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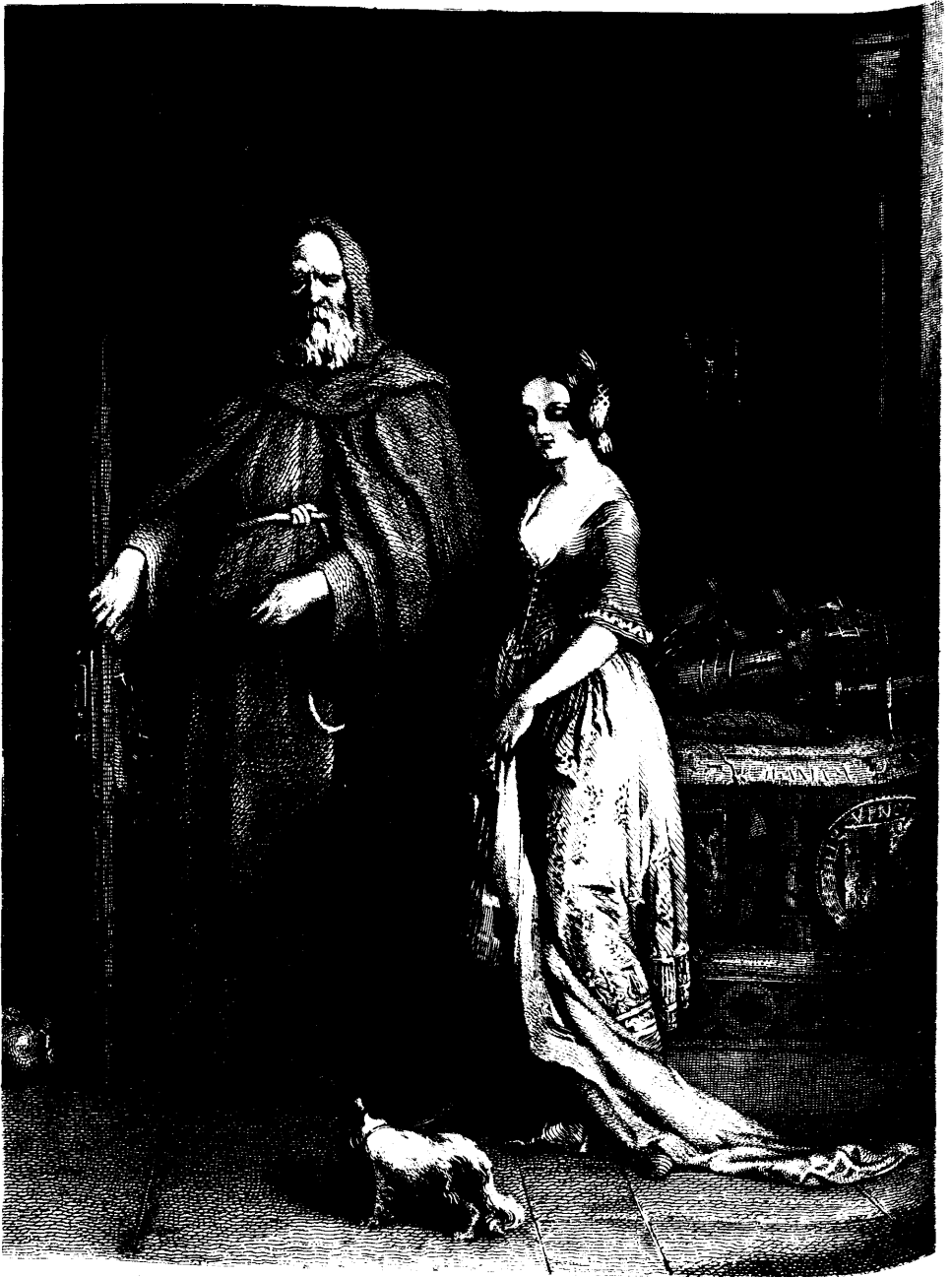
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THE OLD MAN AND THE WOMAN

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THE IRISH STUDENT.*

BY S.

CHAPTER VI.

"All indistinctly apprehend a bliss
On which the soul may rest—the hearts of all
Yearn after it."

DANTE, CARY'S TRANSLATION.

BUT did no shadow of regret cloud the frank, open countenance of Charles O'Donnel, as he was thus about to banish himself from the home in which he had always been so happy—from Fitzgerald, who had loved him as a son, and from Constance, whose eyes had ever turned in confidence and love to meet him, whose smile had ever been ready to approve his actions? Yes, the expression of his face was dark and troubled this night, as he bent over Constance, while her fingers wandered over the strings of her harp, and she sung the sweet melodies of her native land. For a moment he would have given worlds that the conversation which he had held with her father that morning could have been recalled. "I will remain in this peaceful haven," he exclaimed, "and try whether I can inspire Constance with a love for me, deep and unextinguishable as that I experience for her. I have never known how dear she is to me, how necessary her presence is to my happiness, till now when about to part from her! Why should I not have suffered my life to flow on calmly and uneventfully as in days past? But, no," he continued, after a pause, "I will not permit such thoughts to unnerve me; I will mingle in the human crowd, and return as one who has obtained distinction, and a name which he can ask another to share. But I will return

to the home of my boyhood with a heart grateful as ever, and a love constant and true as that which pervades my heart for thee, dear Constance! at this moment. But I must not yet breathe a word of love in thine ear—I will not seek to win thee for mine own till I return, my exertions crowned with success, and till you can regard with pride, as well as affection, your lover."

In the meantime, the song, which Constance had sung at his request, was ended, and her attention awakened by the emotion his varying countenance betrayed, she bent her dark eyes inquiringly upon him, as if to ascertain the cause.

"I will at least satisfy myself before I depart, whether Constance really feels an interest in me or not; this knowledge will cheer me through many a lonely hour." As Constance looked upwards, he said abruptly, "I depart from Ardmore in a few days, Constance, and many months will pass away before I return." But, oh! how stupid; as Charles made this momentous announcement, his elbow most provokingly came in contact with a pile of books, and down they came thundering upon every side.

This accident caused Constance to avert her face for a minute, and when she again turned towards him, it wore its usual placid expression.

"What is the cause of this hasty departure?" she inquired, while Charles thought that her voice trembled. "I hope, however, that you will not be so long absent from us. My father is never happy when you are from home; and I—" but here Constance stopped—she could not trust herself to conclude the sentence.

*Continued from page 314.

"I am satisfied that she loves me," delightedly thought Charles, and seating himself beside her, he informed her of his design of proceeding to a distant university, and that he would be absent during the whole of the following winter.

"But, dear Constance," he continued, "I will spend the summer, months with you always at Ardmore, and though distant from each other, we can yet hold converse. You will tell me of all that passes in this happy, secluded spot, and I, in return, will describe all that interests me in the career upon which I am about to enter."

"But are you not perfectly happy here?" inquired Constance. "Remain with us, Charles, and be a comfort to my father who loves you dearly. When you are gone I will myself feel so dull and sad, that far from trying to make him forget your absence, I will only increase his depression. Besides this, I do not possess your joyous, happy disposition, whose influence my father cannot resist. If we spend the long winter together, and alone, I fear that by the time spring arrives, we will both become as dull and stupid as the owls which used to live in the old barn, and frighten us when we were children."

"Nay, Constance," replied Charles, "you undervalue your powers of entertainment greatly. He must be morose, indeed, who could resist that silvery laugh of thine, or whose misanthropy would not be dispelled by your gentle smile. I leave you for a time, Constance, but only to return, and months will glide away swiftly until then. You know how time flies, Constance. It seems but yesterday since we, in childish sport, planted two rose-bushes which we named after ourselves. It appears but a day since we did this; but now the bushes have overrun almost your whole flower-garden, and we ourselves are no longer children as we then were. Yes! a few years will quickly speed away, and then, dearest Constance! may I hope——?"

"What are you moping in that corner all the evening for, children!" interrupted Fitzgerald, whose attention had been completely engrossed by a number of papers which lay before him, and who thus interrupted the confession which Charles, notwithstanding his previous resolution, was about to make. "Come hither, Constance," he continued, "and you, Charles, till I show you a plan for a new building I am about to erect." The plan was examined and approved of, and Fitzgerald continued to converse till they separated for the night,—Charles to indulge in dreams of gratified ambition and future happiness—Constance to weep over their approaching separation.

CHAPTER VII.

"A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whispered as he passed,
'Wherefore, thou dreamer! away so fast?'"

HEMANS.

AUTUMN was beginning to don her sober livery, and with her silent, yet more than human eloquence, to instil the doctrine of the vanity and decay of all that is earthly. The wind whistled loud and shrill around the angles of the house of Ardmore, and frolicked in unchecked glee among the venerable trees, at every blast stripping from their ancient limbs the withered leaves, and scattering them over the lawn. The lake was no longer smooth as a mirror, but over its surface there danced and rippled innumerable little waves, chasing each other to the pebbly shore.

At length the day arrived upon which Charles was to take his departure—a day of sadness and depression to all at Ardmore. Constance, ever mindful, was busily occupied, arranging with a sister's care, everything that Charles might require when distant from his home. Captain Fitzgerald had been closeted with his lawyer all morning upon business. As for Charles he was like a restless spirit, not to be seen for two moments in the same place; sometimes in the garden, sometimes in the library trying to compose his mind to read. Hardly was he seated, when the light footsteps of Constance met his ear, and in an instant the book was carelessly thrown down, and he was at her side.

Thus passed the morning till the hour of dinner arrived; but the board around which happy faces were wont to meet, was silent. Constance tried to assume a cheerful look, but it would not do. The smile which she had tried to force gradually faded away into tears. Though buoyant with hope, and confident in the future, Charles could not but share the grief which his coming departure occasioned, and his face also partook of the general gloom.

