 "And rise the avenging champion of the poor
 "Go in thy might, thou man of valour, go,
 "Thy God is with thee, and the vaunting foe
 "Shall fall beneath the force of Israel's sword ;
 "Have I not called thee—Gideon?"—saith the
 Lord.

The warrior felt his lofty spirit rise,
 As that high mandate, sent him from the skies,
 Rang on his ear, and still before his sight,
 Floated the radiant form of life and light,
 Whose words like fire within his bosom burned,
 When on the chosen chief, the angel turned
 His glorious visage ; and that glance from Heaven
 To Gideon's soul a higher hope has given,
 Than man in human cause ere felt before.
 He bends that God with rapture to adore,
 While thoughts sublime, and inspiration high,
 Flash through the speaking glories of his eye.

"Then, blessed Spirit from the realms of light,
 "If I have favour found in thy pure sight ;

"Then tarry here, until thy servant bring
 "A grateful tribute to heaven's mighty King."

The gracious stranger smiling gave consent,
 And Gideon joyful on his errand went.
 He sought his humble home—with zealous care,
 Unleavened cakes and flesh his slaves prepare,
 And ere the sun declined upon the plain,
 He stood beneath the ancient oak again ;
 "Gideon, all hail !" the white-robed angel said,
 As on the rock the proffered gift he laid—
 "Here build an altar to the living God,"
 He cried, and struck the offering with his rod ;
 The trembling earth confessed the awful shock,
 And fire sprung fiercely from the rugged rock ;
 Consumed the flesh, and in the spiral light,
 The angel vanished from the warrior's sight ;
 Who pale with wonder, heard a voice from high
 Proclaim—"Bold Gideon, wherefore dost thou
 fly !

"The Lord is with thee, and thou shalt not die !"

ÆSTHETICS OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

INEXPLICABLE is the nature of beauty. Only in the feeling does the susceptible soul become conscious of it ; and to the logically arranging, scientifically connecting, and theoretically deducing understanding, it remains ever a foreign closed territory.

"Where all the wisdom of the wise man leaves him blind,
 There plays in free simplicity the child-like mind."

When, with our observation and experiments, with analyses, conclusions, and proofs, we have unravelled nature into a plain, intelligible tissue of substances and forces, beauty and sublimity enter upon the field, unite the disjointed once more into a single whole, and mock our endeavors to comprehend the eternally incomprehensible. We explain it not, yet it is true ; we comprehend it not, yet there it is. The pure heart speaks out unhesitatingly what the acutest intellect never finds.

"The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament showeth his handy-work. One day telleth another ; and one night certifieth another."

No matter ; that which we cannot comprehend, cannot explain, may yet, perhaps, be so far capable of arrangement and demonstration, that we may come to understand where and why the Incomprehensible necessarily enters into joint possession of our spiritual life. Though we cannot develop the nature of beauty in itself, yet it may be possible, perhaps, to discover what it signifies for us mankind, under what shape it appears, and what its influencing elements are.

THE RUSTIC COQUETTE ; OR, THE PEACE FESTIVAL.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

The festivities that took place in 1814, in honor of THE PEACE, are still fresh in the memories of the British people. They formed a memorable epoch in the minds of young and old, while even childhood dates its earliest recollections from that period of general joy. Sweet peace, even in the most secluded vales, thy influence was benignly felt. The fond mother clasped her soldier son to her bosom, and wept for very gladness, while her returned sailor boy, half jealous of the caresses she lavished on his happier brother, cried in a tone of reproach: "Have you then forgotten me, mother?" words scarcely uttered before he too was caught to her maternal breast, and bedewed with joyful tears. Some there were indeed to whom the peace brought no gladness, and who sat within doors weeping for the husband, lover or son, and refusing, like Rachel, to be comforted, and sadly thought of him who filled a soldier's grave on the distant hills of the Peninsula or fields of France; but not to these afflicted mourners does my tale belong, but to the thoughtless village beauty, the gay smiling Fanny Bloomfield, and her two admirers, Ned Griffiths and Tom Bowling. Two lovers! yes, the little coquette had two. True-hearted Tom had courted her from very boyhood, before he ever went to sea; but Corporal Griffiths was a conquest of more recent date, and the festival for the celebration of the peace, first made her acquainted with his merits.

The morning of that eventful day was one of summer's loveliest; each rose was gemmed with dew, and the honeysuckle, that clasped her tendrils round the old elm, exhaled her fragrance to every passing breeze, as Fanny Bloomfield, fresh and fair as the flowers she was gathering, tripped along the smooth-rolled gravel walk, singing as sweetly as the newly awakened lark, with a heart as light and buoyant as his wing, at times turning an arch look on Tom, who stood outside the pales, awaiting for her basket of flowers, as she provokingly carolled,

"I will not have a sailor,
Because he smells of tar."

And then laughed at the frown that bent the brow of the handsome open-hearted son of Neptune, who loved her better than anything under the sun.

Another sweeter voice kindly sung, as if in compassion to the discomfited sailor, a verse from the song that bore his name, dwelling with emphasis on the words,

"Tom never from his word departed,
His heart was kind and true."

And the voice was that of Sophy Hartly, the cousin and partner of Fanny, a damsel whose good sense far exceeded her beauty, since a neat shape and fine pair of dark eyes, comprised her whole stock of charms.

"Oh! very well, Sophy," cried her companion, in a tone of feigned displeasure, "as you think so highly of Tom, pray fill the basket for him, for the cows have been up some time waiting to be milked," and the provoking creature tripped off, well knowing that from Sophy at least she had nothing to fear. Tom called out—that he should come at noon to conduct her to the green, charging her at the same time not to be longer in dressing than the Bellerophon in rigging for sea,—a caution to which she paid so little regard, that when he came at the appointed time, he found her still engaged in the duties of the toilette, and determined to read her a lecture on the subject, yet lover-like, forgot his impatience when he beheld her lovely smiling face, and hoped, as he extended an arm to her and her cousin, that Fanny loved him who loved her so truly, so entirely. The village green of —, is a sweet rural spot; open on one side to the Yarmouth road, and surrounded on every other with lofty enclosures; towards the middle of the little meadow, a pond, clear as crystal, softly reflects in its placid bosom the picturesque cottages on its banks, and the deep blue arch of heaven, with all its passing clouds and variable beauty, while from between the old elms opposite, the white spire of the parish church peeps out, rising from the dark woods behind it, and lending a new charm to the rural landscape. The turf, swelling into little hillocks, and verdant as an emerald, is studded with every wild flower that loves the lee, while the high hedgerows are wreathed with woodbine, eglantine, clematis, ivy and dogwood. Here too the bryony flings its graceful pendant festoons—of dark green shining heart-shaped leaves, and bril-

liant scarlet berries—on every bush, tempting the unwary urehlin to reach down the alluring garland and taste its deadly fruit. In this pretty spot the festive board was spread, embowered over with branches of laurel and oak, intermingled with the choicest flowers of the neighboring gardens, tied tastefully together with bunches of blue ribbons, in the form of true love knots, by the skilful hand of Tom Bowling, who had lent his assistance to the villagers on this important occasion, assisted by corporal Griffiths, who had only arrived the evening before, just in time—as he said—to show his towns-people how to arrange things in proper style. Our little party found the table already full, and if the corporal had not recognized an old school-fellow in Sophy Hartly, and had not been taken with the beauty of her companion, both the damsels must have remained spectators of the feast, instead of sharing in its conviviality. Griffiths gallantly gave up his seat to Fanny, and compelled the rustic throng to make way for her cousin, by ordering them in a peremptory tone, “to find a place for the lady.” The clowns obeyed, overawed by the dashing new uniform and bold bearing of the young soldier, and Sophy, with a beating heart, found herself once more by the side of him, for whom she had cherished from infancy a faithful and ardent affection. He, however, entertained no like regard for her, and the beauty of Fanny found more favour in his eyes than her modesty and unpresuming sense, and Sophy became silent and sad; nor was she the only person in that gay scene to whom its festivities gave no pleasure; for Tom Bowling was jealous, and consequently unhappy, and employed himself in tearing a nosegay to pieces, watching at the same time Corporal Griffiths and his faithless Fanny, with no gentle scrutiny. That inconstant creature was listening to the young soldier’s recitals with eager attention, lending a willing ear to the compliments he paid her in bad French and Spanish, although she did not understand a word of what he was saying; but then it sounded grand, and she began to think the corporal a far pleasanter companion than Tom, with his plain blue clothes and still plainer speeches. Unfortunately for poor Bowling, the rural *fête* required a goddess of peace, and in the opinion of the soldier, none could personate that benignant deity so well as Miss Frances Bloomfield; and his motion was warmly seconded by all the males present, and finally carried into effect.

Fanny, elevated on a chair, which was placed on a little hillock, her fair flaxen locks adorned with a crown, composed of flowers and green wheat ears, looked indeed the very image of peace and plenty.

The new deity vainly attempted to support her blushing honors with becoming gravity; but the pretty rose-bud mouth would smile, the dimple in the left cheek would show itself, the bright blue eyes would glance merrily around in search of admiration, and once the divinity displayed her pearly teeth, and laughed outright.

Poor Fanny, to be called Miss Frances, and to enact the part of a goddess in one night, was more than thy pretty little head could sustain. No wonder it was fairly turned, and forgot that Tom had retired from the festive scene, out of humor with himself and thee, and everybody. From that day the little flirt numbered Corporal Griffiths among her conquests, regardless of the reproaches and jealous displeasure of Tom Bowling, who loved her too passionately to break with her, although his reason whispered him to do so more than once. Fanny, however, did not wish to drive him to such an extremity. She continued to smile alternately on both her lovers, and was quite undecided which to choose for her future partner, when the return of the Exile of Elba deprived her of both in one day. Tom returned to his ship, and the corporal embarked with his regiment for Flanders. Fanny shed many tears, but even in the midst of her grief, was struck with the anguish of her cousin Sophy, who never smiled till the news of the Battle of Waterloo, and the safety of Griffiths, reached the village. The beauty was half inclined to be jealous, only she could not make out which of her lovers had won the heart of the hitherto prudent and cold Sophy, who had never lent an ear to a suitor, and Fanny somehow could not bear the thought of losing the affections of either of her adorers, by which we may presume she secretly loved admiration better than either, for self-love is the very essence of coquetry. The same post that brought the intelligence of the victory that secured the tranquillity of Europe, brought a letter from her son to Griffiths’ mother, assuring her of his welfare and charged with a thousand remembrances to Fanny, which Sophy had the pain of reading to her, for the beauty was no scholar, and on her also devolved the task of answering the Corporal’s epistle, in the name of his venerable parent, who was wholly ignorant of the noble art of penmanship. Report says that Sophy, notwithstanding her reserve, did find room for a P. S. in which Sophia Hartly desired to be remembered to her old play-fellow, but perhaps this rumour was incorrect. Summer and autumn glided away, winter came with its frosts and snows, and Fanny’s lovers were still far distant, but the spring of 1816, awoke the birds and flowers, with its balmy breath,

and waived the corporal and his rival in safety to our shores. Tom arrived first at his native village, and was well, nay warmly received by his mistress, to whom he related surprising things of his voyage to St Helena, and told the wondering girl that he had actually spoken to Napoleon Bonaparte, more than once, during their sojourn together, on board the Bellerophon, and whispered in her ear, that Nap was rather a good fellow after all. Fanny's infant cries had, been stilled with that awful name, and yet Tom had talked with this terrible person, and he became a man of consequence in her eyes immediately. Besides he brought her home a green parrot and a real China crape shawl, with both of which she was infinitely pleased. Sophy noticed the good understanding that existed between the lovers with unfeigned delight, and promoted it to the utmost of her power, but alas! for Sophy, the course of true love never did run smooth, and the return of Griffiths rendered Fanny as fickle as ever. Indeed the rustic coquette considered the respective merits of her admirers in the following order: Tom had talked with Bonaparte—Griffiths had helped to beat him at Waterloo—Tom had brought her a crape shawl, and a green parrot from St Helena—Griffiths had smuggled over for her a French scarf, and a real silk apron with pockets—Tom was only plain Tom Bowling—while Griffiths, who had been recently given a halberd was called Sergeant Griffiths—and thus his star again became lord of the ascendant, while Tom's declined its beams before that of his more fortunate rival. The military hero, better acquainted with the world than the young sailor, "who had been round the world, but never in it," now gave himself some useful airs of consequence, and affected an indifference that alarmed his mistress, who grew more tender as he became more distant. Tom's jealousy at this time assumed a more determined character, and hurried him into many extravagances of temper, and behaviour. He dared to contradict Fanny, and cut her short in her second hand relations of Griffiths' exploits, by calling out in a voice of thunder, "I know better than that" not once nor twice, but many times, in the course of the same evening. The celebrated "Fudge," of Mr. Burchell, did not displease Mrs. Primrose more than this expression of Tom's, did Fanny. It happened that the day that succeeded this inauspicious one was Sunday, and by mere chance, Serjeant Griffiths appeared at church in his new uniform, with his Waterloomedal glittering on his breast, to the admiration of Fanny and all other female beholders; and that very evening Tom was formally discarded, and his faithless

mistress accepted the offered hand of the soldier, who obtained her permission to put up the banns.

Tom quitted the village in a rage, while poor Sophy remained to conceal her grief, as well as she could, and to smile while her heart was breaking; but the struggle was too great for her to endure much longer. She felt that it was. Her affection for Griffiths had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, till it became a part of herself—and to cease to love the soldier, for whom she had prayed so many years, seemed an utter impossibility. She resolved to go to London on the very morning that was to unite the hands of Fanny and the Serjeant, to seek a new service, and forgetfulness, if she could find it. Fanny in the meantime was not much happier than her cousin, for Griffiths was of a sterner temper than her old admirer, and would not allow her to flirt with every man she saw. He threatened to withdraw the banns, if she only spoke civilly to a former sweetheart, and besides she half suspected him of admiring himself more than her, and she now began to sigh and think of Tom Bowling, whose sudden disappearance excited her fear and wonder.

Two days before her wedding, Fanny took a walk with her cousin, in order to ask her opinion, respecting the choice of a new bonnet for that important occasion, and while engaged in making her tormenting queries, she suddenly encountered her discarded admirer, who looked in ill health, and seemed very miserable. He did not speak to her, but noticed her cousin, with a bow and one of his old smiles, and Fanny felt as if she could have given the world to have been as dear to him as she once was, and sighed deeply that those times were past for ever. She now discovered that she did love Tom, and that she was about to become a wife and a wretched woman. She got no rest that night, and disturbed her sleepless companion with her sighs and tears, who at length found words to enquire what ailed her.

"Oh! Sophy, I have been a cruel girl to poor Tom, and if I marry Griffiths, I shall be a miserable woman! but then it is my fate, and so I cannot help myself."

A thrill of joy ran through the frame of the melancholy Sophy, as she replied.

"As for fate obliging us to act against our better reason, that is all nonsense, in my opinion, at least. For then people might commit many silly and even wicked things, on the plea that they were born to do them. If you love Bowling why should you marry Griffiths?"

"Well, but if it is my fate, how can I help it?"

continued the pretty simpleton ;" but however I will tell you what I will do. I will hang up a nine pea over the kitchen door, then I shall know what my husband's name is to be."

"A nine pea!" said Sophy; is there any charm in that?"

"Why! only think of your not knowing that. Well, you find a pod with nine peas in it and hang it over the door, and the first man who passes under it is to be your husband, or one of the same name. So I will hang a nine pea up tomorrow as sure as I am Frances Bloomfield." Sophy faltered out an approval of the plan, wished her cousin "Good night," and resolved to communicate the important secret to poor Tom, as soon as the sun rose. She kept her word, and her information seemed to infuse new life into the breast of the despairing lover, who hid himself near the house, eagerly awaiting the favorable moment.

As the clock chimed eight, Fanny suspended the charm with trembling fingers and a beating heart, and five minutes after, Tom Bowling, arrayed in his best suit of blue, a white waistcoat, and a frill of ample breadth, knocked at the door, boldly reached forth his hand, and daringly took down the charm, flung his arms round the astonished Fanny's neck, and cried out:

"See, my dear girl, my sweet Fanny, in spite of all your cruelty, I am to be your husband—so name the day if you do not wish to kill me."

And Fanny blushed and wept and made many excuses for her past conduct—and Tom pleaded his suit again and again—and Fanny listened with a willing ear, and thought that as her wedding gown was home there was no occasion for further delay, she named the very day that was to have made her the wife of Griffiths. Tom departed to get a license—and Fanny deputed her cousin to inform the unfortunate serjeant of her change of mind.

Never had Sophia Hartly been known to spend so much time at her toilette as on this important morning; an unwonted colour tinged her pale cheek, and a long vanished brightness sparkled in her full dark eye, as she departed to carry the news of Fanny's inconstancy to him whom she herself loved so truly. How well she acquitted herself of this agreeable commission must be guessed from the unexpected and unhopd for results it led to. Certain it is that Griffiths blustered and even swore a little—that Sophy compassionated his case, and even hinted that she would not have served him so—that Griffiths thought her a very sensible young woman, and presently afterwards a very kind and pretty one—and moreover suddenly remembered the thousand little proofs of

affection she had shown him even in childhood, and then he gazed on her pale cheek, and suspected that hopeless love for him had robbed it of its bloom; and while he did so he considered that if not a prettier, she would at least make a more affectionate wife and better help-mate than his faithless Fanny. He thought of the public affront the latter was about to put upon him, and then he determined to marry Sophy, and be a happy man in spite of Fanny and Tom Bowling. He spoke his mind forthwith, and Sophia was no prude—her tears and blushes betrayed her feelings, and Griffiths construed them into an approval of his suit. He now demanded what day and hour, Fanny and Tom had fixed for their espousals, and when he heard that they had appointed nine o'clock the following morning for the happy moment, the serjeant declared he would get married by half past eight, and thus turn the laugh against his inconstant mistress and her sweet-heart. Tom Griffiths loved to have his own way, and he did have it too, and the smart sailor and his lovely bride entered the parish church just in time to hear the minister bestow the nuptial benediction on Edward Griffiths and Sophia Hartly, and were astonished beyond measure at the unprecedented shortness of their wooing. The new-married man stepped briskly up to the inconstant fair, and entreated to be permitted to give her away, and notwithstanding the angry look of the rustic who was to have filled that office, Serjeant Griffiths carried the point, and performed his part with a gravity that was truly edifying; and perhaps his congratulations were more sincere than any person present believed them to be, for he knew and felt the worth of the female he had just chosen for his companion for life; nor had he ever reason to repent his hasty marriage. Indeed, he became fond and proud of his wife, and on the twelfth anniversary of his wedding day, was heard to sing this stave while brightening his gorget,

"Happy's the wooing,

That's not long a-doing."

