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CHAPTER XVI.

"But oh! what storm was in that mind!"

CRABBE: RUTH.

THE pale rays of a lamp threw their shaded light over a large and richly furnished chamber at Ardmore. A shadowy female form, whose outline was rendered yet more ærial by the uncertain light, stood silently by the side of a bed, whose rich crimson drapery swept the floor, or glided through the apartment noiselessly as a disembodied spirit. Seated at a little distance from the bed, and holding in his hand a closed book, sat a middle aged man, whose dress, as well as his serious, benignant countenance, bespoke the sacred duty which had called him to soothe the bed of death.

Stillness reigned within the sick chamber, except when a deep groan or a smothered ejaculation of pain broke from the lips of the sufferer, who lay extended upon the couch. Upon his face death had already set his mark, and only waited till the spirit had struggled yet a little longer, till it should claim him as its own.

The lips of the sufferer moved, and Constance bent forward to catch the sounds.

"He has not come yet, dear father," were the words she returned to his enquiry; and then, as she heard a slight noise in the court-yard, she hastened to the window, and drawing the curtains aside, looked forth. As she saw a horseman alight, a smile passed over her face, as a stray moonbeam throws its light over the dark waters of a troubled sea, then moving towards the bed,

upon which her father lay, she whispered in his ear the glad tidings of O'Donnell's arrival.

A moment passed, and a quick step neared the door, a tall form entered the chamber and approached the sufferer. It was well that the dim, uncertain light of the lamp, did not shed its rays upon the face of O'Donnell, or its ghastly expression would have caused even Constance to shrink from his hasty salute.

"Charles, I am dying," were the words that broke at intervals from the lips of Fitzgerald, as he pressed the hand of his adopted son. "Ere I depart, I would know whether your love still remains unchanged towards the friends of your youth. I feared that absence had already taught you forgetfulness; but I cannot believe that your heart, once so warm and true, has become cold to those who love you dearly as ever."

"Father, you are right," replied O'Donnell, in low and tremulous accents; "my affection for you can never become estranged. If of late I have appeared neglectful, pardon me, and do not attribute the cause to ingratitude or indifference."

"Charles, I am satisfied," replied Fitzgerald; "you know not how your words relieve my mind, and I understand your candid nature too well to doubt what you say." Then motioning to Constance to retire to a short distance, he continued, "Charles, I have something of deep importance to say to you before my eyes are closed forever in death. Charles, I have loved, and still love you dearly as a son, and I have looked with approbation and pleasure upon the mutual affection which you and Constance have always entertained towards each other. My days are

*Continued from page 398.

numbered upon this earth, and soon my heart's faint pulsations will be stilled."

As Fitzgerald proceeded, a deep groan burst from the bosom of O'Donnel, and he flung himself upon his knees by the bed of Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald knew not the agonising feelings which tortured O'Donnel at this moment, but he said:

"Let not emotion overcome thee, Charles, but listen to that which I have to say. I am dying; I cannot leave my child without a protector, without one to whom she can look for support and consolation, for, to her sensitive nature, love is as essential as light is to the world. It has long been the desire of my heart to see the only two beings to whom my affections cling, united. But if you love not Constance, Charles, do not wed her, for the chill of unkindness would wither her young heart and lay her in an early grave. Doubt not her love for thee in return. In thy absence I have watched her cheek turn pale and wan when she has thought thou wert untrue, and that slender form has bowed with sorrow when she thought she was forgotten. Her love for thee has become a part of her very nature, and deprived of it she could not exist. Answer me truly, Charles, do you love Constance?"

"Yes, my father!" replied O'Donnell, in hoarse and tremulous accents; "since my boyhood Constance has ever held the first place in my affections, and her happiness shall be my first care should you leave her. But hear me, Fitzgerald—one word let me say—I must reveal—. Oh, Heavens!"

"Enough, Charles, say no more," replied Fitzgerald; "I will now die happy. But for this assurance of yours my spirit could not have departed in peace. This avowal of thine has also saved the life of my child, for her very existence is bound up in thine. Be kind to her when I am gone."

Then raising himself with a strength which appeared almost supernatural, in a distinct voice Fitzgerald desired the clergyman to approach, and at the same time motioned to his child to draw near.

Constance approached her father, and supported his head; but he motioned her to retire a few paces, while he desired the clergyman to proceed with his duty.

At this moment the door of the chamber opened, and two medical attendants entered; but unmindful of their interruption, in deep and solemn tones the clergyman began the marriage ceremony. Onwards he proceeded, and each word fell as a drop of molten lead upon the burning brain of O'Donnel. Mechanically he went through the ceremony, scarcely conscious whether

he was asleep or awake. At one moment fancying that Ellen Douglas stood by his side, and the next moment conscious of the crime into which he had plunged. And truly it was a strange and ominous bridal! The large and lofty chamber, of which only a small portion was rendered visible, the rest shrouded in darkness, the antique massy furniture, which gave it a quaint and solemn aspect—the dying man, as he sat unsupported in his bed, his dim and glassy eyes fixed intently upon the youthful pair who stood side by side before him,—the low, impressive tones of the clergyman's voice, which sounded as if the funeral and not the marriage ceremony was issuing from his lips,—the two figures which stood in the distance, looking upon the strange scene before them, and the dim rays of the lamp which threw an uncertain light over all, lent an unearthly aspect to the scene.

The concluding words were pronounced, and at that instant Fitzgerald, who had appeared to have received some supernatural support, fell backwards upon his bed; Constance sprang forward, but she only received the inanimate clay within her arms. A low, suppressed scream burst from her, as the dreadful truth entered her mind; but from the lips of O'Donnel there came a wild, unearthly laugh, which startled every one, and staggering backwards he would have fallen, had not one of the attendants caught him in his arms. He was immediately borne from the chamber and conveyed to bed, where he soon lay in all the delirium of fever.

Constance bent over the body of her father, and with her own hands closed the eyes which had never looked upon her but with love. This last sad duty over, her long sustained fortitude gave way, and she became for a time happily insensible to what was passing round her.

CHAPTER XVII.

Alas!
How loath'd and irksome must my presence be.
JOANNA BALLIE.

The funeral was over, and Fitzgerald rested among his ancestors. But, like Constance, we must cease to mourn for the dead when the living demand our care.

Stretched upon a bed of sickness, his eyes wild and restless, and his words incoherent and unintelligible, lay Charles O'Donnel. Not the handsome youth whom we formerly beheld, but pale,

emaciated, and helpless as an infant. By the side of his couch sat his young wife, with eyes melancholy and anxious as they looked upon his altered features. Day by day she sat there watching the sufferer, and striving to calm him, when in the phrenzy of fever, he uttered strange, confused words. In vain the medical attendants had tried to dissuade her from undergoing a fatigue which was too great for her already exhausted strength. She was deaf to their remonstrances, and while the fever was raging at its height, she would not suffer another to tend him.

But now the crisis had arrived, and with pallid cheek and anxious eye she watched over him; the intensity of her suspense almost amounting to agony. But gradually the wild expression faded from the face, the voice was pushed, the burning eye-lids closed, and Charles O'Donnel sank into a peaceful slumber. The physician shortly entered the chamber, and while Constance made a sign for him to step warily lest he should disturb the slumberer, he smiled, and whispered to her that her prayers were at length answered, and that her husband would live.

"He will sleep for several hours," added he, "and I will now watch by him. You must retire to rest, for he will be conscious when he awakes, and he must not see you looking so ill and careworn. Be prevailed upon to seek repose for a few hours, Mrs. O'Donnel, or I predict that you will be my next patient."

Another look at the wasted but calm countenance of her husband, another inaudible prayer for his recovery, and Constance stole off with a joyful heart to seek that rest which her aching temples and tottering limbs told her was absolutely necessary.

A sweet sleep stole over the wearied senses of Constance, and for many hours she slumbered. At length she awoke greatly refreshed. A messenger whom she had despatched to make inquiries, returned and informed her that O'Donnel still slept, and performing a hasty toilet and partaking of some refreshment, she again repaired to the sick chamber. The face of the physician wore an auspicious smile as he complimented her upon the improvement a few hours' rest had effected upon her appearance, and willingly consented that she should share his vigils.

At length the sufferer awoke, slowly as if from a dream, and looking up, requested something to moisten his parched mouth. The hands of Constance trembled as she held the cup to his lips, and supported his head, and her heart bounded with a joy to which it had long been a stranger,

as he returned her a look of gratitude for the simple service she had rendered him.

The physician felt his pulse and gave an approving nod to Constance, while he said:

"Mr. O'Donnel, you must now take care of yourself, and you will soon be perfectly well. You may be grateful to your gentle nurse for her attendance upon you. Mrs. O'Donnel has become almost as much an invalid as yourself through anxiety for your recovery."

This was the first time that Charles had heard Constance called by her wedded name, and his face wore an expression of surprise as he looked at the physician. But a sudden recollection seemed to strike him, and averting his head, an expression of deep, of hopeless agony, stole over his wasted features. But a moment after he again turned towards his wife, and taking her hand, pressed it gratefully to his lips.

"This will never do," said the doctor. "Mr. O'Donnel, you must again compose yourself to sleep. Mrs. O'Donnel, you will be obliged to enforce silence till he becomes stronger. I will now leave you for an hour or two, as I have a few calls to make in the neighbourhood."

Then giving some directions to Constance about a draught which he had prepared for the patient, the physician again took his departure.

Day by day O'Donnel now became stronger, till at length he was able to leave his chamber, and, leaning for support upon the arm of his fair young wife, he was permitted to wander forth and to breathe the pure air of heaven. Though health revisited his colourless cheek and emaciated form, Constance saw with sorrow, that his mental did not keep pace with his bodily improvement. To her watchful eye he appeared at times laboring under the deepest dejection, and sometimes, forgetful of her presence, he became absent and thoughtful, while the contracted brow, the compressed lip, and frequently the expression of agony which his face wore, told her that the subject which thus moved him must be one of deep pain. Though Constance forbore to question him when thus agitated, she yet endeavoured, by every means in her power, to beguile him from this unknown grief. Whenever she saw the dark cloud steal over his brow, she exerted all her powers to entertain him, and she was amply rewarded by the gratitude with which he appeared to appreciate her delicate kindness. After these fits of absence and depression, the manner of Charles was, if possible, more affectionate towards Constance than usual; and he sought as it were to remove any doubt from her mind to which they might have given rise. Though Constance appeared not to observe this gloomy train of thought

in which O'Donnel frequently indulged, she yet felt deeply, and would have given worlds to have been permitted to share this sorrow which preyed upon his mind, and pained his spirit.

At times, when she reflected upon their hasty marriage, into which Charles had been so precipitately hurried, and which gratitude alone towards her father might have urged him to enter into, the withering thought would enter her mind that O'Donnel regretted his hasty union. And might not his affections have been bestowed upon another, whom he had met in that distant city, to whom he had, perhaps, plighted his faith, and then broken it by wedding her; for wherefore should he else, at times, wear that sad, despairing look? Why should his eyes, when he thought she observed him not, rest upon her face with an expression of tender pity? The altered tone which his letters had breathed for some time before he was summoned to attend the death-bed of her father, now struck her as being confirmatory of these torturing fears. As these doubts alternately agitated the bosom of Constance, she felt miserable; and so pure, so self-denying, was her love towards her husband, that she would gladly have laid down her life to free him from a union which she feared was hateful to him. * But, again, no sooner did she enter the presence of her husband than these doubts were dispelled, by the heart-felt affection which his manner evinced—by the warm welcome with which he always greeted her approach. Her presence seemed like sunshine to his soul, and chased from it the dark shadows which, in her absence, had stolen over it. The deep, unvarying affection with which O'Donnel always treated her—the tenderness of his manner towards her—bespoke not merely that regard which springs from gratitude.

"He loves me!" she would fervently exclaim; "and if he has a sorrow which he strives to conceal from me, why should I pry into it? Why should I seek to fathom the deepest recesses of his heart? Enough, that I feel conscious that I possess his affections. Charles *must* love me; for his open, undisguised nature would scorn to feign a love he could not feel; and the words of affection would die upon his lips, if they proceeded not from his heart. I will grieve no longer, nor doubt his love."

But still, Constance did grieve, and did doubt; and though she sought to conceal the ravages that sorrow was silently working upon her, they yet were evident upon her declining health and spirits. Often, at eve, when her husband thought that she was employed with household cares, she would leave that portion of the house which was tenanted, and roam through the now silent

apartments which she used to frequent in the happy days of childhood. When twilight descended, with its sombre shade and deepening gloom, Constance would enter the chamber in which her father had breathed his last sigh—in which she and O'Donnel had been so hastily wedded. There she would pour forth those feelings which, even in the presence of her husband, she concealed.

The conduct, which in Charles was a sad mystery to Constance, will not appear strange to the reader, who has accompanied him during his absence from Ardmore, and has witnessed the events which occurred to him then. Was it surprising that agony and deep remorse should strike his heart, as he reflected how he had deceived the confiding love of Constance, the paternal affection of Fitzgerald? how he had taken upon himself a solemn vow to love her alone, the merry companion of his boyhood, the guide of his maturer years, while, in the eyes of God and man, he was already the husband of another?

It were impossible to review the stormy feelings which had agitated the mind of O'Donnel since that night, when, forgetful of his early love, he had rashly bound himself, by the indissoluble tie of marriage, to another—when he had prevailed upon that fair girl, who had placed such implicit reliance upon his faith, to become his wife, without the sanction of that mother whom she had never till then deceived—whose love for him had caused her to transgress even filial duty. Yes; well might the brow of O'Donnel become dark as night, and his heart become almost stilled in its palpitations, as he thought of all this. After his precipitate marriage with Ellen Douglas; when he had hastily left her, to obey the summons which had called him to Ardmore, he had during his journey been tortured by the bitter pangs of remorse. Not that his love towards Ellen Douglas was absolutely waxing cold; but he reflected upon his faithlessness towards Constance Fitzgerald. Although no vow had been uttered—although no faith had been pledged—he yet felt that she knew of the affection he had entertained towards her, and that she returned it. And thus he had ruined the peace of mind of those to whom he owed every thing—who had gladdened the days of his boyhood with a father's and a sister's love—who had nourished in their bosoms the serpent which was to sting them.

The more deeply Charles had reflected upon his rashness, the more strikingly the image of Constance, ever gentle and kind to him, rose to his view; and for a time he forgot even Ellen Douglas, as his troubled mind dwelt upon the virtues of her who possessed his earliest love.

When he arrived at Ardmore, he had been utterly unprepared for the solemn scene which awaited him. Although he knew that Fitzgerald was dangerously ill, he had not thought that death was so near. When he looked upon the ghastly features of his dying friend—when he listened to his dying words—in the tumult of his feelings, he had endeavoured to explain to Fitzgerald, that he could never become the wife of Constance; but the words died upon his lips. He knew that he had stood by the side of Constance—that he had repeated those solemn vows which he had lately paid to another; and he had seen Fitzgerald die confiding and happy. A confused dream had followed those actions; and when he had awakened, the same lovely face beamed upon him—the same gentle smile cheered him, as had shed its placid light upon his early days. Well might Charles O'Donnel feel the deepest remorse, when he thought of the wife he had deceived, and of her who was far distant, who would daily look for his return, till disappointed hope would chill her young heart, and she would bitterly mourn the day she had first lent an ear to the words of the faithless stranger.

And now that Charles was once more in the presence of Constance—now that he again looked upon her who had watched over him in sickness, and rejoiced over his returning health, the affection which he had borne her, before his heart had strayed to another, returned in all its strength; and Constance was right, when she thought that her husband did not assume toward her an affection which he did not feel. But, for a time, we must leave this picture of wedded life, and seek again the presence of Ellen Douglas.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was a soft and balmy morning in June. The sun shone high and cheerfully over hill and dale, and with royal munificence lavished his golden light upon congregated roofs and tall aspiring chimneys, which clustered together thickly as forest trees, in the town of E—. He peeped inquisitively into dingy garrets, and in mockery revealed the poverty and misery which he there beheld, and whose unglazed windows did not offer the slightest impediment to his pert eye. Des-

pite the rich drapery and thick blinds, which sought to banish his glaring light from the rich man's house, he laughed at their attempts to exclude him, and deridingly shone even in their faces, as they sat at their mid-day breakfast. Upon this morning, even a stray beam appeared to have found its way to the heart of Ellen Douglas, for with a smile, which seemed a stranger to her face, she rose from her seat, and threw open the window at which she sat, so that the gentle breeze might find an entrance and fan her feverish brow.

For a moment she stood looking forth upon the wide-spreading city which stretched beneath her, and listened to the hum of human voices which met her ear, and looked upon the busy crowd, hurrying hither and thither, intent upon business or pleasure. But, with a sigh, she turned from a scene so uncongenial to her feelings, and, resuming her seat, she again took up her embroidery, and mechanically—for her thoughts appeared pre-occupied—she plied her needle.

Days, weeks, and months had slowly sped onwards, and with their accompanying events had been consigned to the past, since that night, so eventful to Ellen Douglas, upon which we last beheld her. Each succeeding morning, since that period, had seen her cheered by hope, for that day she might witness the return of O'Donnel; and each succeeding night had beheld her despair, for he came not. Months had now passed away, and had brought no tidings of him, and Ellen's hopeful nature even abandoned her. What could this long-protracted silence portend? Why did he not return, as he had promised, to claim her as his own? The heart of Ellen died within her, as she sought to reply to these tormenting questions. If O'Donnel had been only a lover, she might have distrusted his fervent protestations of enduring love, for many a maiden had been thus deceived: she might have believed that he had forgotten her, and that in absence his affections might have become estranged. But it was her husband for whom she looked,—for him who had vowed to cherish and protect her through life, and who had placed it beyond human power to separate them. Sickness might have overtaken him—death might have snatched him from the earth,—but nothing could have the power to keep him from her presence.

For a time Ellen plied the needle with an eager haste, which partook of agitation rather than of the steady application of industry, and then, suddenly desisting from her task, she leant her arm upon the frame, and supported her head.

upon it. She cast a hurried glance around the room, to ascertain if she was alone, and then, taking hold of the ribbon which was round her neck, she drew forth a ring which was attached to it. Long she gazed at this symbol, and as she did so, the doubts which had clouded her mind appeared to vanish; and pressing her lips to it, as she heard an approaching footstep, she again hid it in her bosom.

The door slowly opened, and her mother entered the room. That face, so still, so placid in its settled melancholy, was surrounded by the close cap, which corresponded so well in its grave simplicity to the mourning dress she wore. But the figure was a shade thinner, the face had lost even more of its roundness, and the eye looked larger and more languid than when we last saw Mrs. Douglas. Slowly she seated herself upon the sofa; but Ellen, laying aside her work, rose and arranged the cushions, so that her mother might recline upon them, and then, resuming her seat, she continued silently to pursue her occupation.

"Ellen, my child," at length said Mrs. Douglas, while the words sounded low and tremulous, "you should abandon your work this lovely morning, and go forth to ramble in the country. You allow yourself no respite from your toil. Your health already suffers, and your cheek is pale. You must go out and breathe the summer air."

"Mother, do not be the least apprehensive on my account," replied Ellen, cheerfully. "I am young, and perfectly able to perform this light and pleasant labour. See, I rival summer in the bright flowers which I cause to spring forth at my will. Are not these carnations beautiful? and that lily, how purely white!" and rising, she showed her mother the bright garland which she had woven into the rich fabric.

"Yes; they are very beautiful," replied Mrs. Douglas. "Oh! how gladly would I lend you my assistance if my health would only permit me! and then you need not work so incessantly. I am glad to see that you have almost finished that piece of work."

"Yes, mother, to-day it will be done; and I will then begin a pair of fire-screens, which Lady Beaumont wishes me to paint for her, and which I have already designed."

The mother replied to the cheerful words of her daughter only by a melancholy sigh; for to her it appeared hard, that one so young, so beautiful, and so amiable as her child, should be doomed to a life of penury and toil: that one who was formed for a sphere of elegance and refinement, and who was endowed with elevated talents,

should exercise them only to procure a subsistence for them both. For herself she cared not. She had been schooled in adversity; and it mattered little in what manner the short remainder of her days should pass. But her child, so bright, so beautiful, so calculated to diffuse happiness around her, to win the hearts of all—

"A lady desires to see you ma'am," here interrupted the voice of the aged servant, as, with a low courtesy, and with much ceremony, she ushered a lady into the apartment, whose appearance elicited a smile from Ellen, notwithstanding the sadness which lay heavy at her heart.

Swimming, rather than walking, into the room, advanced a lady, whose dress, in the extreme height of the fashion, and with some little additions of her own invention, evidently intended to give a finish to her appearance, was the first object that caught the eye. As she entered the apartment, she made a low obeisance to Mrs. Douglas, who, rising from her seat, returned it; and inwardly marvelling at what had brought such an unwonted visitor to her humble abode, she begged the stranger to be seated.

"Madame De la Rue," said the lady, introducing herself, and looking to see what effect this high-sounding name would have upon her auditor.

Mrs. Douglas bowed acquiescence, and again proffered a seat to her visitor; but as she was about to sink gracefully into the chair, her eye lighted upon Ellen, who, seated at a short distance, had hitherto been but an observer of what was passing.

With one bound towards Ellen, which promised utter demolition to the beautiful piece of work upon which she was engaged, the stranger sprang forwards, and regardless of discomposing her finery, threw her arms round the neck of Ellen, and bestowed a warm salute upon her cheek.

"Beautiful! charming! the employment so appropriate! such refined taste! Lovely girl!"