The meal was dismissed almost untasted, and Constance, fearful of betraying her emotion, rose hastily, and passed out of the apartment. She entered the drawing-room, which for the first time she thought appeared cold and dismal. She approached the window, and looking forth saw the travelling carriage at the hall-door. She even felt angry with the horses for their impatience to depart. With a heavy sigh she leaned her forehead against the window, glad that in silence and darkness she could indulge her feelings. She knew not how long she remained thus,

but before she was aware an arm was thrown around her, a kiss was pressed upon her forehead, and the words "Dearest Constance, farewell!" were fondly murmured in her ear. Quickly she turned round, but he was gone; and as she sank upon the sofa, she heard the carriage drive off.

For a long time Constance sat with her face buried in her hands, indulging in violent grief. At length, summoning all her fortitude, she rose, and wiping the tears from her eyes, and smoothing her disordered tresses, she reasoned with herself: "I will indulge this idle grief no longer. I am all that is now left to my father, and I must go and comfort him, and try to make him forget the absence of Charles. And why should I be so selfish as to grieve, when it is for his benefit that Charles has left us? In a few months I will again behold him, and perhaps before many days have passed, I will receive a letter." Reasoning thus, Constance repaired to the dining-room, in which her father still sat, silent and dejected. With her own winning and irresistible manner she quickly drew him into conversation, and playfully challenging him to a game at chess, kept him occupied till it was time to retire to rest; and then sought her pillow, not to sleep, but to think of the absent one. The third day brought two letters from Charles, one for Captain Fitzgerald, and another for Constance.

Oh! ye good, regular correspondents, who with every post receive the sensible, gossiping missive from an absent friend, and reply duly in the same matter-of-fact strain! Oh! how ye would have smiled to see how the fingers of Constance trembled, and how she tried twice in vain before she succeeded in breaking the seal, and how, with eyes half blinded by emotion, she eagerly devoured every word *his* hand had traced. How, instead of beginning at the beginning as she undoubtedly should have done, she first turned over the leaf to see how long the letter was, and then turned over again to the beginning, and then back again to see with what words it concluded. And when her father had leisurely perused his epistle, and said, "Constance, Charles is well and happy, he tells me—what does he say to you?" Constance blushed and stammered, and at length replied, "Dear father, only wait till I read it once more, and I will tell you." Yes, truly you would have smiled at such a fuss about a mere letter.

But, dear reader! if you, looking back through the dark and chequered vista of by-gone years, can conjure up the feelings with which you received a first letter from a much-loved and far-distant one, you can sympathise with Constance, as the words "Dear Constance" were over and

over again perused. Instead of a smile, a sigh will express your feelings, as memory reviews the past, and a train of thought, which, mayhap, has lain dormant for years, steals over you, and with many a pleasing but melancholy recollection, you will exclaim—

"Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

But we will now, for a period, leave Ardmore and its peaceful inhabitants, to the even tenor of their way, and follow our young student to the city of E—, at which he has in safety arrived.

CHAPTER VIII.

"There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three-thousandth curtsey

* * * * *

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts;
The party we have touched on were the guests."

Byron.

CHARLES O'DONNELL'S first care upon the morning after his arrival in the city, was to call, as Fitzgerald had directed him, upon an old and esteemed friend, who received him with great cordiality; and after enquiring whether he could be of any service, gave Charles a warm invitation to spend those hours which he could spare from study, at his house, where he would meet those whose conversation and society would both delight and improve him. After conversing for some time with Mr. Allison, Charles inquired whether he knew of any private residence in which he could take up his abode during the winter, and where he would find that quietness necessary to pursue the severe and rigid course of study upon which he had resolved.

"I do not know of any such at present," replied Mr. Allison, "but I will consult Mrs. Allison, and among her numerous acquaintances she will doubtless soon hear of such an abode as you require. In the meantime, I beg that you will make my house your home until we succeed in our search."

Charles accepted the hospitality of Mr. Allison, who would not listen to a refusal, and next day found him comfortably established there as one of the family.

Mr. Allison was a lawyer, who possessed the reputation of being highly talented, and, what was of more service to him, he enjoyed an extensive and lucrative business; with quiet, unobtrusive manners and much kindness of heart, he was universally esteemed, and his company greatly sought after. Mrs. Allison, on the contrary, to whom Charles was introduced, was a little, active,

gossiping lady, whose bright, inquisitive eyes, were always prying into everybody's affairs, and who, among her extensive circle of acquaintances, had ample opportunity of gratifying her love of knowing all that was passing in the little world around her. Notwithstanding this too universal failing, Mrs. Allison was by no means an unamiable person, and the remarks she made upon passing events were very seldom characterized by ill-nature.

During breakfast Mr. Allison made several enquiries concerning Captain Fitzgerald, and Charles, delighted with the subject, described the quiet routine of duties in which Fitzgerald employed his time, and in glowing terms painted the beauties of Ardmore and its surrounding scenery.

"Captain Fitzgerald has a daughter, I believe," at length remarked Mrs. Allison, "but I suppose she is still a mere child."

"Constance Fitzgerald is almost fifteen years of age," replied Charles, "and is already above the general height of her sex. Her quiet manner also gives her a character beyond her years."

"Her mother, Mrs. Fitzgerald, I have often heard, was a woman of extraordinary beauty," continued Mrs. Allison, "you remember, Mr. Allison, she arrived from abroad a few months after we were married. We expected to hear of her magnificent routes and balls, for foreigners are proverbially so fond of gaiety, and people were greatly surprised that a woman, so lovely and accomplished, could exist in such a remote spot as Ardmore, when she might have adorned the most elevated circles of society. After she buried herself in the country, we heard no more concerning her, except when Captain Fitzgerald corresponded with Mr. Allison, till we learned that she had returned to Italy, and that she had died there. Does the daughter, Mr. O'Donnell resemble the mother in her personal appearance?"

"Yes, madam," replied Charles; "Constance has always been considered remarkably like Mrs. Fitzgerald. She possesses the same rare style of beauty, and the same gentle and winning manner."

"Of course there must be an engagement between my youthful visitor and this beautiful girl," immediately suggested the ever-active mind of Mrs. Allison, as she thought of the improbability of one who possessed so many personal advantages as her young guest, and a lovely girl such as Constance Fitzgerald, being brought up together, without having formed a mutual affection. As this idea passed through the mind of Mrs. Allison, she very good-naturedly resolved to caution her fair young friends to keep a strict watch

over their hearts, when in the presence of the fascinating stranger.

"Catherine, my dear," said Mr. Allison, "Mr. O'Donnell is desirous of obtaining a temporary home, where he may enjoy quietness, in order to pursue his studies without interruption. Do you think that you could by any means find such a place of abode for him?"

"Without doubt, if I only set about it, I will soon succeed," replied Mrs. Allison; "but I must postpone my inquiries for a few days, for you are aware, that to-morrow evening we entertain a numerous party of our friends, to whom I hope our guest will allow me to introduce him. Till then, my time will be engaged, but afterwards I shall do all in my power to assist Mr. O'Donnell."

Mr. Allison now rose and took Charles with him, in order to show him the various objects of interest which the town contained, and conduct him through the many noble edifices and public institutions with which it abounded.

The next evening, the large and richly furnished suite of apartments of the wealthy lawyer were thrown open for the reception of the expected company. As the guests arrived, Charles was greatly amused by the brevity and graphic manner in which his witty hostess described in a few words, the character, qualifications and abilities they severally possessed. "You see yonder elderly lady, who is advancing up the room, so simply and becomingly dressed, leaning upon the arm of a lovely girl. That is Mrs. C— and her orphan niece, who, in a few weeks will become the bride of yonder handsome young man, who is hurrying after them with a scarf, which they have dropped. Yonder lack-a-daisical youth with the curling locks, who leans upon the end of the sofa, his eyes resting with up-turned gaze upon the ceiling, apparently unconscious of all that is passing in this subliminary scene, is a youthful poet, who indites love sonnets to an imaginary mistress under the name of Sylvia. Alas! poor boy! if he would but wield the pen, as my good husband wishes him, in copying briefs and summonses, it would be better for him. But as they say, genius will follow its own bent. That other youth at the opposite side of the room, with the finely chiselled features, the lofty brow, and eye bright with the fire of genius, whose becoming but carelessly adjusted attire bespeaks the small degree of attention self engrosses, is a youthful artist who takes his departure next week for Italy, in order to study the gems of art which that land yet retains. If there be truth in human prophecy, he will yet stand upon a proud eminence, which many sigh for, but which

few attain. That elderly gentleman to whom he has just now bowed, and who in his dress rises so superior to all the rules of fashion to which we moderns yield such implicit obedience, is one of the most learned, eccentric men of the day. I hope you will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, and of listening to his conversation, which possesses the power of making you forget the oddities of the man in the presence of the genius. But here comes Mrs. Murray and her four daughters," directing his attention to a middle-aged lady who was making her way up the room, surrounded by a bevy of fair girls. "The eldest is considered a beauty, the second is a great flirt, the third is universally beloved for her many amiable qualities,—but the fourth, my favorite, so appropriately named Rose, must be your partner in the next dance. But, beware, Mr. O'Donnell, of the witchery of as lovely a face as ever eye rested upon, and a mind as faultless as the face." So saying, Mrs. Allison introduced Charles, and with his fair partner, he took his place in the dance.