"Hey Sophy, my dear girl, what say you?"

"That I would not change my husband and children to be Queen of England," replied the matron, fondly regarding them with glistening eyes, as she spoke.

"Nor I my wife, to be commander in chief," rejoined the Serjeant; "for our first quarrel is still to come."

Whether Tom and Fanny could say the same I will not venture to affirm; but as the village beauty has gradually assumed that certain steadiness of manner and carriage, which marks the respectable married woman, we may surmise that her affection for Tom has finally conquered her coquetry.

NOVELS, AND NOVEL READERS.

'Tis strange—but true; for truth, is always strange,
Stranger than fiction; if it could be told,
How much would Novels gain by the exchange:
How differently the world—would man behold!
How oft would vice and virtue places change!"

BRON.

This is assuredly a reading, as much as it is a money-seeking age. In no period since the discovery of the printing press, have books been poured forth in such abundance, as at the present. If the wisdom of a period, should be measured by the number of its books, then the present might be considered as the introduction to the millenium. But, we regret to say, this is not the case—and a mere superficial view of society will create the conviction, that if a large portion of our literature was better, though less; if the quality were looked for more than the quantity; and that if three-fifths of our novels were destroyed, and the remainder made the vehicles of practical reforms only; that then, society would be a considerable gainer; that then, authorship would ascend to its proper position, and talent receive a more adequate appreciation.

Let us not be misunderstood. It is not the quantity we object to, but the quality. We do not want to stem the stream, but we would strive to remove its impurities. We detest quack literature, as much as we do quack medicine;—and while we hail with joy every addition to pure thought, we sadly grieve to see so many works alike destitute of originality and common sense, and sometimes of morality, so eagerly bought and sold in the market place. The majority of such works are presented in the garb of fiction, and it is chiefly upon the fictitious writings of the present day, that the following observations will be made.

Our novels may be divided into three classes—the practical, the romantic, and the tragic.* In the first of these will be found the names of Dickens, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Mrs. Ellis, and Frederika Bremer, &c.*

*There is another class of novels, headed by Charles O'Malley and Handy Andy, whose chief characteristic is humorous delineation of character. These we do not intend to advert to.

A want of space will prevent us from making mention of Mrs. Trollope, of Albert Smith, and of Mrs. Gore; of the author of the Bachelor of the Albany, and the authoress of Mary Barton and Jane Eyre, &c.

Although all of these eminent novelists differ in their style and manner, yet the aims of each are alike. The playful satire of Dickens, the caustic thrusts of Jerrold, and the irony of Thackeray; the truthful delineations of Mrs. Ellis, and Frederika Bremer's sweet pictures of domestic life,—all point to human improvement, all strive to benefit society. And basing our argument on the ground that merit is due to a person, in proportion to the benefit he produces, we are thus constrained to place the writers of this class, in the front rank of novelists. It is indeed cheering to perceive, amid much that is bad and superficial, works issuing from their pens, conveying pleasing and useful truths; and it bespeaks for them, minds of pure benevolence, sympathies with the sufferings of sufferers, and proper ideas of those claims which society has upon talent. If men will write novels, let them be directed to some good purpose;—has the human mind reached to such perfection, as not to require either warning or advice? If persons will read novels, let them read those which may be in some measure beneficial;—for is time so valueless, that hours and days can be spent in perusing the bombast, the extravagance, and the disgusting descriptions, which accompany so large a portion of modern fiction? Let the reader, if he must have novels, open the volumes of Dickens, and there sympathise with the sufferings of little Nell, let him contemplate the privations of young Nickleby, and strive to emulate the affectionate and patient disposition of Florence Dombey; let him learn, if he has not already learned, the moral which is conveyed by the cruelty and selfishness of Dombey, senr., and by the cunning and hypocrisy of Pecksniff; let him also reflect upon the lessons which are sought to be taught in all Dickens' productions, and he will rise from the examination with more sympathy for suffering, and with more love for his species. No writer in the present day, pleads for the destitute with so much pathos;

or castigates the selfish with so much skill. It is true he has faults,—he sometimes overdraws his pictures, and occasionally he treats religious observances with a little levity; but reprehensible as they are, they are counterbalanced by an almost unsurpassable power in delineating the weak points of human nature, and by those Shaksperian strokes, which animate almost all his characters.

Upon the whole, the reforms which Douglas Jerrold advocates in his novels, are presented in a more practical shape, than are those of any other writer of fiction. He is not on a par with Dickens in pathos or in description, but he is equal to the latter as a satirist, and superior as a moralist. Hence, Dickens appeals chiefly to the feelings, but Jerrold to the reason; the power of the first consists in arousing the heart, while the other's *forte* is in arousing the mind. Who can read the "Dreamer and the Worker," without learning many useful suggestions regarding the education of the working classes; or "St. Giles and St. James," without perceiving the extravagance of one class of society, and the destitution and moral debasement of another; or the "Man made of Money," and not feel that gold is too much the god of our idolatry, and that it is wholly incapable in itself, of affording either contentment or happiness? and again, what husband is there that cannot sympathize with poor Mr. Caudle; or what married lady is there that does think herself, more or less, a prototype of his wife?

Mr. Thackeray's novels may be also read with much profit. He cannot describe with the droll point of Jerrold, nor with the satiric delicacy of Dickens, but with more sternness and vigour. He does not seem to understand the weak and sensitive points of human nature, as much as he does its bold and vicious features. What he does portray, however, is generally correct, though somewhat severe; but nevertheless, we cannot place "Vanity Fair,"—as some critics have,—by the side of Nicholas Nickleby. In that section of the field which he has chosen to labour upon, he will occupy a foremost position; we are confident that his labours are much needed, and that they will be productive of much good; but still there is a little too much sternness in his pages; there is too much of the harsh side of humanity, and a lack of that congeniality,—if we may use such an expression,—which forms so attractive a feature in the writings of his great rival. Nevertheless, we shall hail any future production with much pleasure, as we feel convinced that there are many more *Rebecas*, and *Jeaness*, and *Osbornes* and *lord Steynos*, who require his satirical, bold and faithful pen.

It may not be inappropriate to call the works of Mrs. Ellis and Miss Bremer, the moral instruments "to make home happy." They seek not the assistance of satire or ridicule, in the exposure of evil, but they show the cause of their complaints with a serious earnestness, and suggest their remedies in language filled with mildness. They do not censure in the voice of a stern father, but with the tenderness of an affectionate mother. No parent or youth can peruse the pages of either of these accomplished novelists, without deriving improvement, without learning a cure for some family evil, without acquiring an additional charm for the family fire-side. We would also take this opportunity to urge especially the perusal of Mrs. Ellis' works, upon those of the fair sex, who have not read them. The "Wives, the Mothers, and the Daughters of England," will afford many valuable hints to every daughter, wife or mother, who will peruse them.

Now in this class we may enjoy both instruction and amusement; descriptions of romantic adventures, and familiar sketches of domestic life; we are here forcibly presented with the evil consequences of vice, and also with the happiness which accompanies virtue. We are here not only told of the evils in society, but we are also shown its advantages; we are presented with the bright, as well as the dark side of the picture, with the ill-ventilated and unhealthy cabins of the poor, as well as with the gilded chambers of the great. We admit that they are not wholly devoid of imperfections,—nothing human can be,—but they are, among novels, the best calculated for good, to arouse sympathy for want, to expose the evils in our social system,—in fine, they most correctly "hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

The second class consists of two kinds of novels. But though the aim of each is different, the effect of both is the same. The first tries to romance history, and the other, modern society. The first endeavours to prove that our historians are all liars; that our ancestors were far wiser than the men of the present day; that the period which some call the dark ages, was the most enlightened in history; that the feudal customs were not—as we have been foolishly told—composed of arbitrary enactments, but a very enlightened code of laws. A huge castle, surrounded with gibbets and steel-clad warriors, is, in their eyes, a very picturesque sight; donjon keeps, filled with human captives, they look upon as mere bird cages; and forays and assassinations, as innocent and gentlemanly amusements. The novels which compose the second part, present an equally correct description of modern society. They try to convince

the shade of Byron, that fiction is stranger than truth, and that truth is inferior to fiction. They give us a plentiful supply of Lord Snoodys, of Sir Benjamin Blockheads, and of Lady Empty-pates. An amazing number of extraordinary incidents happen to these intellectual personages, most of which seem very improbable to our simple imaginations, but all of which we are enjoined to consider as both probable and natural. Two or three love couples, half a dozen disappointments, and a couple of broken hearts; a few duels, a description of two or three balls, and of an innumerable number of dinner and picnic parties; the supercilious pride of the aristocrat, and the ostentation of the parvenu; aged dowagers trying to sell their portionless daughters to wealthy bankers, and bankers trying to unite their sons with the daughters of some poverty-stricken peer; all this, with a due proportion of minor fashionable intelligence, form the substance of what is called the Modern Fashionable Novel. No moral can be drawn from them, save that of pity that so much time should be thus wasted; nor no benefit, save that of warning against wasting so much time in their perusal. They do not produce such directly injurious consequences as those which we shall advert to before concluding, but assuredly they can do but little good, directly or indirectly; though they may not make men worse than they are, we are pretty sure they do not make them better, and we are morally sure that they do not make them wiser. It is not unfrequent, that we meet in society, with those whose pretensions to historical knowledge are based upon their gleanings from so-called historical novels, and whose ideas of history, consequently, carry a greater share of fiction than of fact. We heard, not long since, an elderly lady declare,—who is a great reader of these works,—that Charles the II. was a model for man, and that Queen Bess was the *beau ideal* of every female virtue! And the fashionable sentimental novels are no less injurious in their way, upon the ignorant and inexperienced. They instil false notions into the minds of the young, and create aspirations which can never be realized. They sometimes place humanity in a higher position than it really occupies; and at other times, they represent the nature of man to be far worse than it really is. It is by reading such works, that many render themselves unfit to perform their duties to society, and unable to bear the ills and the realities of life.

We here propose to make a few observations upon the writings of Bulwer and of James. Of the two, we prefer the former, but still we cannot join in all the praises which are usually bestowed upon

his productions. His language, though polished and attractive, is not unfrequently obscure. He has an extensive acquaintance with the facts, more than, perhaps, with the philosophy of history. He is a good classical scholar, he seems to be intimately acquainted with fashionable life, and he displays much artistic skill in the construction of his works; but notwithstanding all this, we cannot help feeling, while reading his novels, a kind of *je ne sais quoi*, that an indescribable *something* is wanting; and however anxiously we may await the *dénouement*, yet we can rarely experience any great sympathy with his *dramatis personæ*: they move past us without arousing a fellow feeling, they seem to be persons of a different mould than those we have met with in every day life. Bulwer cannot draw those strokes of nature, which "make the whole world kin." His personages may be aristocratic and fashionable, his delineations of aristocratic life may be correct, but the few natural features in his portraits, are frequently so much marked by cold and artificial coloring, that they rarely awaken aught beyond that degree of interest, which usually accompanies the perusal of a brilliant but superficial novel.* We like his historical novels better. The most of them have a little more historic accuracy than have the generality of this class; and we must also admit that they are very skillfully drawn.

Mr. James is the most voluminous, and if the quality were proportional to the quantity, he would also be the greatest of novelists. But unfortunately, he seems to prefer quantity to quality—the skill of Lope de Vega to that of Shakspeare. We cannot say he has written anything immoral, his reflections are always filled with benevolent and christian-like doctrines;† but we do say he has

* We must be permitted to make one exception. His last production—"The Caxtons,"—is wholly untainted with these imperfections, and thus presents a striking contrast to all his former efforts. It is, perhaps, the best family picture in the English language,—not even excepting the Vicar of Wakefield,—and filled with passages which could only have come from the heart. We hope soon to see from him another similar effort.

† We regret that we are compelled to make one exception of the novel, entitled "Sir Theodore Broughton." The hero is the once celebrated highwayman, Colonel Lutwiche. The heroine is called Kate Malcolm. She is described in one place as an affectionate daughter, and represented as doating upon her dying father. In a subsequent page, this affectionate and prudent young lady accepts the gentlemanly highwayman as a suitor for her hand, after three or four days acquaintance only, and within two days after the death of her father! This is certainly a strange proof of her affection. Mr. James also calls her religious, yet she is not represented to express any dislike when informed of her lover's crimes, nor does it appear that she thought one whit the less of

written a great deal of mawkish milk-and-water sort of stuff. His latter productions, in particular, abound with "common-places," clap-trap, and sameness. In almost three-fifths of them we find the same: "In the year '15 or '16, as a traveller proceeded on horseback through the village," &c.; the same number of mysterious personages, and sudden and mysterious deaths. By the bye, poisoning seems to be his hobby now. These events are always accompanied by the bickerings of rival suitors, and a lady's precipitation into some mill pond, and her rescue by a gallant knight, after many extraordinary efforts. Then again, we are sure to have the usual quota of difficulties, which follow or precede the popping of *that* eventful enquiry; the dislikes of mamma or papa, or the intrigues of other members of the family. Or else, some bandy-legged dwarf or some crazy old woman is brought forward, and made to deliver ambiguous inuendoes upon the character of the suitor, which terminates in his dismissal by the parents. After this, his prospects are represented in a very sombre light; we are then told how many basins full of tears were shed by him and his intended, and the various kinds of pledges which were mutually made of devotion and affection. He next suddenly disappears, "no-body-knows-how,"—and after a lapse of time, he returns from "no-body-knows-where," when the parents are represented, as a matter of course, to be in great distress, which he is sure to remove; and then, if these interesting and instructive details should reach the concluding part of the third volume, it is immediately discovered, that the scandal of the relations, like most scandal, turns out to be false; and that the dwarf and the old woman were humbugs. The old man then squeezes his hand, the old lady gives him an affectionate hug, and the daughter faints in his arms, in the most approved manner; and everything else is arranged to their mutual satisfaction. This description will afford a pretty correct idea of a

him in consequence. Her uncle, Sir Harry Jarvis, and his confidential friend, Sir Charles Chevenix, are represented to be high-minded and honorable men. Then, is it not ridiculous to make them receive Lutwiche as a familiar friend, at a time when his honesty was so strongly suspected, and to embrace him as the husband of Kate, after two years purgation in the American war? and is it not still more ridiculous to describe a young lady,—such as Kate Malcolm is said to have been,—as fondly uniting herself to a man whom she knew to have been a highwayman? His respectable origin could not palliate, but it aggravated his crimes; nor could his subsequent commission in the British army exculpate him from his guilt; they are, to say the least, as improbable as they are pernicious, and in every way unworthy of the author. We can scarcely convince ourselves that Mr. James could have perpetrated such blunders.

large number of Mr. James' novels. Nor can many of them claim any originality;—one seems to be a mere *rechauffé* of another;—the names, the titles, and places are altered, but, in other respects, they are pretty much alike. They remind us of the penny-peep shows we have seen in England, in our youth,—where we were first presented with a *tableau*, which was declared to be an exact representation of the Battle of Waterloo—a figure or two only were removed, and then we were told that the Battle of Austerlitz "presents itself to view,"—a few minutes more elapse, when two or three wooden camels and elephants were introduced, which at once converted the Battles of Waterloo and Austerlitz, into the "*soberbrated Battel of Farsalia, vere Cíneral Cesar defected Marshal Pompee*"

Mr. James has discovered, perhaps, that such kind of tales are the most saleable, but even that cannot justify him, in pandering to a bad public taste. He may find it more profitable to have two or three amanuenses engaged, in assisting him to cook a novel once a quarter,* than to occupy a longer time in endeavoring to produce better works; but one would suppose a good name from posterity ought to have more weight in his eyes, than the little extra amount of money he may thus gain from his cotemporaries. More care bestowed in the "getting-up," would also prevent him from committing a few amusing blunders, such as describing a heroine in one part of a novel, as having *black* hair, and in another part, as having *brown*, without, at least, assigning some reason for so sudden and extraordinary a change.† His active pen surely ought to be employed for better purposes. Let him follow in the great march of intellect, let him strive to impel man forward, let him engage himself in preparing for the future, and not in dramatizing the past. There is much transpiring in the present day, which ought to enlist the sympathies of every man of talent; much which, if properly managed, will eventuate for the weal of future generations; but if subjected to the guidance of unskilful enthusiasts, will terminate in defeat, and become productive of evil. These "signs of the times" ought to convince him that there is a nobler field than any he has yet chosen, which demands the exercise of his mind. Let him then

*About two years ago, he entered into an engagement with his publishers, in which he contracted to furnish four novels per annum.

†To the best of our recollection,—for it is nearly four years since we read it,—this amusing contradiction may be found in "*The False Heir*." We have neither time nor inclination to re-peruse it, to ascertain whether we are correct or not.

leave love-sick knights and gouty barons, to slumber undisturbed in their coffins; and antique fashions and ideas, as subjects for the antiquarian; and subterraneous passages and romantic legends, as food for nursery maids and old women.

The novelists who, we may say, compose what may be called the Tragic School, may be divided into two classes; one of which aims to make romance of crime, and the other, to palliate sensuality. A few of the first class, like Mr. Ainsworth, are satisfied with making, occasionally, a hero of a pickpocket, a burglar, or a highwayman, but the remainder go a step further, and regularly familiarise the public with the scenes and occupants of the principal *purlicius* of Europe. They bring their readers among gamblers and murderers, forgers and highwaymen, and they instruct them in the secrets of their occupations, the peculiarities of their residences, and a narration of their exploits. The more horrifying the cases, the more disgusting the circumstances, the more prominently do these authors bring them forward. Some parents have actually said, "they could not discover anything criminal in such novels, and consequently they did not consider themselves justified in withholding them from their children." Not immoral? Why, what can be more so, than descriptions of the worst of criminals, and pictures of loathsome dens of vice? Not immoral? Why we would rather see a volume of Paul de Kock's enter a family, because its barefaced obscenity would secure immediate consignment to the fire, while the poison of the other would be rarely discovered, until a portion had been imbibed. Would these parents lead their children through the dens of vice in New York, or St. Giles in London, or the cellars in Paris, and describe to them the habits and the history of the inmates?—"No!" would be the reply of every Christian parent. But they do worse, who allow their children to read the descriptions of such places as are to be found in certain works of fiction. If youth must see vice, let them see it in its nakedness, and unless endowed with uncommonly bad propensities, they will shrink from it with disgust. But in some of the pages of Sue, Dumas, and Ainsworth, and in most of those of Reynolds, Soulie, and De Balsac, *ad hoc genus omne*, crime is represented in a species of heroism, and the hideous features in his character are partially, if not wholly, hid, by the dramatic manner in which they are portrayed. Worst of all, we cannot even console ourselves with a hope, that these works are only read by the licentious, for they are, unfortunately, to be

found on the tables of some who are intelligent, and in other respects, scrupulously moral; and that they are extensively read elsewhere, may be assumed, from the number and variety which are appearing. No one but the "Searcher of all hearts," will be able to tell the evil they have inflicted, and will inflict upon society; for—like that mysterious poison of the Borgias—the premonitory symptoms are various, and years may elapse before the effect presents itself. But though it may be uncertain when the effect may come, it is certain that it *will* come, unless prompt counteracting precautions are employed; for it is as unreasonable to expect, that the hand can meddle with pitch without defilement, as to suppose that immoral novels can be read without injury. It is doubtless necessary that a youth, when approaching manhood, should be, in a certain degree, made acquainted with the depraved character of certain classes in society, but there are far better sources than these novels, through which such information may be conveyed.