Ellen, astonished at the singular behaviour even more than amused by the appearance of the stranger, now looked inquiringly at her, as if to ascertain what was to follow. But resuming the dignity of her manner, the lady leisurely took possession of the seat which Mrs. Douglas had offered her, and with a smile of delight, surveyed, first Mrs. Douglas, and then her daughter; and finally herself, in a large mirror which hung opposite to her, with the greatest complacency.

Apparently satisfied with her own appearance, she again turned her eyes upon Mrs. Douglas, and, with a smile, inquired whether that lady had any recollection of her.

Mrs. Douglas replied, that she could not call to mind ever having before had the pleasure of seeing her.

"Most surprising! how romantic!" ejaculated the lady, while Mrs. Douglas was a little at a loss to understand how such terms could be applied to her deficiency of memory. "Then, my dear madam, I will briefly give you a history of my past life, which contains many singular vicissitudes and occurrences. Indeed," she added, in a low tone of voice, "between ourselves; I have serious intentions of writing a novel, of which I shall be the heroine; and I intend to introduce you and your beautiful daughter in it, just as I have found you now. It will make an excellent scene—her employment so appropriate, her style of beauty so *spirituelle*."

Mrs. Douglas did not appear to appreciate this unexpected honor, however she made no remark, while the lady continued:

"Perhaps, Mrs. Douglas, you may remember, in your early days, of a cousin of your deceased, lamented husband, who bore the name of Arabella Carolina Sinclair?"

And here the recollection arose to Mrs. Douglas, of a very romantic, sentimental young lady, with slender figure and raven tresses, who continually talked of poetry, moonlight and Italian skies, whom she with difficulty recognised in the lady who was now seated before her, and whose passion for romance appeared to have survived the days of her youth and the stern realities of life.

"My dear madam," she continued, "you will also recollect, that the person of whom I speak, Miss Arabella Carolina Sinclair, was universally remarked as being a young lady of peculiarly exalted ideas and refined intellect."

Again Mrs. Douglas bowed assent, while the lady continued, speaking no longer of herself as a third person:

"Yes; I will own that I was a singular girl—so *unique* in my notions, so different from the world around me. My spirit disdained to adopt the vulgar opinions which ruled the common mind, and with whose stupid realities I could find no sympathy. For instance, when my acquaintances got married, I felt the utmost contempt for them, when I saw the straight-forward, simple manner in which they conducted their arrangements. No difficulties in the way worth mentioning—no unequal matches—no angry guardians or implacable parents—no stolen interviews or elopements: every thing went on smoothly and stupidly, as if it were merely an every-day occurrence which was about to take place. I, however, with more spirit, was resolved that I should create a sensa-

tion in the world, if ever I should meet a kindred spirit, whose exalted ideas should beat in unison with my own; for, with the bard of Avon, I had ever thought, that

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth."

I also determined, that no ordinary mortal should win my hand. He must be far above the common herd. Such, my dear madam, were my ideas at the age of seventeen years; such, young lady, are doubtless yours. About that time, my father was summoned to London upon business, and, greatly to my delight, I was permitted to accompany him. Shortly after my arrival there, I attended a large assembly, the magnificence of which astonished and delighted me. Several times I beheld among the crowd a graceful figure, whose distinguished appearance and black moustache, completely enchanted me. He was introduced to me as Count De la Rue, and during the remainder of the evening I was his partner. Why need I enlarge upon the subject? We met by appointment. The Count proposed to my father for my hand, and on our bended knees we both implored him to sanction the union. With inexorable firmness, my father refused, unless the count could furnish proof of his right to the title, and could name the particular portion of Lorraine in which his estates were situated. With the pride of a lofty mind, De la Rue scorned to prove that which my father would not believe upon his assertion, and he was refused admittance next time he called. How delightful was all this to me! The realization of all my youthful dreams of romance, which only required an appropriate finale. This, alas! was soon accomplished.

"One night De la Rue appeared under my window with a rope-ladder. My descent was speedily effected. A carriage was in attendance; and after a hasty trip to Gretna-Green, I returned to London Countess De la Rue. Of course, we immediately hastened to my father, quite confident, according to the established termination of novels, to whose rules we had all along adhered, of a reconciliation. You may imagine, my dear madam, how disconcerted the count and I must have been, when, after having congratulated us upon our union, my father very cordially wished us a pleasant honey-moon at our *château* in Lorraine, and coolly bidding us good morning, left the house.

"We were thunderstruck—speechless for a time. At length De la Rue found words to express his indignation against the unjust treatment of my father, and inquired whether I could obtain possession of the handsome fortune which had been laid aside by my father as my marriage portion.

"I mournfully replied, that it was, of course, in the power of my father either to give or to withhold this money. But I bade him leave to mercenary spirits such regrets; that if we were only arrived at our Chateau in Lorraine, we should experience the utmost height of human felicity.

"With rather a discontented frown, De la Rue replied, that he had not even sufficient money in his possession to carry us to France. I immediately placed my diamond ear-rings in his hands, and bade him convert them into the means necessary to prosecute our journey.

"We arrived safe in Paris; and De la Rue conveyed me to a small house situated in one of the Faubourgs, which we reached by a back entrance. I questioned him why he had brought me to such a miserable abode, to which he replied by opening a door which led from the apartment in which we were, and conducting me into a shop which occupied that portion of the house which faced the street. Picture my horror, madam, when I felt my senses assailed by the odor of pomade, bergamot, eau-de-Cologne, and every variety of essences, and found myself surrounded upon all sides by wigs, curls, and ringlets, of every shade and style. Yes, ladies, I was in the shop of a hair-dresser, inconceivable though the fact may appear to your ears. I gazed around me horror-stricken, and would have fainted had not my just indignation supported me in this crisis. With an air of the utmost majesty that I could assume—and, ladies, you will all allow that my personal appearance is peculiarly calculated to express this feeling—I surveyed De la Rue, and in tones such as Siddons alone could command, I exclaimed: 'Vile impostor! who art thou?' To which, with the utmost nonchalance, my husband replied, with an obeisance such as a Parisian alone can give; 'Madame, I am Artoine Auguste De la Rue, *perruquier et parfumeur*, at your service; and, I may add, husband to the loveliest dame in La Belle France.' Madam, the scene that followed may be better imagined than described, although you will find it faithfully depicted in the volume which I am composing.

"Finding at length that it was useless to waste my tears and reproaches upon the imperturbable self-possession of my husband, I consoled myself by calling to mind the reverses of fortune which frequently fall to the lot of distinguished and remarkable characters, and to which people of ordinary attainments are seldom subjected. Kings had been dethroned—had suffered exile and poverty—queens had sunk into plebeian ob-

scurity, and why should not Arabella Carolina Sinclair become the wife of a perruquier?

"Pecuniary difficulties, however, embarrassed us, and we were reduced to poverty, when, madam, recollecting the goodness of your deceased husband, Mr. Douglas, I wrote to him, and requested the loan of a sum sufficient to establish my husband in business. When my own father refused to assist his erring child, your husband had conveyed to me a sum exceeding even what I requested. From that day my husband prospered in the world; and in twenty years after that period—worthy and exemplary man—he died, leaving me a desolate widow, with the wealth he had accumulated, which is sufficient to support me in affluence during the remainder of my life, and, dearest madam, to allow me to return to you the sum, with interest, which rightfully is your own, and which I received from your late husband. It was for this purpose, madam, that I sought you out, and I rejoice to find that I have succeeded."

Mrs. Douglas had listened with much interest to the recital of Madame De la Rue, which was rendered irresistibly laughable by the gestures with which she accompanied it; and when she concluded, and placed within the hands of Mrs. Douglas a sum, which, originally small, had greatly increased during the space of twenty years, and which was sufficient to ensure to her those comforts, of which she stood in need, for life, neither she nor Ellen sought to disguise the joy they felt at a circumstance so unexpected.

"Dear mother!" exclaimed Ellen with delight, "you will now be enabled to leave this noisy town, and take a residence in the country, where you will soon become perfectly well again."

"My child, I rejoice more upon your account than my own," replied Mrs. Douglas. "You will now be enabled to abandon your daily toil, and, I trust, that the color will soon return to your pale cheek;" and in her gratitude for the relief which had so opportunely arrived, to release Ellen from a life of unremitting labor, Mrs. Douglas poured forth her thanks to Madame De la Rue.

"Ladies, you owe me no gratitude for that which is justly your own," replied that lady. "To you, on the contrary, I am indebted for that competence which I enjoy, and which, but for the generosity of your husband, I could never have possessed. I have now a favor to request of you, madam, and of your lovely daughter, who has already completely won my heart, to which I hope you will accede. Possessed of that love of retirement which urges me to shun the busy

haunts of men, and to seek the lonely, sequestered scenes of nature, which are so greatly in unison with my taste, and desirous of passing some time in retirement, while I am engaged in literary pursuits, I have rented a small but elegant villa, at the distance of a few miles from town, which is already furnished, and I have procured a carriage. I am alone in the world; and you, Mrs. Douglas, and your daughter, are the nearest connexions I possess. Already I regard you with affection; and if you would only consent to become inmates of my residence, I would feel the greatest happiness. I perceive already that there is a congeniality in our dispositions, which I feel certain will ensure harmony. Should you weary of the seclusion in which we shall live, you can revisit the city; but until you experience revived health, I beg you will make my home your place of abode."

To this proposal Mrs. Douglas willingly assented; for, although there was much singularity in the sentiments and manner of Madame De la Rue, there yet was much that was estimable; and she could not help feeling her heart warm towards her almost sole remaining connexion.

"Delightful! most charming!" exclaimed Madame De la Rue, as soon as she had obtained the consent of Mrs. Douglas to their speedy removal to the villa. "My dear Miss Douglas, you must now abandon that beautiful work, and banish that melancholy expression which your face wears, but which, I own, to your style of beauty, is most becoming. Your colorless cheek will soon be tinged with the roseate hue of health, when you dwell at —; but I must first find an appropriate name for my rural home."

So, with an affectionate farewell, Madame De la Rue, and her fashionable Parisian costume, disappeared through the door.

(To be continued.)

KEEPSAKES.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN ALBUM.

BY CHAZ.

KEEPSAKES are melancholy things—melancholy in their origin—melancholy through the tenor of their existence, and we feel melancholy when they take departure from us. They are proffered with trembling hand and averted countenance; our murmur of thanks as we receive them is mingled with a sigh. Yet how anxiously we seek, how carefully we guard them. Keepsakes

are consigned to our most sacred repositories, and we love to look upon them only when we are alone. See yonder youth, mark with what avidity he seizes the coveted flower, which has by an innocent wile been so temptingly dropped at his feet. Regard that fair maiden, and heed with what playful anxiety she divides the lock from the head of the sleeping loved one. Then see her pale face and glistening eye, bent over the open album; while she repeats with heaving breast and quivering lip, the honeyed words once so fondly trusted in.

Watch that little fellow as he sails his tiny bark upon the pond; see a cloud has passed over his face, and he pauses in his play; he is thinking of his playmate, the once companion of his pleasures, and the constructor of his plaything. As he calls to mind their shutting him up (cruelly as he thinks,) in the dark box and silent tomb; he sits him down upon the bank, and with the corner of his little pinafore wipes away the tear drop from his eye.

The rugged soldier, as he takes up the blade of his ancient comrade, thinks of their enlistment, their numerous adventures together, the long talks over the bivouac fire, the anxious night before the battle, the hurried interment, and the soldier's keepsake; as he passes the blade before his face he brushes off a something, perhaps a silent tribute of remembrance, with his sleeve.

Behold the pale face of the widowed mother, as she gazes on the portrait of the departed; her mind returns to their first meeting, the many happy hours and years spent together; the first complaints of uneasiness, the short cough, the long nights of watching, his taking no medicine save from her hand; the sunken eyes, the inroads of disease, the rally and the dying struggle; when supporting his head she could hear her own name mingled with his latest breath. She, indeed, truly feels her loneliness, and calling her little son towards her, she puts back the curls from his forehead, and loves to trace a resemblance to him who is no more; the little fellow looks up as he feels the warm drops descending on his neck.

Thus keepsakes have almost always their origin in painful separations or bereavements; their existence is nursed with tears—tears, the refreshing dew-drops of our affections,—nourishing and continuing their verdure, until their bright sun rises on the morrow, when all signs of mourning are borne away, and they enter on a fair and sorrowless existence.

COUSIN FAN'S FIRST LOVER.

BY T. D. F.

FIRST LOVER! no, I am wrong, first offer I should say, for no one could tell who Fan's first lover was, for they came, and came from her dancing school days, when rosy-cheeked, smooth-haired boys contended with pale, classic faced, curly pated youths, for the honor of her hand in the quadrille; and why it was no one could tell, for Fan most certainly was not at all pretty; she had not a good feature in her face, and what the charm was I never could define; her friends and admirers, when called upon to tell what it was, could only reply, it was a certain "*Je ne sais quoi*," which answer left the matter as unexplained as ever.

Fan and I were cousins and schoolmates, but as different as it was possible to be. I often looked at her and wondered why it was that every body loved her. I most certainly had the advantage of her in form and feature, but no one cared for that; at dancing school there was no rush, no pre-engagement for my hand, though the master always praised me for my steps; my pirouettes and "*pas de seuls*," were the admiration of all the visitors; I kept time perfectly, while poor Fan, having no ear for music, always began before she should, and was done with her part long before the others; but that mattered not; she had always a bright word or look for her partner, and even if he was ever so sheepish, and hated to be conspicuous by wrong-timed movements, he could not be annoyed at it.

Wild and untutored was Fanny—a favorite with all her young companions, but sadly often in disgrace with her teachers. She was volatile and thoughtless, and recked not of future consequences. She enjoyed a ramble far better than her studies; and, though possessing a good natural capacity, she was never at the head of her class or studies, while I was always prompt and prepared. School days always pass rapidly enough; and Fan's ended sooner than they should; for a sudden change in her father's arrangements removed her from her city home, to a far distant, secluded, but lovely country village.

"What makes you look so vexed, Fan?" said I to her, as she came into my room, and I saw a dark frown clouding her usually happy face.

"It is enough to annoy a saint; and even you

Lizzie would be vexed if you were teased as much as I am. I have just been to see Blanche Morin, and what do you think? You know the ring of my hair she coaxed from me the other day? What did she do, but give it to Ernest! I chided her for it; but she looked up so imploringly, with her sweet blue eyes, and wondered why I was not willing her dear, dear brother Ernest should have the ring, when he was such a good friend of mine; that I was half ashamed of myself. But then, she went on to tell me, that Joe Jones saw the ring in Ernest's possession, and knew the hair. He asked him, in a quiet way, to let him look at it; and then, when he got it, he would not return it to him; and so he wears it on his odious little finger. What shall I do, Lizzie? He shall not keep it." And Fan's eyes sparkled, and she stamped her, not very small, foot with vexation.

"It will teach you a good lesson, Fan, not to give rings of your hair to sisters who have brothers. You might have known, if Ernest Morin knew Blanche had the ring, he would get it from her, for you cannot but be aware that all his affections are set upon you."

"Nonsense, Lizaie! you see a lover in every one that speaks to me. It would destroy all my comfort, and I should be constantly under restraint, if I magnified every polite speech and act—every bouquet given or sent—into a declaration of love. No; I never will believe a man really loves me, till he tells me so. This removes the restraint I might otherwise feel; and I can be frank and friendly with all."

"Ah! Fan, you deceive yourself, or you try to do so; and I fear me much, if you continue to reason in this way, you will get the reputation of a coquette, which I know you do not deserve. You run the risk, too, of deeply wounding the feelings of those whom you really respect. You like Ernest, as a friend; his gentle delicacy and refinement please you; but you could never think of him as a *fiancé*. Yet, can you avoid seeing that he has given the whole treasure of his warm and loving heart to you? he lives but in your presence; light and joy sparkle in his eyes when he meets you, and, though he has too much respect for you to express it in any open manner,

still you would do wrong to encourage it, by a continuance of your kind, encouraging manner."

"What can I do?" said Fan, in a desponding tone. "After all, it is nonsense. I do believe Ernest does like me better than any one here; but then, it is because Blanche loves and clings to me so; and I cannot bear to wound or annoy either of them by coldness or change of manner. Blanche is as sensitive about Ernest; and if I am not always just so cordial to him, the tears come into her glorious eyes, and she asks me what he has done to offend me."

"It is because she sees the strength of his love for you, and she yearns for some proof it is returned. Ah! Fan, don't trifle with him; check it before it gets too strong for him to master it."

"Well, Lizzie dear, I will do just as you say; but do please to tell me what I shall do about that ring? Blanche says, Ernest and Joe came almost to blows, they got into such an angry dispute about it. How am I to get it again? for, come what will, it shall not be seen upon his finger."

"The best way, dear Fan, is calmly to request Joe to give it up. Say to him, that it was your gift to Blanche, and you are not willing it should be in the possession of any one else. He understands you, and you can easily induce him to relinquish it. You know we are to visit Mrs. Jones to-night, and you can have an opportunity then to speak to him."

"I know, Lizzie, if he speaks to me with that ring upon his finger, I shall do some outrageous thing. I cannot answer him with civility, it is so impertinent of him. He knows I hate him."

"Well; just forget your annoyance now, and help me to make this wreath."

It was a brilliant party that night at Mrs. Jones'. Her large house was thrown open; every room well lighted; the pictures wreathed with evergreens, and every nook and corner where they could possibly be placed, was filled with the graceful and odorous flowers of the season. Gay ladies, smiling beaux, and demure, business-haunted gentlemen, all collected together to do honor to the distinguished strangers for whom the party was given. All was gaiety, and even Fan seemed to have forgotten her morning's annoyance, though she had said, just before she left home, that the evening should not pass without her getting the ring.

She was standing with a merry group of those who always gathered about her on such occasions, her joyous laugh ringing a clear chime. I was watching her from a little distance, with the indefinable interest I always felt in all she said and did; when, all at once, I saw a change come over

her face. I followed the direction of her eyes, and saw Joe Jones just paying his compliments to the ladies, and evidently directing his steps towards Fan. Involuntarily I glanced at his hands, and saw they were unglomed.

As he approached, Fan drew up her small head with an air of hauteur most unusual to her. He advanced through the circle around her.

"Good evening, Miss Fanny," he said, and he put out his hand towards her. One glance showed her the ring. I never saw such a flash of indignation as kindled over her whole face—such a look of contempt as she bestowed upon him as she rejected his proffered hand. She began to make some cutting remark, when fortunately the bugle sent forth its summons for the quadrille, and one who was standing beside her claimed her hand for the next dance. She absolutely sailed past poor Joe, who quailed beneath her indignant look as I have rarely seen a man quail; but he was young, and did in truth love her. He turned away crest-fallen, and evidently his happiness was gone for that evening.

It was hard, too, for Fan to regain her serenity. She was less bright and lively than usual, though, perhaps, no one but myself could have perceived it. Ernest hovered round her, and she was more than usually kind to him, wishing apparently to mark the difference of feeling between him and Joe. The party was kept up till a late hour. It was the custom, in that simple country place, for the gentlemen to escort the ladies home; and proud were they when they were fortunate enough to secure their favourite one.

I rather dreaded the time for our leaving on this evening, for I was sure Joe would be on the watch for Fan, for he always would pounce upon her if he could; and various were the stratagems she resorted to to elude him, and others always stood ready to aid her, giving her *carte blanche* to consider herself engaged to them for dances or walks, when Joe was too officious.

It was a lovely summer evening, and the light scarf, and roguish peasant-like hat, were soon put on, and, with others, we entered the hall. Ernest was standing near the door, and as Fan came out, he turned to her, and said:

"Miss Fanny, may I—"

When, in a moment, Joe Jones stepped up to him, and with a defying air, said:

"Mr. Morin, Miss Spinyarn wished me to say, she was waiting for you to go home with her."

Poor Ernest! the desponding look he gave at the thought of exchanging a walk with Fan, at the witching hour, for a tramp home with Miss Spinyarn; but there was no redress: his gentle-

manly feeling forbade him to show any reluctance, and bowing to Fanny, he passed out.

Joe, thinking his path was quite plain, placed himself at Fan's side. She tossed her head, and without deigning a word to him, she asked me if I was ready, and proceeded to the door. My escort was already provided; and one of Fan's staunch admirers, though not an aspirant for her favor, joined her. She immediately took his arm, and quickly turning so as to place herself on the other side of me, she fairly threw poor Jones *hors du combat*; but he was not easily daunted. He walked with the party, occasionally addressing some remark, which was answered in the most freezing manner, though she rattled gayly with her companion and myself.

I was right glad when the walk was ended and we were snugly ensconced in our own room. Fan was a little pettish, and not inclined to talk as much as usual.

The next morning, just as I was opening my peepers, and recalling myself from the world of dreams, Fan came bounding into my room, with a superb bunch of flowers in her hand.

"Just look," she said, "and see what I have found tied to the handle of the door. How beautiful they are! Who can they be from?"

I thought of Joseph, for he was exceedingly delicate in all his attentions, but I resolved not to insinuate it. As she peeped among the flowers, and inhaled their perfume, she, all at once, espied a note.

"Ah! this will tell me." She opened it, and the flowers were thrown carelessly aside. It was from Joe, praying her forgiveness, if he had offended her. He had read her indignation in her cold manner, and almost angry look, and he pleaded to be forgiven.

That evening, we were sitting, with a few friends, on the vine-covered piazza of the house, gazing out upon a sunset of unusual beauty, when Ernest joined us. His usually serene face wore a troubled, flushed expression, and his greeting was so hurried that I asked him if he was not well.

"No—yes," he stammered, and hesitated. "The truth is, I have had a summons from home, and leave to-morrow. It is very sudden, and I was not prepared for it."

"Does Blanche go with you?"