At a late hour the company took their departure, and Charles sought his couch, not to dream of the music and the festive scene in which he had so lately mingled. No; he was again at Ardmore, again he beheld Constance as he had last seen her, leaning against the casement, in the same dejected attitude so typical of her grief; and as he stretched out his arms towards her to bid her farewell, he awoke; and the sun was shining brightly through the windows, and bidding him dream no more.

CHAPTER IX.

"Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might? a reed, upborne
By an o'ermastering current?"—HEMANS.

ONE day Mrs. Allison returned from her daily round of visiting, and took her seat at the dinner table with a countenance expressive of an unusual degree of satisfaction. "I have made quite a number of calls to-day, Mr. O'Donnell," she began! "and after many enquiries, I have at length succeeded in finding an abode for you, which I hope will prove agreeable, and which certainly combines the two requisites you desire, quietness and retirement. The lady who directed me to the house, also gave me the history of Mrs. Douglas, your future hostess, which I am certain will interest you greatly in her favor.

"Brought up in the midst of affluence, and her society greatly courted on account of her superior mental qualities as well as her personal at-

tractions, she was married at an early age to Mr. Douglas, who was junior partner in one of the most extensive mercantile houses in this city. Her parents were not altogether satisfied with the marriage of their daughter, as they had cherished higher dreams of ambition regarding her settlement in life, and thought that she should have graced a nobler mansion than that which Mr. Douglas could offer. But their home was found large enough to contain that which cannot find even a corner in many a princely house, namely domestic happiness.

"Mrs. Douglas, perfectly happy in the affections of her husband, relinquished the gay world in which she had once shone the brightest star, and without a regret, gave up the idol of fashion for the domestic duties which her new circumstances demanded. Mr. Douglas was not underserving of the sacrifice made for him. He possessed those qualities calculated to ensure happiness to himself and his wife. For a time fortune smiled upon the pair, and bestowed upon them all that their hearts desired. But the partner of Mr. Douglas was a man who embarked in hazardous speculations, who regarded with contempt those patient spirits around him who could spend a long life in unwearied industry, in order to accumulate wealth, which he, by the exercise of his talent, could collect as if by magic. Unfortunately, a brilliant opportunity presented itself of realizing, without apparent hazard, immense riches. He embarked in the speculation, which proved ruinous to all engaged in it, and he, with the rest, became bankrupts. Mrs. Douglas, with that fortitude which woman displays in misfortune, now became the comfort and support of her husband, and bade him look forward to happier days in store for them. But anxiety, and the knowledge of the privations which his wife must endure in their now reduced circumstances, preyed upon a mind too sensitive to battle with the world. His health rapidly declined, and notwithstanding all that affection could suggest, or human skill could devise, he sank into an early grave, leaving a wife and child without the slightest means of support.

"For some time, overwhelmed with grief at her bereavement, Mrs. Douglas was incapable of forming any plan for the future. Her parents had both died since she had married, and the portion which they had left her, had gone in the universal wreck. She had nothing but her own exertions to depend upon, and the helpless face of her child did not appeal in vain. Those accomplishments in which she had excelled during the earlier portion of her life, and which at that time had only been a source of amusement, now

became of real value. For years she continued to impart instruction to the young, cheered at evening when she returned from her daily toil, by the caresses of her child. She has of late abandoned her arduous labours, for her daughter, whom I did not see, but who, I am told inherits her mother's talents, now contributes largely towards their mutual support. This is what I have been able to learn concerning the past life of Mrs. Douglas, and her personal appearance amply corroborates all that has been said of her. Her mild, pale face, surrounded by the widow's cap, tells a tale of suffering which has been borne with fortitude and resignation, and her placid smile which lights up a countenance beautiful even in its decline, bespeaks a heart which enjoys that inward peace which this world cannot destroy. Such, Mr. O'Donnel, is Mrs. Douglas. Are you now satisfied with the home I have chosen for you?"

"Perfectly so, Mrs. Allison," replied Charles, "and I know not in what terms to express the gratitude I owe to you for the trouble you have taken on my account."

"Do not be too lavish in your thanks to this little wife of mine," said Mr. Allison, smiling, "for did you only know how she delights in such commissions as that which she has so well executed in this instance, you would perhaps ascribe her assiduity to-day to that harmless little *penchant* for gadding about from house to house, which so many ladies possess."

"Indeed, my dear, you do me great injustice, replied Mrs. Allison with undisturbed good humour. "I assure you that I had not such an easy task to perform as you appear to think. I had to convince Mrs. Douglas, before she would agree to receive Mr. O'Donnel into her house, that he was a most studious, peacefully disposed, solitude-loving youth. She said that she would have preferred a more elderly person; but when I enumerated all the extraordinary good qualities which, if Mr. O'Donnel does not already possess, I trust he will endeavour to attain in order to support my assertions, she was perfectly satisfied."

Charles immediately proposed that on the following day he should remove to the house of Mrs. Douglas, as he felt desirous of prosecuting his studies; and with oft-repeated injunctions from his kind host and hostess that he would frequently call and see them, he took his departure.

Charles found his new abode all that could be desired, and as he arranged the few volumes which he had brought with him from Ardmore, in the book-case which stood in his small but cheerful

apartment, he could not but congratulate himself upon his good fortune. There reigned an air of undisturbed stillness and quietude throughout the house which was congenial to his present state of mind; for since he had left his home he had often sighed for a quiet spot to which he could retire and dream of Constance. Her nature was so associated with all that was calm and peaceful that it was not in scenes of festivity nor in the hurry and jar of every-day life that his mind loved to dwell upon her image; but when every sound was hushed around him, sweet thoughts of her and Ardmore came thronging upon him, and hope pointed to the future when he might yet possess her as his own.

The walls of his apartment were adorned by many paintings which displayed much talent; but they wanted that high degree of finish which study and careful cultivation alone impart. Innumerable indications of a refined mind were also perceptible in the rare flowers which adorned the windows, and in those many trifling but characteristic indications of woman's presence.

When Charles descended to tea, he found Mrs. Douglas presiding, and her appearance greatly interested him in her favour. The serene but melancholy expression which had become habitual to her face, revealed a tale of long and severe suffering, and the exquisite outline of features still distinguished a countenance, which, in youth, must have been surpassingly beautiful.

She saluted Charles with great ease, and he soon became as much delighted with her conversation as he had already been interested by her history and personal appearance.

CHAPTER X.

"Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
Save admiration, glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof ———."

CHILDE HAROLD.

To the University of E—— there annually resort numerous students from many portions of Europe, and even from many of the British Colonies. Some are wealthy youths to whom the name of "Student" is a sad misnomer, unless their punctual attendance at theatres and other places of public resort, and an unbounded share in the dissipation which surrounds them upon all sides, gives them a title to that appellation; their careless demeanor and spendthrift habits form a strong contrast to the severe study of those youths, the children of humble parentage, who have left their distant homes, and whose means of educa-

tion are now furnished after years of the most rigid economy, in order that the eldest son, the hope of the family, may receive a professional education, and thereby be the means of assisting the younger branches of the family in life. In this University Charles O'Donnel had now taken his place, and had begun that close application to study in which he had determined to persevere. He allowed himself only that relaxation which was necessary to preserve his health, and he occasionally dined and spent the evening with Mr. Allison, at whose social board were always to be found men of literary taste and acknowledged talent. To Constance he wrote regularly, and this correspondence, in which both expressed themselves with the same frankness as attended their personal intercourse, was his greatest luxury. He read with deep interest of the most trivial occurrences at Ardmore, rendered important by absence, and joy mantled his cheek when Constance breathed her hope that he would speedily return to cheer them with his presence. With the anxiety which love imparts he waited impatiently for the expected epistles, and chided Constance in reply for their brevity, and that they contained more concerning the employments of her father and every one than herself.

His letters, in return, breathed a hopeful strain, and although "he never spoke of love," his ardent affection for Constance was apparent in every line. He revelled in bright dreams of the future, and she was the confidant to whom alone he communicated his lofty aspirations and ambitious hopes.

Though Charles perseveringly refused to join in the scenes of dissipation in which several of his fellow students indulged, and though he did not mingle much in their society, he had yet acquired great popularity among them. His personal appearance, which was remarkably prepossessing—his noble, generous spirit, of which his acts had already given evidence,—were qualities which recommended him highly to his youthful companions, by whom he was distinguished by the soubriquet of "The Irish Student."

The city of E.—is remarkable for the magnificent scenery which surrounds it upon every side, and to Charles O'Donnel, whose life had hitherto been passed among the solitudes of nature, it was refreshing to leave the city's din and crowded thoroughfares in order to roam over the neighboring hills, and breathe the free, uncontaminated air of heaven. Chance or caprice directed his steps upon these excursions, and wherever a retired valley presented itself invitingly to his eyes, or a lofty promontory from which he could command a view of the pictu-

resque country around, met his eye, there would he seat himself for hours, and enjoy the beauties of the scene which lay extended before him. He loved, also, to haunt the ruins, relics of departed greatness, which added interest to many a surrounding spot, and of these his ready pencil had taken sketches which had been transmitted to Constance, who was thus made a sharer in his rambles. There was one ruin, an ancient chapel, roofless, and rapidly falling into decay, which possessed a peculiar charm for Charles. It was built upon the declivity of a lofty hill, and commanded a view of the distant country around. Superstition had not spared it, and the many traditions which were attached to it—tales of love and war—rendered it an object of great attraction to Charles, whose mind was tinged with that romance which is almost inseparable from youth. Could that old ruin have but spoken, it might have told of many a broken vow exchanged within its hallowed precincts, and of many an orison uttered by departing knights whose restless spirits had caused the throne of royalty to totter in bygone days. Alone and isolated, the little chapel stood, looking with the melancholy, reflective eye of age, upon the modern innovations which were starting up around it,—ornamented structures, whose varied architecture appeared to look with scorn upon its unadorned and gothic simplicity.