We now wish to make a few observations upon the second class, whose chief aim seems to be, to palliate sensuality. We are thankful that few, if any, of such writers, can claim the English language as their vernacular. The most of those with whom we are acquainted are French. They endeavor to strike a blow at the very basis of morality. They indirectly advocate the abolition of all moral restraint. They recommend the adoption of the worst features of socialism, without any of its redeeming characteristics. They would destroy all that we hold to be dear. They would desecrate with impunity, what we esteem to be sacred. Domestic charms, and conjugal faithfulness, filial affection, and parental virtue, are in their eyes matters of little moment. They would establish a new order of things, which would introduce socialism for government, unbounded licentiousness for morality, and a species of infidelity for religion. A system which calls property, "theft," which would recognize no check upon the most debased mind, and inculcates doctrines subversive of all religion. It is no wonder that the spot which gives birth to such productions, and where they are perused with applause, is so much tainted with immorality, and the most licentious city in Europe. It is no wonder that the churches of Paris are rarely frequented by any but aged women and young children: that its citizens are held to be unfit for republican institutions; and that every third inhabitant is supposed to be illegitimate! This is not surprising, when we remember, that there Jules Janin says licentiousness is no vice; there Georges Sand contends that

adultery is no crime; * and there De Balzac ridicules marriage in language which it would make us blush to repeat. It is said by Defoe, that the atmospheric poison which produced the great plague, was accompanied throughout its continuance by a clear and beautiful sky. And so it is with these novels; their contents are adorned with a brilliant and attractive garb, they seem at first to be innocent and amusing, but beneath these seductive appearances, there lurk impurities, which are morally destructive, and morally terrible. In another respect they are unlike the plague, for it destroyed without discrimination, but *they* destroy

* We remember to have read with some surprise, an article in Howitt's Journal, upon the writings of Georges Sand, (alias Madame Dudevant,) in which some of her immoralities are made light of, and others are excused on account of the misery she received from her husband. But we have yet to learn, that because a lady was unfortunate in her marriage, she should urge that the continuance or discontinuance of the marriage tie, should be regulated solely by the caprice of the parties interested. And there is still less excuse in the present case, for she is a woman, a lady, and a *Mother*!

Miss Edgeworth, in a letter dated April 23rd, 1838, thus expresses herself concerning French novels:—"All the fashionable French novelists will soon be reduced to advertising for a new vice, instead of, like the Roman Emperor, simply for a new pleasure. It seems to be with the Parisian novelists a first principle now, that there is no pleasure without vice, and no vice without pleasure; but that the old world vices having been exhausted, they must strain their genius to invent new; and so they do, in the most wonderful and approved bad manner, if I may judge from the few specimens I have looked at. M. de Balzac, for example who certainly is a man of genius, and as certainly, a 'de l'esprit comme un démon.' I should think that he had not the least idea of the difference between right and wrong, only that he does know the difference by his regularly preferring the wrong, and crying up all the *Ladies of error* as *Anges de tendresse*. His pathos has always, as the anti-Jacobin so well said of certain German sentimentalists, and as the Duchess of Wellington aptly quoted to me, of a poetic genius of latter days—his pathos has always

"A tear for poor guilt."

* Vide 'Piero Gorriot,' who pays the gaming debts of his daughter—provides a luxuriously furnished house of assignation, bath and boudoir, for one of his angel-daughter-sinners; and tells her he wishes he could strangle her husband for her with his own hands, having first married, and sold her to said husband for his own vanity and purpose! If the force of vice and folly can farther go, look for it in another of M. de Balzac's most beautifully written immoralities, 'Le Message,' where the husband 'gobbles' up the dinner, to the scandal of the child, while the wife is stifling in the barn, or screaming in despair for the death of her lover, which had been communicated to her by the amiable gentleman-messenger, at the moment he is dining with the husband, who knows all about it, and goes on *gobbling*, while the child exclaims, 'Papa, you would not eat so, if mamma was here'!!! Notes of admiration are the only notes that can follow such pictures of French nature, in man, woman and child!"

only what is good—they foster and engender all that is bad. And yet we see them widely circulated here; and we hear that they are sought after and read by some who profess to be very moral!

We pass over, without comment, another, and a worse class of novels, which, while pretending to warn youth from the dens of vice which exist in all large cities and towns, serve rather as a directory to the vicious, and teach many what, but for these books, they might never have learned.

In conclusion, let us hope, that our remarks have not been misunderstood. We do not object to a good novel, but we do object to many which are read, and which are held by many to be readable. We are not one of those who would abolish all works of fiction, because, many of them are the conveyers of valuable lessons. We would not have others deprived of a source from which we have frequently derived both instruction and amusement. We would not wish to debar the school-boy, after having learnt his lesson from Lindley Murray, and solved a problem in Euclid, from gratifying his curiosity in the pages of "Robinson Crusoe," or in the tales in the "Arabian Nights." We would not wish that a maiden, after an hour's toil over a French verb, should be prevented from heaving a sigh over "Paul and Virginia;" or that the poor clerk, after standing twelve hours behind a counter or a desk, should not occasionally amuse himself with a volume of "Sir Walter's," or the "last" of Dickens'. And sure we are that many professional and mercantile men, after the toil and fatigue of the day, have frequently derived much agreeable amusement, in laughing over selected passages from Rabelais, and unobjectionable tales from Boccaccio. And let them continue to do so, whenever they think it necessary, but *not* when it is unnecessary, nor read what is injurious.

And although we admit that novels may be made the instruments of good, and that there are many both amusing and instructive, yet we would remind the reader, that nature is a higher and a purer field, for the exercise and enlightenment of the mind. We are constrained to do this, from a conviction that fiction is a little too much sought after now-a-days. Science, except to a few, is still a closed book; the many still think it to be a comparatively uninteresting accumulation of facts; they shun it as they would an unpleasant task, and run to fiction for amusement. But this is a mistaken idea. There is far more real poetry in science than in fiction. Why then run to poets and novelists only for the ideal, while you have for observation, the inhabitants of

the sky, whose unerring movements, whose magnitude, and infinitude, exceed the conceptions of the boldest imagination! * If you want beauty, why not oftener seek for her where she is delineated by the hand of the Creator, where she bears the stamp of Divine perfection; seek for her among meadows and streams, among hills and rivers, among mountains and forests. If you want sublimity, then why stoop so much to the puny puppet-shows of man, while fathomless oceans and roaring cataracts, while the huge avalanche and the beautiful grotto, while cloud-capped mountains and fiery volcanoes, while the thunder and the lightning, the tempest and the calm, are all awaiting and calling for our inspection? and if you want novelty, seek for her in the romance of romances, in that wonder of wonders, in that mighty and magnificent system, which governs alike harmoniously the minutest molecule, and the globe, our solar world, and the universe!

J. P.

SEARCH AFTER TRUTH.

TRUTH indeed came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look upon. But when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who—as the story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dwelt with the god Osiris—took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time, ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear imitating the careful search Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor never shall, till her Master's second coming. He shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.—*Milton.*

It is the part of a woman, like her own beautiful planet, to cheer the dawn and the darkness, to be both the morning and the evening star of a man's life. The light of her eye is the first to rise and the last to set upon manhood's day of trial and suffering.

* "The progress of Astronomy," says LaPlace, "has been the constant triumph of Philosophy over the illusion of the senses. In some studies the imagination can supply what is wanting to perfection: in Astronomy, imagination is in itself nothing; it is, as it were less than nothing."

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds, new-roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience,
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow,

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER XV.

"Ah! sacred liberty!
Name dear to every heart!
Whether a nation breathes the cherished sound,
Or the lone captive from his prison free,
'Tis still a sacred sound."

"WELL, Otho, how fares your charge?" asked Gustavus of his servant, as the latter entered the apartment of his lord, who had just returned from a visit to the lone cottage of the mountains.

"Oh! he is doing well; he has of late ceased to address me, since he finds it unavailing; he seems to be inclined to submit patiently to what he cannot remedy, and will probably enjoy a tranquil old age beneath your protecting care! So you see I am enabled to give a good account of my guardianship!"

"Much too good to suit my pleasure; would that my tender compassion had not led me to spare his life! but the old ties of friendship had still some claim on me, and I would not lift my hand against him!"

"Well; but is he not as safe in his stronghold, as if he were quiet in his grave! Were he my enemy, I should rejoice in the power to retain him in captivity, that he might linger in misery, when death would end my vengeance! No possible means of escape are in his power, and you, from him, have nought to fear,—why then should you wish his death?"

"Because my lady fair firmly refuses to listen to my tales of love! 'Nought but death,' she says, 'shall break her plighted word to Francis d'Auvergne,' and I have tried in vain to shake her stubborn determination; and as *her* death is a thing which I certainly do not desire, why, it follows, that if Francis would just yield to the terrific king, it would be very convenient for my purpose! but you seem to think he has no such intention!"

"But cannot you tell the lady he is dead, and thus teach her to believe she is free from her plighted faith to him; and is he not dead to the world from which he is forever separated? So you might well teach her to believe he is no more!"

"Cease, Otho! have I not injured her enough already—and would you teach me to impose still further upon her guileless mind, by so base a false-

hood! No; Francis d'Auvergne must die! and you, Otho, must accomplish his destruction; not by actual violence committed on his person—that I cannot consent to; but you know that beneath his window is prepared a grave, capacious and deep; hold out to him hopes of escape, furnish him instruments to remove the gratings of his window, prepare him a ladder of ropes, by which to descend, but not sufficiently long to reach from his window to the ground, and promise to leave the door of the subterranean passage open, to ensure his safe escape! Thus will he fall a ready victim to our snare, and who will be the murderer! Not I, who for weeks have not seen him! Not you, who will be safe in your own room at the fatal moment; but he will perish by his own rashness. Then I can most truly assure my fair one, that her Francis is no more! then can I offer her a hand, unstained by the blood of him she so fondly loves, and I shall yet be happy! Aid me in this, my trusty Otho, and the hand of thy master shall amply repay thee for thy faithful service!"

"As thou wilt, my lord! thy word has ever been my law, thy commands to me are sacred," and the trusty menial walked leisurely from the room, and with careless step, sought his own.

"Well," he murmured, as he threw himself carelessly into a seat, "surely my young lord has strange vagaries of mind! Now, in my happy ignorance of things, I cannot see why the man who deliberately plans the death of another, and bids a trusty servant, whom he well knows will but too faithfully do his bidding, to execute that plan, is not as guilty of actual murder, as he who thrusts his sword to the heart of another, whom he may seek to destroy! Now, I am a vicious wretch, grown so in the service of Gustavus de Lindendorf, but my soul recoils from this deed of blood; but my lord says we will both be wholly guiltless of his death, and my lord is far wiser than his humble serving-man. Yes; he says, and although I may not understand why, it is of truth correct, that he will then present to his fair lady a hand unstained by the blood of him she loves, and my truly innocent assistance in the disposal of this, his rival, will be nobly rewarded; well be it so, but it is well that I was born without a

conscience; for the commands of such a master as Gustavus de Lindendorf, would sadly vex the dainty principle! But for my pleasant task; first I must provide with the utmost care, or this wily Frenchman will discover the snare, and refuse to walk into it, and thus all my master's wise plotting would be lost, and I, perhaps, be driven from his service for my failure in the affair, and thus my rich reward would be lost! No; I will go surely to work, and this very night begin! Let me see; yes, I will add a bottle of wine to his repast, and tell him it was because I wished to do something for him in his solitude; thus he will see I wish to be his friend, and by degrees I will teach him to trust me, until I draw him to the purpose of my lord."

And with his plan thus formed, Otho arose and left his own small room, to attend to the wants of the captive of his master.

Francis stood gazing on the only object which had the power to afford him any relief at Lindendorf—the mountain summit, all lighted up by the golden rays of the setting sun, when the approaching steps of Otho aroused him from his reverie, and the next moment the bolts were drawn back, and Otho entered with his evening meal. Instead of setting it down and turning away as was his wont, he stepped within the room, and standing against the closed door, remarked:

"I much fear that your days pass but heavily in this dreary place, and so I added a little wine to your supper, thinking it might cheer you for the coming night!"

"Many thanks for your kindness," answered Francis; "but will not your master be offended?"

"Oh, no! he is too much engrossed with a fair lady, whom he seeks to make his bride, to give heed to an affair so trifling, and thus you are entrusted wholly to my care; well is it for you that I am your keeper, for many of my fellow servants are basely cruel, and would not scruple to leave you for days together without food, were you in their care; but thanks to our blessed Lady, I have a more feeling heart, and much do I regret that I dare not grant you greater favour."

"What would be the price at which you would give me my liberty?" asked Francis, as he fixed his eye firmly on the dark face of Otho; but the wretch hastily turned from him, and left the room; the bolts were secured, and he was left to his solitude and loneliness; but he was not without the hope that the next interview might be productive of a better result, and that he might eventually bribe Otho to give him his liberty. Cheered by this hope, he threw himself on his hard couch, but sleep visited not his eyes. The excitement of his mind proved a sad enemy to

repose, and morning dawned ere sober reason dispelled his shadowy visions of deliverance. Long before the usual hour at which his breakfast was brought, he was anxiously listening for the approach of Otho; but more than an hour beyond the time had passed by, and he came not. A new fear now agitated the bosom of Francis, the fear that Otho would appear no more, and he would be transferred to a more rigid jailor; but just as the unwelcome thought was gaining full possession of his mind, the well known tread resounded through the empty passage leading to his room, and Otho entered. Depositing the food of his charge in its usual place, he turned, as if to leave the room, when Francis impatiently called him to remain. Otho slowly turned, and inquired what might be his wishes, as he was in haste to return to his lord, who was preparing for an excursion on the mountains. The heart of Francis beat violently, as he thought that Gustavus would soon be in the presence of Isabella, and he replied:

"You remember the remark I made to you last evening; you have had time to consider it well! Say, now, what shall reward you to open my prison door, and give me liberty?"

"Death at the hands of my lord would probably reward me, for thus betraying a sacred trust, committed to me because he knew me faithful," answered Otho.

"Nay, my good fellow, listen to me!" cried Francis. "Give me my liberty, and great shall be thy reward; I will take you to France, and thus you will be safe from your master's vengeance, and——"

"I cannot remain longer now," cried Otho; "my lord awaits me, and may suspect your purpose from my long tarrying;" and securing his prisoner, he hurried away.

"Well, Otho, how prospers our plot?" asked Gustavus, as Otho approached his master. "Does he seem inclined to favour us, and remove from his present apartment to the receptacle formed for those who offend the lords of Lindendorf, or means he to burden our hospitality for some time longer?"

"Oh! he is quite willing to say farewell, and only awaits a fitting opportunity to do so; but you know I must not enter into his desires at once, how much soever they may accord with our own, lest I might spoil the whole by my haste to be quit of my noble charge; but I shall at last come to terms with him, and then a grave awaits him, far from the resting place of his noble ancestors, and methinks less splendid, but where he will not repose alone; and you, my lord, I trust, will yet be happy."

Gustavus turned away his head; the last words of Otho grated harshly on his ear. He felt that he was pursuing a course which would stamp the curse of guilt forever on his conscience; and how could he be happy? He felt that he was sacrificing all to a phantom of happiness, which he might never obtain, and should he even win the hand of Isabella, that could not restore his peace of mind; but he resolved to go onward in his course, and bear the result as best he might. He had involved himself in a labyrinth of guilty artifices, which his own nature shrank from, but from which he saw no better way to extricate himself than to go onward. Too proud to retract, by restoring his captives to their liberty; roused almost to madness at the very thought of seeing Isabella the bride of his rival, he resolved to prosecute his purpose, and lure onward, through the agency of Otho, the hapless Francis, and thus effectually make good his rash vow, that Isabella should never be his bride. "Ye," he murmured; "it were better to see her die of grief for him, than to know that he was happy in her love!"

The shades of twilight had gathered thickly over the landscape, as Otho, with the accustomed evening meal of his unsuspecting victim, sought the chamber in the prison of Lindendorf. Carefully closing the door, he stood as if irresolute for a moment, and then coming close to Francis, who stood near his low bed, he said in an under-tone of voice:

"My lord is absent now, and I may, without danger of discovery, remain with you for a short time, and deliberate on some plan for your escape. Now, I dare not boldly open your prison door, for though I might escape myself, my numerous kindred, all vassals to my lord, would feel his vengeance. Nor have they aught to hope from the protection of the baron, who fully justifies every act of his haughty and cruel son; so if I aid you, it must be in some manner that may seem as if you had effected your own release!"

"Anything to leave this detested place!" cried Francis; "tell me by what means it is possible to do so, and all that human efforts can avail, shall be done, and you, my good friend, shall receive a rich reward!"

"Well; first the bars that secure your window must be removed; but as you might be discovered, if attempting this during the day, I would advise you to confine this part of your labour to the hours of darkness, and I would further suggest that you had better remain away from the window as much as possible in the day time, as my master spends many hours in the grove, on this side of the castle, and suspicion might be excited if he saw you

gazing forth; and further, I think it would be well to replace, ere the light of morning, the gratings which you have succeeded in cutting away in the night, as he sometimes intimates an intention to visit you, and tell you of the success of his wooing the fair maid, for whose sake you are kept prisoner here; you see how anxious I am that no blame may fall on me, and I hope you will faithfully obey my injunctions!"

"Fear me not! but tell me, is the lady Isabella McDonald truly in the power of Gustavus, and in the place he told me of? for if I gain my own liberty, it shall be my first care to save that angel girl from the power of the inhuman monster, who now holds her in bondage?"