"No. I leave her behind; and that gives me strong hopes of returning. But I must not stay," he said, "for every moment is precious; but I could not leave the place without coming here, where I have passed so many happy, happy hours."

Fan had been taken so by surprise, at the an-

nouncement of his departure, she had not been able to speak; but now, rallying, she said:

"We shall be sorry to lose you, Ernest; but I hope you will return."

"I only live on *hope*," he said, in a low tone.

Fan was for an instant embarrassed; but soon recovering herself, she shook hands kindly with him; and as the custom was, in that, to city eyes, most primitive place, she walked along with him, through the little yard, to the gate. They stood there a moment or two. I saw Ernest touch her hand once more, and then almost rush away, as if he dared not trust himself with any further expression of feeling.

Fan returned to us, and we were soon again all gaiety, and it was late before our guests left us; but the "good night" came at last; the evening blessing was given and received from the loving parents, and Fan and I were once more in our low, humble, but comfortable attic room.

Fan threw herself into a chair, where she sat full ten minutes—a most unheard-of thing for her—without speaking; then, looking up, she said:

"I don't care: I am thankful he is going away."

"Why, bless me, Fan!" said I, "have you been thinking of Ernest all this time? I am sure, he would not close his eyes, for delight, if he knew it. He looked sad, though, Fan; and you, you blushed so deeply, when he said he was going, that, I am sure, all present must have thought you deeply interested in him."

"I pray you, Lizlie, don't tease me about that: you are too bad. I wish I could get rid of that unfortunate trick of blushing—it works me a world of harm; but see, Lizzie, what am I to do with this? and she held up a small gold ring."

"Where did you get that?" I asked, as I took the ornament—a very neat gold ring, with a thread of dark hair, which I knew to be Ernest's, running through it;—you don't say Ernest gave it to you, and why did you take it?"

"I could not help it. He took my hand, and before I was aware what he was doing, the ring was slipped upon my finger, and he whispered, 'Wear it, dear Fanny, for my sake—do not reject it'—and he was gone. What am I to do with it?"

"Return it to him to-morrow morning, firmly, but kindly."

"He leaves town before I or any one in the house are awake."

"Then you must give it to Blanche, and request her to return it to him."

"I cannot do that: she would never love me again."

"Well then, go to sleep now, silly child, and

don't dream of gold rings, or any such nonsense; you are bothered enough in the day with them."

The next day, Fan said she had concluded to put the ring aside, and say and do nothing about it. Perhaps Ernest would never return; if he did, it was time enough then to let him see she would not keep it."

A few weeks passed, and Ernest, or at least his ring, was apparently forgotten. We heard he was not to return, and no further trouble seemed likely to arise from it; when one day, a friend, who had been visiting Ernest's mother, called in to see us. She brought with her a letter to Fan; and as she gave it to her, either her significant look, or the hand writing, called the tell-tale blood into her cheek and brow.

"That augurs well for the poor fellow, Miss Fanny," said the lady. "I trust you will not reject his heart, for it is an honest and true one. He hardly dared write to you; but his sister saw he was unhappy, won his confidence, and advised him to this course, as the only one that could put him out of suspense.

Fanny took the letter, and returned to her own room. I waited some time anxiously for her re-appearance, but in vain. I then sought, and found her, on the couch, sobbing as if her heart would break. The half-open letter was in her hand.

"Why, Fanny, what is the matter, with you now, child? I am ashamed of you. What has Ernest said to wound you so?"

"I am wounded, dear Lizzie, that I should have been the cause of pain to so good a heart. Read it, dear, and see how confidingly, and yet fearfully, Ernest writes. How shall I answer him? how can I tell him I do not love him? It is too bad to throw back so good a heart."

"He has, undoubtedly, mistaken your kindness of manner for encouragement and affection: it is a severe, but a good lesson to you, and you will profit by it."

I took the letter, and was charmed with its sweet simplicity, its trusting confidence, it laid the whole wealth of a guileless heart at the shrine of the young girl who had become to it its world. She was all to him, and I looked pityingly upon her, for it was no easy task to reply to such a letter.

As soon as she could gain courage for it, Fan went down to the parlor, and there she was forced to hear from her garrulous friend how ill Ernest had been; he could neither eat nor sleep till he came to the resolution to write. Fan quivered and paled, and coloured, under the infliction, but still tried to laugh it off, but right glad was she when the lady took her departure.

In the evening Fan seated herself at the desk to reply to the letter; note after note did she write and tear up, it was in vain; wearied at length, she went to bed, determined in the morning to consult with her father. She had wished to keep it from him, indeed from every one, but she found it so impossible to say what she should, for even feminine instinct failed her, that she felt she needed advice.

Long was the consultation the next day she had with her kind parent, and many were the words of judicious counsel he dropped into her open heart. Good seed to bring forth and bear fruit. Yielding to her solicitation, he penned for her a few words of kind yet firm refusal of the affection lavished upon her.

Fan copied it, enclosed the ring, and it was safely sent, and thus ended "Cousin Fan's first offer."

Three or four years afterwards, she was reading some newspapers, when I was aroused from a deep reverie by an exclamation of delight:

"Oh, Lizzie! is not this good:—'At Bonneville, Mr. Ernest Morin, to Gertrude, daughter of Jams Gerardho, Esq.' Then I did not break his heart after all, notwithstanding I had so many lectures about it."

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Poor autumn leaf! down floating
Upon the blustering gales;
Torn from thy bough,
Where goest thou,
Withered, and shrunk, and pale?

"I go, thou sad inquirer,
As list the winds to blow,
Scar, sapless, lost,
And tempest-tost,
I go where all things go.

"The rude winds bear me onward
As suiteth them, not me,
O'er dale, o'er hill,
Through good, through ill,
As destiny bears thee.

"What though for me one summer,
And threescore for thy breath—
I live my span,
Thou thine, poor man!
And then adown to death?

"And thus we go together;
For lofty as thy lot,
And lowly mine,
My fate is thine,
To die and be forgot!"

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY GLENDOWER.

OF all the monuments of human ingenuity and labor, I can think of none greater than the English Language. It is the language of a people peculiarly favored of Heaven, both in respect of the gifts of intellect and the period in which it has been their lot to flourish. Great were the natural powers of the Anglo-Saxon race, and greatly have they been developed. We see evidence of this in the rude yet sterling qualities of their early heroes, and their hardy struggles for national existence; we see it in their subsequent achievements in arms, in commerce, and in high philosophy; we see it in their foreign settlements, giving rise in one instance to a second independent, extensive, and liberally-conducted Saxon Empire, and that too by a revolution so singularly great and happy, that one might well consent to bear the disgrace of its origin for the sake of sharing the glory of its result—to be an *Englishman* with George the Third, that he might be a *Saxon* with Washington. And lastly, we see it in that complicate and most wondrous engine of civil power—the British Constitution:—a strange medley of antagonistic elements, resulting in a most compact and durable structure,—resisting all shocks from abroad, and by an inherent restorative power, overcoming every symptom of rottenness and decay within—holding together, and even yet advancing, an Empire whose convulsive forces would send any other constitution into broken and dishonored fragments.

If from these high exploits, evincing the superiority of the race, we turn to their language, we need not wonder that we find an object of unrivalled admiration. For here the spirit of the people has embodied itself. Here are laid up in an indestructible store-house the fruits of their national toil; here the results of that proud ambition which acknowledges no superior; of that depth of intellect which searches the hidden things of Nature; and of that vigorous imagination which sends forth conjecture into the regions of possibility, throws new beauty over the sensible world, and peoples, with forms of divinent excellence, the infinite and invisible.

The stranger, of another tongue, passing over the borders of English literature, finds himself ascending from the dreary plain below into a

paradise of all things pleasant to the sight, and good for intellectual food. There are trees dropping delicious fruit; flowers that ever bloom; birds of choicest song; and streams, now gently gliding, now leaping and sparkling in the sunbeams. Or we may liken the language to a vast reservoir, into which have been flowing for centuries the noblest truths of science, history, and song—*original* truths, from the minds of her own Shakspeares and Bacons, and *borrowed* truths, from every kindred and every age. At this golden fountain the learned of all lands now fill their little urns, and carry thence to the thirsty multitudes around them.

And if, as the more sanguine lovers of human progress would believe, the time is at length at hand, when the healthful influence of a pure religion, and the more general spread of knowledge, shall give stability to political institutions, and secure a uniform improvement of the social fabric; and when also the increased and most wonderful facilities for internal and foreign communications shall diminish national jealousies; beget a greater community of interests; restrain the inclination to war; enlarge and deepen the stream of popular sympathy; and finally, make of one blood all the nations of the earth: Then, it is a pleasing, and by no means fanciful, view of the future, to consider the English nation as the leader and prince of this great national brotherhood, and her language as becoming more and more enriched with thought; more and more enlarged in its vocabulary; more and more adapted to the infinite complexities of human emotion; more and more sufficient for the native, and more and more necessary for the foreigner; until, by the silent, yet iron law of usage, its subtle, colonizing sway, has superseded all the minor dialects of earth; restored again the breach of Babel, and enclosed all literature, from the Ganges to the St. Lawrence, in an universal Saxon-dome. But if any person deem us too confident as to the future perpetuity of empires, and prefer the gloomy dogma of those determined analogists who argue, from the natural growth and decay of plants and animals, a corresponding growth and decay in every social compact; and from the fall of admired Greece and Rome, infer the fall of all succeeding nations: we, nevertheless, can-

not forget, that whatever changes or dissolution may befall particular organizations of society, there is still one fabric of national skill—one relic of a kingdom's greatness—which does not always vanish with the "little brief authority" of its builders. Before this imperishable Coliseum of Language, the mourner of departed dynasties, and, most of all, the friend of social advancement, may be allowed to pause ere he embrace the disheartening doctrine, that man is doomed, by the condition of his nature, to run, alternately, the career of improvement and degeneracy, and to realise the beautiful but melancholy fable of Sisyphus, by an eternal renovation of hope and disappointment. No nation can ever wholly perish that has a literature of her own. And if the rhapsodies of one blind bard, wandering from door to door, and singing for his bread, have been able to eternise the achievements of Troy, then, surely, a most cheering prospect is opened up for the Isle of Albion. If, as some too boldly predict, the time at last must arrive when Britannia's royalty shall be laid low; when her renowned universities shall shelter but the owl and the serpent; when her "cloud-capt towers, gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples," shall moulder into dust; when the poet of other lands shall come to draw inspiration from the gloomy grandeur of her ruins; and the Queen-isle of Ocean, having passed from nothingness to glory, from glory to oblivion, shall hear the song of her revelry and triumph fast dying away into the mournful echoes of the Atlantic billows, as they dash upon the dreary cliffs of Dover, it is some consolation to know, that *even then*, her language will still survive, in all the freshness and force of a living tongue, among a great Anglo-American people, where her Miltons and her Burkes will continue to be read and admired as patriarchal laborers of the same great Saxon family. To this language of their fathers the British descendants of the New World will ever fondly turn as the common treasury of human lore, and will seek supplies for the wants of their own nature, and the exigencies of their own land, from a volume of history holding forth the most varied and extensive political experience, enriched by the first productions of original genius, and made universal by spoils gathered from all languages and all times. And when the now young America herself, having lived her "three score years and ten," shall go, in a good old age, to sleep with her fathers; when the ever-varying, yet still onward, stream of human progress, has swept back again to the long-deserted shores of Italy and Greece; when the Seven-hilled City shall once more give laws to the nations, and the Acropolis

of Minerva become a temple of Christianity; even then the school-boy shall acquire his mental discipline; the statesman, his precepts of wisdom; the philosopher, his principles of speculation; the poet, his highest models of art; and the divine, his best discourses on morality and religion, from the venerable language of the Saxon.

[In connexion with the above eloquent paper, we submit, for the perusal of our readers, an extract from an article which appeared lately in an English journal, from the pen of Elihu Burritt,—a gentleman becoming famous in the literary world, by his nervous and vigorous productions. Originally a blacksmith in Ohio, he has abandoned the anvil for the pen; but he seems to have carried into his new vocation, both the will and the power to strike with emphasis. If the reader will not go the whole length with him in his theory, it will be at least admitted, that there is both truth and poetry in his conceptions.—
ED. L. G.]

"The English race is the result of a remarkable combination of three remarkable elements, on a remarkable theatre of amalgamation, and at a remarkable time in the world's history; and for the purpose, it would appear, of making, in a new sense, of one blood, and of one language, all nations of men. These elements are, the Celtic, Saxon, Scandinavian, combined on the Island of Great Britain, just before the discovery of the New World. Each of these is as essential to the integrity and vital energy of the English race as any other of the three. If emigration had commenced to the Western or Eastern World before this combination, or from either of these elementary races, the condition and prospects of mankind would have differed seriously from those that distinguish the present day. What would a colony of poor Celts, or Saxons, or Danes, have done on the American Continent? Would the Celts have launched forth into commercial and manufacturing enterprise, and have set the streams of the New World to the music of machinery? Would not the Saxons have followed their old predilections, and have settled down upon the fertile lands, as mere agriculturists, and left the rivers and intervening ocean scarcely whitened by a yard of canvas; as they did in England, when the Danes surrounded the island with nearly a thousand of their little ships? And would not the Danes have overrun the new Continent, as they were wont to overrun the seas, without ever stopping to settle, or tarrying longer than to gratify their reckless spirit of adventure, by playing the Nimrod in the wilderness, or by waging perpetual war with the Indians? An answer to these questions may be found in the experience of every elementary race that has sought to colonize itself on the American Continent, or in any other foreign land. The French is essentially an elementary race; and it had the first and best chance of colonization in North America; and this it attempted in the choicest localities on the Continent. Some of the best families of France settled on the St. Lawrence, Ohio, and Mississippi. But what has been the result? So with regard to Spain: she colonized her best blood in Mexico and Peru; and what came of it, but a listless race without energy or enterprise? Such, probably, would have

been essentially the experience of each of the elements of the English race, had it attempted the colonization of America. But, combined, they have given to the world a race, not only distinguished by the Celtic faculty of cohesion and endurance; by the Saxon faculty of conformity to all climates and conditions of life; and by the hardy Scandinavian, or Yankee spirit of adventure and migration; but, also, by a prodigious faculty of self-propagation, unknown to any portion of the human family. In evidence of this latter quality, the French savans themselves assert, that the population of the United States doubles itself once in 25 years; of Great Britain, in 44 years; of Germany, in 76 years; of Holland, in 106; of Italy, in 135; of France, in 139; of Switzerland, in 227; of Portugal, in 238; and of Turkey, in 555 years. The statistics of population in Asiatic and African countries are too lame to afford a trusty basis of calculation; but we know that there are many nations of men that do not increase at all in population; that there are others gradually wasting, like morning dew before the rising sun of civilization. And, perhaps, we may safely assume, that the aggregate population of all the other nations, besides those mentioned above, doubles itself in 1000 years. Then, taking the average increase of all these nations, the population of the globe, exclusive of the English race, would double itself in 310 years, and, if now 750 millions, would be, in the year 2157, if the world endure so long, 1,500,000,000. But the English race doubles itself in 35 years; and, putting it now at the very low estimate of 50 millions, if it should increase as it has done, it would amount to 21,940,000,000, in 2157; or more than twenty-seven times the present number of the inhabitants of the globe! and more than fourteen times the number of all the rest of the human family 310 years hence. Can there exist a reasonable doubt, then, of the ultimate prevalence of one blood and one language over the earth? Is it not inevitable, that these sluggish streams and stagnant pools of human vitality, must be absorbed into that gulf-stream of population which takes its head and impetus in England?

"Great Britain is not only the heart in which the blood of this wonderful race is elaborated, but the heart that propels it, by organic pulsations, to the world's extremes. During the ten years, ending with 1846, under the pressure of a common necessity, she propelled 745,300 of her children across the Atlantic, to seek a field of labor and life in North America alone,—and 125,778 of these, during the last year. And this is only one direction in which she has propelled the blood of the English race, to propagate its kind among the distant tribes of men. America, with its 25 millions of English lineage, language, and genius, is but a senior plantation. The whole globe is already sown with the like in kind; and each an evidence of the prodigious fecundity of the stock. Sail the wide oceans over, and you will find one of these plantations striking its vigorous roots deep and broad into every soil, whereon the aborigines are melting away like unsuited exotics. The island-heart of Britain beats on, and its blood acclimates itself to every clime and condition of vitality. And now its pulsations are quickened and strengthened by the pressure of the new necessity, which has long been gathering force. Her sea-girt home is too contracted for her landless millions, who are annually increasing in numbers, and in the relentless importunity for bread and freer life and labor. And she must let her people go—go by hundreds, where they have before gone by scores—go to all lands, where labor can meet the exigencies of human life. During the last year, the official register

numbers 129,851 emigrants, who went out from her on this mission of existence. But what is this number, compared with the host that will leave the United Kingdom the present year? If nearly a million have gone to distant lands during the last ten, will not a million more follow them in the next five years? And these will go, as their predecessors went, with as strong home affections and love of kindred as ever bound human hearts and habitations together. If one doubts this, let him stand by and witness the scene that is enacted when an emigrant ship unmoors for the Western World; or let him go to America, and try the strength of the home feeling with which the emigrant clings to the remembrance of his native land, and of those he has left behind."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE FARMERS' OF CANADA.*

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Know ye not that ye are men,
Ye labouring throngs of earth?
Must ye be told and told again
What truth and toil are worth?

Why do you look upon the ground,
No fire within the eye,
When noble born are all around,
And wealth and rank go by?

For, have ye not a heart within,
And sense and soul as they?
And more—have ye not toiled to raise
The bread ye eat to-day?

Do you despise your sunburnt hands—
So hard and brown with toil—
That have made fair the forest lands,
And turned the forest soil?

What! do you fear the haughty gaze
Of men in such array?
'Tis said, pride hath not many days,
And riches fly away.

Up heart and hand, and persevere,
And overcome the scorn—
The haughty hate and heartless sneer
Of this world's gentle born.

Fear not—shrink not—to you is given
The guardianship of earth:
And on the record book of Heaven
Is writ your honest worth.

Honour yourselves, be honest, true,
And willing, firm, and strong—
Do well what'er your hands may do,
Though praise may linger long.

A high and holy work is yours,
And yours should be a fame
That lives for ages, and endures
Beyond a hero's name.

Go, with your hands upon the plough,
And the plough beneath the sod,
Pity the heart that scorns, and bow
To nothing but your God!

Carton, 1847.

* First published in the *Montreal Courier*.

WHAT COULD IT BE?

A STORY OF L'ACADIE.

BY J. H. CANDIDE.

"Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble."

I HAVE a circumstance of so remarkable a character to relate to you, that I feel it is necessary to inform you something of the history and character of the writer, so that you may be the better able to judge of the amount of credence to which it is entitled.

I was born in London, in England, in the year 1816, so that I am now just thirty-one years of age; I, therefore, think I may say, that I am in the prime of my life, and neither in my nonage nor my dotage. My parents were people of good, plain, common sense; religious, but not superstitious; who always made their children go to bed, undress, and say their prayers, *without a candle*, and never allowed them to be terrified by bogle, hobgoblin, or any other fanciful and frightful fiction of a diseased imagination; so that I certainly was not brought up a timid, or easily frightened child.

When a lad, I was brought up in the midst of gas-lights and policemen, and was forced, from a very early period of my life, to mix in all the stern realities of that bustling and very practical city, London. I, therefore, was not likely to become a fanciful or superstitious dreamer. I am naturally of a strong mind, rather inclined to doubt, and inquire into the truth and reality of all things which fall under my observation—especially if they partake of the marvellous—than to wonder, and take such things on mere hear-say. As I grew older, and my mind and my knowledge increased, and I obtained some insight into natural, physical, and philosophical science, I became a confirmed and professed *disbeliever* in ghosts, apparitions, and supernatural appearances and influences, of every kind. I took a particular delight in discovering and exposing all those strange, mysterious, and, hitherto, unaccountable circumstances, both ancient and modern, which had excited the wonder and fear of the great mass of mankind; always shewing them to arise from perfectly natural causes, and the wonder and alarm to be merely the results of ignorance of

the causes which produced the effects; and as I am tolerably well versed in experimental chemistry, pneumatics, acoustics, and all those arts, sciences, and appliances, which have furnished the material for the mysterious, marvellous, and supernatural appearances and circumstances of all ages and all times, I have frequently dispelled the doubts, and calmed the fears, which, even in such a practical and bustling place as London, will still linger in the hearts of some of the weaker specimens of humanity. Nay, Sir, I have even gone farther than this; for, by a species of ratiocination, or logic, with which I will not trouble you, as I have no doubt you have heard such, I have often proved, at least to my own satisfaction, that *there could not be such a thing* as a ghost, or supernatural appearance; and that where the parties relating it had not been imposed on by a trick, or a cheat, they were the victims of a *diseased brain* or imagination, or some simple circumstance, which their fears had magnified, and the causes of which they had never discovered; and so firmly did I myself believe this, that even now, when the recollection of that which I am about to narrate to you sends a chill through all my veins, and although *I cannot* doubt of the truth of what I have myself seen and felt, still my old feelings and convictions linger about me, and I endeavour, but in vain, by the aid of all my knowledge, my experience, and all my reasoning powers, to explain, in a rational and natural way, that terrible appearance, the recollection of which haunts me every hour of the day, and which I do not doubt I shall carry with me to the grave.