One lovely afternoon in spring Charles felt a strong inclination to take a ramble into the country around, and with pencil and sketch-book he took the road which led to this time worn edifice. In his last letter to Constance he had described it to her, and had promised to send a representation of this his favourite haunt. He now resolved to fulfil this promise, but as he advanced towards the spot where the most favorable view might be taken, he found that the field was already occupied. Disappointed, he was about to turn away and retrace his steps, when the fair artist, who was unconscious how unwelcome her presence was, raised her eyes from the sketch over which they had been bent, and turned round so as to reveal the profile of her face to Charles. Intent upon her occupation, she was not aware of the presence of a second party, and Charles was sheltered from her observation by a rock whose dark shadow overhung the place upon which he stood, and by the drooping branches of a tree which completely concealed him. Again and again the face was half revealed, and the gentle breeze playfully waved the glossy, luxuriant curls which shaded as lovely a face as ever sun shone upon.

The first impulse of Charles had been to de-

part when he found his intended position occupied, but after the first glimpse of the face, this resolution was abandoned, and minute after minute passed, and there he still remained, drinking deep draughts of admiration. But not one thought rose in his breast as he looked upon the fair girl which was treason to his feelings towards Constance. He saw only a lovely vision before him, and as an admirer of all that was beautiful, he could not resist contemplating it as he would have delighted in a magnificent landscape or a master-piece of painting; and no being possessed of an eye which could behold, no mind capable of appreciating the beautiful, could have withdrawn his gaze, and turned carelessly away from the face which now met the view of O'Donnel.

But beware, Charles O'Donnel! thou art young and enthusiastic, and thou must not look too long upon that bright maiden, lest in her presence thou mayest forget the gentle, dark eyed one who watches for thy return, whose steps will grow light, and whose smile will chase away the tears which in thy absence steal down her cheek, when she wanders once more by thy side among the hills and dales of Ardmore!

But the object of O'Donnel's admiration now rose to depart, and Charles felt fearful lest she should follow the winding path which led past his hiding place, and that she might discover him. But, no! she took an opposite direction, and with a step light as a sylph, passed in a moment from his sight.

Charles now advanced and seated himself upon the detached part of the ruin which the stranger had occupied, and drawing forth his materials, proceeded to take his promised sketch, but it would not do. In vain he essayed to represent the ancient ruin which stood in such venerable majesty before him, its moss-grown walls mellowed by the light of the setting sun. Impatient at length at his want of success he put up the sketch which was hardly begun, and took the path which led to the city.

Next day, about the same hour, Charles again repaired to the ruined chapel in order to fulfil his promise to Constance, and as he neared the isolated place in which it stood, he threw a quick glance to ascertain whether the fair intruder was there, whose admiration of the old ruin was so congenial to his own. Yes! there she was, seated in the same spot, with pencil obeying the impulse of the ready hand; and, intent upon her work, unobservant of all around. Again Charles occupied his former hiding place, and again his eyes rested untiringly upon the face which ever and anon met his view. But with a sudden im-

pulse, Charles seized his pencil, and with a few graphic touches of his master hand, the rain lay before him, certainly not such a favourable view as could have been obtained from another situation. This deficiency, however, was amply compensated by a female figure which was seated in the foreground upon a detached fragment of ruin, whose graceful outline and faultless profile realised the most exalted ideas of the beautiful.

Charles had only given the finishing touch to this hasty production, when the maiden arose to depart, and a parting glimpse of her veil and the wave of her dress was all that he caught ere she vanished as quickly as yesterday. Quickly Charles followed, but he saw no more of her, although he cast a searching glance at every female face he passed in the street. Next day he sought the chapel again, but he found the ruin standing desolate and undisturbed by human visitant except himself. He took the promised sketch for Constance, and although for days he haunted that ruin as its ghostly tenants were said to frequent it by night, he saw the one he sought no more.

CHAPTER XI.

"He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridor,
And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er;
My own Medora!"

Bron.

WINTER had passed away, and even spring with its budding trees, its unfolding flowerets, and its hopeful smiles was quickly yielding to more sedate summer. The time drew nigh when Charles was to return to Ardmore, and he longed to inhale its pure atmosphere, and to look upon its verdant beauties as anxiously as ever school-boy wearied for his paternal home. It was, however, with many regrets and many kind wishes that he took leave of Mrs. Douglas, whom his studious habits, and warm, kind-hearted disposition had completely won. To her conversation, which displayed the rich resources of a highly cultivated mind, he was indebted for many a pleasant winter evening.

She had given Charles a history of her past life, and the reverses of fortune to which it had been subjected; but although she spoke in a saddened tone of the happy days of her youth and affluence, she never murmured at the bitter lot which had been her portion. Her gentle, lady-like manner, and her personal appearance, were sufficient to command respect at once, and her many superior qualities had inspired Charles with almost a filial regard for her. She had frequently mentioned her daughter as the solace

and support of her declining years; but as Charles had never seen any other residents in the house except herself and her ancient servant, the only relic of her former greatness, who refused to leave her, he concluded that she must be absent from home.

It was therefore with many a kind farewell that Charles O'Donnell took leave of Mrs. Douglas, and after having received an assurance that he should again be allowed to take possession of his apartments, when the bright summer months were over, and he should return to resume his studies.

With what impatience did Charles now look forward to his approaching meeting with Constance! How would she greet him? Would her dark eyes look eloquent with gladness as they glanced timidly from the long eye-lashes which veiled them? Such, and many more were the thoughts which occupied our young student as he rapidly approached the ancient demesne of Ardmore.

At length he reached the portals, filled with delight at his approaching meeting with those who were so dear to him, and rendered still more so by absence; for that which is lightly valued by the human heart when in its possession and ever present, is rendered immeasurably dearer when absence has taught its real value.

"I will enter unannounced; do not let them know that I have arrived," exclaimed Charles, as he lightly vaulted from the saddle and entered the hall.

"You will find Captain Fitzgerald and Miss Constance in the drawing-room, Sir," replied the servant, as Charles, hardly waiting for his information, hastened towards that apartment.

Before he reached it, however, the clear, silvery notes of Constance fell upon his ear, and he stood at the door, unwilling to interrupt the melody. From the spot which he occupied himself unobserved, he had a full view of the group within.

Captain Fitzgerald was seated in his high-backed arm chair, whose rich embroidery was the handiwork of his daughter, who sat on a low seat at his feet, one hand resting upon the arm of the chair, and another thrown caressingly around the neck of a large Newfoundland dog. When Charles had left Ardmore he had confided this favorite to the care of Constance, and the huge animal lay on the rug beside her with his head resting upon her lap, his half closed eyes turned towards her face, and even his canine antipathy to music subdued while listening to the voice of his young mistress. Volumes could not better have told how his request on behalf of Cæsar had

been complied with. But wherefore does Charles start, and why does a flash of displeasure mantle his brow?

Seated at a little distance from Constance, and regarding her with a look of no common interest, sat a young man, so handsome, so —

But before Charles had time to note anything further than the look with which the stranger's eyes were bent upon Constance, and the easy terms upon which he appeared to be with the inmates of Ardmore, Cæsar gave a loud bark, and with one bound towards Charles made the door fly open, and revealed him to those within.

"Welcome home again, my dear boy!" said the Captain, rising hastily from his chair, and saluting Charles with affectionate warmth.

But wherefore did Constance hang back, blushing and embarrassed, till Charles first saluted her? Why were her words hardly audible as she greeted him? It was not that she felt his return unwelcome, but the lips failed to express the joy of the heart.

And now, the stranger whose appearance had so electrified Charles, was the only person whom he had not saluted, and Captain Fitzgerald turned towards him in order to introduce him.

"This is a young friend of mine, Charles, whose agreeable society has beguiled many an hour which your absence would otherwise have occasioned. Mr. Lascelles, Mr. O'Donnell."

Notwithstanding this favourable introduction, the young men surveyed each other with an expression indicative of anything rather than a desire to improve their acquaintance. As he bowed stiffly, the eye of Charles wore a yet haughtier expression than usual, while Lascelles replied by a milder but not less expressive glance. But such feelings could not long exist at a meeting of those who were dear to each other, after a long separation. With the familiarity of old times, Charles was soon seated between Fitzgerald and Constance, relating all that could interest them concerning the busy haunts in which he had so lately dwelt, and in return received an account of all the important events which during his absence had interrupted the serenity which pervaded everything around Ardmore.

As he regarded Constance, Charles could not fail to remark the improvement which a few months had effected upon her personal appearance. She had attained her full height, and her figure, though slender, was possessed of the most perfect symmetry. Accustomed to daily exercise and the pure air of heaven, her delicate cheek was clothed with the bloom of health, to which joy now lent a brighter tinge.

Fitzgerald also surveyed his adopted son with pride and delight.

"Charles, I believe, after all, that absence has greatly improved you, although you have acquired the pale face of the student, and you look thinner since you left us; but a few rambles among the woods of Ardmore will call back the colour to your cheek, and cause you to look less like one who consumes the midnight oil."

Shortly after the arrival of Charles, Lascelles, feeling that he might perhaps be a restraint upon the conversation of Fitzgerald and O'Donnell, took leave of them for the night, upon the pretext that he had letters to write.

Captain Fitzgerald conversed for some time with Charles concerning the progress he had made in his studies, till a servant entered and told him that one of his tenants requested to see him.

"Who is that Lascelles, Constance?" enquired Charles, as soon as they were left alone.

"He is the son of an old friend and brother officer of my father's," replied Constance. "He has been staying with us for the last three weeks, previous to joining his regiment abroad."