"I don't know anything of Isabella McDonald; but I know that my young lord has a very beautiful lady at his cottage, in the dell of the mountain, that he visits almost daily, and that because you were his rival for her hand, you are now his prisoner."

"'Tis well; but aid me to regain my freedom, and long she will not grace his cottage of the mountain! But by what means may I reach the ground, after the gratings of my window are removed?"

"For that you must form a sort of ladder, for which I will bring you materials, and when you leave your confinement, the ladder still hanging from your window, will be to me a sign that you are free, and it will also serve to allay the anger of my lord! The door that leads to the subterranean passage would not be so easily passed, but I happily possess two keys of it, unknown to my lord; so that after I resign the keys of the prison rooms to him, as I always do after bringing your supper, I can steal out at a late hour, when my lord has retired, and unlock it, and secure it again before the dawn of day, and then he will be left to believe that you found some means of crossing the wall!"

"And what will be the sum that rewards you for this great service to me? the greatest sum will be cheerfully paid to compensate you, even to the half of the wealth of the duke of Avignon?"

"We will talk of that when you are at liberty!" answered Otho, the dark smile of covert meaning which lit up his face, being hidden by the surrounding darkness; "but here is an instrument for cutting away the bars which form the gratings of your window," and he placed in his hands a small steel instrument, resembling the file of a carpenter; "but I must leave you now, lest my lord return! Be cautious; strictly obey my injunctions, and you have some ground of hope; be precipitate, and our enterprise must infallibly prove unavail-

ing!" and turning away, Francis was again left to solitude and darkness.

Francis sat for many minutes lost in a delightful reverie. Liberty, the most valued of earthly blessings, would again be his, even when no hope had dawned on his mind, and no fate but hopeless, perpetual imprisonment, seemed before him. All seemed delightful certainty of success, and he forgot the labor which would be required to purchase his freedom, the many chances of failure, and every difficulty which must be surmounted, in the thought that he would once more be free from the bondage of his fearful foe. Then came thoughts of the blissful meeting with Isabella, when he should rush to rescue her from her captivity, and restore her to her home; and then for a moment, one short moment only, the thought that it was possible her love for him had been transformed to Gustavus, came over his mind. But he hastened to banish it, and gave up his heart to its excess of joy.

The tolling of the midnight hour aroused him, and starting up, he applied himself to work with all the energy of one who knows that every thing dear to the human heart, depends on one great and mighty effort, and not until a faint tinge of mellow light illumined the eastern sky, and warned him of approaching day, did he cease from his labour. Carefully concealing the evidences of his industry, he threw himself on his bed, and tired nature soon found relief in soft repose.

(To be continued.)

THE SUBTERRANEOUS PALACE.

A BEAUTIFUL APOLOGUE.

THERE was an image in the city of Rome, which stretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, STRIKE HERE. For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length, a certain subtle clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed, as the sun shone against it, the shadow of the inscribed finger on the ground at some distance. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on that spot. He came at length to a flight of steps, which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace. Here he entered a hall, where he saw a king and queen sitting at table, with their nobles, and a multitude of people, all clothed in rich garments. But no person spake a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room. In the opposite corner he perceived the figure of a man standing, having a

bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to shoot. On his forehead was written, "I am, who am. Nothing can escape my stroke, not even yonder carbuncle, which shines so bright."

The clerk beheld all with amazement; and entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple. But all was silent. He then entered a stable full of the most excellent horses; he touched some of them, and they were instantly turned into stones. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with all his imagination could desire. He again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return; "but," says he, "my report of all these wonders will not be believed, unless I carry something with me." He therefore took from the principal table a golden cup and a golden knife, and placed them in his bosom. The man, who stood in the corner with his bow, immediately shot at the carbuncle, which he shattered into a thousand pieces. At that moment the hall became dark as night. In this darkness, not being able to find his way, he continued in the subterraneous palace, and soon died a miserable death.

In the moralization of this fable, the steps by which the clerk descends into the earth are supposed to be the Passions—the Palace, so richly stored, the World, with all its vanities and temptations—the figure with the bow bent, is Death—and the Carbuncle is Human Life. He suffers for this avarice in coveting and seizing what was not his own; and no sooner has he taken the golden knife and cup, that is, enriched himself with the goods of this world, than he is delivered up to the gloom and horrors of the grave.

EVERY moment of a man's life begins a new era, and he knows not which may be forgotten, or which may be the pivot whereon will turn his whole future destiny. What act, then, is without importance, since it may be a precedent to many ages.

COLERIDGE, treating on the inseparable connection of truth with error, says that there are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth yet below the horizon.

TRUTH.—*Fine sentiment.*—A lecturer of the day says: "Truth is God's shadow, reflected by the sun-light of human intelligence on the plains of Time."

EVA HUNTINGDON.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME days after, Eva, in passing through the hall, encountered her maid who was at the moment in search of herself, to tell her "that Mr. Arlingford had just arrived in town, and was in the drawing room."

Waiting for no more, she hurried thither radiant with joy. To her great delight she found him alone, but after the first hurried moments of friendly greeting, it struck her that there was something about his manner of the same constrained tone that had pervaded his last letters, and an uneasy suspicion flashed across her mind that the change was connected in some way with Chester Rockingham. If such were even the case, now then, was the time to inform him of every thing. Had she not promised to have no concealments from him? but how was she to commence, how enter on a subject which filled her with an embarrassment very different to the momentary timidity it had inspired a few months before. It had to be done, however, and raising her head, she exclaimed with a desperate effort:

"Mr. Arlingford!"

"Well, Eva," and he turned towards her. His manner was grave, she fancied it stern, and instead of speaking of Chester Rockingham, she merely inquired,

"If it were true that he was going away?"

"Yes, Eva, for a time. I have received a letter from a relative of mine who resides on his estate in Ireland, and I must join him without delay. Owing to his own feeble health and the dishonesty of an agent in whom he placed the most implicit confidence, his affairs are greatly involved, and will require much time and labour to extricate them. Independent of the obligations our relationship imposes on me, my own interests also demand my presence there, for my cousin, having no nearer heirs, all his property will eventually devolve on myself. If my absence is not protracted beyond three months, I will have cause to consider myself very fortunate."

"Three months!" echoed Eva with a start.

"Surely, Mr. Arlingford, you will not be three months away. How can we do without you so long!"

"It must be, Eva. Inclination should ever yield to duty. Believe me, the prospect is anything but agreeable to myself, but still my time will be so taken up with active and laborious duties that it will not appear as burdensome as it would otherwise do."

"I hope, it will be the same with me," sighed Eva. "My studies, if I pursue them in a proper spirit, will leave me no time to indulge in *ennui* or discontent."

"You are right, my dear child, and I hope, nay, I feel assured, that when we do meet again, you will be far advanced on that path of intellectual improvement to which you are now progressing. Remember, your year of probation may glide past even quicker than you desire, for you have yet much to learn. One thing in your favour, however, is, that you will have no other pursuits, amusements or thoughts, to divide your time with your studies."

Again Eva's heart smote her, and in a nervous, hurried tone, she exclaimed:

"Oh! Mr. Arlingford, I had nearly forgotten to mention to you,"—but the remainder of the confession was suspended on her lips by the entrance of lady Huntingdon. Of course all farther opportunity for private conversation was at an end, and one moment filled with regret, the next with relief, Eva subsided at once into her usual rôle of silent listener. Unusually gracious was lady Huntingdon to her guest, and on hearing that he left London in two days, she entreated him earnestly to visit them again before then, expressing at the same time a thousand regrets for his hurried departure.

Sad and dispirited, Eva sought her room, and divided between sorrow for Mr. Arlingford's loss, and remorse for her silence on the subject of her acquaintance with Mr. Rockingham, she passed as lonely and unhappy an evening as had ever yet fallen to her lot. One thought afforded her some slight degree of consolation, and that was the certainty that she would see her friend the following day, and thus obtain an opportunity of atoning for her previous insincerity. Her resolutions, however, were of no avail, for the next morning, when summoned to the drawing room

"to see Mr. Arlingford," Lady Huntingdon was already with him. The conversation flowed in an indifferent strain; Mr. Arlingford's journey, the season and its festivities, were all discussed, and then lady Huntingdon, glancing at the time-piece, exclaimed:

"You, had better say farewell to Mr. Arlingford, Eva. Mrs. Wentworth requested me to detain you from your studies, as short a time as possible."

Eva, taking the hint, rose, and without a word gave him her hand. Her heart was too full for speech. Kindly, warmly, did he press it in his own, gently exclaiming:

"Farewell, my dear, dear child! May I find you well and happy, on my return!"

Poor Eva, who was almost heart-broken in the prospect of losing one who had proved so earnest, so generous a friend, strove in vain to suppress her feelings, but despite her efforts, the bright tears rained fast from her eyes. Lady Huntingdon, whose cold glance was all the time fixed on her daughter's face, superciliously exclaimed:

"I really wish, child, you would, if possible, avoid wearying Mr. Arlingford and myself with the exhibition of your overflowing sensibility."

"Nay, as far as I am concerned, your ladyship need have no cause for uneasiness," he coldly rejoined. "True, or unselfish feeling, is so rare a thing in this world, that to meet with it, is at all times a great as well as a novel pleasure."

"In Miss Huntingdon's case then, I assure you, 'tis any thing but a novel pleasure," returned lady Huntingdon, adjusting with graceful *insouciance*, one of her elegant bracelets. "A thing entertaining in itself, often palls from constant repetition, and such is the case with her sensibility. 'Tis always at hand—ready on the shortest notice."

"Well, your ladyship must pardon her for not possessing our worldly experience; she has not yet acquired the happy art of disguising sentiments that are really hers, as well as of affecting those she does not feel."

The sarcasm was a sharp one, such as the courtly, high bred, Mr. Arlingford, rarely suffered to pass his lip; and his hostess coloured to her very temples with surprise and indignation. Without appearing to take any note, however, of the effect of his words, he opened the door for Eva to pass, again kindly reiterated his "farewell," and then approaching the window, looked forth from it, though his darkened brow betokened, his thoughts were engaged with other things than the prospect before him. After a few moments he turned to his companion, whose countenance,

whatever her secret feelings might have been, had completely recovered its usual polished serenity, and exclaimed in a somewhat stiff tone:

"I owe your ladyship many apologies for thus taking up your time, but the circumstance of this being my last visit, will, I trust, prove my excuse."

"Nay," rejoined lady Huntingdon with her sweetest smile, "'tis unkind for an old and valued friend to speak thus. Do not go yet. Lord Huntingdon will be here in a few moments, and you must not leave without bidding him farewell. Another thing, Mr. Arlingford, I have a few words to say to you, on—on a subject which I have neglected too long."

He turned a quick, questioning glance, upon her, whilst Lady Huntingdon, after a pause, continued with an effort which dyed her very brow with crimson. "I allude to the liabilities your generosity has permitted my reckless Augustus to incur towards you."

"Oh! do not mention them, my dear lady Huntingdon," he rejoined, his manner instantly regaining its customary polished deference. "When I return from Ireland, it will be time enough to arrange all these matters."

"No, no, Mr. Arlingford, 'tis a painful, but a necessary duty,—doubly painful too, that owing to some embarrassments of lord Huntingdon, and to be sincere with you, some fresh extravagances on the part of Augustus, we will be unable to discharge them as I had hoped and promised this month. Need I tell you, how pained and grieved I feel? The thought has haunted me incessantly of late, day and night. Much as lord Huntingdon would have blamed me, I would have braved his displeasure and informed him of it all, if I thought he could have assisted me; but I knew that at the present moment that was out of the question."

"My dear lady Huntingdon, say no more. Would I be deserving of the name of friend, were I not permitted to perform occasionally those little acts of kindness or delicacy, which can be accepted alone at the hands of friendship. Remember too, that Augustus has a particular claim on myself, and the leniency I might not perhaps at all times display towards a stranger, will be ever willingly extended to the little failings of my god-child. 'Tis his affair entirely, so one single word more from any one else on the subject will seriously offend me. Augustus and I can settle our accounts best together, especially as he is the principal."

Lady Huntingdon's cold features were softened at the moment by an expression of gratitude,

which no event unconnected with her son could have called into them; and really touched by the delicate generosity of her companion, she bowed her head in silent yet eloquent gratitude. Shortly after, Mr. Arlingford took leave, and as he shook hands with his hostess, he smilingly exclaimed:

"And now, dear lady Huntingdon, a privilege and favour I claim at parting, is, that if our young friend Augustus should get into any fresh difficulties, a thing to be expected at his age, and with one of his thoughtless though generous temperament, you will not hesitate one moment but write to me on the subject. I will not only willingly give all the assistance in my power, but receive the application as a mark of confidence for which I shall feel proud as well as grateful."

As the door closed upon him, lady Huntingdon murmured with a sigh of relief:

"Thank God! he knows it now. What a struggle it cost me to tell him. Ah! how little Augustus either knows or cares, for the bitter anguish, the heart burnings, he inflicts so often and so remorselessly upon me!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Arlingford in passing through the lower hall, recognized the voice of the heir of the house, in loud though not very harsh remonstrance with his servant, concerning some neglect on the part of the latter, regarding his master's canine *protégés*. Arlingford had not seen him since his arrival in town, the young man being nearly always absent from home; still, he hesitated a moment whether to seek an interview with him or not, when his doubts were decided by Augustus himself, who, after a last energetic address to his servant, flung open the door and issued forth. On seeing his "Mentor," as he styled him, he started and slightly coloured, but soon recovering his usual self-possession, he advanced to greet him; expressing his regrets that "he had been from home when the latter had called the day previous," and concluding by saying; "That he was just setting out to call on him at his hotel."

Whether Mr. Arlingford placed implicit faith in his assurances 'tis impossible to say, but he merely replied:

"Well, in that case, 'twill be no exaction to ask you to accompany me part of the way!"

Young Huntingdon, though internally anathematizing the evil star that had thus thrown him with the only man of whom he stood in awe, the man, whom of all others, he was most solicitous to avoid, assented with great apparent cheerfulness. His fears of a lecture, however, or of

allusions to the unpleasant affair that had already cost his mother so many anxious thoughts, were entirely groundless, and the conversation flowed all the while on indifferent topics. At parting, Mr. Arlingford repeated to his young companion, the kind assurance he had already given lady Huntingdon, strictly enjoining him to apply to him immediately in any difficulties he might hereafter find himself involved in."

"I'll be hanged if I do," murmured young Huntingdon to himself, as he gazed a moment after his retreating figure. "No! human effrontery has its limits as well as human generosity; and come what will, I must not trouble him again, at least till my present obligations towards him are discharged."

That day Mr. Arlingford left London, and of all those whom he had loaded with benefits and favors, none gave him a second thought save Eva, who shed for his departure, tears of such bitter grief as had rarely if ever fallen for him before. Now, lamenting his departure, then recalling all his acts of friendship and kindness, and ever finding an additional and bitter pang in the remembrance that he had left undeceived, left ere she had told him of Rockingham and his devotion—of the interest he had already awakened in her heart. An evening of tears, a night of sleeplessness, left traces so palpable on her pale countenance, that Mrs. Wentworth the following morning, after an hour or two of study, bade her "lay aside her books and prepare for a drive."

Without a feeling of either pleasure or relief Eva obeyed, and entirely engrossed by her own sad reflections, she noticed not that the carriage, by Mrs. Wentworth's orders, had turned into the pleasant shaded road in which they had already met Mr. Rockingham. Her thoughts were still with Mr. Arlingford, following him on his journey, sharing in his joys or griefs, when a clear rich voice, whose tones she well knew, suddenly exclaimed beside her:

"Good morning, ladies. This is certainly an unexpected pleasure."

Eva had scarcely time to dash from her eyes the tears with which her previous thoughts had filled them, ere she encountered the penetrating, eagle glance of Chester Rockingham. Mrs. Wentworth looked up from the abstruse, but to her most interesting work that she was perusing, with anything but an encouraging countenance. Indeed, it required all the strength of her affection for her distant nephew, to enable her to receive his friend with anything like cordiality. Rockingham saw at a glance how matters stood, and perceiving

that the coldness originated simply in the circumstance of her being interrupted in the midst of an agreeable book, politely exclaimed :

"I fear, my dear madam, I have intruded at a most unpropitious time. A stupid talker is ever an unsuccessful rival in the field with a clever author. I shall therefore free you from my presence at once."

"Not at all, Mr. Rockingham," and Mrs. Wentworth closed the volume with a reluctant, though almost inaudible sigh. "I rarely allow myself to become engrossed in a work, to that unwise extent, that the resigning it for the purpose of attending to other duties, becomes a source of pain; still, if ever I could be tempted to depart from my usual rule, 'tis in the present instance, especially as I have only two remaining chapters to read."

"In that case, Mrs. Wentworth, do not, I entreat, allow me to be the unwilling cause of interrupting you. I will ride quietly beside the carriage, or take a lesson in botany from Miss Huntingdon, till you have concluded; and you will then tell me, if you have any commands for Edward, as I will be writing to my brother to-morrow, and their regiments being stationed in the same district, they are probably intimate together, or at least acquainted."

Mrs. Wentworth gratefully thanked him, and after receiving his repeated assurance that it would be no tax on his patience to wait for a short time, returned to her book.

"Well, Miss Huntingdon, shall I commence my lesson now?" he asked, turning to Eva with a gravity contrasting strangely with his mirthful eyes and the smiling curve of his lip. "I must candidly confess, though, I have taken some lessons already, you will find me a tolerably apt pupil. Encouraged by such an assurance, will you undertake to finish the course I have already so happily commenced?"

Eva, who was overwhelmed with confusion by his allusion to Botany—an allusion bringing in its train such vivid reminiscences of *bouquets* given in town and country, and above all of a certain faded flower, cherished with unchanging and chivalrous devotion, was too much embarrassed to reply; and Rockingham, though in reality enjoying her confusion, was too well bred to pursue the topic further. For a time, he rode beside her in silence, expecting, it may have been, that she would have spoken, or else, waiting till Mrs. Wentworth should become fully absorbed in her book. His penetrating glance, however, had never for one moment left Eva's face, favoured as he was, by her eyes being always averted from himself; and well he

read it too, for soon he exclaimed, in a low though apparently careless tone :

"If Miss Huntingdon would extend her usual forgiving gentleness, to what may seem presumptuous curiosity, in one who has known her, or rather whom she has only known for a short time, he would ask what grief or annoyance has clouded a brow ever free and happy till now?"