Sir, you will perceive that, by nature, education, and all the circumstances of my life, I am one of the last persons in the world from whom you would expect to hear of anything at all savouring of the supernatural; and, to say the truth, if it were not for a faint hope which I entertain that your knowledge and experience may afford me some clue to the solution of this hor-

rible mystery, it is very probable that you never would have heard of it; and yet it is *my* fate to narrate a circumstance of so mysterious a character that I cannot, even for a moment, persuade myself to class it with any natural agency that I am acquainted with; and that, too, not in any distant corner of the world, the scene of it being no other than the pleasant and rural village of L'Acadie; nor at any remote period of time, it being no longer ago than three weeks from this present time,—a cold chill running through my blood even now, as I recall it to my remembrance; and so far from my telling it for a second, third, or even a further removed person, as is generally the case in affairs partaking of the supernatural, I have, unfortunately, to relate *my own* experience in the following narrative.

And here it may probably be necessary to mention how I came to L'Acadie; for I am such a regular townsman, that, although I have not the same excuse here as I had in London, namely, that the country was so far off, yet, to say the truth, I seldom stir out of the town in which I reside, except it be on a Sunday, just to get a mouthful of fresh air.

You must know, Sir, I have a cousin residing at St. Jaques le Mineur, who, when he comes to Montreal, to sell his produce, generally does me the honor of making my house his hostelry; in return for which accommodation, he occasionally makes me a present of certain small matters, in the shape of fresh butter, eggs, poultry, &c.; and he never fails to give me the most pressing invitation to return his visit, and “honor his house, such as it is, with my company for a few days,”—at least thus he is pleased to say. Now, from the circumstance of his having asked me a great number of times, and my never having accepted his invitation, I fancy he began to think I never should go; and he was thereby emboldened, by his fancied security, to press his offers, and solicit me with redoubled confidence and security. He did so; and I determined to punish him, *by going to his house*. But, as my avocations are of such a nature as to demand my *almost* constant attendance in town, I determined to go on Saturday afternoon, that I might have Sunday included in my holiday, so as to lose as little time as possible. I proposed crossing the river in the *Prince Albert*, walking to St. Philippe that evening, and then, sleeping there, have a pleasant walk to St. Jacques in the morning, which I could easily do before breakfast, as it is only about six miles, and by that plan I could see more of the country than I could by any other.

This was *my* plan; but here I must confess to a grievous error,—an error which I have already

severely repented—which I shall always repent—and which I have solemnly promised myself never to be guilty of again—namely, taking my wife's advice! It is not often that I am guilty of this thing; but, on this occasion, I must own, I did give way to her plausibilities. “It was a long way for me to walk,” she said; “and if it got dark before I got to St. Philippe, I might miss my way. This was very true—*I might*; I could not deny it; as I had never been there but once before, and that was in the winter, when the ground was all covered with snow. “Then, again, you know, you can't speak a word of French; and if anything was to happen to you, see how awkward you would be, for they are all Canadians about there.” Now, though neither of these assertions was literally true, yet there was some truth and justice in both; and, finally, I suffered myself to be led astray by her advice, which was, that when I got to Laprairie, I should go by the railroad as far as L'Acadie, and from thence, as she was told, I could easily walk to St. Jacques that night; and then, I could sleep at my cousin's, which would be much better than sleeping at a strange house, where I might be robbed or murdered, and all sorts of things. She also added something about her own rest being somehow concerned in the matter, and two or three other things which I will not repeat. Suffice it, that, like our forefather, Adam, I was seduced and led astray by a woman.

It was a few minutes before five o'clock, on the Saturday afternoon of a beautiful day, at the commencement of September, that I stepped on board the *Prince Albert*. I was in capital health and spirits, quite sober, and determined to enjoy myself as much as possible during my short interval from business. Either the steam was low, or the stream was strong, for it took us rather more than an hour to get to Laprairie, another quarter to get the baggage and people stowed away in the railway cars; and, after two or three false starts, we at length “got away,” at the rate of about ten miles an hour. I was very much amused during this part of my journey, by seeing a boy, on an old cart horse, racing with our train, and bearing it; and I could not help thinking on the different way in which they do things in the Old Country. Thus, when I left the cars at the L'Acadie station, it was near seven. I say the L'Acadie station, for, although I had been given to understand that I was to be put down at L'Acadie, yet, when I was put down, and had time to look around me, I could only perceive one solitary house, stack at the corner of a lane. As the railway cars were again in motion, I did not think it worth while to stop them, to ask my way to

L'Acadie, and, therefore, turned my steps towards the house for that purpose. A man, with a very respectable brogue, informed me that it was "a decent piece off yet; mayhap, it might be three miles or so, perhaps, more; but, there," said he, pointing with his finger to a young man who was passing up the lane, "is a *by* that's going there, and, sure, you can go along with him." Thinking a companion would not be a bad thing, I determined to avail myself of his hint; and, thanking him for his information, I made haste to overtake the *by*, as he called him.

I soon overtook him; and accosting him, by asking if this was the road to L'Acadie, we soon fell into conversation. He informed me that he was as great a stranger in that part as I was; that, like myself, he lived in Montreal, and had come out on a visit to an uncle of his, who lived at L'Acadie, and that, he *believed*, we were on the right road. I soon found out that he, too, was an Irishman; but he happened, notwithstanding, to be a reasonable being, and I was able to chat with him on politics, religion, and all the topics of the day, without any fear of getting my head broken for my pains.

Thus, the road and the time passed pleasantly away, and we soon got over the *three miles* of road which lies between the station and the village from which it takes its name; when the occasional "*marche donc*" to a tired horse, or "*pasé, passé*" to a lazy eow, as their respective drivers (scarcely less tired or lazy) urged their steps homewards, warned us that we were at length entering the quiet little village of L'Acadie, there was hardly sufficient daylight left to light up the gilt vane which surmounts the taper spire of the church.

When we entered the village, it was fairly dark: lights were gleaming from every window. My companion, who had informed me that he believed St. Jacques was a good five miles farther, now bid me a good night, as he had arrived very near his journey's end, and he was anxious to be there; and I was left standing in the centre of the village,—L'Acadie "all before me, where to choose;" for as to going on to St. Jacques that night, *not knowing a step of the way*, and *not knowing a word of French*, that was quite out of the question; and I could not help smiling—a bitter smile—at my wife's policy, and my own folly.

I now began to look around me for some house in which I could stop for the night. There was a long, low house on my right hand, with a neat gallery, and porch at the door, and a very tall pole before the house, with a small oval board stuck on the top of it, on which, by the faint

glimmering of day and starlight, I could just discern the words—"Hotel; by Louis Lecompte;" and, as I had no choice or preference in the matter, I at once turned in there, and inquired of two men, who were standing before the bar—for there was no one behind it—if I could have supper and a bed there that night.

"We can't speak English; but the master will be in presently," said one of the men.

"Well," thought I, "if you can't speak English, you can speak something which is very like it;" but as it was evident they did not wish to have any conversation with me, of course I did not force myself upon them, but waited patiently till the master of the house came in, which was a matter of some ten minutes after my arrival, during which time, the two men at the counter kept up a low conversation, in choice Canadian French, occasionally looking at me in a suspicious and disagreeable manner.

The *aubergiste*, at whose heels followed an ugly brute, of the true Bill Sykes breed, was a short, thick-set man, of about thirty years of age, with a very sullen and forbidding look, and with eyes that were seldom lifted off the ground. He wore neither hat nor coat; and when he entered, he exchanged a few short words with the men at the bar, and honored me with a stare. I approached, and repeated my question; and he, having taken about two minutes to consider, at length answered:

"Yes."

"Very well," said I; "then let me have supper as soon as you can."

My host did vouchsafe to answer: "Yea, Sir;" this time, also, with a very bad grace; and, shortly after, left the bar to give orders for that purpose.

By this time I had got thoroughly dissatisfied with my choice; and, if I could have found any decent excuse for doing so, I would, even then, have left, "and sought a supper somewhere else." I could see plainly enough, I was an unwelcome guest; and I could not help thinking it a very strange thing, that, although it was Saturday night, not a soul had come in during the whole time I had been there, and I had seen no signs of women or children about the house. Now, women and children are a kind of furniture which Canadian houses are not generally deficient in; and, I must own, I like to see that kind of furniture about a house anywhere. But no woman's shrill voice, or child's merry laugh, had greeted my ears since I had been in the house, although, I still hoped to see one at supper. But here, again, I was disappointed; for the landlord at length announced that my supper was ready, and led

the way into a back room, and grumbled forth a kind of apology, that he was sorry I had had to wait so long, but that his wife was sick, and he had been sending all over the village for a girl, but could not get one; so that I was fain to put up with a great tall nigger for an attendant.

The black was civil and attentive enough, having all the fearful and fawning manner of a runaway slave; but, I must own, I would rather have seen a petticoat; it would have put me more at my ease. My supper, too, was of the commonest kind; and if it had not been for the bread and butter, I should have gone to bed hungry.

And now, my frugal and uncomfortable supper being ended, and I having nothing to keep me up—for there was not the slightest shadow of anything of entertainment, not even a newspaper—for the master would not, and the men seemed afraid to speak to me—I requested to be shown to my bed-room, first offering to pay for my "entertainment," as I intended to be off early in the morning. This, however, the host refused, saying, with a peculiar smile, I should be sure to find him up at *any time*. I thought this rather strange, as the Canadians are generally pretty good at going to bed; and, although this *was* a tavern, I did not perceive any great run of custom to keep him up all night; however, I said nothing, but followed my black attendant through such a number of rooms and passages, twistings and turnings, in all manner of ways, that I am quite sure I never could have found my way back in the dark; and I could not help thinking that he was purposely leading me through so many ways, for the purpose of confusing my memory.

At length, he ascended a narrow flight of stairs, which led into a garret of immense extent; it certainly covered the whole house, and the house must have been much larger than it appeared from the outside; for although we appeared to rise in the middle of it, the light of the candle failed to light the extremities on either side. The black turned to the left, carefully steering his way between empty flour barrels, broken bottles, old buffalo skins, and all the lumber and rubbish, which usually form the furniture of garrets, to a small room which had been formed at one end of the garret, by putting up a slight partition, which did not reach near to the roof, and which could not possibly be tenanted in the winter.

And, setting down the candle, the darkie told me that was my room; and that if I wanted anything, and would come to the top of the stairs and hollo, he would be sure to hear me. He left me alone; and no sooner was he gone, than I

took a survey of the apartment. The furniture was scanty enough, consisting of the bed, two chairs, a table, covered with a white cloth, on which was a small looking-glass, and a comb and brush, a wash-hand stand and ewer, and some boxes in one corner.

The room was lit by one small window, which was open; and the door had no other fastening than a common latch, which might be opened either way, so that fastening it was out of the question. However, the appearance of the bed gave me satisfaction, as it was both clean and comfortable; and, promising myself a good night's rest, and an early start in the morning, I prepared for bed, by pulling off my boots, winding up my watch, and putting it, with a good dirk-knife—which I always carry with me, to be prepared for anything that may happen—under my pillow.

While I was undressing, some trifling noise in the yard below, called me to the window; and, although partly undressed, I could not resist throwing open the blind, that I might the better enjoy the beauty and the luxury of a night-scene like this. It was still early—about half-past nine—and lights might be seen at almost every house, and voices occasionally heard, but not sufficiently near, or loud, to disturb the silence and solemnity of the night. There was no moon, but the stars shone out with a brilliance which almost compensated for her absence, and the wind blew in my face, in those warm and yet refreshing gusts—peculiar to September—which remind one of those half-playful, half-amorous kisses, which a young girl bestows on the man who is so happy as to win her first love.

I don't know how it is; but, although bred and born a townsman, and used to, and perfectly at home, in all the noise, bustle, and turmoil of a city, yet I absolutely enjoy, and luxuriate in such a scene as this; and I do not know anything that gives me more calm, or real pleasure, than sitting under a tree, or lying in a hay-field, on such a night as this, and allowing my imagination to stray to Arcadian scenes of rural employments and enjoyments, and fancying how much happier my life might have glided away, if fate or fortune had cast my lot in the country—for which I have always had a strong inclination—instead of in town, for which, from the roguery and vice with which they are filled, I have always had a dislike.

On the night in question, my thoughts took a more *real* direction; for, after a few minutes of listless idleness, I began to think of those I loved, but had left in the Old Country, and if they were now employed as pleasantly as I was. This soon brought my thoughts round to my cousin, whom I was going to see; and suddenly remembering,

that, if I did not go to bed to-night, I could not get up to-morrow morning, I closed the blind, and was soon in bed; and, after congratulating myself that I had at least got a good bed, and turning myself two or three times, to "fix" myself comfortably, I was fast asleep before ten o'clock.

How long I slept I do not exactly know, but I should suppose it was between twelve and one o'clock, when I awoke; and, wondering why I woke at that time of night—for there was not the least glimpse of light visible anywhere—I soon came to the conclusion, that it was owing to being in a strange bed; and, turning round in my bed, with a feeling of satisfaction at having so good a bed under me, I was soon asleep again.

This time, I do not think I slept an hour; and, feeling rather annoyed at my restlessness, for which I could not account, I turned again in my bed, thinking that I must be lying in some awkward position, when my attention was attracted by a light at the far end of the garret.

My first idea, on seeing the light, was, that it was some female belonging to the house, who had come up to fetch something; but a second look told me two things, namely; that the light did not proceed from a candle, or lamp, held by the figure, but from the figure itself, and that I was looking at it through a deal board, for I could see the door was shut, as I had left it; and the outline of the figure formed the outline of that part of the door which appeared as though cut out; and the rest of the door was a perfect blank, as before:—two things so unusual, and so totally unexpected, in this out of the way place, that I was perfectly wide awake in a moment, and sitting up in bed, to have a better look at it.

My second thought was, that it was merely a figure, drawn with phosphorus, on the door, as that was precisely the appearance it presented, namely, a clear, but not strong, blue, quivering light, just similar to a congreve match, when first ignited; but *this* idea was very soon dispelled; for not only was it exceedingly improbable that any person, in such a place as this, would play such a trick as this on me, but I also plainly perceived, that, instead of the outlines of the figure gradually dying away, as is always the case with figures drawn with phosphorus, they were gradually becoming clearer and more distinct; in short, the figure was slowly approaching my bedside.

As the figure gradually approached me, I had time to think of all the wonderful effects which I had seen produced by the chiaro-oscuro, camera-obscura, camera-lucida, and magic lantern, in London; but I must own I could not recollect

anything similar to his, for (to say nothing of the absolute improbability of these scientific amusements being practised by the *habitans* of L'Acadie) there was something about this apparance, so different from anything which I had ever seen before, that I must own I felt a tremor, and a sensation of fear, creep through my body.

I could now distinctly trace, not only the outlines, but every line and fold of the drapery, in which it was completely enveloped. I could not tell whether it was a male or female form, as it was completely enveloped in drapery; even the head, which was hanging down, was so covered with a kind of cowl, that no part of the face was visible, and the hands, which were also hanging down in front, and crossed over each other, were hid in the sleeves of the dress. Although I could not say I had ever seen any one in a dress exactly similar to it, the nearest dress that I can compare it to, is, the dress of some of the Nuns, who are frequently seen in the streets of Montreal: only there was this terrible difference, that, whereas, the dress of the nuns is black, gray, brown, or some other sober and retiring colour, the dress of this figure, (which was now entering my room,) was of *fire!* blue, living, moving, *fire!* which crept and crawled, and shone on every line, and every fold, which formed the appearance now before me.

As it had slowly advanced along the garret, I had noticed that the light, which emanated from it, was sufficient to illuminate some of the old rubbish which I had seen as I came to bed the night previous, and that, too, one by one, as it came towards them; I observed also that it did not walk, (nor indeed did it move hand or limb,) but advanced to me in a manner totally different from any of the most skilfully managed ghosts which I had seen on the stage.

When the figure had fairly advanced into my room, and, indeed, was close to my bed-side, I could no longer see through the door; it was all solid, black, and dark, and my terrible visitant stood in strong relief before it; I felt for the first time in my life, what *fear* was, for I *knew* that the thing which now stood before me, was of that order and description which are "past the philosophy of man."

It was this knowledge, (a kind of innate feeling which I cannot describe,) which made me shrink to the farthest side of the bed, and put back my clasp-knife, with a consciousness of its utter uselessness, against such a thing as this, for I *knew* that if I struck it with all my force, my knife would only descend on the bedstead. Why, I could see it through a deal board; how then *could* I drive it from me by cold steel? and

it was this knowledge which made me tremble in my bed, and instinctively shrink from it, and put down my knife.

When the figure reached my bed-side, it became motionless for the space of two or three minutes, (I cannot say exactly how long, for to me, at the time, it seemed an hour,) when I thought I observed a slight motion in both the head and the hands. It was so; they were both raised, till, oh, God! one of the most horrible sights met my eyes, which it is possible for the mind of man to conceive.

Let any one imagine a figure such as I have described, covered with blue livid flame from head to foot, disclosing the lineaments of a skull, and the hands of a skeleton, of a startling bright yellow flame; the sockets, where eyes should have been; the holes, once covered with nostrils; the mouth no longer garnished with teeth; differing from the other parts of the skull by their greater intensity; resembling steel when it is heated to a white heat, and the long thin bones of the hand and fingers of an intense bright yellow flame—standing close to his bed-side, and glaring with its horrible visage full into his face, and I am sure they will not accuse me of cowardice, when I confess, that in the intensity of my terror, I shrank from it to the very farthest extremity of the bed, and gathered the bed-clothes around me, as some sort of protection.

I think it was William Cobbett, who used to say, that he always found the English language quite adequate to the expression of all the feelings and emotions of his mind; and up to the present time I could have said the same; but, Sir, no words, no form of expression, with which I am acquainted, can convey any idea of the absolute terror—the horrible feeling of fear and disgust—which I experienced when the spectre, having stood perfectly motionless, with its hands crossed on its breast, gave utterance to such an unearthly, such a dismal, such a *miserable* groan, as never proceeded from mortal breast, and such as, I hope, never to hear again; my eyes were wide open, my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my blood seemed like ice in my veins. Even now, after an interval of three weeks, at a distance from the spot, with the sun shining brightly in at my window, and the merry voices of my children, who are playing in the garden, ringing in my ears, a cold shiver runs through my frame, when I recall that horrible sight,—that doleful sound!

And yet, what is it that caused this intense, this excessive fear in me? I have asked myself this question a thousand times since. I am not a man to be frightened by any human sight or

sound; on the contrary, I am always rather given to enquiring into, and investigating anything at all unusual or uncommon; and as to my thinking that I should suffer in my person, from or by this apparition, such a thought never entered my head. I can only account for it, by concluding that it was indeed a *super-natural* appearance, and that, consequently, my nature revolted from it; and by quoting a passage from the Book of Job. "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake."

Perhaps a minute had elapsed since that groan of hopeless anguish and unmitigated torture had died away in my ear, when I (as I still sat with my eyes fixed intently on the spectre, for I *could not* turn my head or take away my eyes from it,) observed a slight motion in the hands; gradually, slowly, by scarcely perceptible degrees, both the head and the hands fell into their former position, and the robe or mantle of blue flame enfolded them, and hid them from my sight.

This was a relief to me, for although the figure still stood by my bed-side, and I knew what was under those horrid folds, still, I did not see it, and that was something.

Again I must *suppose* it was three or four minutes that the figure remained perfectly still, and then, with a feeling of infinite relief, and drawing a freer breath, I saw that it was slowly moving away. As it slowly receded, it turned, so that when about the door of my room, its back was towards me; when it had passed the door, I could still see it as plainly as before, and never taking my eyes off it, I watched it, to the far end of the garret, where it slowly sunk down and left me in total darkness, and a cold sweat.

What were my thoughts and feelings for the next hour, I can hardly say, they were so confused; but they certainly were not of the most pleasant description. I slept no more that night, and of course, I gradually recovered myself—self-possession; but this I *do* know, that although I have heard some of the sweetest vocalists now living; the grandest and most charming efforts of the best composers and musicians; the joyous warbling of the feathered tribe in the full enjoyment of life and liberty; the merry sounds of the children's voices in their gladdest moods; nay, sweetest of all, the voice of her I loved, confessing that she *returned my love*,—I never heard any sound half so sweet, so welcome, so refreshing to my ears, as the first cock-crow, which proclaimed the coming day.

Still I had a long and weary time to wait before it was light enough to dress, (some cocks wake in the night and take the earliest opportunity of letting their neighbours know that they

are up and dressed,)—but when I could plainly discern the things about the room, I was not long in making my toilet, and finding my way down stairs.

The black I found asleep in a bunk, dressed as I had last seen him; I shook him by the shoulder, and he was up in a moment, and in another minute his master also made his appearance, dressed also. I desired my account, and soon settled it; my landlord expressed his surprise at my going away so early, and with, as I thought, a very sinister smile, *hoped I had slept well*. I assured him I had, for I would not give the rascal the satisfaction of knowing what a wretched night I had passed, and said that I wished to get to the end of my journey before breakfast. I took my bitters, and asking him the nearest route to St. Jacques le Mineur, I left the house as quickly as possible, and it was not till I had got quite clear of the village that I felt entirely free from the terrible spectre which I had seen, and which made me swear solemnly, never again to spend another "Night at L'Acadie."

If, Sir, you can throw any light on the above mysterious circumstances, you will, by doing so, remove a great weight from my mind.

Montreal, September 25, 1847.

TO LESBIA.

Where the trees unite their shade,
Propitious to the warbling bird;—
Where the murmuring streamlets glide;
There meet me at thy word.

Where the verdant flowers bloom,
Perfuming all the sacred grove;—
Where the zephyrs gently roam;
There, my Lesbia, speak of love.

There, upon my breast reclining,
Let me kiss those lips divine;—
There let my ardent soul, confiding,
Find a tender love in thine.

The oak and elm entwine their bough;
The linnets, warbling, charm the grove:—
Beneath their shade we'll deck our brows,
Nor envy aught of angel love.