"He appears to be a particular favorite with your father — and with you also, Constance," added O'Donnell rather petulantly.

"He is so indeed, Charles," replied Constance, artlessly looking in his face, and as her mild eyes encountered those of Charles, he upbraided himself for having yielded so weakly to his jealous feelings, and he resolved to greet Lascelles next morning with more cordiality than had graced his salutation that night.

"How long does he intend to continue at Ardmore?" enquired Charles.

"He talks of leaving us in a week, as his leave of absence shortly expires, and I would greatly have regretted his departure, if you had not so opportunely arrived," replied Constance. "If you only knew Lascelles, Charles, I am sure you would like him, he is so very kind to my father."

"Humph!" said Charles, while he thought, "not the first who has courted the father for the sake of the daughter."

"He is also so cheerful in his disposition," continued Constance, "and is always planning some delightful excursion for my father and me. But why did you look so coldly upon him to-night, when you here introduced to him? Wait until you become acquainted with Lascelles, Charles, and you will no longer regard him with prejudice, but will admire his good qualities as much as we already do."

Charles felt heartily ashamed of his behaviour,

so weak and childish, and Capt. Fitzgerald soon returned to the room and told him he had better retire early to rest after the fatigues of the day; and as he himself felt that repose would be welcome after his long journey, he shortly retired to rest.

Next morning, when Charles entered the breakfast-parlour, he saluted Lascelles with cordiality, and held out his hand as if asking forgiveness for his behaviour of the preceding evening.

Lascelles returned his greeting with equal warmth, but with an air of melancholy; and, during breakfast he appeared dejected. When Constance and Charles addressed each other, he bent his eyes searchingly upon their faces, as if to read the expression which would lend a charm to the conversation of every day life. But he could observe nothing upon which he could build his hopes or confirm his fears. Gradually Lascelles resumed his natural, cheerful manner, and joined in the conversation, so that before Charles rose from the table, he confessed to himself that Constance had not exaggerated the agreeable qualities of her friend.

The day being hot and sultry, Constance instead of walking out, as was her daily custom, seated herself at her embroidery, while Fitzgerald requested Charles to accompany him to the stables in order to give him his opinion of some horses which he had lately purchased.

Lascelles shortly followed Constance into the apartment in which she was seated, and at her request, began to read to her. But his voice, always so musical and impressive when thus employed, now trembled, and his manner, usually so composed and cheerful, was now embarrassed.

Constance remarked the agitation of Lascelles, and raising her eyes, looked enquiringly at him. Their gaze met, and Constance blushed deeply and bent over her work, as she encountered the earnest look with which Lascelles regarded her.

But before she again raised her head, Lascelles had drawn his chair nearer her, and respectfully taken her hand.

"Miss Fitzgerald!" he exclaimed; "dear Constance! permit me for the first time to address you by that name. Constance! will you pardon me, if I confess to you, how fondly, how deeply I love you. Nay, start not when I speak abruptly thus. I am unaccustomed to woo, and I know not in what manner to speak of a subject which engrosses every feeling, and precludes every other thought. Listen to me, Constance! and may you answer me according to the dictates of that pure heart of thine. Since my boyhood, Constance, my life has been spent abroad, far severed from those gentle, domestic ties which

refine and soften the heart. My days have been passed amid the din of war and the turmoil of camps. I felt more at home among the wild jungles of the East, than speaking, as many of my brethren could, soft words in woman's ear. I was little in society while in that land, and those of your sex whom I met there, though many of them lovely and accomplished, failed to make even a transient impression upon my heart. I cared not for their society, and even avoided it. But Constance, when I first beheld your winning loveliness, the heart-felt kindness with which you welcomed the stranger to share the hospitality of Ardmore, the unconscious grace, the affection which you seemed to possess towards everything that came within your care, inspired me with a sentiment, which, until then was a stranger to my breast, and which, if rejected by you, can never be bestowed upon another. Speak, dearest Constance, and say that you will confer happiness upon me—say that you do not reject my love."

As Lascelles proceeded, Constance had become gradually paler and paler, till she now sat, white and immoveable as a statue which the hand of genius has converted from an unseemly block into a model of inanimate beauty. The tremor of the cold hand which lay passive within that of Lascelles, alone betokened the presence of life. At length the lips moved, as if to speak, but still they refused to utter what the heart grieved to dictate. Tears at length relieved the feelings of Constance, and as she bent forwards they fell bright as dew-drops upon the flowers which her hands had so lately caused to start from the canvas.

Constance felt deeply the extent, the immeasurable value of the love which had been offered to her with all the ingenuousness of a manly affectionate heart. Her first impulse had been to render Lascelles happy, and with woman's gentle pity to bless with her love a being so isolated from every tie; but, as she thought thus, the form of O'Donnel appeared to rise between her and Lascelles, and she felt that her own heart had already yielded its affections as ardently and unreservedly as those which Lascelles had unfortunately bestowed upon her.

It was this thought—the knowledge that she was about to reject, no matter how gently, the homage of a priceless love,—that she was to wound a noble bosom—that caused her to turn pale and to weep bitterly as if her heart would break.

"Dear Constance," replied Lascelles, in words low and tremulous, which showed the inward conflict; "spare yourself further pain. I understand too well the answer which your sorrow con-

veys, and I gratefully appreciate your sympathy. The extent of my disappointment you can never know, and I fervently pray, may never experience. Upon you every affection of my heart was bestowed. Mother and sisters I have never known. All died before I was conscious of their love, and upon you every gentle feeling was concentrated. But enough, I will grieve you no more. I feel that you have already bestowed a heart, which—Oh! the torturing thought!—but for him I might have possessed. But I will do justice to that noble boy with the haughty brow and the eagle glance, Constance; he is well worthy of your love. From the first moment that my eyes rested upon him, I felt that my reign in your heart was over. Dear Constance! say that you will think of the rough, untutored soldier, when he is far away. Promise that his name will not be forgotten in your prayers. Pray not that his life may be spared and that he may pass unharmed through the conflict, but rather let your petition be, that peace may return to the heart which it has deserted."

"Fervently will I pray for you, Lascelles," replied Constance, in a voice hardly audible. "Oh! you know not how grieved I feel to think that I should have been the means of inflicting a wound in your heart. I will own to you, that had my affections been mine to bestow, they could not have remained insensible to your worth."

"Thank you, a thousand thanks! dear Constance! even for this. And now, a long farewell. I will not again trust myself in your presence. I will mingle once again in the din of active life, and perchance time may soften the grief of which thou art so innocently the cause."

Lascelles rose hastily, and bending towards Constance, imprinted a single kiss upon her marble forehead, and when she raised her head he was gone. A tear, but not her own, glistened upon her hand.

(To be continued.)

SONNET TO THE GOSSAMER.

Small viewless aeronaut, that, by the line
Of Gossamer suspended, in mid air
Float'st on a sun-beam—Living atom, where
Ends thy breeze-guided voyage?—with what design
In æther dost thou launch thy form minute,
Mocking the eye?—Alas! before the veil
Of denser clouds shall hide thee, the pursuit
Of the keen swift may end thy fairy fall!—
Thus on the golden thread that fancy weaves
Buoyant, as Hope's illusive flattery breathes,
The young and visionary poet leaves
Life's dull realities, while sevenfold wreaths
Of rainbow-light around his head revolve.
Ah! soon at sorrow's touch the radiant dreams dissolve!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.*

BY DR. DUNLOP.

CHAPTER III.

Ah, me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

LUCKILY the moment we arrived at Toronto, we were informed that a gun-brig was about to sail for Niagara, on board which we were shipped. About sun-set we sailed, and the wind being fair, we arrived in the mouth of the Niagara river at daylight, and lost no time in ordering horses; and while they were getting ready, we were anxiously employed in examining and cross-examining witnesses as to the contradictory reports that were in circulation as to a battle. All we could elicit was, that there had been some fighting, for many had heard from Queenston Heights the noise both of artillery and musketry. Some said we had been defeated, and were in full retreat on Niagara; others that we had cut the enemy to pieces, and that the few that were left were busy crossing to their own side. Of course, as in most matters of rumor, both reports were partly true and partly false. We had obtained a victory, but lost severely in so doing; and the enemy, in consequence of the masterly arrangements of Major General Scott, one of the best soldiers in the American Army, (and one of the most gentlemanly men I ever met with,) had retired on Fort Erie; and a body of our troops, under Major General Convan of the Royals, had pressed hard upon them, and had he not been disabled by a wound, it is the general opinion, would have followed them into the Fort. The first of the particulars we were told by an officer who had come from the field on the spur, with the despatches, and he advised me as a friend (for we were old acquaintances) to stay where I was, and get my hospital in readiness, for, he assured me, that from the manner our Regiment had been handled, I would have quite enough to do at home without going abroad to look for adventures. Accordingly, upon inquiring where my wounded were to be put, I was shown a ruinous fabric, built of logs, called Butler's Barracks, from having been built during the revolutionary

war by Butler's Rangers for their temporary accommodation. Nothing could be worse constructed for an hospital for wounded men—not that it was open to every wind that blew, for at midsummer in Canada that is rather an advantage; but there was a great want of room, so that many had to be laid on straw on the floor, and these had the best of it, for their comrades were put into berths one above another as in a transport or packet, where it was impossible to get round them to dress their wounds, and their removal gave them excruciating pain.