His appeal was unanswered, and bending still nearer, he whispered with a winning eloquence of tone and manner which few could resist :

"Am I to infer from your silence, Miss Huntingdon, that I have been so unfortunate as to offend you? Oh! believe me, if such is the case, my crime has been the result solely of the devoted interest I have taken in your happiness, from the very moment of our first meeting; an interest, which you, yourself, notwithstanding the coldness and indifference of which you have already given me such bitter proofs, must have been conscious, long ere this."

Fearing further silence would but encourage him to continue, Eva hurriedly replied :

"I feel grateful for your sympathy, and certainly 'tis not bestowed without reason; for I have lost, at least for a time, my best, my sincerest friend."

"Your best friend, Miss Huntingdon?"

"Yes, Mr. Arlingford."

"And who is Mr. Arlingford, may I ask?" enquired her companion, his brow darkening as he spoke:—"A relative, of course?"

"Only a distant one, but a most true and trustworthy friend."

Rockingham bit his lip in silence, and had Eva but chanced to raise her eyes then, the dark frown that marred that usually bright and handsome countenance would have strangely startled her. Without perceiving it, however, she continued, "Judging Mr. Arlingford by the ordinary standard of friendship, you may, perhaps, wonder at my earnestness; but did you know him, your surprise would cease."

"I am not very anxious for that honour," was Rockingham's involuntary rejoinder.

"No! Mr. Rockingham!" and Eva looked earnestly at him. "Not even, when I tell you, that to know Mr. Arlingford, is to admire and esteem him!"

The dark shade had vanished from Rockingham's face ere Eva had time to detect it, and with a forced smile, he rejoined :

"Your praise, Miss Huntingdon, should be a sufficient inducement for me to seek his friendship, even through difficulties and indifference. But alas! human nature is frail, and where we should admire, we often envy. Arlingford is indeed a thrice happy being!"

"In what?" asked Eva, raising her questioning eyes to his.

"Blessed," was the low but earnest reply, "in having known you long and intimately—blessed, in being allowed to seek your society with the sanction of your family; and oh! doubly, trebly blessed, in being remembered and regretted by you."

"But he has deserved all that and more from me."

"Well, is not that very power of earning your gratitude, another glorious privilege—one to be envied and coveted, beyond all else? He has not had months of heart-sickening, hopeless uncertainty, to endure, ere admitted to the privilege of addressing you, even a cold and measured sentence—months of weary disappointment, haunting daily each place where he had once chanced to meet you, seeking you in every spot where he fancied you might be met with,—the ball-room, the Park, the Opera; his only aim, the hope of obtaining one fleeting glance from you, and yet ever and always denied even that slight solace. Oh! Miss Huntingdon, Mr. Arlingford, favoured in your presence, remembered by you in absence, enjoys a happiness, which, though I would sacrifice life to ensure it, will never, I fear, be mine."

"But I have not known you long, Mr. Rockingham," was the half-murmured reply; "you have not the countless, the all-powerful claims on me that Mr. Arlingford has."

"Yes, but when you will have known me long—when I will have done for you all that he has done, all that man can do, to prove the sincerity of a devotion as boundless as 'tis lasting—may I then hope for the noble reward that he has earned? May I then hope that you will think and speak of me, as you now think and speak of him?"

Eva was silent, but Rockingham read an answer in her changing countenance that pleased him well; and he inwardly vowed, he would prefer by far, a feeling of even slight preference, cherished in silence and secrecy, to one openly, forcibly avowed, as was her predilection for Mr. Arlingford. He would have spoken more, but a glance at Mrs. Wentworth told him she was near the conclusion of the last chapter, and drawing a little farther from Eva, he rejoined in his usual polite, though indifferent tones:

"Thank you, Miss Huntingdon, for your instructions. I trust, I have profited by them. My only fear is, that my dullness of apprehension, my wearisome system of questioning, will preclude, for the future, all hopes of your ever giving me another."

"Nay, it is very beneficial to herself," said

Mrs. Wentworth, closing her book, and perfectly satisfied with the icy propriety of the last sentence, the only one, *par parenthèse*, that she had overheard. "And now, Mr. Rockingham, I must return my sincere thanks for the exemplary patience you have displayed in waiting for me so long."

"Believe me, my dear madam, it was no great stretch of patience," rejoined the young man, with an arch smile that found a faint reflection on Eva's lip. "However, if you will have the kindness to dictate to me now your message for dear Edward, I will be all attention."

Mrs. Wentworth complied, and again Rockingham rode home beside the carriage, conversing ever, be it remembered, with herself. As he assisted Eva to alight, he slightly pressed her small fingers, whispering a softly worded wish, "that they might soon meet again," a wish that found something like an echo in the recesses of the young girl's own heart.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE morning, after a grand entertainment given by the Countess of L., one of Lady Huntingdon's most intimate friends, young Huntingdon unceremoniously walked into his mother's dressing room. He found only her maid there, and in a somewhat impatient tone, he enquired "if her mistress had not yet risen."

"No, Sir, 'tis only half past ten, but if you wish, I will tell my lady you desire to see her."

The girl passed into the next apartment, and almost instantly returned with word; "That if Mr. Huntingdon would have the goodness to wait a few moments, her ladyship would be with him. She was just rising."

He nodded assent, and after obtaining a taper to light his cigar, flung himself on a satin couch and smoked away in unconscious bliss; regardless of the delicate straw coloured hangings of the apartment, which were scarcely likely to be improved by the operation. Not long after, Lady Huntingdon, enveloped in a rich dressing gown and shawl, entered.

"Well, mother," he exclaimed, slightly turning his head toward her. "How do you feel, after last night?"

"Greatly fatigued, yet still happy to see you, though your visit, my dear child, has been a little early this morning."

"Yes, I thought so; but I did not know what to do with myself. I was too indolent to walk, ride, or read. Does my cigar annoy you?" he

asked, as she raised a vinaigrette from the table near her, and hastily opened it.

"Not much. Still, I feel weak after last night's fatigue, and the smoke is somewhat overpowering."

Lady Huntingdon in reality disliked it excessively, and never permitted her husband to smoke in her presence; but she tolerated it in her son's case, knowing it obtained her many hours of his society which would otherwise have been entirely lost to her. After a short silence she anxiously exclaimed, as she passed her hand through his luxuriant curls:

"You seem out of spirits, my dear Augustus. I fear, you are not well."

"Well enough, perhaps, but bored to death. I have had a surfeit already of balls, theatres, and London."

"Impossible! Why you are the happiest, the most joyous in every gay scene."

"So I may feel at the moment, but the next day brings the penalty. I feel so tired of myself, so unfit for anything. It was all well enough for the first few weeks, but a restless, changeable spirit like mine, soon wearies of anything, be it pleasure or pain."

"And yet, Augustus, you did not weary of it last winter, or the winter previous. Far less, should you do so this season, when your success in society has been so brilliant, so flattering. I cannot recall one half of the gratifying compliments that were made to me about you at lady L's."

"Compliments, mother, probably given with a view of securing an invite to your next ball. Don't be taken in by them."

"Well, if you will reject the compliments, you cannot deny the open preference displayed for you by some of the fair ladies present, last night—lady Mary Lawton's fearlessly evinced favour; nor the palpable impression you made on the young and pretty widow, Mrs. Vivian."

"Pshaw!" was the yawning reply. "You already know my opinion of the Marquis of Lawton's fair daughter. As to Mrs. Vivian, have no fears of her. I am already protected sufficiently, by the knowledge, that notwithstanding her sweet smiles and pretty face, she broke her first husband's heart."

"All idle reports, my dear boy, originating solely in the malice of her enemies. Believe me, in her you have made a valuable conquest, one not to be overlooked. She has a noble fortune; and as to family, you know she was a Greville."

"Well, if it rests with me, you may depend on it, mother, she will never be a Huntingdon."

"Really, Augustus, I fear you are over fastidious," rejoined his companion, evidently annoyed. "I must say, too, that your conduct and opinions are somewhat at variance; for you certainly responded openly enough last night, to pretty Mrs. Vivian's preference."

"Well, mother, she threw down the gauntlet of flirtation, and common gallantry, as well as good breeding, rendered it incumbent on me to take it up; but your ladyship knows, perfectly well, that if we only danced or flirted with those we preferred or admired, we would stand a good chance of often wanting partners during an evening."

"Who then approached nearest last night to your fastidious and ideal standard? Surely, not that baby faced girl of sixteen whom you danced so often with towards the close of the evening? I was at first at a total loss to divine what could have induced you to select such a common place little automaton for a partner, in preference to the elegant and stylish women around; but being informed that she is niece to an earl, and co-heiress with her sister, lord Fitz-Morton's youthful wife, I at once appreciated your motives."

"With what far seeing penetration your ladyship is blessed," was the sarcastic reply. "Did it never, for one moment, occur to you, that I might have admired Miss Gaveston on her own account?"

"Nonsense! my dear child. Such a thing is impossible. You have been too long accustomed to the society of elegant and high-bred women, ever to stoop to admire *mauvaise honte*, or rustic simplicity."

"Rustic simplicity, and *mauvaise honte*!" echoed her son, his cheek reddening. "Yes, they certainly are great drawbacks, especially in our circles; but bad as they are, I for one prefer them to the unblushing effrontery and consummate art, which are the prominent characteristics of most of our elegant, high-bred women."

Lady Huntingdon looked at her son a moment in unfeigned astonishment, for he rarely, if ever, expressed himself on any subject, however important, with such energy; and she then smilingly replied:

"Your pardon, dear Augustus, for my remarks regarding Miss Gaveston. I was not aware that you had a weakness in that quarter, or I would have been more cautious. With your choice I have no intention of quarrelling, for the niece of the earl of Gaveston, and the sister and co-heiress of lady Fitz-Morton, would be willingly hailed

by me as a daughter-in-law. As to her little wants of style and manner, the defects probably of her extreme youth and timidity, a season in society will effectually cure them."

"Again at your conclusions, mother. What a pity, that, notwithstanding the penetration and cleverness they evince, they should be always wrong. So far from seeking Miss Gaveston's society, from motives of worldly interest, or with matrimonial designs, I must tell you, that I sought her, in the first place, because I admired her—in the second, because she is engaged to another, and I could pass a pleasant evening in her society, without being expected to lead her to the altar next week."

"Engaged!" was lady Huntingdon's astonished reply.

"Yes, so her sister lady Fitz-Morton told me. She has been affianced from her childhood to her cousin, young Sir Henry Cressingham"

"In that case, Augustus, I think you might have done better than wasting the half of your evening with her."

"Perhaps so, mother; and I would do still better by wasting no more of them with either her, or any one else."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, simply, that I am heart-sick, as I have already told you, of gaiety and London."

"I can scarcely credit you, my child. Such sentiments seem unnatural in one of your joyous, thoughtless character."

"Well, natural or not, mother, you will soon have good proof of my seriousness, for I have made up my mind to leave London."

"Leave London!" echoed Lady Huntingdon starting from her seat. "When?"

"As soon as I can get my things in order, which will probably be next week. I am going back to the country."

"You will do no such thing, Sir," rejoined his companion, with flashing eyes, totally forgetting for a moment, in the deep anger this new whim of her son's excited, the absolute restraint she generally imposed on herself in her intercourse with him. "You will do no such thing, Sir, and I, your mother, tell you so."

"Would your ladyship be so kind as to inform me at the same time who is to prevent me?" coolly asked the young man, as he shook from his cigar, with great apparent interest, the little ashly coronet that encircled it.

"Who will prevent you? I and your father. Little as we have exerted our authority heretofore, you ungrateful boy, in this instance, at least you shall feel its weight. Leave London in the

midst of the season, leave it without other end, aim, or purpose, than the gratification of one of the thousand whims that succeed each other in the unsteady brain of a spoiled, over-indulged child! No, I tell you again, that you shall not go."

A supercilious laugh from her young companion, which never disturbed for a moment the expression of easy indifference his features wore, was his only reply to this energetic apostrophe. At length, however, he exclaimed, in his usual careless tones:

"'Tis alike useless and injurious, for your ladyship to yield to such angry excitement. If I have resolved upon leaving London, neither you, nor any one else, can prevent me. And with regard to your threat of united parental authority; in the first place, you have so long taught me, both by precept and example, to set my father's authority at defiance, that 'tis not wonderful it is but a mere shadow to me now; in the second, if you are determined that there shall be ill will and estrangement between us both, why, let it be so—I can live as well without your affection or society, as you can without mine."

Lady Huntingdon looked at him for one moment in silence, struggling desperately with the powerful emotions that were crowding upon her, but they were too violent for mastery, and with a deep, convulsive sob, she suddenly fell back on her seat. Her emotion, the more vivid from her struggles to suppress it, was of too intense a nature to permit of even a doubt of its sincerity, and her son, with something of the better nature which had distinguished his early childhood—distinguished him ere unbounded, unquestioning indulgence, had rendered him selfish and egotistical, sprang to his feet, and raising her head, which had fallen on her clasped hands, gently exclaimed:

"Why, mother, what is the matter? Do not take on so, about it. I am very sorry for the unjust and thoughtless words I uttered, but when you endeavour to suddenly tighten the reins that have so long left me entirely to my own guidance, you must not be surprised at my proving restive. Come now, say you will forgive me, and we will talk over the matter, calmly and kindly, as we have done in every other case, till to-day!"

Lady Huntingdon's passionate sobs were her only reply, but the hand which her son had taken in his own, was not withdrawn, the arm which encircled her head to support it, was not repulsed, and already, he knew, he felt, that he was forgiven. After a time she recovered some degree of calmness, and raised her head, but the deathly pallor

of her cheek, and the quick agonized movement with which she suddenly pressed her hand to her side, filled him with painful anxiety.

"Dear mother, are you ill?" he hurriedly asked.

"'Tis nothing," she rejoined, in a low, indistinct tone. "Merely a spasm of the heart. 'Twill pass away in a few moments."

"But, is it dangerous, mother? Have you ever had it before?"

Lady Huntingdon only moved her head—she was too ill to speak, and for a time her companion stood beside her, watching with breathless anxiety her death-like features, and prevented only from calling for aid, by the tight grasp her rigid fingers retained of his hand. At length the paroxysm passed, and with a long trembling sigh, her eyes unclosed, and she looked around.

"I am better now, but sit down, Augustus. 'Tis useless fatiguing yourself standing."

With a care and gentleness that could scarcely have been expected from him, he took the satin pillows from the couch, and adjusted them behind her, then drawing his chair nearer, exclaimed:

"And now, tell me, dear mother, have you ever been subject to this sort of attack before; and if so, why is it that I have never heard you complain of it?"

"Partly," she rejoined, with a sad smile, "because I am not fond of troubling others with my complaints; partly, because the attacks are of such rare occurrence. They are brought on only by great mental pain or anxiety, in fact, agitation of any kind. Till ten years ago, I scarcely knew what such a thing was, even by name; and let it not pain you, my dear child, if I assure you, that you yourself were the sole cause and origin of my first attack. The day I saw the terrible waves close over your head—the waves from whose deadly embraces you were rescued alone by the generous heroism of Edgar Arlingford, I fell to the ground insensible, and awoke to consciousness under the endurance of such terrible torture, that I fancied for a time death was claiming me for its own. But, let us change the subject, and return to one, that much as it has agitated me, must nevertheless be discussed at once. You talked of leaving London—of leaving us again. And why, my dear child, why? Are you wearied of us already? Do we refuse you any gratification that is in our power to bestow—do we impose any restraint upon your freedom—do we persecute you with admonitions, reproaches, or restrictions of any kind?"

"I know you do not, mother, and I have no cause for complaint, as far as you and my father are concerned; but, as I have already told you, I

am wearied to death of London. You know I have always preferred the active manly pleasures of the country, to the negative enjoyments of heated ball-rooms, theatres, and the rest. Dancing I dislike, music I am indifferent to—a blast from a hunting horn is at all times worth more to me than the most seraphic strains of the whole tribe of Linds, Grisis and Albonis; and as to cantering once or twice round the Park of an afternoon—the extent of the riding allowed any pleasure seeker in London, 'tis the most unendurable part of all. Really, mother, though you may smile at the assertion, and deem it an idle fabrication, to account for my capricious preference of country to town life, I assure you, the latter is already making inroads on my health and spirits. The sudden abandonment of all my healthy, invigorating pursuits—regular hours, out-door exercise, is bad enough; but the replacing them by our town habits, is much worse. Dancing in crowded, heated rooms, all night, and rising at noon, feverish and unrefreshed; eating without appetite, nay, almost with aversion, loitering the remainder of the day through as best we may, till evening comes, then to recommence the same course—and all this to be repeated night after night, week after week, without rest or relief. You know yourself, mother, that for ten successive nights, I have never retired to rest before four in the morning."

"I feel you are right, Augustus," rejoined his companion, whose eyes had been intently, anxiously fixed on his face, whilst he was speaking. "Yes, you are right, and my only fear is, that your health has already sustained more injury than either of us suspect. You do look very ill, and have looked so for some time past, though the true cause never struck me till now. Your constitution is not strong by any means. It never completely recovered the terrible shock it received in the accident that brought you so near the tomb, nor the effects of the long severe illness that succeeded that event. But, could we not make some sort of a compromise? Could you not decline half of the invitations you receive, keep more regular hours, and every morning take an hour of out-door exercise?"

"Impossible, mother. Declining one invitation and accepting another, would soon create ill feeling on all sides; and then, a young fellow like me, blessed with health and spirits, must not render himself singular and ridiculous, by pretending to a delicacy, unacknowledged or unfelt by any of the fragile looking girls whom we meet with night after night, involved in all the toil and worry of fashionable life. No; in London, you

must go with the crowd. You remember, though I wished to decline the invitations of the Daltons, the De Howards, this week, I was persecuted, fairly hunted down, till I consented to go."

Lady Huntingdon reflected a moment, and then sadly rejoined:

"Yes; you have spoken nought but truth. Commence, then, your preparations for departure, my dear child, as soon as you wish. You will experience no further opposition from me."

"Thank you, dear mother, and I will at least reward your sensible compliance, by writing to you more frequently than I have been in the habit heretofore of doing; but, tell me, what will the old gentleman say to the measure?"

"He will say or think very little about it," was the somewhat bitter reply. "Indeed, unless I mention your departure to him, he will scarcely perceive it."

"So much the better; and now, mother, you must endeavor to get another sleep. It will do you good, and I'll pay you a long visit this evening—but what does your girl want?"

"Please, my lady, Mrs. Vivian is in the drawing-room, and wants to know if she can see you!" exclaimed Willis, who had just entered.