Phœbus may perform his round,
And still the tide of time flow on;
But when our short-lived sun goes down,
Its reign is then forever gone.

Our lives will soon emerge in night,
Our spirits glide in shades from earth,
And with us all that caused delight,—
Love, ambition, joy, and mirth.

Then since our youth shall soon decay,
And age will urge our fates along,
Let us enjoy life as we may;
'Tis better have it sweet than long.

When fallen youth shall lie supine,
And age repels the fires of love;
Then, King of Shades, all hail! I'm thine!
There's nothing more for which to live.

WENTWORTH COLLEGE, March 22nd, 1847.

THE SYBIL'S PROPHECY.

BY R.

By the light of the evening summer's moon
A fine girl sought the Sybil's cave.
In sooth 'twas a lone and gloomy scene
For one so fair, alone, to brave.
The deadly nightshade blossomed there,
Oershadowed with cypress and yew;
And many a plant of foliage rare,
Ever distilling poisoned dew.
The adder lurked 'neath the long rank grass;
The toad emitted his venomous breath,
With many a reptile of hideous form,
Whose fatal sting was instant death;
Yet, without faltering, that girl fair
Passed on, with footsteps light,
And carelessly tossed back the raven hair
That shaded a cheek as marble white.
Another moment;—she stood before
That mysterious being—the Sybil dread,
And tremblingly begged her secret lore
To hear—the page of her destiny read.
Slowly, sadly, the prophetess gazed
On the lines of fate in that fairy palm—
In the starry eyes that to hers were raised
With fears, she vainly tried to calm.
"It needs not my love to tell that thou
Art the child of a noble race;—
'Tis read in thy high and queenly brow—
Thine air of high-born grace.
Thy wealth is told by the gems that deck
Thy robe, and the diamonds rare
That glitter upon thy snowy neck
And gleam 'mid the braids of thy raven hair;
But, lady, it needs all a Sybil's skill
To read the secret so well concealed
'Neath that careless smile and brow so still,—
A secret thou hast but to one revealed;
But oh! beware! thou hast placed thy love
On a being as changing and false as air,
Who, with art, to gain thy heart has strove,
But who soon will cease to find thee fair.
Much fear I, lady, thy constancy;
But must thou from thy lover part;
Or else, alas! for thy destiny,—
An early grave and a broken heart."
The lips of the listener curved with a smile
Of cold and scornful unbelief,
As she murmured: "I know he is free from guile,
And I credit not thy tale of grief."
"Stay, lady! a kindly warning take;
From thy lover's toils thy heart set free,
Or, when from thy dreams of folly thou'lt awake,
Thou'lt think of the Sybil's prophecy."
With a clouded brow, and look of care,
The fair girl sought her splendid home,
And vowed, that for tales, as false as air,
No more the Sybil's cave she'd roam.
To him who now ruled her every thought,
Despite the warnings, she joined her lot,
And gave her heart, and its clinging love,
To a being, alas! who prized it not.
A few years passed of neglect and grief,
That quickly her warm and young hopes chilled;
And then, in death, she found relief
The Sybil's prophecy was fulfilled.

CANADIAN SKETCHES.

NO. VI.

BRIAN, THE STILL HUNTER.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

O'er mem'ry's glass I see his shadow flit,
Though he was gathered to the silent dust
Long years ago:—a strange and wayward man,
Who shunn'd companionship, and lived apart.
The gleamy lakes, hid in their gloomy depths,
Whose still dark waters never knew the stroke
Of cleaving oar, or echoed to the sound
Of social life—contained for him the sum
Of human happiness. With dog and gun,
Day after day he tracked the nimble deer
Through all the tangled mazes of the forest:

AUTHOR.

It was early day, in the fall of 1832. I was alone in the old shanty, preparing breakfast for my husband, and now and then stirring the cradle with my foot, to keep little Katie a few minutes longer asleep, until her food was sufficiently prepared for her first meal—and wishing secretly for a drop of milk, to make it more agreeable and nourishing for the poor weanling—when a tall, thin, middle-aged man, walked into the house, followed by two large, strong dogs.

Placing the rifle he carried across his shoulder, in a corner of the room, he advanced to the hearth, and, without speaking, or seemingly looking at me, lighted his pipe, and commenced smoking. The dogs, after growling and snapping at the cat, who had not given the strangers a very courteous reception, sat down on the hearth-stone, on either side of their taciturn master, eyeing him, from time to time, as if long habit had made them understand all his motions. There was a great contrast between the dogs: the one was a brindled, grey and white, bull-dog, of the largest size,—a most formidable and powerful brute; the other, a stag-hound, tawny, deep-chested, and strong-limbed. I regarded the man and his hairy companions with silent curiosity. He was between forty and fifty years old: his head, nearly bald, was shaded at the sides by strong, coarse, black, curling hair. His features were high; his complexion brightly dark; and his eyes, in size, shape, and color, resembled the eye of a hawk. The expression of his face was sorrowful and

taciturn; and his thin, compressed lips, looked as if they were not much accustomed to smiles, or, indeed, often served to hold communication with any one. He stood at the side of the huge hearth, silently smoking, his keen eyes fixed on the fire; and now and then he patted the head of his dogs, and reproved their exuberant expressions of attachment, with—"Down, Chance! Down, Music!"

"A cold, clear morning," said I, in order to attract his attention, and draw him into conversation.

A nod, without raising his head, or taking his eyes off the fire, was my only answer; and turning from my unsociable guest, I took up the baby, who just then awoke, sat down on a low stool by the table, and commenced feeding her. During this operation, I once or twice caught the stranger's keen eye fixed upon me; but word spoke he none; and presently after, he whistled to his dogs, resumed his gun, and strode out.

When M—— and Monaghan came in to breakfast, I told them what a strange visitor I had; and they laughed at my vain attempts to get him to talk.

"He is a strange, mysterious being," I said.
"I must find out who, or what he is."

In the afternoon, an old soldier called Layton, who had served during the American war, and got a grant of land, about a mile in the rear of our location, came in to trade for a cow. Now, this Layton was a perfect ruffian,—a man whom no

one liked, and whom all feared. He was a deep drinker, a great swearer, and a perfect reprobate, who never cultivated his land, but went jobbing about, from farm to farm, trading horses and cattle, and cheating in a pettifogging way. Uncle Joe had employed him to sell M—— a young heifer, and he had brought her for him to look at.

When he came in to be paid, I described the stranger of the morning; and as I knew that he was familiar with every person in the neighborhood, I asked if he knew him.

"No one should know that better than myself," he said. "'Tis old Brian, the hunter, and a near neighbor of yours. A sour, morose, queer chap he is, and as mad as a 'March hare.' He's from Lancashire, in England, and came to this country some twenty years ago, with his wife, Deb, who was a pretty young lass in those days. He had lots of money, too; and he bought four hundred acres of land, just at the corner of the concession line, where it meets the main road—and excellent land it is; and a better farmer, while he stuck to his business, never went into the bush. He was a dashing, handsome fellow too, and did not hoard the money either. He loved his pipe and his pot too well; and, at last, he left off farming, and stuck to them altogether. Many a jolly booze he and I have had, I can tell you. But Brian was an awful passionate man; and when the liquor was in, and the wit was out, as savage and as quarrelsome as a bear. At such times, there was no one but Ned Layton dared go near him. We once had a pitched battle, and I whipped him; and ever after he yielded a sort of sulky obedience to all I said to him. After being on the spree for a week or two, he would take fits of remorse, and return home to his wife—would go down upon his knees, and ask her forgiveness, and cry like a child. At other times, he would hide himself up in the woods, and steal home at night, and get what he wanted out of the pantry, without speaking a word to any one. He went on with these pranks for some years, till he took a fit of the 'blue devils.'

"Come away, Ned, to the Rice Lake, with me," said he. "I'm weary of my life, and I want a change."

"Shall we take the fishing tackle," says I: "The black bass are in prime season; and F—— will lend us the old canoe. He's got some capital rum up from Kingston. We'll fish all day, and have a spree at night."

"It's not to fish I'm going," says he.

"To shoot then? I've bought Reckwood's new rifle."

"'Tis neither to fish nor to shoot, Ned: it's a new game I'm going to try; so, come along."

"Well, to the Rice Lake we went. The day was very hot, and our path lay through the woods, and over those scorching plains, for sixteen miles; and I thought I should have dropped by the way; but all that distance, my comrade never opened his lips. He strode on before me, at a half run, never once turning his hard leather face.

"The man must be the devil," says I, "and accustomed to a warmer place, or he must feel this. Hollo, Brian! stop there: do you mean to kill me?"

"Take it easy," says he; "you'll see another day after this: I've business on hand, and cannot wait."

"Well, on we went, at this awful rate; and it was mid-day when we got to the little tavern on the lake shore, kept by one F——, who had a boat for the convenience of strangers who came to visit the place.

"Here we had our dinner, and a good stiff glass of rum to wash it down: but Brian was moody; and to all my jokes, he only made a sort of grunt; and while I was talking with F——, he slips out, and I saw him crossing the lake in an old canoe.

"What's the matter with Brian?" says F——; "all does not seem right with him, Ned. You had better take the boat, and look after him."

"Phoo!" says I, "he's often so; and grows so glum now-a-days, that I will cut his acquaintance altogether, if he does not improve."

"He drinks awful hard," says F——: "there's no telling what he may be up to at this minute."

"My mind misgave me, too; so I e'en takes the oars, and pushes out right upon Brian's track; and, by the Lord Harry! if I did not find him, upon my landing on the opposite shore, lying, wallowing in his blood, with his throat cut.

"Is that you, Brian?" says I, giving him a kick with my foot. "What upon earth tempted you to play F—— and me this dirty, mean trick; to go and stick yourself like a pig—bring such a discredit on the house—and so far from home, too, and those who should nurse you!"

"I was so wild with him, that, saving your presence, ma'am, I swore awfully, and called him names which would be undacent to repeat here; but he only answered by groans, and a horrid gurgling in his throat.

"Its choaking you are," said I; "but you shan't have your own way, and die so easily either, if I can punish you, by keeping you alive." So I just turned him upon his belly, with his head

down the steep bank; but he still kept choking, and growing black in the face. I then saw that it was a piece of the flesh of his throat that had been carried into his wind-pipe. So, what do I do, but puts in my finger and thumb, and pulls it out, and bound up his throat with my handkerchief, dipping it first in the water to stanch the blood. I then took him, neck and heels, and threw him into the bottom of the boat, and pushed off for the tavern. Presently, he came to himself a little, and sat up in the boat, and, would you believe it? made several attempts to throw himself into the water. 'This will not do,' says I: 'you've done mischief enough already, by cutting your wizzard: if you dare to try that again, I will kill you with the oar.' I held it up, threatening him all the while; and he was scared, and lay down as quiet as a lamb. I put my foot upon his breast. 'Lie still now, or you'll catch it.' He looked piteously at me, but he could not speak; but he seemed to say—'Have pity upon me, Ned; don't kill me.' Yes; this man, who had cut his throat, and who, twice after that, tried to drown himself, was afraid that I should knock him on the head, and kill him. Ha! ha! I never shall forget the work F—— and I had with him.

"The doctor came, and sewed up his throat; and his wife—poor crater!—came to nurse him; and he lay bad there for six months; and did nothing but pray to God to forgive him; for he thought the devil would surely have him, for cutting his own throat. And when he got about again—which is now twelve years ago—he left off drinking entirely, and wanders about the country, with his dogs, hunting. He seldom speaks to any one, and his wife's brother carries on the farm for him and the family. He is so shy of strangers, that it is a wonder he came in here. The old wives are afraid of him; but you need not heed him: his troubles are to himself; he harms no one."

Layton departed, and left me brooding over the sad tale he had told in such an absurd and jesting manner. It was evident, from the account he had given of Brian's attempt at suicide, that the hapless hunter was not wholly answerable for his conduct—that he was a harmless monomaniac.

The next morning, at the very same hour, Brian again made his appearance; but instead of the rifle across his shoulder, a large stone jar was suspended by a stout leathern thong. Without speaking a word, but with a truly benevolent smile, that fitted slowly over his stern features, and lighted them up, like a sunbeam breaking from beneath a stormy cloud—he advanced to

the table, and, unslinging the jar, set it down before me, and in a low, gruff, but not unfriendly voice, said:

"Milk, for the child," and vanished.

"How good it was of him!—how kind!" I exclaimed, as I poured the precious gift, of four quarts of pure new milk, out into a deep pan— "and I never asked him—never said that the poor babe wanted milk. It was the courtesy of a gentleman—of a man of benevolence and refinement."

For weeks did my strange friend steal silently in, take up the empty jar, and supply its place with another, replenished with milk. The baby knew his step, and would hold out her hands to him, and cry—"Milk!" and Brian would stoop down and kiss her, and his two great dogs lick her face.

"Have you any children, Mr. B——?"

"Yes, five; but not like this ——"

"My little girl is greatly indebted to you for your kindness."

"She's welcome, or she would not get it. You are strangers; but I like you all. You look kind; and I would like to know more about you."

M—— shook hands with the old hunter, and assured him that he should always be glad to see him.

After this invitation, Brian became a frequent guest. He would sit and listen with delight to M——, while he described to him elephant hunting at the Cape; grasping his rifle with a determined air, and whistling an encouraging air to his dogs. I asked him one evening what made him so fond of hunting?

"'Tis the excitement," he said: "it drowns thought; and I love to be alone. I am sorry for the creatures, too, for they are free and happy; but I am led, by an impulse I cannot restrain, to kill them. Sometimes, the sight of their dying agonies recalls painful feelings; and then I lay aside the gun, and do not hunt for days. But 'tis fine to be alone, with God, in the great woods—to watch the sunbeams stealing through the thick branches—the blue sky breaking in upon you in patches; and to know that all is bright and shiny above you, in spite of the gloom which surrounds you."

After a long pause, he said, with much solemn feeling in his look and tone:

"I lived a life of folly for years—for I was well born and educated before I left home for the woods, and should have known better; but if we associate long with the depraved and ignorant, we learn to become even worse than them. I felt I had become a slave to low vice and sin. I hated myself; and in order to free myself from

the hateful tyranny of evil passions, I did a very rash and foolish action. I need not mention the manner in which I transgressed God's laws—all the neighbors know it, and must have told you long ago. I could have borne reproof, but they turned my sorrow into indecent jests; and, unable to bear their ridicule, I made companions of my dogs and gun, and went forth into the wilderness. Hunting became a habit—I could no longer live without it—and it supplies the stimulant which I lost, when I renounced the cursed whisky bottle.

"I remember the first hunting excursion I took alone in the forest, how sad and gloomy I felt. I thought there was no creature in the world so miserable as me; I was tired and hungry, and I sat down upon a fallen tree to rest. All was still as death around me; and I was fast sinking to sleep, when my attention was aroused by a long wild cry. My dog—for I had not Chance then, and he is no hunter—pricked up his ears, but instead of answering with a bark of defiance, he crouched down, trembling, at my feet. "What does this mean?" I said; and I cocked my gun, and sprang upon the log. The sound came nearer upon the wind. It was like the deep baying of a pack of hounds in full cry. Presently, a noble deer rushed madly past me, and fast upon his trail—I see them now, like so many black devils—swept by, a pack of ten or fifteen large fierce wolves, with fiery eyes and bristling hair, and paws that seemed scarcely to touch the ground, in their eager haste. I thought not of danger, for, with their prey in view, I was safe; but I felt every nerve within me tremble for the poor deer. The wolves gained upon him at every step: a close thicket intercepted his path; and rendered desperate, he turned at bay. His nostrils were dilated, his eyes seemed to send forth long streams of light. It was wonderful to witness the courage of the beast—how bravely he repelled the first attack of his deadly enemies—how gallantly he tossed them to the right and left, and spurned them from beneath his hoofs; yet all his struggles were useless, and he was quickly torn to pieces by his ravenous foes. At that moment, he seemed more unfortunate than me; for I could not see in what manner he had deserved his fate. All his speed and energy, his courage and fortitude, had been given to him in vain. I had tried to destroy myself, but he, with every effort vigorously made for self-preservation, was doomed to meet the fate he dreaded. Is God just to his creatures?"

With this sentence in his throat, he started abruptly from his seat, and left the house.

One day he found me painting some wild

flowers, and was greatly amused in watching the progress I made in the group. Late in the afternoon of the following day, he brought me a large bunch of splendid spring flowers.

"Draw these," said he: "I have been all the way to the Rice Lake Plains to find them for you."

"Oh! pretty, pretty flowers," lisped Katie, grasping them with infantine joy, and kissing, one by one, every lovely blossom.

"Those are God's pictures," said the hunter; "and the child, who is all nature just now, understands them in a minute. Is it not strange, Mrs. M——, that these beautiful things are hid away in the wilderness, where no eyes but the birds of the air, and the wild beasts of the woods, and the insects that live upon them, ever see them? Does God provide, for the pleasure of such creatures, these flowers? When I am alone in the forest, these things puzzle me."

Knowing that to argue with Brian was only to call into action the slumbering fires of his fatal malady, I asked him why he called the dog Chance?

"I found him," he said, "forty miles back in the bush. He was a mere skeleton. At first I took him for a wolf, but the shape of his head undeceived me. I opened my wallet, and called him to me. He came slowly, stopping and wagging his tail at every step, and looking me wistfully in the face. I offered him a bit of cooked venison, and he soon became friendly, and followed me home, and has never left me, night or day, since. I called him Chance, after the manner I happened with him; and I would not part with him for twenty dollars."

Alas! for poor Chance! he had, unknown to his master, contracted a private liking for fresh mutton; and one night he killed no less than eight sheep, belonging to Mr. D——, on the front road; who, having long suspected, caught him in the very act; and this mischance cost him his life. Brian was very sad and gloomy for many weeks after his favorite's death.

"I would have restored the sheep, four-fold," he said, "if he would but have spared the life of my dog."

All my recollections of Brian seem more particularly to concentrate in the adventures of one night, when I happened to be left alone, for the first time since my arrival in Canada. I cannot now imagine how I could have been such a fool, as to give way for four and twenty hours to such childish fears; but so it was, and I will not disguise the truth from my readers. M—— had bought a very fine cow of a black man named Mollineux, who lived twelve miles distant through

the woods, and one fine, frosty spring day, he and John Monaghan took a rope and the dog to fetch her home. M—— said that they should be back by six o'clock in the evening, and to mind and have something cooked for supper when they returned, as their long walk and the sharp air would give them a great appetite. This was during the time that I was without a female servant, and lived in old Mrs. H——'s shanty.

The day was so bright and clear, and Katie was so full of frolic and play, rolling about the floor or toddling from chair to chair, that the day passed on without my feeling remarkably lonely. At length the evening drew nigh, and I began to expect the return of my beloved, and to think of the supper I was to prepare for his reception. The red heifer came lowing to the door to be milked, but I did not know how to milk in those days, and was terribly afraid of the cattle. Yet as I knew milk must be had for the tea, I ran across to Mrs. Joe, and begged that one of her girls would be so kind as to milk for me. My request was greeted with a rude burst of laughter from the whole set.

"If you can't milk," says Mrs. Joe, "it is high time you should learn. My galls are above being helps."

"I would not ask you but as a favor; I am afraid of cows."

"*Afraid of cows!*" Here followed another horse laugh; and indignant at the refusal of the first request I had ever made, when they had all borrowed so much from me, I shut the door, and returned home.

After many ineffectual attempts I succeeded at last, and bore my half pail of milk in triumph to the house. Yes! I felt prouder of that milk than the best thing I ever wrote, whether in verse or prose; and then it was doubly sweet, when I considered that I had procured it without being under any obligation to my ill-natured neighbors.

I fed little Katie and put her to bed, made the hot cakes for tea, boiled the potatoes, and laid the ham cut in nice slices in the pan, ready to cook the moment I saw the men enter the clearing, and arranged the little room with scrupulous care and neatness. A glorious fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was ready for their supper, and I began to look out anxiously for their arrival. The night had closed in cold and foggy, and I could no longer distinguish any object a few yards from the door. Bringing in as much wood as I thought would last me for a few hours, I closed the door, and for the first time in my life, found myself in a house entirely alone. Then I began to ask myself a thousand

torturing questions, as to the reason of their unusual absence. "Had they lost their way in the woods? could they have fallen in with wolves?—one of my early bugbears—could any fatal accident have befallen them?" I started up, opened the door, held my breath, and listened. The little brook lifted up its voice, in loud hoarse wailing, or mocked, in its bubbling to the stones, the sound of human voices. As it became later, my fears increased in proportion. I grew too superstitious to keep the door open; and not only closed it, but dragged a heavy box in front of it. Several ill-looking men had asked their way to Toronto during the day; and I felt alarmed lest such rude wayfarers should come to-night, and find me alone and unprotected. Once I thought of running across to Mrs. Joe, and asking her to let one of the girls stay with me till M—— returned; but the way in which I had been repulsed in the evening deterred me. Hour after hour wore away, and the crowing of the cocks proclaimed midnight, and yet they came not. I had burnt out all my wood, and I dared not open the door to fetch in more. The candle was expiring in the socket, and I had not courage to go up into the loft, before it went finally out, to set up another. Cold, heart-weary, and faint, I sat in the middle of the floor, and cried. The furious barking of the dogs at the neighboring farms, and the cackling of the geese on our own place, made me hope they were coming; and then I listened, till the beating of my own heart excluded all other sounds. Oh! that weary brook! how it sobbed and moaned, like a fretful child! What unreal terrors, and fanciful illusions, my too active mind conjured up, while listening to its mysterious tones! Just as the moon rose, the howling of a pack of wolves, from the great swamp in our rear, filled the whole air. Their yells were answered by the barking of all the numerous dogs in the vicinity; and the geese, unwilling to be behind hand in the general confusion, set up the most discordant screams. I had often heard, and even been amused, during the winter, particularly on thaw nights, by the howls of these formidable wild beasts; but I had never before heard them alone, and my fears reached a climax. They were directly on the track that M—— and Monaghan must have taken,—and I now made no doubt that they had been attacked, and killed, on their return, and I wept and cried, until the grey cold dawn looked in upon me through the small dim windows. I have passed many a long, cheerless night; but that was the saddest and longest I ever remember. Just as the day broke, my friends, the wolves, set up a parting benediction, so loud and

wild, and so near the house, that I was afraid that they would come through the windows, or down the chimney, and rob me of my child. But the howls died away in the distance; the bright sun rose up, and dispersed the long horrors of the night; and I looked once more timidly around me. The sight of the uneaten supper for a few minutes renewed my grief, for I could not divest myself of the idea that M—— was dead. I opened the door, and stepped forth into the pure air of the early day. A solemn and beautiful repose still hung, like a veil, over the face of nature. The mists of night still rested upon the majestic woods; and not a sound, but the flowing of the waters, went up in the vast stillness. The earth had not yet raised her matin hymn to the Throne of the Creator. Sad at heart, and weary and worn in spirit, I went down to the spring, and washed my face and head, and drank a deep draught of its icy waters. On returning to the house, I met, near the door, old Brian the hunter, with a large fox across his shoulder, and the dogs following at his heels.