In the course of the morning I had my hands full enough. Our Surgeon had gone to Scotland in a state of health which rendered recovery hopeless, and our senior assistant, naturally of a delicate constitution, and suffering under disease at the time of the action, had the last of his strength exhausted in bringing his wounded down. Waggon after waggon arrived, and before mid-day I found myself in charge of two hundred and twenty wounded, including my own Regiment, prisoners and militia, with no one to assist me but my hospital serjeant, who, luckily for me, was a man of sound sense and great experience, who made a most able second; but with all this the charge was too much for us, and many a poor fellow had to submit to amputation whose limb might have been preserved had there been only time to take reasonable care of it. But under the circumstances of the case it was necessary to convert a troublesome wound into a simple one, or to lose the patient's life from want of time to pay him proper attention.

One of the many blunders of this blundering war, was that the Staff of the Army was never where it was wanted. The Medical and Commissariat Staffs, for instance, were congregated at the head quarters at Quebec, where they were in redundancy, with nothing for them to do, while a Staff Surgeon and an Hospital Mate were all that was allowed for the Army of the Right,—men who must have been active beyond all precedent if they could keep the office business, the accounts and returns square, without even attempting to interfere with the practice; and all this at a time

* Continued from page 231.

too, when there was hardly a regiment in the field that had its full complement of medical officers.

There is hardly on the face of the earth a less enervating situation than that of an Army Surgeon after a battle—worn out and fatigued in body and mind, surrounded by suffering, pain and misery, much of which he knows it is not in his power to heal or even to assuage. While the battle lasts these all pass unnoticed, but they come before the medical man afterwards in all their sorrow and horror, stripped of all the excitement of the "heady fight."

It would be a useful lesson to cold-blooded politicians, who calculate on a war costing so many lives and so many limbs as they would calculate on a horse costing so many pounds—or to the thoughtless at home, whom the excitement of a gazette, or the glare of an illumination, more than reconciles to the expense of a war—to witness such a scene, if only for one hour. This simple and obvious truth was suggested to my mind by the exclamation of a poor woman. I had two hundred and twenty wounded turned in upon me that morning, and among others an American farmer, who had been on the field either as a militia man or a camp follower. He was nearly sixty years of age, but of a most Herculean frame. One ball had shattered his thigh bone, and another lodged in his body, the last obviously mortal. His wife, a respectable elderly looking woman, came over under a flag of truce, and immediately repaired to the hospital, where she found her husband lying on a truss of straw, writhing in agony, for his sufferings were dreadful. Such an accumulation of misery seemed to have stunned her, for she ceased wailing, sat down on the ground, and taking her husband's head on her lap, continued long, moaning and sobbing, while the tears flowed fast down her face; she seemed for a considerable time in a state of stupor, till awakened by a groan from her unfortunate husband, she clasped her hands, and looking wildly around, exclaimed, "O that the King and the President were both here this moment to see the misery their quarrels lead to—they surely would never go to war again without a cause that they could give as a reason to God at the last day, for thus destroying the creatures that He hath made in his own image." In half an hour the poor fellow ceased to suffer.

I never underwent such fatigue as I did for the first week at Butler's Barracks. The weather was intensely hot, the flies were in myriads, and lighting on the wounds, deposited their eggs, so that maggots were bred in a few hours, producing dreadful irritation, so that long before I could

go round dressing the patients, it was necessary to begin again; and as I had no assistant but my serjeant, our toil was incessant. For two days and two nights, I never sat down; when fatigued I sent my servant down to the river for a change of linen, and having dined and dressed, went back to my work quite refreshed. On the morning of the third day, however, I fell asleep on my feet, with my arm embracing the post of one of the berths. It was found impossible to awaken me, so a truss of clean straw was laid on the floor, on which I was deposited, and an hospital rug thrown over me; and there I slept soundly for five hours without ever turning.

My instructions were, as soon as a man could be safely removed, to ship him for York, and as the whole distance was by water conveyance, and there were ships of war always in readiness, and as my men were eminently uncomfortable where they were, I very soon thinned my hospital; and the few that remained over were sent to a temporary general hospital, and I was despatched to Chippawa in the neighborhood of the Falls of Niagara.

My duty here was to keep a kind of a medical boarding house. The sick and wounded from the Army were forwarded to me in spring waggons, and I took care of them during the night, and in the morning I forwarded them on to Niagara by the same conveyance, so that my duty commenced about sun-set, and terminated at sun-rise. By this arrangement I had the whole of the day to myself, and in the vicinity of the Falls there was no difficulty in employing it agreeably. My first business on my arrival, on a beautiful summer afternoon, was to visit the Table Rock. My first sight of the Falls most wofully disappointed me,—it was certainly grander than any fall I had ever seen, those of the Clyde included; but it was not on that scale of magnificence I had been led to expect. The opposite shore seemed within a stone's throw, and the height of the Fall not very great. I walked to the edge of the rock, and seated myself with my legs dangling over, and blessed my stars that I was not a man to be thrown into ecstasies and raptures merely because other people had been so. After about a quarter of an hour's contemplation I resolved to return to my quarters, and previous to rising, I bent forward and looked straight down. Below me were two men fishing, diminished by the distance—

"The fishermen that walked upon the beach
Appeared like mice."

This immediately gave me a notion of the height I was perched upon; a sense of sickness and gid-

diness came over me, and, like Edgar, I prudently resolved—

"I'll look no more,
Lest the brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

But I did not make my retreat in a manner quite so dignified as could have been wished, for in coming down the bank I had unslung my sword, and was carrying it in my hand; it I pitched backwards over my head, and throwing myself first on the broad of my back, I rolled over half a dozen times, till I thought myself a sufficient distance from the verge of the precipice to get upon my legs, and it will easily be believed I was in no hurry to return to my former position.

I then set on foot a series of experiments to ascertain the width of the Falls, by throwing stones across, but by some extraordinary fatality they seemed to drop from my hand into the enormous cauldron that boiled and smoked below. Next day I came armed with an Indian bow, but the arrows met with no greater success than the stones—they, too, dropt as if impelled by a child's force; and it was not till after I looked at the Falls in every aspect that I convinced myself that they were such a stupendous work of nature as they really are. The fact is, there is nothing at hand to compare them with, and a man must see them often, and from every different point of view, to have any proper conception of the nature of them. I never heard of any one except Mrs. Boyle Corbett who was satisfied with seeing the Falls from her bed-room window while dressing for dinner; but I have often been amused, while staying at the hotel there, to see a succession of respectable people come from Buffalo to Chippawa by steam, take the stage that stops an hour at the Falls, dine, and see them, and start for Queenston, quite convinced that they had seen every thing worth seeing in the neighborhood. Getting tired of the inactive life I was leading, I applied to get into the field, and it luckily so happened that another medical man had as great a desire to quit it as I to get into it; accordingly, an exchange was soon agreed upon—he being duly installed in the Chippawa hospital, and I receiving the route to join the Army before Fort Erie.

The leaguer before Fort Erie had been always called the "Camp," and I certainly expected that, like other camps, it would have been provided with tents; but in this I was mistaken. It was rather a bivouac than a camp, the troops sheltering themselves under some branches of trees that only collected the scattered drops of rain, and sent them down in a stream on the heads of the inhabitants, and as it rained incessantly for two

months, neither clothes nor bedding could be kept dry. I, though a young soldier, shewed myself an old one, for my friend Tom F— having rather a better hut than his neighbours, I took up my quarters there, and his bed being raised on forked sticks, I placed my own under it, so that the rain had to penetrate through his bed clothes and matrass before it could reach me.

This arrangement did admirably for some time, till one night we were visited by the most tremendous thunder storm I ever witnessed in this or any other country, and accompanied with a deluge of rain, that might have done credit to Noah's flood. The hut was very soon swimming, and I was awoke by my bed being overflowed, and started up to get out, but the water that flooded the floor softened the earth in which the forked sticks that supported Tom's bed were driven, and it falling forward jammed me in among the wet bed clothes, where I was nearly drowned, till Tom starting to his feet allowed me to raise the wreck and crawl on all-fours from under it.

I may here remark what has always struck me as a great deficiency in the military education of the British army—they are too much taken care of by their officers, and never taught to take care of themselves. In quarters their every motion is under the surveillance of their officers—the Captain and Subaltern of the day visit them each twice a day, and the Commanding Officer and one or other of the Majors frequently, to say nothing of the Surgeon and the Captain of their Company, who, if he (as sometimes happens) is a man possessed of a spirit of fidgetty zeal for the service, actually harasses them to death by his kind attention to their wants.

It must be certified that their room is duly swept and cleaned, their bedding regularly made up and folded, their meals properly dressed, and it is not even left to their own discretion to eat them when dressed, but an officer must see and certify that fact.

Their shaving, their ablutions, their cleaning their shoes and clothes, all come under the same strict supervision, so that at last they get into the notion that their comfort, cleanliness, feeding and clothing, all are the duty and business of their officers, they having no interest in the matter, and that what they are not ordered to do for their own relief they may leave undone. In the sister service this is not so. A sailor will mend his clothes, will have his hammock properly fitted, his bedding properly made, and his comforts so far as depends upon himself, properly cared for, whether his officers order it or not. The result of all this excessive care and attention is that

you make men mere children. When the soldier leaves his clean comfortable barracks in England and is put into the field, where he has few or none of the accommodations he had at home, he is utterly helpless, and his officer on whom he leans, is just as helpless when a new state of things arises, as he can possibly be. All this was most fully illustrated before Fort Erie. The line might nearly as well have slept in the open air. The incorporated Militia, on the contrary, erected shanties, far superior, in warmth, tightness and comfort, to any canvas tent. De Watteville's regiment, which was recruited, chiefly from the prison hulks, consisted of all the nations of Europe, but all of them had served in the armies of Napoleon, and all of them had there learned how to make the best of a bad bargain. These, though they had not the skill in the axe inherent in their brethren of the Militia, took down hemlock boughs (a species of the pine, "*pinus canadensis*,") and cutting off the tails of them, made thatched wigwags, perfectly weatherproof; and though they could not equal the Canadian Militia in woodcraft, they greatly excelled them in gastronomic lore; and thus, while our fellows had no better shift than to frizzle their rations of salt provisions on the ends of their ramrods, these being practical botanists, sent out one soldier from each mess, who gathered a haversack full of wild pot herbs, with which and a little flour their ration was converted into a capital kettle of soup.