"Do you hear that, Augustus? Mrs. Vivian is down stairs. You really should see her, for the visit, though paid ostensibly to me, is in reality intended for yourself. I happened to mention, yesterday evening, in casual conversation, that you were always at home about this hour."

"Intended for me or not, you must let me off. I'm in no humor, just now, for talking nonsense or paying compliments, and in no other mood, must a young or single gentleman approach Mrs. Vivian."

"Very well, dear, I will not press you. Willis, give lady Huntingdon's warmest regards to Mrs. Vivian, and tell her she regrets exceedingly that a severe head-ache, which has confined her all day to her room, will deprive her of the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Vivian."

"That will do, mother. As polite as 'tis insincere; and now, I too will take my leave, to return though, assuredly, this evening. I sincerely hope you will then feel better than you do now. You are looking wretchedly ill."

He kissed her as he spoke, with more affection than he had perhaps ever displayed towards her in the course of his life, and then left the room. That day week, he had bidden farewell to London.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRTH OF MAY.

BY E. B.

Oh! the sky is blue and the sward is green,
The soft winds wake in the balmy west,
The leaves unfold their verdurous sheen,
And the bird in the tree-top builds her nest.
The zephyr light, with airy wing,
Gaily uprises from his bed,
Calling the slumbering flowers of spring
Sweet fragrance o'er the earth to shed.

Bright blossoms nod within the wood;
The snow-drop shows her pearly bell,
The motley thoras dons her hood,
And trilliums gem the mossy dell.
The wild-briar rose its fragrance breathes;
The violet opens its cup of blue,—
The timid primrose spreads its leaves,
And king-cups wake—all bathed in dew.

From flower to flower the wild bee roams,
Then deep within the cowslip's cup,
He murmurs soft his music tones,
Till she folds the rash intruder up.
The spring-bird wakening, soars on high,
Out-pouring glad its joyous lay,
While painted clouds flit o'er the sky,—
All ushering in the birth of May.

A laughing nymph, she springs to light,
Tripping along in a world of flowers,
Brushing the dew in the morning bright,
And weaving new joy round these hearts of ours;
With frolic hands the daisy meek,
From her lap of green, she playful throws,
While the loveliest flowers spring round her feet,
And fragrance bursts from the wild-wood rose.

Oh! glad is the heart when through budding trees,
The soft winds sport in their musical play,
While the sick come forth for the healing breeze,
And rejoice in the birth of the beautiful May—
Joyous too is the heart of the innocent child,
As bounding away through the tangled dell,
It gathers the flowers in the green-wood wild,
And hunts the caged bee in the cowslip's bell.

Oh! bright is this earth with its woodlands and streams,
With loveliness lingering wherever we tread;—
In the full blaze of noon, or 'mid twilight's sweet gleams,
A spirit of beauty over all is still shed,
Let our hearts warm with love to that merciful Power,
Who scatters bright roses o'er Life's thorny way,
Who unfolds the small cup of each balm-breathing flower,
And mantles the earth with the glory of May.

BUSH SCENERY.—No. 2.

A WINTER DRIVE ON THE OTTAWA.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

We do not like life in the Canadian towns; but as it would be neither popular nor polite to tell why, we will keep our reasons to ourselves. For enjoyment, give us "The Bush," the real backwood bush, where lurk so many striking treasures of scenery, and where Nature presents herself in aspects at once marvellous by their novelty, and delightful by their beauty; and where sometimes, here and there, the wanderer like myself, meets, to give welcome among the solitudes, with an occasional kind heart, which a secluded life has softened and simplified, yet not denuded of its wisdom.

I set off on one of the coldest of winter days, to take a sixty miles journey along the Ottawa, for the purpose of paying a flying visit to a friend, who had rooted himself like a tree in an uninhabited district, full eighteen miles from any village, town, or other agglomerated cluster of human dwellings. I recollect little of the journey, which terminated at ten o'clock at night; for I felt all day as if I had been a dormouse in a state of hibernation; and it required sundry rubbings, chafings, and other means of restoration, to recall me, I am convinced, to the full possession of my faculties. However, being duly warmed and vivified, the first use of my senses drove me directly to rest, and I suspended them for purposes of observation or converse until the next morning.

The day following was Sunday; the weather beautifully clear and abated, as I soon found, by several degrees, in cold since yesterday. The friend whom I had come to visit was an old Arcadian, whose youth had been passed in the hearing of the ever changing, ever sounding waves. He had been a mariner too, and sailed under the royal flag over many varied regions of the earth, and had been an actor beneath it in many a perilous fight and many a stirring scene—

"And what, of all places in the round world, had induced him to settle here?" I enquired. No dwelling within many miles; all around, except some hundred acres of his own clearing—everywhere forest; and the broad Ottawa, now frost-

bound and no sign of life in its vicinity, spread like an ice-wilderness in front. But his house was warm and picturesque—a little, low, snug nest of comfort surrounded with balconies and colonnades—in short, a perfect lodge in the wilderness; and there my friend had brought up a family of some six or seven odd, and seemed one of the happiest subjects in all the provinces.

"If this had been Siberia, and you sent here for your offences by that wicked Emperor of Russia, what an unhappy persecuted victim of tyranny should you not feel yourself!"

"True," said my host; "but all happiness and misery depend so much on our ideas: and my idea of happiness is to be of some benefit among these wild settlers here, and to cultivate my farm."

True it was, that I soon found my friend was a sort of prophet, priest and king in the district—a species of Sheik as in the East, who not only settled disputes and maintained order among these semi-barbarous people, but provided them with religious ordinances. Oh! guiding light of Intelligence, speak as we will in this modern era, of the levelling principle and the natural equality of man—still art thou the binnacle lamp, which to Him who knows thy secret, must all districts or communities entrust themselves, for guidance over the waves of life; yea, even in their despite, whether it be some insignificant bark, like this wild district on the Ottawa, or some mighty ship of state.

"And now, after this nautical illustration," said my friend, "so complimentary and so appropriate, we must prepare ourselves for church, for I see the sleighs are at the door."

The morning was beautiful; for the sun shone with a softened light from behind white clouds, and it seemed as if the sky and the atmosphere were of pearls. There were three vehicles, and off we set at a dashing rate by a path that led through the woods.

My entertainer, with his family, filled the first sleigh; his household and servants, whose name was Legion, occupied the traineau, and myself

and my travelling companion brought up the rear. "Ding! dong!" I never heard such a jingle of bells. In the preternatural clearness of the air and calm of the woods, they seemed like a thousand silvery tongues. Everybody seemed in a species of ecstatic spirits. The very horses, as they reared and snorted, and shook their beautiful manes, could hardly be restrained from bounding away in the fullness and exultation of life.

I scarcely ever recollect feeling more exhilarated; and only wished for the reins and the lash, that entering into the spirit of the joyous animals, I might enact the part of a phaeton in the forest, and let them bound on in the very madness of their glee. A shower of frozen rain had fallen during the previous night, and congealing over the leafless branches of the trees, gave the woods the appearance of a thicket of crystalline, on which the faint beams of the sun, as it gleamed across the forest depths like a fountain of silver, shone with a thousand prismatic hues. Ding, dong! away through the serpentine path in the woods, faster and faster; with the ice-laden branches hanging in festoons over our path, and sliding harmlessly athwart our heads—till we saw the frozen river once more at our feet—and the church, a neat wooden structure, rising from a promontory immediately above the water.

The services of the day over, we returned and dined; resolving to defer our departure till sunset; and with the expectation of a clear moon, resolved to make the first stage of our journey by its light. By five o'clock we were ready, and away we started with our little famous shaggy pair of mouse-colored Canadians before us, with their sandy manes and tails. The ice was pronounced tolerable, and we took the river. The sun was descending behind the trees, a perfect well of liquid gold, and shedding such glorious streams of light through the dark emerald of the evergreens, as might have visited some European painter in his dreams. For certain am I, that in the real world of vapoury Europe, no coloring that exists, can be equal to the frost-purified glories of a Canadian winter heaven.

On either side of the sunset, the intense, burnished gold, was softened by degrees into amber, then into transparent yellow, and was at length spread over the sky in a field of the most delicate lemon. This was at length melted into a sort of crystalline neutral tint, till bringing round my eyes directly opposite the sunset—lo! its glory was reflected on the opposite side of the firmament, in a wilderness of clouds congregated there. Some were in a blaze of crimson light; others, mottled ruby and grey, like the back of a

tortoise. Others, purple elements sailing in a white sea, bathed in a violet vapour, and edged with silver and gold. And above them all, shot a strange column of brilliant flame color, softening, as it reached the zenith, into a tender pink. The woods were in a blaze on this side; and as I watched the many-coloured radiance through the aisles and cathedral-like arches of their leafless branches, I recognized the source of that famous Gothic architecture, with its dim vistas, magnificent arches, and painted panes, which was first originated when men worshipped in groves and forests, and adored the sun in Druidic temples, in old Europe, long ago. I began to think of Westminster Abbey, where I had spent many a delightful hour in former days, amid the stalls and banners of knights, the marble effigies of dead warriors, and the tombs and shrines of saints and monarchs, dead—nearly a thousand years ago;—and while remembering its solemn gloom, its stately columns, clustered pillarets and interlaced roof, where the eye wandering amongst painted and arched entanglements of lofty stone work, was lost in inferiority; and thinking how admirably the idea of forest scenery was embodied in its construction, when the bright blaze of the evening star, shining like a diamond in the now dimmed gold of the evening sky, reminded me that the day was gone, and that night had assumed her reign.

The moon rose behind us, and shed the softest and clearest of radiance upon the icy river and the wilderness of naked stems, which formed a tract of "drowned land" upon that part of our way which we were now traversing. Strangely and fantastically did the clear white rays fall upon these spectral-looking boughs and trunks; and made, in the contrast of light and shadow, many a dark mysterious nook and picturesquely lighted spot amid their field of view—and I began, wrapped snugly round in furs and skins, to dream again. I thought of fairies and moonlight; and but for the cold, what a charming solitary haunt this, for a nightly frolic of these little creatures! And just as picturesque, and twenty times as highly favored with respect to moonlight and sky, as Shakspeare's celebrated scena in Avon Park.

I thought that it was a warm midsummer night, and that I was asleep under one of the oaks in the enchanted grove of Avon Park. Methought I was personating Helena or Hermea—I did not know which, and my first sensation of consciousness in Fairy-land was hearing a sound of sweet dream-like music, as of invisible flutes and hautboys playing in the air. The trunks of the oaks looked preternaturally large, as well as the leaves, and the herbage and flowers that sur-

rounded me. The soft yellow radiance of moonlight was on the landscape, and I knew I was in a sort of enchanted ground; for methought my voice sounded hollow and aerial, and appeared as if reverberated by a hundred sweet echoes. I was marvelling at the silence and the solitude of the place, when, lo! a little nimble figure, decorated with a pair of butterfly wings, rose as a pedestalled statuette out of the earth, and quickly dismounting from his station, revealed himself as the mischievous elf, Puck.* Then appeared a friend of Puck's named Hobgoblin, and these two did play the most apish and fantastic tricks, making the woodland ring with their echoed laughter and the reverberation of their silvery voices. Then did Puck relate the quarrel of Oberon and Titania regarding the Indian hay, and how Titania had turned shrew, and upon being therewith remonstrated, had forsaken Oberon's bed and board, just as mortals do in upper earth; and how the two with their separate fairy kingdoms were at open war:—when lo! at one side of the wood enter Oberon with his little crown-surmounted helmet and his golden armour, and a perfect cloud of fairies in attendance, with yellow scarfs and golden wings; and at the other side, her majesty Titania, crowned and clothed in azure and silver, with a train equally numerous as her lord's—till the whole woodland was peopled with life and beauty. Glow-worms gleamed by the side of tiny pools, and will-o'-the-wisps danced about, as the conferences began between the injured lord and his lady. Gloom and consternation brooded over the whole fairy world as the conference broke up with matters in a worse state than ever; while they parted with wrath and mutual upbraidings, and the proud queen forswore the company of her lord for ever.

Then methought the fairy company vanished, and Oberon was left alone. "My kind lord," warbled out the tiny elf, Puck, hopping from beneath a fern leaf, with his echo-like voice—"saving your mightiness' presence, abandon her majesty Titania to my devices, and with your kind leave I will quickly bring her to her senses again."

"Granted, Sir Puck," said Oberon; "but I much misdoubt thy power on a self-willed woman."

"I go, I go,
Swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow,"—

said tiny Puck, and the next moment was seen skipping through the air, with the rapidity of a forty-mile a minute velocipede.

Then Oberon in his great wrath stamped and waved his little wand, and swore that he would make blackness and darkness in the fairy world,

* See the *Midsummers' Night Dream* of Shakespeare.

and reduce it to the dominion of old Chaos again. Then at the waving of that magic rod did the landscape disappear like enchanted scenery dissolving into mist, and nothing was around us but nothingness and gloom.

The scene changed, and lo! the fairy queen Titania in an enchanted meadow was languishing in love—for an ass: and I now recognised the devices of the mischievous elf, Puck, who to punish her for her desertion of her disconsolate lord, had administered to her a love philtre, whereby she had placed her misguided affections on the quadruped in question. The ass, who seemed wonderfully indifferent to the graceful fair one's devotion, was reposing himself brute-like upon a bundle of hay, with the expression of stolidity peculiar to his species, while she hung round him and stroked "his sleek smooth cheeks," and stuck musk roses into his fair large ears. But when she asked him to ransack heaven and earth, and say what would become her queenship of all their treasures to bestow upon him, and he replied—"Truly a peck of provender belikes me best."—Then could Puck, who lay under a dock leaf, contemplating the fond distraction of the unhappy fair one, and the attendant fairies who were grouped around, restrain their mirth no longer; and the whole woodland rang with silvery laughter; and so was the queen Titania held up for the ridicule and merriment of the whole fairy world, as becomes ladies who, without due cause, put their lords to trouble and grief.

The scene changed, and Titania was discovered sleeping on a mossy bank at the foot of a little cliff; and lo! Oberon appears as if descending through the air, with his little helmet and his golden armour as usual, and the famous "Blue Flower" which was to recover Titania from the effects of her spell, and restore her to the possession of her right mind.

"Be as thou wert wont to be,
See as thou wert wont to see!"

And so on, sang the fairy king with his glorious aerial voice; and Titania sprang from her sleep, and like a proper penitent lady flung herself at the feet of her injured lord, and anon upon his breast, and all forgiven and forgotten, the reconciliation was complete.

"My Oberon, what visions have I had! Methought I loved an ass!"

And then as they stand upon the little rock with their arms wreathed round each other, a glow as of sunshine tinged them with light, and cast their figures on the rock as in an outline of gold. Then as the sunset faded methought they faded, becoming dimmer and dimmer and more indis-

tinct, till nought was seen on the rock where they stood, but a faint flush of yellow. And anon it vanished, and the sunset vanished into sober grey, and nothing was around me but the misty hue of twilight.

A flourish as of silvery trumpets in the Faery World, for the reconciliation of Oberon and Titania, was publicly announced, and all Elf-land was about to send forth its denizens on the occasion, to hold a jubilee by moonlight. Enter Oberon and Titania, hand in hand, and with clouds and clouds of attendant elves. Some appearing to rise from the earth, others from the pools, others to descend from zephyrs, others to emerge from boughs of trees—in short I knew not where they came from, but the whole landscape seemed in a swarm with living shapes. Beings of all forms and sizes, the grotesque and the graceful—little ugly gnomes, beautiful, tiny, aerial shapes, as lithe as flowers and as lovely too—sporting and dancing in the moonlight; some sailing on rivulets in ivory shells, others swinging on flower stalks, others gambolling in a ring round a mushroom; but all full of delight and pleasure, as befitted the happy subjects of Oberon and Titania, the now joyful king and queen of the Fairy-world. I thought a company appeared with tiny musical instruments, and set themselves in array—a regularly trained fairy orchestra. And lo! the whole train arranged themselves in order before Oberon and Titania for a dance. O! Terpsichore! what *corps de ballet* with all queens of the dance, Taglionis, Ellsellers and Rosatis, marshalled under thy auspices, have ever been able to perform feats like these! What beauty, what agility, what grace, what "poetry of motion!"—till my senses were in a whirl of delight. I think I hear the fairy music still. Still methinks I see these agile buoyant forms, as wafted on the wings of delight and innocence, they performed on the sward under the moonlight, the graceful evolutions and windings of this fairy dance.

Suddenly I thought the character of the music changed, becoming wonderfully like the sound of sleigh bells. Ding, dong, ding, dong—real old-fashioned, jog-trot sleigh bells. And lo! I had been in a dream all the while, and the fairy music was nothing more or less than the clear ringing jingle of our bells; and the dance of the elves in the moonshine, the swift motion of the trees and objects of the landscape, as on the surface of the frozen river we were borne rapidly along.

"How long have I slept!" enquired I of my companion.

"A long time; and if you will now condescend to emerge your head from that corner

where it has ensconced itself, you will see that we are now entering the town where we are to halt for the night."

I did so, and never beheld a moonlight more glorious. The stars were lost in the silvery lustre, and the snow-covered earth reflected it back with redoubled magic. The frost was intense, and the air clear and pure as the most brilliant diamond. A strange appearance presented my travelling companion. A huge coat of buffalo skin, which he wore, was frosted and crisped over, till he seemed the very likeness of a great bearded white bear; and a pair of hoary whiskers added to the ferocity of the object. The horses smoking and steaming, too, were crusted over with a coat of stiff hoar frost. We soon pulled up; and in half an hour thereafter, horses and all were safely stowed away for the night.

WHERE SHALL WE MEET?

Shall we meet at the trysting tree,

Where the spicy blooming heather,

Has oft been trod by you and me!

No! loved one, never!

Shall we meet in the shady grove,

Where the smoothly gliding river,

Whispers of constancy and love!

No! dear one, never!

Shall we meet on the green hill's crest,

Where the sunlight lingers ever;

Loath to part from young souls so blest!

No! loved one, never!

Shall we meet by the lone sea shore,

Where billowy waters sever;

Hearts that were knit in one before!

No! loved one, never!

We shall meet where the Loto of life,

Blooms fresher than spicy heather;

Where rapturous joy is pure and rife:

Yes! loved one, ever!

We shall meet on the pleasant plains,

Where heaven's translucent river

Rolls 'mid scenes where love unchanging reigns:

Yes! dear one, ever!

We shall meet on the radiant mount,

Where living light ceaseth never,

Quaffing bliss from the crystal fount:

Yes! loved one, ever!