"Good God! Mrs. M——, what is the matter? you are early up, and look dreadfully ill. Is anything wrong at home? Is the baby or your husband sick?"

"Oh, no!" I cried, bursting into tears: "I fear he is eaten by the wolves."

The man stared at me, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, and well he might; but this one idea had taken such strong possession of my mind that I would admit no other. I then told him, as well as I could, the cause of my alarm, to which he listened very kindly and patiently.

"Set your heart at rest, Mrs. M——, he is safe. It is a long journey, on foot, to Mollineux's, and they have stayed all night at his shanty. You will see them back at noon."

I shook my head, and continued to weep.

"Well, now, in order to satisfy you, I will saddle my mare, and ride over to Mollineux's, and bring you word, as fast as I can."

I thanked him sincerely for his kindness, and returned in somewhat better spirits to the house. At ten o'clock, my messenger returned, with the glad tidings that M—— was safe, and on his way home.

The day before, when half the journey was accomplished, John Monaghan had let go the rope by which he had led the cow, and she had returned to her old master; and when they again reached his place, night had set in, and they were obliged to wait until the return of day.

Brian's eldest son—a lad of fourteen—was not exactly an idiot, but what, in the Old Country, the common people designate a *natural*. He

could feed and assist himself; and even go on errands to and from the town, and to the neighboring farm-houses; but he was a strange creature, who evidently inherited, in no small degree, the father's malady. During the summer months he lived entirely in the woods, near his father's house, and only returned to obtain food, which was generally left for him in an out-house. In the winter, driven home by the severity of the weather, he would sit for days together moping in the chimney corner, without taking notice of anything passing around him. Brian never mentioned this boy—who had a strong active figure, and rather a handsome, though perfectly inexpressive, face—without a deep sigh; and I feel certain that half his own dejection was caused by painful reflections, occasioned by the mental aberrations of his child.

One day he sent the lad with a note to our house, to know if we would purchase the half of and ox he was about to kill. There happened to stand in the corner of the room, an open wood-box, into which several bushels of apples had been thrown; and while M—— was writing an answer to the note, the eyes of the idiot were fastened, as if by some magnetic influence, upon the apples. Knowing that they had a very fine orchard, I did not offer him any, because I thought it would be useless so to do.

When the note was finished, I handed it to him. The boy grasped it mechanically, without removing his fixed gaze from the apples.

"Give that to your father."

The lad answered not: his ears, his eyes, his whole soul, were concentrated in the apples. Ten minutes elapsed; but he stood motionless, like a pointer at a dead set.

"My good boy, you can go."

Still, he did not stir.

"Is there anything you want?"

"I want," said the lad, without moving his eyes from the object of his intense desire, and speaking in a slow, pointed manner, which ought to have been heard to be fully appreciated—"I want apples."

"Oh! if that's all; take what you like."

The permission once obtained, the boy flung himself upon the box, with the rapacity of a hawk upon its prey, after being long poised in air, to fix its certain aim. Thrusting his hands to the right and left, in order to secure the finest specimens of the coveted fruit, scarcely allowing himself time to breathe, until he had filled his old straw hat and all his pockets. To help laughing was impossible; while this new "Tom o' Bedlam" darted from the house, and scampered across the

field, for dear life, as if afraid that we should pursue him, to rob him of his prize.

It was during this winter, that our friend Brian was left a fortune of three hundred pounds per annum; but it was necessary for him to return to his native country, and county, in order to take possession of the property. This he positively refused to do; and when we remonstrated with him upon the apparent imbecility of this resolution, he declared, that he would not risk his life, in crossing twice the Atlantic, for twenty times that sum. What strange inconsistency was this, in a being who had three times attempted to take away that life which he dreaded so much to lose accidentally!

I was much amused with an account, which he gave me, in his quaint way, of an excursion he went upon, with a botanist, to collect specimens of the plants and flowers of Upper Canada.

"It was a fine spring day, some ten years ago; and I was yoking my oxen to drag in some oats I had just sown, when a little, fat, punchy man with a broad, red, good-natured face, and carrying a small black leathern wallet across his shoulder, called to me over the fence, and asked me if my name was Brian. I said, 'Yes; what of that?'"

"Only, you are the man whom I want to see. They tell me that you are better acquainted with the woods than any person in these parts; and I will pay you anything in reason, if you will be my guide for a few days."

"Where do you want to go?" said I.

"No where in particular," says he. "I want to go here, and there, in all directions, to collect plants and flowers."

"That is still-hunting with a vengeance," said I. "To-day I must drag in my oats. If to-morrow will suit, we will be off."

"And your charge?" said he: "I like to be certain of that."

"A dollar a-day. My time and labor just now, upon my farm, is worth that."

"True," said he. "Well, I will give you what you ask. At what time will you be ready to start?"

"By day-break, if you wish it."

"Away he went; and by day-light, next morning, he was at my door, mounted upon a stout French pony.

"What are you going to do with that beast?" said I. "Horses are of no use on the road that you and I are to travel. You had better leave him in my stable."

"I want him to carry our traps," said he. "It may be some days that we shall be absent."

"I assured him that he must be his own beast of burden, and carry his axe, and blanket, and wallet of food, upon his own back. The little body did not much relish this arrangement; but as there was no help for it, he very good-naturedly complied. Off we set, and soon climbed the hills at the back of your farm, and got upon the Rice Lake Plains. The woods were flush with flowers; and the little man grew into such an extacy, that at every fresh specimen he uttered a yell of joy; cut a caper in the air, and flung himself down upon them, as if he were drunk with delight.

"Oh! what treasures! what treasures!" he cried. "I shall make my fortune!"

"It is seldom I laugh," quoth Brian; "but I could not help laughing at this odd little man; for it was not the beautiful blossoms that drew forth these exclamations, but the queer little plants, which he had rummaged for at the roots of old trees, among the moss and long grass. He sat upon a decayed tree, which lay in our path, for an hour, making a long oration over some greyish things which grew out of it, which looked more like mould than plants; declaring himself repaid for all the trouble and the expense he had been at, if it were only to obtain a sight of them. I gathered him a beautiful blossom of lady's slipper; but he pushed it back when I presented it to him, saying:

"Yes, yes; 'tis very fine: I have seen that often before; but these lichens are splendid!"

"The man had so little taste, that I thought him a fool, and left him to talk to his dear plants, while I shot partridges for our supper. We spent six days in the woods; and the little man filled his wallet with all sorts of rubbish, as if he wilfully shut his eyes to the beautiful flowers, and chose only to admire the ugly, insignificant plants, that even a chipmunk would have passed without noticing, and which, often as I had been in the woods, I never had observed before. I never pursued a deer with such earnestness as he continued his hunt for what he called, 'specimens.' When we came to the Cold Creek, which is pretty deep in places, he was in such a hurry to get at some plants that grew under the water, that he lost his balance, and fell, head over heels, into the stream. He got a thorough ducking; and was in a terrible fright; but he held on to the flowers which had caused the trouble, and thanked his stars that he had saved them, as well as his life. Well, he was an innocent man," continued Brian—"a very little made him happy; and at night he would sing and amuse himself, like a little child. He gave me ten dollars for my trouble, and I never saw him again; but I often think of him, when hunting in the woods

we wandered through together; and I pluck the wee plants he used to admire, and wonder why he preferred them to the fine flowers."

When our resolution was formed to sell our farm and go upon our grant of land, in the backwoods, no one was so earnest in trying to persuade us from our ruinous plan, as our friend Brian, who became quite eloquent in his description of the trials and troubles which awaited us. During the last week of our stay, he visited us every evening, and never bade us good-night without a tear moistening his eyes. We parted with the hunter as with an old friend, and we never saw him again.

His fate was a sad one. He fell into a moping melancholy, which ended in self-destruction—but a kinder or warmer-hearted man, while he enjoyed the light of reason, has seldom crossed our path.

THE ENTAIL;

A FABLE.

In a fair summer's radiant morn,
A Butterfly, divinely born,
Whose lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalions's flood,
Long hovering round a perfumed lawn,
By various gusts of odour drawn,
At last establish'd his repose,
On the rich bosom of a rose.
The palace pleas'd the lordly guest;
What insect own'd a prouder nest?
The dewy leaves luxurious shed
Their balmy incense o'er his head,
And with their silken tap'stry fold
His limbs enthron'd on central gold.
He thinks the thorns embattled round
To guard his castle's lovely mound,
And all the bush's wide domain
Subservient to his fancied reign,
Such ample blessings swell'd the Fly!—
Yet, in his mind's capacious eye
He roll'd the change of mortal things—
The common fate of Flies and Kings!
With grief he saw how land and honours
Are apt to slide to various owners;
Where Mowbrays dwell how grocers dwell,
And how 'cits buy what barons sell!—
"Great Phebus, patriarch of my line,
Avert such shame from sons of mine:
To them confirm these roots!" he said;
And then he swore an oath, so dread
The stoutest Wasp that wears a sword
Had trembled to have heard the word:—
"If law can rivet down entails,
These manors ne'er shall pass to snails,
I swear;" and then he smote his ermine,
"These tow'rs were never built for vermin!"
A Caterpillar grovell'd near,
A subtle, slow conveyancer,
Who, summon'd, waddles with his quill
To draw the haughty insect's will.

None but his heirs must own the spot,
Begotten, or to be begot:—
Each leaf he binds, each twig he ties
To eggs of eggs of Butterflies.
When (O, how Fortune loves to tease
Those who would dictate her degrees!)
A wanton Boy was passing by:—
The wanton child beheld the Fly,
And eager ran to seize the prey;
But, too impetuous in his play,
Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour—
And swept away the mansion flower.

JOAN OF ARC.

Faithful maiden!—gentle heart!
Thus our thoughts of grief depart;
Vanishes the place of death;
Sounds no more thy painful breath;
O'er the unbloody stream of Meuse
Melt the silent evening dews;
And along the banks of Loire
Rides no more the armed destroyer;
But thy native waters flow
Through a land unnamed below;
And thy woods their verdure wave
In the vale beyond the grave,
Where the deep dyed western sky
Looks on all with tranquil eye;
And on distant dateless hills,
Each high peak with radiance fills.
There, amid the oak-tree shadow,
And o'er all the beech-crowned meadow;
Those for whom the earth must mourn,
In their peaceful joy sojourn.
Joined with Fame's selected few,
Those whom rumor never knew,
But no less to conscience true:
Each gave prophet soul sublime,
Pyramids of elder time;
Bards with hidden fire possessed,
Flashing from a woe-worn breast;
Builders of man's better lot,
Whom their hour acknowledged not,
Now with strength appeased and pure,
Feel whate'er they loved is sure.
These and such as these the train,
Sanctified by former pain;
'Mid those softest yellow rays
Sphered afar from mortal praise;
Peasant, matron, monarch, child,
Saint undaunted, hero mild,
Sage whom pride has ne'er beguiled:
And with them the champion-maid
Dwells in that serenest glade;
Danger, toil and grief no more
Touch her life's unearthly shore;
Gentle sounds that will not cease,
Breathe but peace, and ever peace;
While above the immortal trees
Michael and his host she sees
Clad in diamond panoplies;
And more near, in tender light,
Honored Catherine, Margaret bright,
Agnes, whom her loosened hair
Robes like woven amber air—
Sisters of her childhood come
To her last eternal home.

THE HUNGARIAN MAIDEN.

A LEGEND.

First love will with the heart remain,
When its hopes are all gone by,
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.

As the Danube approaches the ancient city of Buda, it traverses a vast and almost uninhabited plain, surrounded upon every side by rude and barren mountains. This tract, thickly wooded with forest trees of great age and size, has been called the "Black Forest" of Hungary, and has been long celebrated as the resort of the wild boar and the elk, driven by winter to seek a shelter and cover, which they would in vain look for upon the rocky and steep mountains around; there, for at least five months of every year, might daily be heard the joyous call of the jager horn, and at night, around the blazing fires of the bivouac, night parties of hunters be seen carousing and relating the dangers of the chase. But when once the hunting season was passed, the gloom and desolation of this wild waste was unbroken by any sound save the shrill cry of the vulture, or the scream of the wood-squirrel, as he sprang from bough to bough; for the footsteps of the traveller never trod this valley, which seemed as if shut out by nature from all intercourse with the remainder of the world. Hunting had been for years the only occupation of the few who inhabited it; and the inaccessible character of the mountains had long contributed to preserve it for them from the intrusion of others. But at length the chase became the favourite pastime of the young nobles of Austria as well as Hungary: and to encourage a taste for the *minic fight*, as it has been not inaptly termed, the example of the reigning monarch greatly contributed. Not a little vain of his skill and proficiency in every bold and warlike exercise, he often took the lead in these exercises himself, and would remain weeks, and even months, away, joyfully enduring all the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life, and, by his own daring, stimulate others to feats of difficult and hardy enterprise. Some there were, however, who thought they saw in this more than a mere fondness for a hunter's life, and looked upon it, with reason, perhaps, as a deeply-laid political scheme; that, by bringing the nobles of the two

nations more closely into contact, nearer intimacy, and, eventually, friendships, would spring up and eradicate that feeling of jealousy, with which, as rivals, they had not ceased to regard each other.

It was the latter end of December of the year 1754; the sun had gone down and the shadows of night were fast falling upon this dreary valley, whilst upon the cold and piercing blast were borne masses of snow-drift and sleet, and the low wailing of the night wind foreboded the approach of a storm, that a solitary wanderer was vainly endeavoring to disentangle himself from the low brushwood, which, heavy and snow-laden, obstructed him at every step. Often he stood, and putting his horn to his lips, blew till the forest rang again with the sound, but nothing responded to the call save the dull and ceaseless roar of the Danube, which poured along its thundering flood, amid huge masses of broken ice or frozen snow, which rent from their attachment to the banks, were carried furiously along by the current of the river.

To the bank of the Danube the wanderer had long directed his steps, guided by the noise of the stream; and he had determined to follow its guidance to the nearest village where he might rest for the night. After much difficulty, he reached the bank, and the moon which had not hitherto shone, now suddenly broke forth and showed the stranger to be young and athletic; his figure, which was tall and commanding, was arrayed in the ordinary hunting-dress of the period; he wore a green frock or kurtha, which, trimmed with fur, was fastened at the waist by a broad strap of black leather; from this was suspended his jagd messer, or *couteau de chasse*, the handle and hilt of which were of silver richly chased and ornamented; around his neck hung a small bugle, also of silver, and these were the only parts of his equipment which bespoke him to be of rank, save that air of true-born nobility which no garb, however homely, can effectually conceal. His broad-leaved bonnet with its

dark o'erhanging heron's feathers, concealed the upper part of his face : but the short and curved moustache which graced his upper lip, told that he was either by his birth Hungarian, or one who from motives of policy had adopted this national peculiarity to court favor in the eyes of Joseph, who avowed his preference for that country on every occasion. The first object that met his eyes as he looked anxiously around for some place of refuge from that storm, which long impending, was already about to break forth with increased violence, was the massive castle of Cservitzen, whose battlemented towers rose high above the trees on the opposite side of the Danube ; between, however, roared the river, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, amid huge fragments of ice, which were either held by their attachment to rocks in the channel, or borne along till dashed to pieces by those sharp reefs so frequent in this part of the stream ; he shuddered as he watched the fate of many a ledge of ice or snow now smoothly gliding on, and in the next moment shivered into ten thousand pieces and lost in the foam and surge of " the dark rolling river." He seemed long to weigh within himself the hazard of an attempt to cross the stream upon these floating islands with the danger of a night passed in the forest ; for he knew too well, no village lay within miles of him. But at last he seemed to have taken his resolution ; for, drawing his belt tightly around him and throwing back his jagd messer, lest it should impede the free play of his left arm, he seemed to prepare himself for the perilous undertaking—this was but the work of one moment—the next saw him advancing on the broad ledge, which frozen to the bank, stretched to a considerable distance in the stream. Now arrived at the verge of this, came his first difficulty, for the passage was only to be accomplished by springing from island to island over the channels of the river, which ran narrowly though rapidly between ;—the loud crashes which every moment interrupted the silence of the night, as each fragment broke upon the rocks before him, told too plainly what fate awaited him, should he either miss his footing, or the ice break beneath his weight ; in either case death would be inevitable. He once more looked back upon the dark forest he had left, and again seemed to hesitate ; 'twas for an instant—with a bold spring he cleared the channel. No time was, however, given him to look back on the danger he had passed : for scarcely had his feet reached their landing-place, when the ice yielding to the impulse of his fall, gave way and separated with a loud crash from its connexion with the remaining mass, and in an in-

stant was flying down the stream, carrying him along with it—unconscious of all around, he was borne onward—the banks on either side seemed to fly past him with the speed of lightning, and the sound of the river now fell upon his ear like the deep rolling of artillery ; and from this momentary stupor, he only awoke to look forward to a death as certain as it was awful. The rocks upon which the icebergs were dashed and shivered to atoms as they struck, were already within sight. Another moment and all would be over ;—he thought he heard already the rush of the water as the waves closed above his head—in an agony of despair he turned and looked on every side to catch some object of hope or assistance. As he floated on, between him and the rock upon which the castle stood, now coursed a narrow channel, but yet too broad to think of clearing with a single leap. Along this came a field of ice, wheeling in all the eddies of the river ; he saw that yet he might be saved—the danger was dreadful, but still no time was now left to think—he dashed his hunting-spear towards the floating mass, and with the strength which desperation can only give, threw himself as if on a leaping pole, and cleared both the channels in a spring. As he fell almost lifeless on the bank, he saw the fragment he so late had trusted to rent into numberless pieces—his strength failed, and he sank back upon the rock. How long he thus lay he knew not ; and when he again looked up, all was wrapt in darkness ; the moon had gone down, and nothing recalled him to a sense of his situation save the dull monotonous roaring of the Danube, which poured its flood quite close to where he lay.

Light now gleamed brightly from the windows of the castle above him, and he felt fresh courage as he thought a place of refuge was so near ; and although stunned by the violence of the shock with which he fell, and half frozen by the cold ice which had been his bed, he made towards the drawbridge. This, to his surprise, was already lowered—and the wide gates lay open. As he passed along, he met no one—he at length reached a broad stair ; ascending this, the loud tones of many voices met his ear—he opened a door which stood before him, and entered the apartment where the family now were assembled at supper.

The possessor of the baronial schloss of Cservitzen was one of the last remnants of the feudal system in Hungary ; and to whom, neither the attractions of a court, nor yet the high rank and favor so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen, were inducements strong enough to withdraw him from that wild and dreary abode, where he had passed his youth and manhood, and now ad-

hered to in his old age, with an attachment which length of years had not rendered less binding. The only companion of his solitude was a daughter, upon whom he heaped all that fondness and affection which the heart, estranged from all the world, can bestow upon one. She was, indeed, all that his most sanguine wishes could devise; beautiful as the fairest of a nation celebrated for the loveliness of its women, and endowed with all the warmth of heart and susceptibility of her country. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and had long learned to think that the mountains which girt their broad valley, enclosed all that was worth knowing or loving in it.

Hospitality has not in Hungary attained the rank of a virtue; it is merely the characteristic of a nation. Shelter is so often required and afforded to the desolate wanderer, through vast and almost uninhabited tracts of mountain and forest, that the arrival of a stranger at the evening meal of a family would create but little surprise among its members, and in the present instance, the intruder might, had he so wished it, have supped and rested for the night and gone out on his journey on the morrow, without one question as to whence he came or whither he should go.