I shall have occasion to shew hereafter how easily those camp habits may be acquired; meantime I have only to remark that, were they generally understood, an army might often be kept in the field in an infinitely more serviceable condition than it now is, and the prevalence of ague and dysentery in a body of men exposed to hardship and privation, if not totally arrested, might at least be very much diminished. I lately saw a very clever article on this subject by Sir J. E. Alexander of the 32d Regt., now quartered at London, U. C., and I wrote him a very long and a very prosy letter thereon. My positions, if I remember aright, were, first—That every Regiment in Canada should be made a Light Infantry Regiment, inasmuch as they ought to be taught to understand and obey the bugle; Secondly, That they should be taught the use of the axe, without which a Regiment is absolutely helpless in the woods, and this might be done by making them chop their own firewood, and giving them the money that is otherwise given to the contractor; and thirdly, That they should be taken into the woods for a month every summer, with a party of woodsmen to teach them how to erect shanties,

cut fire-wood and provide for themselves in such a situation. Even the Commissariat Department (the most important in modern warfare) may be dispensed with by able woods-men. Sir William Johnson marched his Regiment, who were all woods-men, from the Mohawk River to Fort Niagara, through the woods, requiring no other support, on that long line of march, than their rifles were amply sufficient to supply them with.

When I arrived at Fort Erie, I found myself appointed to the very service I would have chosen had I had the right of choosing. A corps of six flank companies was organized under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Drummond of Keltie, then commandant of the 104th Regiment.

Colonel Drummond was everything that could be required in a soldier; brave, generous, open-hearted and good natured, he added to all these the talents of a first-rate tactician; and if at times eccentricities broke out through all these, any one who knew him must have agreed with his clansman, and I believe kinsman, Sir Gordon Drummond, that "all these eccentricities would one day mellow down into sound common sense, and that Keltie would be an honour to the service." Alas! his prophecy was destined never to be fulfilled—that was his last campaign, and he fell in it as a brave man and a soldier would wish to fall, a death far less to be pitied than envied. But I am anticipating. We were divided into three brigades—let not the old soldier suppose that these were such brigades as are generally in the army. Our force never amounted to 9000 men, including artillery, cavalry and militia, and these took their tour of piquet duty in rotation, so that we had one day of duty, were relieved the next, and on the fourth again took our turn. This, all things considered, especially alarms and skirmishes, when we all turned out, was pretty hard work, but we were in high spirits, and it never affected us. One of the great drawbacks of the service in Canada was that we got the rubbish of every department in the army. Any man whom The Duke deemed unfit for the Peninsula was considered as quite good enough for the Canadian market, and in nothing was this more conspicuous than in our Engineer Department. Without the semblance of a battering train, it was deemed expedient to besiege Fort Erie, and the ground was occupied, parties sent in advance, and batteries ordered to be constructed. Our first essay in this line was a battery on the main road leading to the Fort, which was to breach the strong stone building in the centre of it, on which were mounted, if I recollect rightly, one iron 24-pounder, one 18-pounder and two brass field 24-pounders. I have never seen before or since, any like them,

but they were of the time of George II., and were admirable guns in the field, though not quite the best that could be used for breaching the wall of a fort. A brass and an iron mortar were afterwards added to this most efficient battering train; the latter, however, having no bed, was placed in one of oak, which it split almost as often as it was fired. After much skirmishing with the enemy and the covering parties, the battery was at last opened, and gentle reader! if ever you saw what is termed hopping bowling at cricket you may have some idea how our fire operated. I very much doubt if one shot in ten reached the rampart at all, and the fortunate exceptions that struck the stone building at which they were aimed, rebounded from its sides as innocuous as tennis balls.

The fact is the distance had been miscalculated, and we were attempting to breach a wall at a distance that it was scarcely possible to hit it. The enemy knew their distance better, and managed to pitch shot and shell among us in a way that was anything but pleasant.

I remember one day while I was in the battery, admiring our abortive attempts to do any mischief, while a gun of the enemy was practising with the most admirable precision on us, Mr. K., of the Glengarries, lounged into the battery, and casually asked the Commanding Engineer how far we were from the Fort. He replied about seven hundred yards. Mr. K. said he thought double the distance would be nearer the mark;—this brought on a dispute, which Mr. K. offered to settle by either cutting a fuse or laying a gun for the supposed distance. To this it was replied that both the powder and the fuses were bad, and no faith could be had in them. Mr. K. then asked leave to lay the 24-pounder, and the Engineer, with a sneer, looking at his green jacket, observed, that there was some difference between a rifle and a 24-pounder; however, Mr. K. placed himself on the trail of the gun, brought out the coign further than it had been before, and from the orders he gave to the artillery even, shewed, at least, that he knew the words of command in working a gun. The presiding Engineer, seeing the elevation he was taking, asked him if he was aiming at the truck of the flagstaff of the Fort. He replied, no—the site of the embrasure would be high enough for him. The gun was fired, and the ball entered the sand bags about a foot below the mark. He then asked leave to try a second shot. He laid the gun with great care, and took a long while to do it,—at last he gave the word “fire,” away went the ball, and driving the sand up from the site of the embrasure, took the enemy’s gun on the transom, and capsized it. “Pray,

“sir,” said the Engineer, “where might you have learned to lay guns?” “At Woolwich,” was the reply, “where I was three years Serjeant Major of Artillery.”

It was then resolved that another battery should be erected some hundreds of yards in advance, and to the right of the first. Accordingly, our brigade was sent out to drive the enemy’s piquets out of the wood in our front, and establish parties to cover the workmen.

This duty was performed in good style, but with considerable loss on our part, for in a wood the advancing party always acts to disadvantage, as the retreating can fire from under cover, and retreat in the smoke; whereas the advancing party must necessarily expose himself somewhat, the quantum of exposure depending much on his knowledge of his business in advancing in such a way as will give his antagonists as little chance as may be of taking a steady aim at him.

The ground was accordingly chosen, and the third effort commenced. The enemy were aware of what we were about, so they kept up a constant fire of round shot and shells upon the working parties. The direction of their practice was admirable, but they seemed to have altogether lost their knowledge of elevation, for their shot was uniformly over our heads. At last the battery was declared ready to open, but, as it was masked by a considerable belt of trees, these had, of course, to be felled, and that required a strong covering, and an equally strong working party. If the enemy had failed with their round shot against the men in the trenches, they were infinitely more fortunate with their grape against the covering and working party. This was by far the bloodiest bush skirmish we had. The party with which I was, though not 120 strong, had six killed and about thirty wounded; however, we stuck obstinately to it, and at last our object was achieved. The battery was unmasked, and the Lord have mercy on the defenders of the Fort, for we would have none! “Mistakes will creep into the best regulated families.” When all this profuse waste of life, time and labor had been gone into, it was discovered that the battery had been erected without taking the levels, and that a rise of ground in front of it prevented us even from seeing the Fort. This at once demonstrated that the battery was useless, and explained the reason why the American shot had been so innocuous. During the whole time we lay before Fort Erie, bush-skirmishing was an every day’s occurrence, and though the numbers lost in each of these affairs may seem but trifling, yet the aggregate of men put *hors de combat* in a force so small as ours became very serious in the long run. They

generally commenced with some accidental rencontre of videttes—their firing brought out the piquet, then the brigade on duty, and then, not unfrequently, the brigade next for duty. I think, on a fair average of three months, I enjoyed this amusement about three times a week.

Excepting only a *melée* of cavalry, a bush skirmish is the only aspect in which modern warfare appears in anything picturesque. Look at all attempts at painting a modern battle, and unless the painter takes such a distance as to render every thing indistinct, you have nothing but a series of stiff, hard, regular, straight lines, that might represent a mathematical diagram in uniform. Not so with light infantry in a wood. There a man ceases to be merely a part of a machine, or a point in a long line. Both his personal safety and his efficiency depend on his own knowledge and tact. To stand straight upright and be shot at is no part of his duty; his great object is to annoy the enemy, and keep himself safe; and so far was this carried by the tacticians of the Prussian school, that in a German Continent, which served on this continent during the revolutionary war, a *yager* has been flogged for *getting himself wounded*.

Perhaps there can be no military scene more fit for the pencil than a body of light infantry awaiting an attack. The variety of attitude necessary to obtain cover—the breathless silence—the men attentive by eye and ear—every glance (furtively lowered) directed to the point—some kneeling, some lying down, and some standing straight behind a tree—the officer with his silver whistle in his hand, ready to give the signal to commence firing, and the bugle boy looking earnestly in his officer's face waiting for the next order. This is worth painting, which cannot, by any one having a decent regard for truth, be said of the bas reliefs that we see on the tombs of heroes, of a line of men marching in step, each with his bayonet levelled at precisely the same angle, in a manner that would draw forth the enthusiastic approbation of the shade of Sir David Dundas, but which no effort of the genius of sculptor or painter could even render more tolerable, than a well executed representation of the same quantity of park pales.

This species of warfare necessarily draws forth the individual talent of the soldier. I once saw a soldier of the 32nd take two American sentries prisoners, by placing his cap and great coat on a bush, and while they were busy firing at his image and superscription, he fetch'd a circuit, got behind them, waited till both of their firelocks were discharged, and then drove them before him into the piquet guard.