We shall meet on the pearly shore,

Where no ocean's waves can sever;

Hearts twining closer than of yore:

Yes! loved one, ever!

EARLY AUTHORSHIP.

BY H. V. C.

In glancing over the contents of the multifarious magazines and periodicals which strew our tables at the present day, one is struck with the vast proportion of female names, appended to the different articles. Young ladies in particular seem to have a peculiar adaptation to that species of writing, at least so one might infer, from the numerous articles contributed by their pens. Not that the individuals are always identified, or their ages set forth as in the contract of a life assurance; yet juvenility is so strongly stamped on every sentence of their productions that no other certificate can be required.

The pages of a popular periodical are admitted to be a fair field for the ambition of young aspirants for literary honors; and many a timid debutante has there reaped laurels which have grown fresher and fairer unto full maturity; but how many more have ministered only to their own vanity and the weariness of their readers! To form a plot, intricate, startling and of surpassing interest, seems their only aim; and reality, sound sense, consistency and healthy sentiment, are set at utter defiance! It cannot be denied that even a superficial, exaggerated and unnatural story, will find many admirers in almost every community; for every where there are weak, unreflecting persons, who read for mere excitement or idle amusement, and who cannot discriminate justly, and have never elevated their minds to a purer standard. But it is not the object of any respectable magazine to gain popularity by catering to a diseased appetite for novelty and excitement; its legitimate aim is to elevate the popular taste, and give an intellectual and high moral tone to the community.

We have much charity for young authors, and can overlook any unavoidable slips which they may make in striving to reach an elevated platform. Such as have real talents, and native strength will rise in spite of all obstacles; while the false and superficial, who are buoyed up on their own conceit and vanity, should be quietly put down and left to follow out the every-day duties of life—not less honorable, and for which they are better fitted.

We are reminded of a passage in the expe-

rience of a literary friend which was lately related to us; and it is so apposite to the present subject that we are tempted to transcribe it, as nearly as we can remember, in her own words:

"I can well remember my first attempt at authorship," said our friend, "for it was at the time an event of serious importance to me. A family from Georgia had come to pass the summer in our quiet village; the younger members were lively and intelligent, and their warm southern manners thawed our northern coldness, so that we became very intimate, in fact, quite bosom friends. Elinor, the second daughter, was about my own age, nearly sixteen; we were in our last school-term, and in our own opinions at least, fully fitted to sustain any part in life. Our tastes we considered decidedly intellectual; our school themes had won some approbation, and we began to indulge a scribbling mania, which seemed to us prophetic of future distinction. Our heads were, of course, full of romance; and the idea suggested itself that we might, like the "Great Unknown," create a prodigious sensation by sending forth a tangible transcript of our thoughts, in the shape of a romance, while we remained concealed beneath the euphonious appellations which we each assumed as a *nom de plume*.

"Having arrived at this sage conclusion, we were in haste to put it in execution. The four walls of a common dwelling seemed too limited a sphere for our great conceptions; so one soft hazy afternoon in June, we set forth to commence our undertaking in the congenial solitude of a shady and sequestered glen. A lovely spot it was, in its garniture of trees, rich in their summer foliage. In the midst arose a clump of stately sycamores, under which we seated ourselves, a mossy stone for our table, and the softest verdure for our couch. All around was an amphitheatre of green hills, shutting out every sound but the melody of birds and the sweet chirping of summer insects; and beyond the circling hills was just visible the village spire with its gilded vane, the only memento of a busy world that rose upon the solitude. At our feet was seen a mimic lake, its crystal waters gemmed with the broad floating leaves of the water lily,

not yet disclosing their pearly blossoms; and from it trickled a tinkling rill, tumbling in little water-falls over the sparkling stones, till it reached the bottom of the dell, where its farther course was only marked by a winding line of deeper verdure.

"Alas! that quiet solitude was ere long invaded by those merciless levellers of airy castles, called utilitarians, who projected a road from the neighbouring city, and ruthlessly tore up the very spot where we had first plumed the wings of our imagination. And that *new* road, as it was called, *par excellence*, by the country people, in its turn, soon yielded to the spirit of innovation, and became an *old* road; and a few months since we were borne over that identical spot on the wings of steam, and from the flying cars looked down into the desecrated glen, and the lake choked up with rubbish, from whence our first aspirations after fame ascended! Goodness knows but our next flight may be on a lightning rod, or a telegraphic wire.

"Quiet enough we were, however, on that dreamy afternoon. We took out our pens and ink, and paper abstracted from an old copy book, and felt all the importance of keeping a secret, which would, at length, create a most delightful surprise. Some little time was consumed in ascertaining that no snakes were lurking there, as we had a decided dread of our natural enemy; and we also looked carefully for caterpillars, their soft, woolly furs, being likewise very repugnant. Scarcely had our pens touched the paper, when a huge bull-frog sprang from the water, croaking lustily, and with two or three bold leaps planted himself on a stump close beside us. There he sat with all the gravity of a Reporter, his mossy green sides inflated, his white pouch turned up and his goggle eyes fixed on us as, if waiting for a sentence to begin with. Our gravity was completely upset by the ugly little gnome; and the romance of writing under the 'o'erarching canopy of heaven,' was not a little damped by the recurrence of so many annoyances.

"However, we commenced, and some progress was made before the deepening twilight warned us to return home. The title pages were adjusted, a most essential preliminary, and a rapid stride made in the first chapters. I recollect we had each a very imperfect idea of the main part of the story floating in our minds; but with the strong faith of inexperience we trusted it would gradually develop and shape itself out, at least as consistently as most of the models which we aspired to imitate.

"We also settled another important point, the

names of our heroines, after grave consideration and innumerable erasures. My friend Elinor, a dark-eyed sentimental girl, full of romance and enthusiasm, called her bantling, 'Rosabella, the child of Fortune,' and sent her wandering in a maze of adventures among the crags and caverns of the Alps. But more quiet and lively scenes delighted me, and I had besides a *penchant* for aristocratic circles; so mine was called the Lady Seraphina, or the Fatal Mystery, and my heroine had her part assigned in lordly halls, where she was to reign, the admired of all beholders.

"We prosecuted our task for some time, with great zeal and untiring interest, every holiday afternoon finding us seated in that beautiful glen, which remains ever green in my remembrance, and our secret was carefully preserved through all the questionings and remarks which our periodical disappearances elicited. Elinor's younger sister, a little mar-plot, with *more* than a female share of curiosity, one day tracked us to our retreat, and surprised us in the intensity of our occupation. We were obliged to secure her confidence by allowing her also to begin a book; but when she had finished a few pages, and commenced reading it aloud with infinite complacency, our irrepressible laughter so wounded her vanity, that she tore the paper into a thousand pieces, and scattered it on the dimpling waves. We were no more troubled by her intrusion; and to her credit be it recorded, she kept the secret religiously.

"We made an agreement from the first, to criticise each other's writing, and to express our opinions with perfect candor, and the habit was kept up very good-humoredly though some rather amusing circumstances I can still recall in connection with it. My friend had attached to her peripatetic heroine a very remarkable African slave, supposed to be attached to the fortunes of her house, and who could not be induced to forsake her. I ventured to suggest that Cuffy was not a usual appendage of an Italian household, and that however serviceable on the plantation of a Georgian planter, he was quite a prodigy among trelliced vineyards, or following the steps of his young mistress in her perilous flights among the Alps. But to her southern ideas of comfort and fidelity, a slave was indispensable; and so she persisted in the poetic license of transporting him to the scene of the fair Rosabella's surprising adventures.

"In my turn, I did not escape scatheless. At a magnificent fancy ball, my lady Seraphina was intended to figure in the character of Titania, and her floating garments of azure blue were strewed with orient pearls, to represent the glittering

dew-drops. The idea was a prodigious favorite with me; I regarded it as a delicate conceit, quite original and elegant. But my critic contended that a tall, full grown young lady, would be a monstrous representative of the tiny queen of the fairies, and with all the airy lightness with which fancy might invest her, she could not possibly imitate the melting grace of an aerial being. But I considered my friend altogether too literal and exacting, and, in my turn, persisted in the favorite crotchet; so Cuffy and Titania were both left to play their respective parts, with the usual naturalness of such anomalous characters.

"Our pages, meanwhile, increased rapidly, but by degrees our patience became attenuated. Difficulties met us at every step, which we had not in the least anticipated. We were attempting to sketch scenes and characters, which had never fallen within our limited range of observation, and as we must draw our ideas from other writers, more experienced in these matters, we were in perpetual danger of committing some gross blunder or glaring inconsistency. We could only resolve such difficulties by appealing to the fact that many popular novelists seemed to regard perfect unity of design, and harmony of keeping, as entirely non-essential. Our original plan, however, which embraced two octavo volumes, was gradually compressed into a smaller compass; and we finally decided that our first effort should appear as a modest noveltette, which would doubtless be welcomed among the choice articles of any popular magazine.

"With these modifications, our great undertaking was happily brought to a close. We carefully read and re-read them; they received the last corrections, and were transcribed in our best handwriting. What a wild throbbing of the heart as we tied the blue ribbon neatly round them, and what visions of fame and literary success were held up before us in the deceitful mirror of our imaginations! And yet, in spite of all that reason and philosophy can say to the contrary, are not the very illusions of youth more captivating than any reality which after life can bring us!

"I sent the manuscript with a modest note to an uncle who was very fond of me, and who had taken great pains in training my mind, and endeavouring to imbue me with his own intellectual tastes. I believed he would feel proud of my first attempt, and endeavour to secure its publication. But yet I knew that he was critical, somewhat of a philosopher, and at times caustic in his remarks; and so in the two or three days that intervened before his decision, I felt an uncountable nervous trepidation, which was any-

thing but prophetic of success. The time seemed tedious enough to me; but yet I could have wished it prolonged indefinitely, when a few days after, my uncle came and returned the manuscript to my hands. I felt its condemnation was sealed, the colour rushed to my cheek, and in spite of my efforts, painful tears swelled into my eyes. There was an expression of sly humour in my uncle's kind face, which was a thin veil for deep feeling and warmest interest.

"My dear little niece," he said with a smile, "you have done yourself credit by your perseverance, and your story is really no disgrace to a school girl, as you are. But take my advice and do not think of publishing anything till you have more sense and experience. You would neither give pleasure to others nor benefit yourself; you would only acquire a habit of writing superficially, and for low objects. You should store your mind with useful reading, and throw aside all trash, especially the light works of the day, which are worse than poison. Only close observation and experience can prepare you to write well; and you must also draw from the fountain of your own thoughts, from your own varied feelings and emotions, and then your pictures will be life-like, and create sympathy in other minds, which is the true secret of success. Your subjects also should be simple, and within your daily sphere of remark and observation; or if you choose to draw from the more remote scenes which history presents, be true to the customs and manners of the period, which are graphically preserved in the chronicles of every age. Avoid all sickly sentimentality, and all unnatural plotting; let bandits alone, they should be limned by a coarser hand, and do not bring any lady Arabellas to figure second hand in your pages; you can have no personal knowledge of such personages, and your descriptions will be at best, but imitations or caricatures. Human nature is essentially the same in all stations and at all periods; but the conventionalities of life differ everywhere, and whoever writes may find an ample field for his genius and imagination within the sphere of his own actual experience. 'So my dear Jenny,' continued my uncle kindly, 'you see why I have not sent your pages to the publishers. I would not submit to the public eye what you might blush to own some half dozen years hence, and by that time, if you make good use of your faculties, I have no doubt you may produce something of which we shall be proud. I have spoken plainly, at the risk of wounding your self-love, but I am sure you will thank me for it hereafter.'

"It must seem very foolish to you," I replied,

almost choking in the effort to speak calmly; 'your judgment is so good, I don't wonder you despise it!' and involuntarily I crumpled the unlucky manuscript between my hands.

"Not so bad either," said my uncle kindly, 'there is a promise of much good in it, which practice may perfect. Lay it aside, Jenny, that we may compare it with some future production.'

"But with all his kindness, my vanity, it must be confessed, was rudely touched, and my buoyant hopes, so suddenly clipped, fell like lead to the ground. But his words sank deep in my memory, and the truth of his remarks, which the most ingenious sophistry of self-love could not evade, made a lasting impression on my mind, and I soon felt very grateful that his better judgment saved me from the folly I was about committing. I wisely resolved to forego the anticipated pleasures of authorship, and to continue a learner for a long time yet to come. I determined that no other eye should criticise my folly; and, not without a pang, which those can best understand who have seen the bubble of their ambition rudely shivered, I threw the unlucky manuscript into the fire, and watched the blazing fragments as they leaped up, and assumed a legion of fantastic forms, and then in a sparkling whirl, like a dance of mad-cap spirits, separated with a flash, and fell black and smouldering on the hearth. I sighed as my fancy drew the analogy, and the trite aphorism, '*Sic transit gloria mundi*,' seemed at that moment singularly significant. From that time I made no further attempt to assume the honors of authorship, till I had left my teens in the shadow of departing years; nor have I ever had cause to regret the hard lesson which my uncle's wise philosophy so seasonably impressed on me.

"My friend Elinor's disappointment at least equalled my own. Her manuscript was duly sent to the publishers of an approved magazine; but instead of receiving an eager demand for future contributions, after a month or two of anxious expectation, she noticed, in an editorial list of rejected articles, the very pithy announcement that 'Rosabella, the Child of Fortune,' would be returned to the author, if called for.

"Her writing mania was effectually damped by this cruel rebuff, and she made no further attempt to win the favour of an undiscerning public. On the approach of autumn, she returned with her family to their southern home, and our intercourse with them soon entirely ceased. I heard, by accident, some few years afterwards, that Elinor had become the bride of a wealthy planter, and in her new duties and enjoyments, her early liti-

rary disappointment is probably forgotten, and her pen quite laid aside."

We have no inclination to endorse the *morale* of our friend's narrative; but if, in its truthful simplicity, it can furnish any useful hints, they are freely at the service of such as may stand in need of them.

THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF THE GRECIAN MIND.

The first Olympiad (776 B. C.) marks the earliest trustworthy period when the history of Greece may be said to begin. Before this time all is wrapped up in mythic legends. These are often rich and gorgeous, but vague and uncertain. Although the narratives previous to this period afford no certain material for history, yet they possess great subjective value, because they are a faithful picture of the development of one of the most imaginative and intellectual people. The philosopher and the student of the human mind will frequently revert to them as the store-house of valuable truth. What makes them of especial importance is the knowledge they impart of the workings of the human mind.

The Grecian mind unfolded itself by its own expansive force. The impulse of its action was from within, and proceeded from its own inherent spontaneous energy. During its growth it was urged on almost exclusively by the vigour of its own intellect and imagination. If it grew in rapidity and luxuriance we must seek the causes simply in its own native exuberance of fancy, feeling, and thought. "The abundance and the beauty, and the long continuance of early Grecian poetry," says Grote, "in the purely poetic age, is a phenomenon which has no parallel elsewhere." The transition of its poetical to its comparative positive state was self-operated. From the poetry of Homer to the history of Thucydides, and the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, was a prodigious step, yet it was the natural growth of the Hellenic youth to the Hellenic man. In this feature it presents a striking contrast to many modern nations. Thus we know little of the early poetry of the Germans. Nothing has come to us from their first efforts that warrants a comparison with the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

The German mind was not allowed to unfold, like the Greek, by its own spontaneous activity. Their condition, mental as well as political, was very much affected by the action of foreign nations. The barbarians who overran the Roman

Empire, and conquered the degenerate Roman legions, were vanquished in turn by Roman civilization. This revolutionized the habits, institutions, and religion of the native Germans. Christianity, too, which at this time began to act an important part, helped to break up that ancestral and poetic feeling which will be found in the earliest literature of a people, and which, in an especial manner, lighted up the past of the Greek. All the early German myths were hostile to the new religion. This required that Thor and Woden should at once be renounced; that the false altars should be levelled; and all those sacred and poetic feelings which clustered around their legendary period should be renounced. These were regarded by the new faith as heathenish impiety; hence, as fast as the former prevailed, the latter was banished. Two effects followed from this. It broke up the connection between the present and the past, and it stimulated the mind to a rapid development. Hence the history of the Germans does not present that gradual passing from the traditionary faith to the age of criticism, philosophy, and science, which distinguishes the Greeks. The passage from childhood to maturity seems to be made almost by a single spring.

The Grecian mind, like all nations who have attained to a permanent literature, begins its action through the imagination. The first glimmering of Grecian literature is instinct with poetic and religious susceptibilities. It is so with every people. It was the Saxon gleeman who first enlivened the halls of merry England, as he sang of the retreat of the Northmen, and recounted the achievements of their illustrious ancestors. The early Iclander, in his sea-girt home, cheered the long sunless winter by his saga and his song. The Northern scalds excited their warriors to martial exploits, and chanted their dirge as they drank "divine mead in the halls of Valhalla." It is at such times that poetry seems to be the language of the gods, and the bard their oracle. He is

"The sky-lark in the dawn of years
The poet of the morn."

In the North, as the poet was enshrouded in vast solitudes, "the heart of nature beat against his own. From the midnight gloom of groves, the deep-voiced pine answered the deeper voiced and neighbouring sea. To his ear, these were not the voices of the dead, but of living things. Demons rode the ocean like a weary steed, and the gigantic pines clapped their sounding wings to smite the spirit of the storm." As the powers of nature became wilder, the poet rose in the strength of passion and feeling. Thus, in Iceland, the

home of icebergs, volcanoes, and fields of lava, "The long winter came, and snowy steeds reared through the sunless air, and flames of the northern Aurora flashed along the sky like phantoms of Valhalla." Surrounded by such scenes, the soul of the poet was filled with images of terror and dismay. "He bewailed the death of Balder, the sun, and saw in each eclipse the horrid form of the great wolf, who swallowed the moon, and stained the sky with her blood."

The same poetic and personifying spirit pervaded the early literature of the Greeks. Everywhere he saw will and intelligent activity. These he personified. His world was peopled with a thousand agencies. The Greek,

"Living in a land of hills,
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,
Under a cope of variegated sky,
Could find commodious place for every god."

These effusions of early feeling have reference to melody and harmony in their construction; and this, not so much from design as a spontaneous movement of the soul. The love of melody is instinctive, "An extraordinary fact," says an acute observer, "and one which throws great light upon the constitution of the mind, is, that the deaf and dumb, after learning to read, take great delight in poetry. The measure of the verse wakes up a dormant faculty within them, giving them the pleasure of what we call *time*, although they have no ear to receive it." The history of literature confirms this fact of observation. They both find their explanation in the philosophical principle already noticed. The first utterances, of a people are the outpourings of their feelings and imagination. Hence, their ballad speech becomes its earliest permanent dialect.