But such evidently was not his intention; for either not understanding, or, if he understood, not caring to comply with the hints which were given him, to seat himself below the *dais*, he boldly advanced to the upper end of the apartment, where the baron and his daughter were seated upon a platform slightly elevated above the surrounding vassals and bondsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers. The stranger did not wait until the baron had addressed him, but at once said, "The Graf von Sobenstein claims your hospitality here, baron; hunting with the imperial suit I lost my way in the forest, and unable to regain my companions, I esteem myself fortunate to have reached such an asylum." To this speech, which was made in the Hungarian language, the baron replied by welcoming him after the friendly fashion of his country; and then added, in a somewhat severe tone; "A Hungarian, I suppose?"—"A Hungarian by birth," answered the count, colouring deeply, "but an Austrian by title." To this there succeeded a short pause, when the baron again said, "You were hunting with the emperor—how crossed you the Danube?—no boat could stem the current now." The count, evidently offended at the question of his host, replied coldly, "On the drift ice!"—"On the drift!" cried the baron, aloud. "On the drift ice!" echoed his daughter, who had hitherto sat a silent, though attentive listener

to the dialogue. The count, who had all along spoken with the air of a superior to one beneath him in rank and station, deigned not to enter into any explanation of a feat, the bold daring of which warranted incredulity. This awkward feeling of some moments duration was dispelled by the entrance of a vassal, who came in haste to inform the baron, that some person who had, left the opposite shore of the Danube, had been carried down upon the drift; he had ever since been in search of him along the bank, below the rocks, but in vain. This was enough—the count repressed the rising feeling of anger that his own short and startling assertion should be questioned, and suffered the baron to press him down upon a seat beside him, and soon forgot, amid the kind inquiries of the baron's daughter, his former cold and distant demeanor: he gradually became more and more free and unconstrained in manner; and at last so effectually had the frank and hospitable air of the baron, and the more bewitching *naïveté* and simplicity of his daughter gained upon the good opinion of their guest, that throwing off his reserve, a feeling evidently more the result of education and habit, than natural, he became lively and animated—delighted his host by hunting adventures, and stories of the mistakes and awkward feats of the Austrian nobles in the field (a grateful theme to a Hungarian) and captivated the fair Adela, by telling of *fêtes* and gay carnivals in Vienna, all of which, though an utter stranger, she felt a strong and lively interest in, when narrated by one so young and handsome, as he who now sat beside her. He also knew many of the baron's old friends and acquaintances, who had taken up their residence at the Austrian court; and thus conversing happily together, when the hour of separation for the night arrived, they parted pleased with each other, and inwardly rejoicing at the event which had brought about the meeting.

On the following morning the count rose early, and quite refreshed from the toils of the preceding day, descended to the breakfast-room; the family had not as yet assembled, and Adela was sitting alone in the recess of a window which overlooked the Danube; as he approached and saluted her, she seemed scarcely able to arouse herself from some deep revery into which she appeared to have fallen; and after briefly bidding him "Good morning," laconically asked, "Can it be that you crossed the stream there?" at the same moment pointing to where the river rolled on beneath them, in waves of white and boiling foam. The count sat down beside her, and narrated his entire adventure, from the time he had lost sight of his companions; and so earnestly

did she listen and he speak, that they were unaware of the entrance of the baron, who had twice saluted the count, and was now heard for the first time, as he entreated him to defer his departure for that day at least, pleading the impossibility of venturing on leaving the castle in so dreadful a storm of snow and wind. To this request, warmly seconded by Adela, the count gladly acceded; ere long the baron commended his guest to the care of his daughter, and left the room.

To Adela, who was unacquainted with all the forms of "the world," and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to render his imprisonment less miserable, and enable him to while away the hours of a winter day with fewer feelings of ennui and weariness, than otherwise. It will not then be wondered at if the day passed rapidly over; her songs and legends of her native land, found in him an impassioned and delighted listener, and, ere he knew it, he was perfectly captivated by one of whose very existence but a few hours before he was perfectly ignorant.

It was evident that he felt as flattery, the frank and intimate tone she assumed toward him, and knew not she would have treated any other, similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanor. It was then with a feeling of sorrow he watched the coming darkness of evening. "In a few hours more," thought he, "I shall be far away, and no more spoken of or remembered than as one of the many who came and went again." The evening passed happily as the day had done, and they separated; the count having promised not to leave the castle the following day until noon, when the baron would accompany him, and see him safely on the road to Vienna.

The hour of leave-taking at length arrived, and amid the bustle and preparations for departure, the count approached a small tower, which opening from one of the angles of the apartment, served, in time of warfare, to protect that part of the building, but which had been devoted to the more peaceful office of a lady's boudoir. Here was Adela sitting, her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoyant character which had been peculiarly her own: she rose as he came forward, and glancing at his cap, which he held on one arm, took hold of his hand, and endeavored as carelessly as possible to allude to his departure: but her heart failed her, and her low trembling voice betrayed her feeling when she asked,

"Will you then leave us so suddenly?"

The Count muttered something, in which the words "The Emperor—long absence—Vienna," were alone audible, and pressing closely that hand which since he last touched it, had never left his, seated himself beside her. There was a silence for some moments; they would both willingly have spoken, and felt their minutes very few, but their very endeavors rendered the difficulty greater; at length, drawing her more closely to him, as he placed one arm around her, he asked,

"Will you then soon forget me—shall I be no more recollected?"

"No, no!" said she, interrupting him, hurriedly; "but will you return, as you have already promised?"

"I do intend, but then—"

"What then?" cried she, after a pause, expecting he would finish his sentence. He seemed but a moment to struggle with some strange feeling, and at last spoke as if he had made up his mind to a decided and fixed resolve.

"It were better you knew all—I cannot—that is—I am not—"

Her eyes grew tearful as he spoke—he looked—then added,

"I will return—at all hazards; but first of all promise to wear this for my sake; it was a present from the Emperor;" saying which, and unfastening the breast of his kurtka, he took from round his neck a gold chain, to which was fastened a seal ring, bearing the initial J. "Wear this," said he, "at least till we meet again;" for she hesitated, and needed the qualification he made, of its being one day restored, ere she accepted so valuable a present.

A servant now entered to say, that the baron was already mounted and waiting; their adieux were soon spoken, and the next instant the horses were heard galloping over the causeway which led towards the road to Vienna. She gazed after them till the branches of the dark wood closed around them, and then saw them no more. The baron returned not till late in the evening, and spoke only of the day's sport, and merely once alluded to the stranger, and that but passingly; the following day came, and there was nothing to convince her that the two preceding ones had not been as a dream; so rapidly had they passed and yet so many events seemed crowded into this short space. The chain she wore alone remained, to assure her of the reality of the past.

Days, weeks, and even months, rolled on, and although the count had promised to write, yet no letter ever reached them; and now the winter was long past, and it was already midsummer, when the baron and his daughter were strolling

one evening along a narrow path which flanked the Danube. It was the hour of sunset, and all was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the very birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard save the gentle ripple of that river, whose treacherous surface so lately was borne on with the dread roaring of a cataract. As they watched the curling eddies broken upon the rocks, and then floating in bubbles so silently, they stood by the spot where, months before, the stranger had crossed the Danube.

"I wonder," said the baron, "that he never wrote. Did he not promise to do so?"

"Yes," replied she, "he did; but at the same time spoke of the possibility of his absence from Vienna, perhaps with his regiment, which was, I believe, in Grätz. And then, too, we know the courier from Buda is not too punctual in his visits to our valley."

"And in short," said the baron, "you could find at least a hundred reasons for your friend not keeping his promise, rather than for a moment suspect the real one—that he has forgotten us. Ah! my poor child, I fear you know not how little such a meeting as ours was, will impress the mind of one who lives in courts and camps, the favored and honored of his sovereign. The titled Graf of Austria will think, if he ever even returns to the circumstance in his memory, that he did the poor Hungarian but too much honor, when he accepted of his hospitality. And—but stop—did you not see a horseman cross the glen there, and then enter yonder coppice? There!—there he is again! I see him now plainly. It is the Austrian courier, coming, perhaps, to refute all I have been telling you. I am sure he brings tidings from Vienna, by his taking that path."

The rider to whom their attention was now directed was seen advancing at the full speed of his horse, and but a few seconds elapsed ere he emerged from the trees. Although at first his course had been directed to the castle, it was now evident he made for the place where the father and daughter stood in breathless anxiety for his arrival. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore the deeply slouched hat and long flowing cloak of a courier. Then was there no doubt of his being one. He drew nearer and nearer, and never slackened his pace, till within a few yards of the place where they awaited him; then throwing off his hat and cloak, he sprang from his horse, and flew into their arms. It was the count himself. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from both, and, amid a thousand welcomes, they took the path back to the castle.

Questioning and reproaching for forgetfulness, with an interest which too plainly told how dearly the inquirer felt the implied neglect, with many a heartfelt confession of joy at the present meeting, filled up the hours till they retired for the night.

When the count found himself alone in his chamber, he walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands clasped, and his brow knitted; his whole air bespeaking the feelings of one laboring under some great mental agitation. At length he threw himself upon his bed; but when morning broke, he rose weary and unrefreshed, and had to plead fatigue to the baron, as an excuse for not accompanying him on an intended excursion for that day. Another reason might also have influenced the count—Adela was again his companion for the entire day; and amid many a kind inquiry for his health, and hopes but half expressed, that his present stay would recruit his strength and vigour, she plainly showed, if forgetfulness had existed on either side, it could not have been laid to her charge. It was also plain that his feeling for her, if not already love, was rapidly ripening into it:—and yet there came ever across him some thoughts that at once damped the very praise he spoke to her, and chilled the warm current of affection with which he answered her questions. The day passed, however, but too rapidly, and another followed it, like in all things, save that every hour which brought them together seemed but to render them dearer to each other. They rode, they walked, they sang; they read together; and it may be conjectured how rapidly the courtly address and polished mind of the count gained upon one so susceptible, and so unpractised in the world; and in fact ere the first week of his stay passed over, she loved—and more—confessed to him her love.

Had she been at all skilled in worldly knowledge, she would have seen that her lover did not receive her confession of attachment with all the ardour with which he might have heard such an avowal—from one so fair, so young, and so innocent. But, even as it was she thought him more thoughtful than usual at the moment. He had been standing, leaning upon her harp—she had ceased playing—and he now held her hand within his own, as he pressed for some acknowledgment of her feelings for him;—but when she gave it, he scarcely pressed the hand which trembled as she spoke; and letting it drop, he walked slowly to a window, and veiled his face within his hands for some minutes. When he returned again to her side, he appeared endeavouring to calm his troubled mind, and suppress some

sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil:—he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was already drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered, to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the count. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shown into his apartment. As he entered the room a few moments after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under.

"No bad news from Vienna, I hope," said Adela:—"has any thing occurred to trouble you there?"

"I am recalled," said he hastily; "ordered I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However I am expected to join immediately."

"But you will not do so?" said the innocent girl passionately—"you will not go?"

"How am I to help it?" answered he.

"Have you not told me," said she, "a thousand times, that the emperor was your friend,—that he loved you, and would serve you? Will he not give you leave of absence?—Oh! if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna—I will myself tell him all. I will fall at his feet, and beseech him; and if ever a Hungarian girl met with favor in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me."

"Adela," said he, "do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you?—Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return."

"I swear it," cried she, falling upon his neck, "nothing but death shall change me, if even that—and if ever I cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come,—is it not so?—and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then." As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, in vain. At last he made one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek,

and, bidding her a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment:—his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt it; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief. The summer faded into the autumn, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet he did not return: and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they could at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursion, and if she had any objections, she thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, who had to have overcome them all; so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing.

That court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavours to welcome a monarch, who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, reviews and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation, throughout the city. The baron and his daughter, however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found a hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain unknown and unmolested, as long as they should think proper to remain in the capital. They had not been many days in their

new abode, when, tempted one morning by the fineness of the weather, and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there to witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present; they, therefore, at once determined on retracing their steps, and to endeavour, if possible, to reach the city before the troops should have left it. With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manœuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turning to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood, informed the baron, that the tirallleur regiment was about to take up that position on the field, and requested with great politeness, that he would accept for himself and his daughter, seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience, they might witness the review: this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people, induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who, with their long drooping cloaks of white, looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot—their attention now was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of artillery, and while the loud cry of "*Der Kaiser!*" "*Leb der Kaiser!*" rose to the skies, from thousands of his subjects—the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were seen caracoling upon their beautiful "*shimmels*" (such is the term given them), and in the midst of them rode the emperor himself, conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting;

there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet, they could not clearly discern his features. Adela's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor, and his favourite aid-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing, and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time, being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however, rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck.—He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously offering aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes, and gazed upon him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times, as if endeavoring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream; and then muttering some low indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but 'twas too plain the lovely girl had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her. She lay thus for two days; and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father, who had never left her bedside, gazed upon the wreck of his once beautiful child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek—what was his joy to discover symptoms

of returning animation. She moved—her bosom gently heaved and fell ; and raising one arm, she placed it round her father's neck, and smiling, drew him gently towards her—with what an ecstasy of joy he watched the signals of returning life ! and as he knelt to kiss her, he poured forth his delight in almost incoherent terms. As consciousness gradually returned, he told her of her long trance, and of his parental fears. He told her of his determination that she should mix in the gaieties of the capital on her recovery, and said, that if she had been strong enough, that very evening she should accompany him to a grand masked ball given by the emperor to his subjects. Her face, which had hitherto been pale as marble, now suddenly became suffused with an unnatural glow—a half-suppressed shriek escaped her—the smile faded from her lips—her eyes gradually closed, and the pallid hite of death again resumed its dominion. It was put a transient gleam. The hopes of the fond father were crushed to the earth, and the house became a scene of wailing and lamentation.

Since the review, Vienna continued the scene of every species of gaiety and dissipation. The emperor was constantly on foot or horseback throughout the city, and nothing was wanting on his part to court popularity among all classes of his subjects ; and with this intention, a masquerade was to be given at the palace, at which all ranks were eligible ; and great was the rejoicing in Vienna, at a mark of such royal condescension and favour. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and nothing could equal the splendour of the scene. The magnificent saloon of the palace, lighted by its myriads of coloured lamps, shone like a fairy palace, while no costume, from the rude garb of the wanderer through the plains of Norway, to the gorgeous display of oriental grandeur, were wanting to so delightful a spectacle. Here stood a proud Hungarian, in all the glitter of his embroidered pelisse and gold-tasseled boots ; and here a simply clad hunter from the Tyrol, with his garland of newly-plucked flowers in his bonnet ; while, ever and anon, the tall, melancholy, and dark-visaged Pole, strode by with all the proud bearing and lofty port, for which his countrymen are celebrated. There were bands of dancers from Upper Austria, and musicians from the land of song, Bohemia. The court had also, on this occasion, adopted the costume of various foreign nations. All beheld the sovereign, and could address him, as he, in compliance with etiquette, was obliged to remain unmasked.

As the evening advanced, he seized a moment to leave the dais, and habit himself in a domino ;

under which disguise, after many ludicrous rencontres with his friends, he was leaning listlessly against a pillar near where a number of Hungarian peasants were dancing. Their black velvet bodices so tightly laced with bright chains of silver, and blood-red calpacs, reminded him of having seen such before. The train of thoughts thus excited, banished all recollection of the scene around him : the music and the dance he no longer minded. All passed unheeded before his eyes ; and, lost in reverie, he stood in complete abstraction. A vision of his early days came over him ; and not last, but mingling with his dream of all beside, the image of one once dearly loved ! He heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and was about to leave the spot, and drown all recollection in the dissipation of the moment, when he was accosted by one whom he had not before seen. Considering her, perhaps, as one of the many who were indulging in the badinage and gaiety of the place, he wished to pass on ; but there was that in the low plaintive tone in which she spoke, that chained him to the spot. The figure was dressed in deep black ; the heavy folds of which concealed the form of the wearer as perfectly as did the black hood and mask her face and features. She stood for a moment silently, and then said, "Can the heart of him whom thousands rejoice to call their own, be sad amid a scene like this ?"

"What mean you?" cried he. "How knew you me?"

"How knew I *thee*?" she repeated in a low melancholy tone.

There was something in the way these few words were uttered which chilled his very life's blood ; and yet he knew not wherefore. Wishing, however, to rally his spirits, he observed, with an assumed carelessness :

"My thoughts had rambled far from hence, and I was thinking of——"

"Of those you had long forgotten—is it not?" said the mask.

"How!" cried he: "what means this? You have roused me to a state of frightful uncertainty, and I must know more of you ere we part."

"That shall you do," said the mask ; "but my moments are few, and I would speak with you alone." Saying which, she led the way, and he followed, to a small cabinet, which, leading off one angle of the saloon, descended into a secluded court-yard of the palace. A single carriage now stood at the entrance, and as the emperor entered a small remote apartment, the thought of some deception being practiced on him, made him resolve not to leave the palace. The mask was now standing beside a marble table, a small lamp tho

only light of the apartment. She turned her head slowly round as if to see if any one was a listener to their interview. On perceiving that they were alone, she laid her hand gently upon his arm. He shuddered from some indescribable emotion, as he felt the touch, but spoke not. There was a silence of some moments.

"I have come to keep my promise," said the mask, in the same low voice in which she at first addressed him.

"What promise have you made?" said the emperor, agitated: "I can bear this no longer."

"Stay! stop!" cried she gently; and the voice in which that word was uttered thrilled to his inmost heart: it was a voice well known, but long forgotten.

"To keep a promise am I come. Bethink thee, is there no debt of uttered vows unpaid then? Have you all now you ever wished for—ever hoped?"

He groaned deeply.

"Alas!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "that I could be spared the thought! I do remember one; but——"

"Then hear me, false-hearted! She who once loved thee, loves thee no more: her vows are broken—broken as her heart. She has redeemed her pledge—farewell!" and the voice with which the word was uttered faltered and died away in almost a whisper.

He stood entranced. He spoke not—moved not. The hand which leaned upon his arm now fell listlessly beside him, and the mask made a gesture of departure.

"Stay!" cried he. "Not so. You leave not thus. Let me know who you are, and why you come thus?" and he lifted his hand, to withdraw her mask by force. But she suddenly stepped back, and waving him back with one hand, said, in a low and hollow voice:

"'Twere better you saw me not. Ask it not, I pray you, Sir; for your own sake, ask it not—my last, my only prayer!" and she again endeavoured to pass him, as he stood between her and a small door which led towards the courtyard.

"You go not hence till I have seen you unveil," he said, in a voice of increased agitation.

The mask then lifting the lamp which stood by, with one hand, with the other threw back the hood which concealed her face. He beheld her—he knew her—she was his own, lost, betrayed Adela—not as he first found her; but pale, pale as the marble by which she stood—her lips colourless; and her eye beamed on him lustreless and cold as the grave, of which she seemed a tenant. The heart which was proof against

death in a hundred forms, now failed him. The great king was a miserable heart-stricken man—he trembled—turned—and fell fainting to the ground!

When he recovered, he threw his eyes wildly around, as if to see some one whom he could not discover. He listened—all was silent, save the distant sounds of festivity and the hum of gladsome voices. Pale and distracted, he rushed from the spot, and summoning to his own apartment a few of his friends, he related to them his adventure from its commencement. In an instant, a strict search was set on foot. Many had seen the mask, though none spoke to her; and no one could tell when or how she had disappeared. The emperor at last bethought him of the carriage which stood at the door—it was gone. Some thought it had been a trick played off on one so celebrated for fearlessness as the emperor. Accordingly, many took the street which led from the court-yard, and terminated in the Augustine kirch and monastery. This way only could the carriage have gone; and they had not proceeded far when the rattling of the wheels met their ears—they listened, and as it came nearer, found it was the same carriage which stood at the portal. The driver was interrogated as to where he had been. He told them that a mask, dressed in black, had left the Saal, and bid him drive to the church of the Augustine, and that he had seen her enter an hotel adjacent.

The emperor, accompanied by two friends masked, bent their steps to the hotel. He inquired of the inmates, and then learnt his vicinity to his noble and ill-requited Hungarian host, and his loved and lost Adela. Few, however humble, would at that moment have exchanged state with the monarch of Austria and Hungary; for remorse bowed him down like a stricken reed.

"Lead me to the baron," he cried hastily, unable to bear the weight of recollection.

The man shook his head.

"Noble Sir," said he "the baron lies on a bed of sickness: since this morning he uttered no word; I fear he will never again."

"His daughter; lead me to her—quick!"

"Alas! Sir, she *died* this morning!"

"Liar! slave!" cried the emperor, in a paroxysm of grief and astonishment; "but an hour since I saw her living! Dare not tamper with me!"

The man stared incredulously, and pointed to the staircase; and, taking a lamp, he beckoned him to follow. He led the way in silence, up the broad staircase, and through the corridor, until he stopped at a door, which he gently opened, and, making the sign of the cross, entered the

SATURDAY EVENING.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

READER! did you ever visit a rural district in Scotland, and spend a week among the simple and cheerful cottars, dwelling far away from the busy and bustling cities? Did you ever see the healthy and happy children of these honest and hard-working people? and, more than all, did you ever see them on the Saturday evening, when preparations were in progress fitly to honor the holy Sabbath Day? If you have, then the picture now presented to you will revive the memory of the scene. It is graphically "sketched from nature," by an artist who has seen it, and who had an eye for its appreciation.

But if he has not seen it in reality, when he looks upon the picture he will have seen a faithful representation of it; and, without any great stretch of the imagination, the whole of the amusing scene will be "realised." He may almost fancy he hears the cries of the unhappy object, who, condemned to his weekly ablutions, struggles in vain against his destiny; for, cry though he may, the young matron, stern in the performance of her duty, proceeds with the operation without turning to the right hand or to the left—determined that he shall be washed! Aye, though he may wake the echoes with his cries, till the very dogs bark in sympathy, she yields not, conscious that, when the deed is done, the boy will reap the benefit.

There is a story in the picture, and a moral to it. The mother does not wantonly afflict the son: her aim is to do him good. When he becomes a man, he will have other and greater trials and troubles to endure; but, though he sees it not, they are sent him by a Father who loves him with a love greater than even a mother's love; and if he has learned the lesson of life aright, he will not have been troubled or tried in vain.

room. They followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights; and at one extremity, on a large couch, lay two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around. Wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor, with an unsteady step, approached the bed, and, with a trembling hand, drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, lay the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino! He thought she slept; and in the low tender accents with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response. He took her hand—it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed stedfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance. Her eyes were now closed for ever; her heart had ceased to beat: she was beautiful, though in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right hand was entwined a chain of gold with a signet ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or know the bitter and agonising remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor, as he gazed for the last time on the pallid features of one—perhaps the only one,—who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery. They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the season of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind the parting look of her who he had first met in the dark forest of Hungary.

GENTLE WORDS.

WORDS FROM THE "NEW YORK ALBION."—MUSIC, BY W. H. WARREN.

Sym.

A young rose in sum-mer

time, Is beau-ti-ful to me; And glo-ri-ous the

many, many stars, That glim-mer on the sea: But gentle

words and lov - ing hearts, And hands to clasp my own,

Are better than the fair .. est flowers, Or stars that e .. ver

shone.

SECOND VERSE.

The Sun may warm the grass to life,
 The dew, the drooping flower;
 And eyes grow bright and watch the light,
 Of Autumn's opening hour;
 But words that breathe of tenderness,
 And smiles we know are true;
 Are warmer than the summer time,
 And brighter than the dew.

THIRD VERSE.

It is not much the world can give
 With all its subtle art;
 And gold and gems are not the things,
 To satisfy the heart.
 But Oh! if those who cluster round
 The altar and the hearth,
 Have gentle words and loving smiles,
 How beautiful is Earth.

THE
BLIND BEAUTY OF THE MOOR.

A FRAGMENT.

To thee—O palest Phantom—clothed in white raiment, not like unto a ghost risen with its grave-clothes to appeal, but like a seraph descending from the skies to bless—unto thee will we dare to speak, as through the mist of years back comes thy yet unfaded beauty—charming us, while we cannot choose but weep, with the self-same vision that often glided before us long long ago in the wilderness, and at the sound of our voice would pause for a little while, and then pass by, like a white bird from the sea, floating unscared close by the shepherd's head, or alighting to trim its plumes on a knoll far up an inland glen! Death seems not to have touched that face, pale though it be—life-like is the waving of those gentle hands—and the soft, sweet, low music which now we hear, steals not sure from lips hushed by the burial-mould! Restored by the power of love, she stands before us as she stood of yore. Not one of all the hairs of her golden head was singed by the lightning that shivered the tree under which the child had run for shelter from the flashing sky. But in a moment the blue light in her dewy eyes was dimmed—and never again did she behold either flower or star. Yet all the images of all the things she had loved remained in her memory, clear and distinct as the things themselves before the unextinguished eyes—and ere three summers had flown over her head, which, like the blossom of some fair perennial flower, in heaven's gracious dew and sunshine, each season lifted its loveliness higher and higher in the light,—she could trip her singing way through the wide wilderness, all by her joyful self, led, as all believed, nor erred they in so believing, by an angel's hand! When the primroses peeped through the reviving grass upon the vernal braes, they seemed to give themselves into her hand; and 'twas thought they hung longer unfaded round her neck or forehead than if they had been left to drink the dew on their native bed. The linnets ceased not their lays, though her garment touched the broom-stalk on which they sung. The cushat, as she threaded her way through the wood, continued to croon in her darksome tree—and the lark, although just dropped from the cloud, was cheered by her presence into a new passion of song, and mounted over her head, as if it were his first matin hymn. All the creatures of earth and air manifestly loved the Wanderer of the Wilderness—and as for human beings, she was named, in their pity, their wonder, and their delight, the Blind Beauty of the Moor!

She was an only child, and her mother had died in giving her birth. And now her father, stricken by one of the many cruel diseases that shorten the lives of the shepherds on the hills, was bed-ridden—and he was poor. Of all words ever syllabled by human lips, the most blessed is—charity. No manna now in the wilderness is rained from heaven—for the mouths of the hungry need it not in this our Christian land. A few goats, feeding among the rocks, gave them milk; and there was bread for them in each neighbor's house—neighbor though miles afar—as the sacred duty came round—and the unrepining poor sent the grateful child away with their prayers.

One evening, returning to the hut with her usual song, she danced up to her father's face on his rushy bed, and it was cold in death. If she shrieked—if she fainted—there was but one Ear that heard, one Eye that saw her in her swoon. Not now floating light like a small moving cloud unwilling to leave the flowery braes, though it be to melt in heaven, but driven along like a shroud of flying mist before the tempest, she came upon us in the midst of that dreary moss; and at the sound of our quaking voice, fell down with clasped hands at our feet—"My father's dead!" Had the hut put on already the strange, dim, desolate look of mortality? For people came walking fast down the braes; and in a little while there was a group round us, and we bore her back again to her dwelling in our arms. How could she have lived—an utter orphan—in such a world! The holy power that is in innocence would forever have remained with her; but innocence longs to be away, when her sister, joy, has departed; and 'tis sorrowful to see the one on earth, when the other has gone to heaven! This sorrow none of us had long to see; for, though a flower, when withered at the root, and doomed ere eve to perish, may yet look to the careless eye the same as when it blossomed in its pride,—its leaves, still green, are not as once they were,—its bloom, though fair, is faded—and at set of sun, the dews shall find it in decay, and fall unfelt on all its petals. Ere Sabbath came, the orphan child was dead. Methinks we see now her little funeral. Her birth had been the humblest of the humble; and though all in life had loved her, it was thought best that none should be asked to the funeral of her and her father, but two or three friends; the old clergyman himself walked at the head of the father's coffin—we at the head of the daughter's—for this was granted unto our exceeding love;—and thus passed away for ever the Blind Beauty of the Moor!

OUR TABLE.

THE TRUCE; OR, ON AND OFF SOUNDINGS: A TALE OF THE COAST OF MAINE; BY J. H. INGRAM.

INGRAM is certainly the most voluminous novel writer of the present day, or perhaps, of any other day; but he has written too much and too carelessly to be the best. Unfortunately, too, he has subjected himself to the imputation of having, in more than one instance, been guilty of plagiarism. This, however, is a crime—if we may so designate it—the more venial, inasmuch as he has only copied from himself. Of this, as we shall show anon, the work before us is a striking instance. It is also a melancholy proof that such voluminous authors are very apt to write themselves “out.”

The great Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott himself, could hardly help pleading guilty to the charge. “Morna of the Fitful Head” is but another name for “Meg Merrilies,” or of—we forget the name—another female character, of a similar description, in another work.

This can hardly be a matter of wonder to the reader, when he is informed, of what he is already, perhaps, aware, that more than forty tales, equivalent to at least twice that number of ordinary volumes, have already emanated from the prolific pen of the author now before us: enough, one would almost think, to occupy half a life even to copy.

Under such circumstances, we should certainly feel disposed to treat the fault we have found with some of his works with the greatest leniency, and extend to him—aye, and stretch a point in doing so—the most ample indulgence.

In making this confession, however, we beg leave to state, that there is a limit to our mercy—a boundary to our forbearance, which we must not, and cannot pass.

“The Truce; or, On and Off Soundings,” is, we believe, one of our author’s latest works, and is nearly a transcript of another, “Captain Kyd,” written about four years ago.

In the former, the scene is laid on the Coast of Maine, in the United States, during the truce which was entered into between the two belligerent powers—England and the United States—ere the conclusion of the war.

This truce, however, is so casually referred to, as to excite our surprise at its being placed in so prominent a position in the title of the Tale.

All that is said about it does not occupy much more than a dozen lines. Not that this is of much consequence; it is only a passing remark, suggested by the slight analysis of the work, necessarily entered into, for the purpose of comparing it with Captain Kyd.

In each, the hero of the story is a young man of great expectations, as to fortune and station in life.

They each fall in love with a young lady, the heroine of the respective tales.

They meet with some reverses of fortune, and become pirates.

These lovers have, each, a rival in a young and successful naval officer, with whom they, of course, come into collision, on the high seas.

Each pirate makes a daring attempt to get his “lady love” into his possession, and in both cases, the poor girls have a very narrow escape. This is brought about, principally, through the instrumentality of the rival lovers, the naval officers. In both cases, we are treated with a fearful and bloody fight between the parties, in which the latter are, of course, successful, while the former are taken and executed.

They were tried, of course; but whether before or after they were hung, the tale does not tell us.

The scene of the piracies of both is on the American coast.

These incidents constitute the principal and most prominent features of the two works.

In the minor characters there is, of course, a mighty difference, as well as in the circumstances in which they play their several parts.

In the principal characters, too, there is some variety.

In one tale, the rival officer belongs to the Navy of Great Britain; in the other, to that of the United States.

In both cases—but we need not pursue the matter further. We have said enough to establish our position, and satisfy our readers, that Mr. J. H. Ingram has written enough, and one tale too much, unless, in the versatility of his

mighty genius, he should turn his attention to a wider, and more extended, and less trodden field of romance.

This he has indeed done, and in a manner, too, so satisfactory to us, that we are compelled to admit that he has not yet written himself "out."

In the new and comparatively untrodden field, upon which he has now entered, he has been, as we shall have occasion to shew, in our notice of his next work, most signally successful. But before we begin to make any remarks upon the new and glorious career he has commenced, we should hold ourselves liable to the imputation of injustice, if we did not, in the strongest terms, recommend not only the work before us, but the whole of his voluminous writings to the favourable consideration of our readers.

We do this considerably and deliberately, notwithstanding there are a few expressions in his works that are decidedly un-English, and stick in our throats.

Our author is so great a favorite with us that we will mention but one instance out of many that we would adduce to prove our assertion.

He says, for instance, "He was punished therefor."

Such expressions are common to many, if not to all, American authors; but so long as they pretend to write in the English language, a prescriptive right can never be pleaded in extenuation of such errors. It is, and must be, discreditable to those who use them, as exhibiting a proof of ignorance of the idiomatic peculiarities of their mother tongue.

There are many other errors, of a gross and egregious character, which we do not notice, because we know not whether to attribute them to the author or to the printer. Both, we suspect, are to blame.

XARIFFA; OR THE TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY; BY
J. H. INGRAM.

This is the work to which we have already, by implication at least, so favourably referred; the new and comparatively untrodden soil upon which our favourite author—and he is a favourite with us—has entered.

The scene is in Spain. The time, the interesting and romantic period of its history, when her energies were roused—when she rose in her might to throw off the Moslem yoke, under which she suffered and groaned for more than a quarter of a century.

It is a beautiful—a splendid tale; but why called "Xariffa" we are at a loss to comprehend.

She is certainly one of the most subordinate characters in the whole of the dramatis personæ.

Her marriage with the Caliph, and her fearful death, are incidents equally unmeaning and unnatural, as abhorrent to our feelings.

The tale, however, is one of deep and thrilling interest; and, although concluded rather too summarily, we cannot but recommend it to the most favorable consideration of our readers.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE; EDITED BY MR. AND
MRS. MOODIE.

This is a new monthly periodical; the number now before us being the first. We wish it, cordially and sincerely, all the success its projectors can anticipate, and "e'en a little more;" that is to say, our wishes exceed our hopes and expectations: and yet, from the high and enviable position in which the talented editors stand in the estimation of the reading public, not only in these colonies but in the Mother Country, the case might be reversed, and our expectations might at least be equal to our hopes. Both of the Editors have been contributors to our own Magazine, and Mrs. Moodie, in particular, year after year, since the Garland was commenced, has lent the valuable aid of her vigorous mind and pen, to charm the Canadian reader. For us to speak of the Editors, and of what may be expected from them, would therefore be superfluous. For ourselves, we anticipate a welcome visitor in the Victoria Magazine, and we hope the pleasure we expect from it, will be sought for and shared by many.

In the first number, which is now before us, there are many pleasant articles and tales, from one of which—a visit to Grosse Isle, written by Mrs. Moodie—we make an extract, not as a specimen of the style, for of that there is no need, but because it is an eloquent description of a lovely spectacle, if the eye could dwell upon it, and the looker-on cease to think of the terrible misery of which the chief feature in the scene has been the theatre.

"The dreadful Cholera was depopulating Quebec and Montreal, when our ship cast anchor off Grosse Isle, on the 30th August, 1832; and we were boarded a few minutes after by the health officers.

* * * * *
The next day all was confusion and bustle on board our vessel. I watched boat after boat depart for the shore, full of people and goods, and envied them the glorious privilege of once more treading their native earth. How ardently we anticipate pleasure, which in the end proves positive pain; such was my case, when indulged in the gratification I so eagerly desired. As cabin passengers, we were not involved in the

general order of purification; but were obliged to send all the clothes and bedding we had used during the voyage, on shore with our servant, to be washed. * * * * *

All our provisions were consumed; some of the steerage passengers had been out of food for days, and were half-starved. The Captain was to bring a supply of soft bread from the store-ship, which came daily from Quebec with supplies for the people on the Island. How we reckoned upon once more tasting bread and fresh butter;—the very thought of the treat in store for us, served to sharpen my appetite, and make the long fast more irksome. I could now fully realize Mrs. Bowdich's feelings in her longing so for English bread and butter, after her three years' travels through the burning African deserts, with her talented and devoted husband.

'When we arrived at the hotel at Plymouth,' said she, 'and were asked what refreshments we chose—Tea and home-made bread and butter—brown bread, if you please, and plenty of it.—I never enjoyed any luxury like it; I was positively ashamed of asking the waiter to re-fill the plate. After the execrable African messes, and the hard ship-biscuit, only imagine the luxury of a good slice of English bread and butter!'

I laughed heartily at the lively energy with which that charming and lovely woman related this little incident in her eventful history; but just at that moment I fully realized it all.

As the sun rose above the horizon, all these matter-of-fact circumstances were gradually forgotten, and merged in the surpassing beauty of the scene, which rose majestically before us.—The previous day had been dark and stormy, and a heavy fog had concealed the mountain chain which forms the stupendous back-ground to this sublime scenery, entirely from our view. As the clouds rolled away from the hoary peaks of their grey, bald brows, and cast a denser shadow upon the vast forest belt that girdled them round, and they loomed out like mighty giants, Titans of the earth, in all their wild and awful grandeur, a thrill of wonder and delight pervaded my mind; the spectacle floated dimly on my sight, for my eyes were blinded with tears;—blinded with the excess of beauty. I turned to the right and the left; I looked up and down the glorious river;—never had I beheld so many striking objects in one landscape—nature had lavished all her noblest features in producing that enchanting scene. The rocky Isle in front, with its neat farm houses at the eastern point, and its high bluff, crowned with the telegraph towards the west;—the middle space, occupied by sheds for the cholera patients, and its shores dotted over with motley groups washing their clothes, added not a little to the picturesque effect of the whole land-scene.—Then the river, covered with boats, darting to and fro, and conveying passengers from twenty-five vessels, of various size and tonnage, which rode at anchor, with their flags flying, gave an air of life and interest to the whole.

Turning to the south side of the river, we were not less struck with its low, fertile shores, white houses, and neat churches, whose lofty spires and tin roofs glittered like silver, as they caught the first rays of the sun. As far as the eye could reach, this line of buildings extended

along the shore, its back-ground formed by the dense purple hue of the interminable forest. It was a scene unlike any we had ever beheld; and to which Britain contains no parallel; and this recalls to my memory a remark made by an old Scotch dragoon, who was one of our passengers, when he rose in the morning and saw the Parish of St. Thomas for the first time: 'Weil, it beats a'. It looks jist for a' the world like claes hung out to dry. Can thae white clouts be a' houses?'

There really was some truth in this strange simile; and for many minutes I could scarcely convince myself of the fact that the white patches, scattered so thickly over the opposite bank, were the dwellings of a busy, lively population.

'What sublime views of the north side of the river those inhabitants of St. Thomas must enjoy,' thought I; 'but perhaps familiarity with the scene has made them indifferent to its beauty.'

Eastward, the view down the St. Lawrence towards the Gulf, is the finest of all; perhaps unsurpassed by any in the world. Your eye follows the long range of mountains until their blue summits are blended and lost in the blue of the sky. Some of these, partially cleared, are sprinkled with neat cottages, and the green slopes which spread around them are covered with flocks and herds. The surface of the splendid river is diversified with islands of every size and shape; some in wood, others partially cleared, and adorned with orchards and white farm houses. As the morning sun streamed upon the most prominent of these, leaving the others in deep shadow, the effect was wonderfully grand and imposing. In more remote regions, where the forest has never yet echoed to the woodman's axe, or received the impress of civilization, the first approach to the shores inspires a solemn awe, which almost becomes painful in its intensity.

Land of vast hills and mighty streams,
The lofty sun that o'er thee beams
On fairer clime sheds not his ray,
When basking in the noon of day
Thy waters dance in silver light,
And o'er them, frowning dark as night,
Thy shadowy forests, soaring high,
Stretch far beyond the aching eye,
And blend in distance with the sky.

And silence, awful silence, broods
Profoundly o'er these solitudes;
Naught but the lapsing of the floods
Awakes the stillness of the woods—
A sense of desolation reigns
O'er those unpeopled forest plains,
Where sounds of life ne'er wake a tone
Of cheerful praise round nature's throne—
Man finds himself with God—alone.

From such meditations we were aroused by the return of the boat, and the Captain, who brought a note for M—, from the officer who commanded the station, inviting us to spend the afternoon in his tent, and proposing to show us all that was worthy of notice on the Island. 'This is very kind,' said M—; 'Captain — claims a former acquaintance with me; but to tell you the truth, S—, I have not the least recollection of him.—Do you wish to go?'

'Oh! by all means,' cried I joyfully,—'whosoever he may be I shall owe him a debt of gratitude, for giving me an opportunity of seeing this lovely Island. It looks a perfect Paradise.'

The Captain smiled to himself, as he assisted in placing the baby and me in the boat. 'Don't

be too sanguine, Mrs. M——.' But the very idea of going on shore—of putting my foot upon the New World for the first time, after nine weeks of sea and rough weather, had transported me into the seventh heaven. I was in no humor to have listened to reason, had an angel delivered the lecture.

* * * * *

Fortunately, M—— discovered a woodland path that led to the back of the island, where, sheltered by some hazel bushes from the intense heat of the sun, we sat down by the cool, gushing river, out of sight, but not out of hearing, of the noisy, riotous crowd which we had left. Could we have shut out the profane sounds which came to us on every breeze, how deeply should we have enjoyed the tranquil beauty of that retired and lovely spot. The rocky banks of the island were adorned with beautiful ever-greens, which sprang up spontaneously from every crevice. I remarked many of our most highly esteemed ornamental shrubs among these wildings of nature. The filagree, with its dark, glossy narrow leaves; the privet, with its modest white blossoms and purple berries; the *lignum vitæ*, with its strong resinous odor; the burnet rose, and a great variety of elegant unknowns. Here, the indentation of the shores of the island and main land, receding from each other, formed a small cove, overhung with lofty trees; and the dense shadows cast upon the waters by the mountains, which towered to the height of some thousand feet above us, gave them an ebon hue. The sunbeams, dancing through the thick quivering foliage, fell in stars of gold, or long lines of dazzling brightness upon the deep, still, black waters, producing the most novel, and at the same time, the most beautiful effect in the world. It was a scene over which the spirit of peace might brood in silent adoration; and how was it marred by the discordant yells of the filthy beings who were performing their necessary but unpoetical ablutions on that enchanting spot, sullyng the purity of the air and waters by their contaminating influence.

We were now joined by the sergeant, who very kindly brought us his cap full of ripe plums and hazel nuts, the natural growth of the island, and a note from his superior, who found he had made a mistake in his supposed knowledge of M——, and politely apologising for not being allowed by the health officers, to receive any emigrant beyond the bounds appointed for the performance of Quarantine.

* * * * *

We both felt a little disappointed in not getting a sight of the uninfected and cultivated portions of the island, which, viewed at a distance, appeared beautiful. There was, however, no help for it, and we were obliged to remain until sundown in our retired nook. We were hungry and tired, with our long fast;—the musquitos swarmed in myriads round us, tormenting the poor baby, who, not at all pleased with her first visit to the New World, filled the air with her cries.

The Captain at last came to tell us that the boat was ready. Oh! welcome sound—and forcing our way once more through the squabbling crowd, we gained the landing place.

We have given the above, because of the pleasure it will afford the reader. We now extract a few lines from the introductory remarks of the Editors, in the hope that they may induce some of our readers to extend their favor to the Magazine:—

"We trust, by the cheapness of the magazine, to assist in forming a much more numerous class of readers throughout the Colony from a class whose reading has hitherto, almost necessarily, been confined to the perusal of the local newspapers. We hope, by our humble exertions, to contribute in some considerable degree to the extension of the taste for general literature among that most numerous and not least respected class of our fellow Colonists,—the rural population of the Province.

"It will readily be admitted, that a cheap periodical of this kind may be rendered one of the most useful and popular of its species. It would be great presumption in the Editors to say, that their talents are fully competent to the task they have undertaken. But this they will venture to say—If the public will admit their claim to some literary taste, that with the support of a large list of Subscribers, they certainly can, and will render it worthy of their patronage, by being thus enabled to procure many able contributors to its pages.

"It is a happy circumstance when the interests of individuals coincide with the interest of mankind.

"We have always believed that the surest way to obtain is to deserve success."

THE MANUAL OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY; BY
THE REV. MR. CHINIQUY—TRANSLATED BY
MR. P. O. DEMARAY, STUDENT-AT-LAW.

THE original of this valuable publication we noticed some time since, on its appearance in the French language. We have now to mention its issue in the English language. We have not space in this number to give it full consideration, but we will endeavor, in our next, to do it justice. In the meantime, we trust it may be generally read, and that the philanthropic aim of the author may be furthered by it. He has devoted himself, with enthusiasm and vigor, to the extension of the Temperance reformation; and we are happy to believe that his exertions have been rewarded by very considerable success. The book is a neat Royal 8vo, and will be sold at a very low rate, in order to its universal circulation.