In the development of the Grecian mind we find these philosophical conditions observed. The Grecian world opens to us amid all the brilliant colouring of copious and splendid fable. It begins with the gods and descends through the demi-gods and heroes, to man. In this transmission the dawn of its existence is lighted up with all the gorgeous hues of a beautiful morn. Coeval with the gods are found various monstrous natures, "ultra-human and extra-human," which partake of the character of both, particularly the attributes of free will, conscious agency, and susceptibility to pleasure and pain—these are the harpies, gorgons, sirens, sphynxes, &c. They exist at first in great confusion, but are ultimately reduced to obedience, or chained by Zeus, who, says Grote, "is foremost in Grecian conception, though not in time." Their ideas of the gods are only as human types. They were regarded as real person-

ages, having their conflicts as we have. They were in fact abstract ideas, and human feelings and passions personified. This tendency at first universally prevailed. The earth and the solid heaven were both spoken of by the Greek as endowed with appetite, feeling, sex, and most of the various attributes of humanity. Instead of the sun, which we see drawing around its planets and stars, "he saw the great god Helios, mounting his chariot in the morning, in the east, reaching at mid-day the height of heaven, and arriving in the evening at the western horizon, with horses fatigued, and desirous of repose. At the time of Homer the mythology was received, as the genuine religious belief. To have doubted the existence of the god Helios, and the like, or even of the heroes, would have been regarded as impious. It was precisely this feeling that called forth the Homeric poems. They were the reflection of the common faith and feeling. They were chanted repeatedly, and incorporated into the common mind as actual history, science, and theology.

What gave additional charm to the current narratives, over and above their natural exuberance of fancy and feeling, was the peculiar excellence of the native language. Its richness, flexibility, and capacity of new combinations; its vocality, abundance, and metrical pronunciation, all combined to give beauty and grace to every subject of which it treated. It was out of such materials that the Grecian Epic was composed. Can we wonder, then, that it so powerfully swayed the Grecian mind?

The state of feeling which has been described, can only exist in an age of implicit faith. No sooner does language assume a permanent form than dissent arises. This suggests questions. Previous to this age of questioning, the metrical voice becomes varied in its tones. The Iambic, Elegiac and Lyric poetry, assume new forms and different metres. The epical genius, however, is most fresh and vigorous, because it is quickened by a more hearty faith. It also acts more powerfully in an early age, when the inspiration of the composer and the sympathies of the hearers are more deeply enlisted. As these feelings grow weaker, the epical genius becomes enfeebled. Then it is that a change in the metrical form arises. It becomes restricted, and prose writing is introduced. This event marks a new era in Greek literature. It is the beginning of the historic period. The intellect begins to act apart from the imagination. From the first Olympiad, (776 B. C.) which, as we have before said, is the earliest trustworthy period of Grecian history, to the age of Herodotus

and Thucydides, the Greeks made a striking advance ethically, socially, and intellectually. The qualities necessary for history make their appearance. In this interval it is not difficult to discern the action of many causes. The opening of Egypt, the increase of Grecian commerce, her spreading colonies, and the institution of various games, all contributed to modify the prevailing opinions, enlarge their commonly received ideas of science, philosophy and religion. In the sixth century, (B. C.) Thales, Zenophanes, and Pythagoras, first suggested those questions of speculative philosophy, which afterwards so powerfully excited the Grecian mind. These writers made great inroads upon the purely subjective and religious opinions of the Homeric age. Did our space permit, we might trace the progress of the mind of this wonderful people, from its historic period to that elevated culture, rich and copious literature, and philosophy, that have given Greece an imperishable renown. We must, at present, however, remain content with this imperfect sketch of its primeval age. It was indeed a glorious dawn of that auspicious day of Grecian intellect and imagination, which has not yet ceased to cast its resplendent rays over the civilized world. B.

COMPLAIN NOT OF LIFE.

BY H. G.

- Complain not of life in your youth—
But reverence, enjoy, and obey;
Be steadfast in love and in truth,
Seek the sunshine of hope, and be gay.
- Complain not of life in your prime—
Take cares with the pleasures that soothe them;
And if sorrows beset you some time,
A patient endurance can smoothe them.
- Complain not of life in your age—
But open your heart to its gladness;
Melt the child in the saint and the sage,
And look for God's light in your sadness.
- Complain not of life that it fades—
True hearts remain fresh to the last;
And when the night comes with its shades,
Can dwell in the glow of the past.
- Complain not of life for its tears—
They fall upon verdure and flowers;
If they start from our sorrows and fears,
A rainbow encircles the showers.

GALOP.

J. Clark.

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

Vivace. 3

Finis.

OUR TABLE.

THE LAST OF THE ERIES—A TALE OF CANADA; BY

H. H. B.

"The events of this tale," says the Author in his Preface, "are commenced and continued through the years 1756 and '57, when the war between France and England was carried on with vigor, and which ultimately ended in the conquest of Canada by the British." "In delineating the Indian character, the writer has endeavored to give the reader some information regarding the principal tribes of Western Canada, and those people generally known as the Five or Six Nations; and, although it was not his intention to attempt anything like a biographical history of the Eries, yet he has availed himself of a knowledge of their early history, to make them the prominent characters of this tale—and he has always kept in view that great desideratum in the compilation of books, namely, the obligation under which an Author rests to his readers, that in furnishing them with amusement for an idle hour, he should not only avoid presenting to them language, which it might be beneficial to forget, and ideas or characters which it would be pernicious to emulate; but that, on the contrary, he should endeavor to entwine the fictitious and real portions of his subject in such a manner, that many, who have only commenced its perusal for the purpose of acquiring some useful information, or banishing a tedious hour, may have a pleasing recollection of its most striking passages."

It affords us sincere pleasure to be able to say that the author has fully redeemed this promise.

There is a palpable *vraisemblance* in the incidents of the story, and a vigor and freshness of delineation not ordinarily found in fictitious histories.

That our estimate of this writer's talents is well founded, may be made to appear more readily by a few extracts than by a formal critical analysis.

Pale Lily, the daughter of Manhatti, the Erie Chief, thus speaks:—

But listen—I see a calm, gentle lake, and its banks are lined with flowers; the air is scented with sweet perfume, which is wafted to and fro by the gently sighing breeze. A canoe, of a beautiful make, floats joyously on its bosom—the small fishes dance and sparkle in the rays of the warm, bright sun; the birds leave their airy nests in the tree tops, and descending to the lake, circle round the canoe, which rises and falls in the small ripples of the water, as if nodding in approbation of their sport. The warbling notes of the birds come

softly to the ear—the lake replies in soft murmurs, and the trees bend their branches to listen. But, behold, again! what shadow is that coming swiftly down afar off—it reaches the canoe, which can be hardly seen in the thickly gathering gloom. The birds have ceased their songs; the water murmurs no longer; the flowers droop in sorrow, and all is still in the dark shadow. A roar is heard that shakes the ground; the shadow becomes more dark, and flashes of fire pierce it through on every side. Swifter than the rush of a strong warrior, the wind comes down, and catching the unresisting water, hurls it in masses against its shores. Alas, for the poor canoe! where now is its graceful motion? where now can it be found? Ask the foaming waters—ask the raging winds.

Pierre, a *sous-lieutenant* in a French Reserve Battalion, quartered at Montreal, and who may be pronounced the hero of this tale, accompanied a party of Indians in their pursuit of Coswenago, the Chief of the Iroquois, who had abducted the daughter of Manhatti, plunges into the forest in quest of game, leaving the Indians engaged in the task of forming canoes for their immediate necessity. His adventures on this occasion are thus related:—

He took the bow—rather mistrusting, at the same time, from his last experience with it, that very few deer would feel the points of the arrows. Carefully marking the trees and bushes that he might not lose himself on his return, he made his way toward a range of hills before him, about two miles distant. Innumerable squirrels crossed his path, and the bushy tail of a fox now and then appeared, slinking through the leafy underbrush. These animals he thought too insignificant to send an arrow after, though he had a great mind to practise his aim on them before trying a deer. But time was precious, and he stationed himself on a rising piece of ground, looking eagerly about for the appearance of any of those animals. He waited patiently, as near as he could judge, two hours, and was about retiring in despair, when he perceived a troop of them passing very near, taking their way to the river, there to quench their thirst. Stealthily retreating from his position, he made a circuit to get in advance, and succeeded in so doing; and hiding behind a tree, waited the approach of the foremost deer, which showed himself, a fine large buck, snuffing the air as if suspicious of the vicinity of a foe. He suddenly came to a full stop, about twenty yards from Pierre, and erecting his head, stared hard about him. Pierre at that moment drew an arrow to its head, and the shaft buried itself deep in the broad mark before it. The animal erecting himself on his hind legs, pawed the air wildly for a few moments, and then with a snort of terror and pain, started madly back into the wilderness. Pierre dashed after him, fearful of losing so fine a piece of game, which he tracked for upwards of

an hour by the blood marks on the ground, and found it at last in the agonies of death, lying near a large swamp, and into which it had made a vain attempt to enter. He immediately drew his knife across its throat, to put an end at once to its sufferings; and then skinning the hinder part, cut off the two quarters, which he threw over his shoulder, and commenced his return—following carefully his own footmarks. But in the excitement of the chase, he had lost all knowledge of the distance he had come, for night set in while he was yet endeavouring to distinguish the blood stains on the leaves. The red buds of the wild flowers that plentifully strewed the ground, confused him, and in the gloom of the evening he lost his track altogether. He felt alarmed at his situation, as he had no knowledge whatever of the country he was in, and he began to picture to himself the pleasure of wandering for days in the wilderness—not knowing whether he was bending his steps, unless he could regain the Ottawa. The forest was now dark as the absence of the sun and moon could make it, and Pierre cutting down with his tomahawk several small trees, constructed a circular barrier, inside of which he kindled a fire; and thrusting a stick through a portion of his venison, roasted it over the blaze.—While engaged in this duty, he was startled by a dismal cry that came faintly to his ears from a distance. He listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound, and it again came louder than at first. The third time it was repeated, the thought struck him like lightning—it must be the howl of wolves—and wolves they were indeed, for the silence of the forest, so unbroken in day time, was now alive with the cries of those beasts of prey. A pleasant thought I shall have, thought Pierre; those devils are feasting on the poor deer I left behind, and they will be down here presently, attracted by the scent of this roasting venison. His courage sank for a moment at the threatened danger; but he determined to sell his life dearly, if it should come to that extremity, and he set about doing all that a brave spirit could do in such an emergency; he collected together all the fuel he could find, and stacked it up, ready to supply the fire at any time; he felled a few more trees, raised and strengthened his barrier, and saw that both barrels of his rifle, which he fortunately happened to bring with him, were properly loaded; and he examined his bow and quiver of arrows, determined to use them first, and resort to his other weapons afterwards. Being rather hungry, he set to eating his supper—hoping that, with it, at least, the wolves would not be beforehand with him. He had not long to wait for their coming, for a deep and startling howl behind him, discovered to him a single wolf prowling round the enclosure, which, after circling several times, suddenly vanished among the trees. He has gone off for his companions, thought Pierre, I may expect a whole army of them; and he was right in his conjecture, for half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when a perfect chorus of yells burst around him. Three wolves rushed forward and raised their heads over the barrier, gnashing their long fangs with savage fury; but Pierre bent his bow, and shot an arrow that sent the foremost one rolling back on his companions in the agonies of death. Another and another shared the same fate, as fast as they

showed themselves over the enclosure. He turned round, and had barely time to snatch up his rifle, when two were almost over on the opposite side. One received the contents of one of the barrels, and before he could draw trigger on the other, the wolf, with a single leap, was beside him. Dropping his gun in an instant, he buried his long knife to its hilt, in the body of his determined assailant—in doing which, however, he received a severe bite in his left arm. Again he plunged the bright steel into the quivering body, which he took up in his arms, and cast beyond the barrier, where it was immediately torn in pieces by its ravenous companions; and they became more shy as they experienced the effect of Pierre's furious resistance—retreating beyond the light of the fire, where their howls of rage echoed fearfully far and near. Pierre took the opportunity of this respite to reload his rifle, and replenish the fire, which burned up brightly, and cast its light for some distance round among the trees; and between which he could perceive the wolves glancing like so many demons, their eyes shining like burning coals. They suddenly trooped themselves together—setting off at the top of their speed from the place, and Pierre sent some leaden messengers after them—the cries of the wounded signifying they had taken effect. He thought he was now rid of his enemies, and he addressed a fervent thanksgiving to the Almighty for his safety. Replacing those parts of the barrier that were pulled down by the first rush of the wolves, he lay down, thinking that his fierce visitors, finding arrow heads and leaden ingots rather hard-of-digestion, had determined to leave him alone. But he was mistaken, for just as his eyes were closing in slumber, that he had vainly endeavoured to overcome, their distant howls, coming nearer and nearer, banished every inclination for sleep, and the tramp of their feet on the leaves sounded like advancing wind through the forest. They had gone off for a reinforcement, and were now returning with double their previous number; and Pierre concluded, as near as he could judge, that there were between thirty and forty of them—for they surrounded his barrier almost on every side, and placing their fore feet on the top, pushed their heads over without attempting to come any farther, as the fire, which shot its forked tongues high into the air, held them for a few minutes in check. Two of them fell back wounded or dead before Pierre's fatal rifle; but the others, undaunted by their fate, pressed furiously on. He had not time to load again, before several of them leapt on the top of the enclosure, but were dashed down by Pierre, who had seized a burning brand from the fire, and dealt strokes madly about him; and for two or three minutes he held them at bay. But the fight was too unequal to last long; his arm began to tremble and his brain to reel from such tremendous exertion, and his hungry assailants were on the point of forcing their way into his defences, when the simultaneous discharge of about a dozen rifles, laid half that number of them dead and dying among the trees, and a party of Indians dashing in, charged the remainder with their heavy tomahawks—putting them completely to flight. Pierre recognised, as his deliverers, a company of Irinkas, whom he warmly thanked for their assistance. They stated that when night

began to fall, Manhatti anxiously expected his return; and a short time after, hearing the howling of wolves and the repeated discharge of fire arms, he felt sure that none else than the Broad Rifle could be defending himself against the attacks of those animals; whereupon they hastened to his rescue—guided by the cries of the wolves; but which suddenly ceased, and for some time they were at a loss in what way to proceed. They waited for a repetition of his fire to direct them to the spot, and were becoming alarmed for his safety, at the protracted silence, when, again, the cries of the wolves resounded through the forest. Pressing forward, they soon caught sight of the fire glimmering through the trees on their right, and saw his wild assailants darting across the light, when they fired a volley, and rushed in as already mentioned.

The reader will not be displeased with one other extract, descriptive of the advent of a Canadian Spring:—

Spring came—there is a delightful sound in the word—it conveys something pleasant and new to the ear. Spring appeared, and how welcome it is after passing through a long and tedious winter, which ever presenting the same solitary picture of snow-covered hills, bleak extended plains, or ice bound rivers, is gladly forgotten, to view with pleasure the budding trees, the shooting grass, or the creeping vine. Spring came, and with it the song of the thrush, the chirp of the robin and the chipmunk, the twitter of the black-bird and the hoarse cawing of the rook. Spring came, and the snipe appeared near the streams—the quail strutted over the plains—the plovers winged themselves over the valleys, and the red topped woodpecker glided up the trees—piercing the bark with its long bill in noisy clamor. Spring came, and the pigeons darkened the sky, and burdened the forest with their numbers; the ducks floated tranquilly in the rivers, the geese lifted their white bosoms to the breeze, and the cranes rose occasionally from their swampy retreats—floating lazily over the waving rushes. Spring came, and the country answered once more to the signs of life. The hardy trapper went abroad for his game, the hunter shouldered his rifle, the fisher threw out his lines, and voyageurs commenced their journeys for the upper lakes. Snow and ice still lingered along the shore of the lake and river, but as the sun came out warm and bright day after day, coaxing on balmy breezes, it quickly vanished. Spring came, and all hearts seemed lighter, and faces brighter; the laugh was gayer and the voice was merrier. Spring came, and the blue waves of Ontario danced to the glance of the sun and the caress of the breeze. The rivulets trickled from the mountains; the rivers burst from their bonds—their fountains broke loose—their sources poured forth their abundance—they appeared to have acquired fresh strength during their long sleep of the winter to add velocity to its rolling waters, or to lift its swift caress to the grassy margin of its boundary. Spring came, and numerous flowers covered the ground with their blooming buds; they grew in the forest among the tallest trees; they contrasted their blush with the greenest fresh vine; they matched themselves in the lowest fern, and sprinkled the crisp moss with their

beauty. Spring came, and the Huron girls raised their songs to honor its advent, as they hastened from tent to tent, while the Indians covered the bay with their canoes.

We cannot, in justice to the author, omit our censure of the extreme carelessness with which the book is got up. To say nothing of the typography and paper, it is inexcusable that the eye should be fretted with orthographical errors by hundreds, and grammatical inaccuracies by scores. Scarcely a single page is harmless in these respects.

It is to be presumed that in his next edition—for that the present edition will shortly disappear, the high merits of the work leave us no room to doubt—the author will see the necessity of a careful revision. The pages which appear under the title of the "Introductory Scene" might—we will be pardoned the suggestion—with very great advantage, be omitted. The style and tenor in these colloquies are scarcely in keeping with the work itself. In spite of these drawbacks, which, in the case of one aspiring to literary honors, and capable of winning them too, are too important to be overlooked, we commend the *Last of the Eries* to our readers as a well written and interesting production.

We found upon our table the other day "*Cosmos*," the latest production of the celebrated "*Baron Humboldt*," the "old man eloquent," who, though long past the four score years, "when the grasshopper becomes a burden," is still the centre of a brilliant circle of the most scientific men in the world; and this work, his latest production, has all the freshness and enthusiasm of youth. Its name is Greek, signifying both "*Beauty*," and the "*Universe*," and it gives a good idea of the subjects it embraces. It does indeed paint the loveliness and power of God's creation; it presents, as in a magic mirror, a succession of wonders; giving the philosophy of the material universe, as far as it is understood; unfolding the mysteries of the heavens, and the physical geography of this earth, which should possess such an interest for all minds, and cannot be studied without enlarging and expanding the intellect, and imparting higher perceptions of the power and majesty of the Divine creation.

We have not room for a more extended notice of this delightful work, but close with recommending its perusal to all who have the desire and taste to enjoy it; assuring them they will find its pages full of thought and instruction, more fascinating than those of the most brilliant novelists of this or any former day.