The Glengarry Regiment being provincials, possessed many excellent shots. They were not armed with the rifle, but with what I greatly prefer to that arm, the double sighted light infantry musket. A rifle is by no means suited for a day's fighting; when it gets foul from repeated firing it is difficult even to hammer the ball down, and the same foulness which clogs the barrel must injure the precision of the ball. The well made smooth barrel on the contrary, is to a certain degree scoured by every discharge, and can stand sixty rounds without the necessity of cleaning. Nor is it in the precision of its aim for any useful purpose inferior to the rifle, that is to say in the hands of a man who knows how to use it. I have seen a Sergeant of the Glengarries who would allow you to pick out a musket from any of the corps, and let him load it, when he would knock the head off a pigeon on the top of the highest tree in the forest.

In the British Army one would suppose that the only use of a musket was understood to be that it could carry a bayonet at the end of it. The quantity of powder allowed to be expended in teaching the men the use of their principal weapon is fifteen rounds per annum. Now, suppose such a limitation was placed on sportsmen, is it possible to conceive that on the twelfth of August, or the first of September, there could be found one man who could bring down a grouse or a partridge? No; the officers in command of corps should have an unlimited power in the expenditure of ammunition, and should only be made answerable for their Regiment being efficient in their practice when called into the field.

In this regiment there were a father and three sons, American U. E. Loyalists, all of them crack shots. In a covering party one day the father and one of the sons were sentries on the same point. An American rifleman *dropped* a man to his left, but in so doing exposed himself, and almost as a matter of course, was instantly dropped in his turn by the unerring aim of the father. The enemy were at that moment being driven in, so the old man of course (for it was a ceremony seldom neglected,) went up to rifle his victim. On examining his features he discovered that it was his own brother. Under any circumstances this would have horrified most men, but a Yankee has much of the stoic in him,* and is seldom deprived of his equanimity. He took possession of his valuables, consisting of an old silver watch and a clasp knife, his rifle and appointments, coolly remarking, that it "served him right for fighting for the rebels, when all the rest of his family fought for King George." It appeared that during the revolutionary war his

father and all his sons had taken arms in the King's cause, save this one, who had joined the Americans. They had never met him from that period till the present moment; but such is the virulence of political rancour, that it can overcome all the ties of nature.

With all our hardships and privations there was no where to be met with a merrier set of fellows than in the camp before Fort Erie. One of the chief promoters of this was worthy Billy R. of the King's, who, to all the qualifications of a most accomplished soldier, added all the light-heartedness and wit of an Irishman.

There was in the camp an old thorn, up which a wild vine had climbed, and then descended in long branches to the ground, forming a natural bower impervious to the rays of the sun. The root of this tree was Billy's favourite seat (for he was too much of the Falstaff build to be more peripatetic than was absolutely necessary) and no sooner was he seated than a group of officers was established around him, and to these he would tell funny stories and crack jokes by the hour together. He was appointed to the command of the Incorporated Militia, and a more judicious selection could not have been made, not only on account of his military talents, but his invincible good temper and good humour, which endeared him to the men, and made them take a pleasure and a pride in obeying his orders and attending to his instructions. Some idea may be formed of his talents in this way, when I state that in the course of a very few months, he rendered a body of raw lads from the plough-tail as efficient a corps as any in the field.

Towards the end of the business, when his men were acting as light infantry, he was knocked off his horse by a ball, which struck him in the forehead and came out over the ear. This would have knocked the life out of most men, but it did not knock the wit out of Billy. He was raised and placed in a blanket, his eyes still fixed on his men, who he saw were pushing on in a way to expose themselves. "Stop till I spake to the boys," said he to the men, who were carrying him off the field; "Boys!" shouted he, "I have only one remark to make, and that is, that a stump or a log will stand a leaden bullet better than the best of yees, and therefore give them the honor to be your front rank men." Poor Billy survived this severe wound many years, but at last its effects began to tell. He became paralytic of the lower extremities, and had to be carried from place to place; but his wit and good humour never forsook him. He died in the Isle of Wight in 1827, on his way to Canada to draw his land.

One day, when relieved from piquet, I announ-

ced to Col. P., who commanded our brigade, that I had discovered a short way through the woods to the camp, and accordingly I led the way, he and Captain F., of the Glengarries, following. By some fatality I mistook the path, and took a wrong turn, so that instead of finding the camp we came right on the top of an American piquet, which opened fire upon us at about fifty yards distance. Being used to this we were behind trees in a moment, and the next were scampering in different directions at greater or less angles from the enemy. It may well be supposed I did not wait on our brigadier, during the time we were off duty, to receive thanks for my services as a guide, nor when we did go on duty again was I at all anxious to obtrude myself upon him; indeed I kept as far from him as I could, but in going his rounds at daylight he came up with me seated by a piquet fire at the extreme left of the line. He saluted me most graciously, alluded to our late exploit as a good joke, and asked me to breakfast with him. "Ho, ho," thinks I, "he has forgotten it all, and I'm forgiven—this is as it should be." Lounging about after breakfast, and talking over indifferent matters, a sputtering fire began a little to our left, and the Colonel ordering a look out on the right, proceeded, followed by me, to the scene of action. We soon saw that this was the point of attack, so he sent me to order up the reserve. This done I rejoined him, and found him standing coolly giving his orders in the middle of a whistling of bullets, far too thick to be pleasant. I stood by his side for some minutes, thankful that none of these missiles had a billet on us, when on a sudden I felt a severe sharp pain from my brow to the back of my head at the same moment the Colonel exclaimed; "By G—d! you are shot through the head." I sunk upon one knee, and taking off my forage cap felt along my head for blood, but none was to be found. "It is only a graze," said I. "Colonel, is there any mark?" "Yes," said he, "there is a red mark, but not from a ball, it came from my switch. You gave me a d—l of a fright the other day—now I have given you one, so we are quits."

Weeks passed at this kind of warfare, that served no purpose to the parties except to harass one another, and mutually to thin our ranks. The enemy determined on a grand attack, that, but for an accident, would have finished the campaign and our army together. They collected all the force they could raise, giving the militia a long exemption from playing at soldiers in their own country for one day's active exertion in ours. They at the same time marched a body of troops down their own side of the river, to cross and take us in rear.

The time was altogether well chosen. The principal part of the brigade on duty was De Watteville's regiment, who being foreigners, and formerly soldiers of Napoleon, could not have any very ardent desire for a victory on our side. The day was cloudy, with a continued drizzling rain. In the forenoon the troops from the fort were marched out in small parties, and stationed in rear of the piquets, and towards the afternoon all was in readiness.

A sudden and unexpected attack was made. The out posts was forced—the battery on the right stormed, and the guns disabled; the second battery was also stormed, and the wheels of one gun cut to pieces, and those of a second injured, when two companies of the 82d, under Captain Pattison, rushed up to the assistance of the piquet which was guarding it. They poured a volley into the mass of the enemy, who were huddled together into so small a space that they could not return it. Pattison immediately sprang forward, and called out to the American officer in command to surrender, as resistance would only cause loss of life and could do no good. He did give an order to ground arms, and some of his men were in the act of doing so, when an American soldier raised his rifle and shot Pattison through the heart. In one moment a charge was made by the 82nd into the battery, and every soul in it put to the bayonet, amounting, I think, to upwards of two hundred men.

By this time the alarm was given in the camp, and the men, without waiting for orders, rushed out—their officers, who were at dinner, followed at speed. The action became general, and the enemy, finding that their object in destroying the batteries had failed, returned in some confusion.

It is said that in war any new weapon, or any new manœuvre, strikes the enemy with terror, and here we had an instance of it. A body of the 82nd were opposed to a party of riflemen in the wood. The Captain commanding, to the utter astonishment of all of us old bush-whackers, gave orders to charge, and the order was executed in a very spirited style. This we thought was consigning our men to inevitable destruction; but no such thing: the riflemen had no more idea of a bayonet being pointed at them than they had of being swallowed up by an earthquake; and when the smoke cleared away, and they saw the 82nd within twenty yards of them, moving on at the "pas de charge," it shook their nerves,—they fired, to be sure, but with little effect, and then ran—they were too late, however. The fat-foots got within *their* deadly range, that is, bayonet's length—they *skivered* many of them, and others were shot at two muskets' length,

and driven out of the woods to the esplanade of the Fort, where they were treated with a parting volley; and the guns of the Fort immediately opening on us, we took the hint, and withdrew under the cover of the woods.

I, like the rest of the dining parties, was alarmed by the firing, and ran to the trenches. On my road I met with about twenty of the men of my own Regiment, and took them with me, being guided to where the fire was thickest by the noise. I found myself along with my friend, Mautass, a Soc Chief, and his Indians. I have had an opportunity of seeing bush-fighting in the Indian fashion. It seemed to me to be a point with them at every discharge of their rifle to shift their position, and whenever they knocked a fellow over, their yelling was horrible. I was close to Mautass himself, and whenever he performed this feat, after giving the triumphal yell, he jumped behind a tree, and seemed to be engaged in prayer—perhaps to thank the great Spirit for his success, or as likely to petition him that he might knock over a few more.

When the enemy retired, the Indians who had shown so much wariness in the fight, and had talked to me of the folly of my young men exposing themselves, suddenly seemed to lose all their caution, and bounded forward with a horrible yell, threw themselves on the retreating enemy with their tomahawks, and were soon out of our sight; but as we advanced, we saw they left their trace behind them in sundry cleft skulls.—They also, when their opponents were from fifteen to twenty yards in advance of them, threw their tomahawks with unerring aim and great force, burying the head of the hatchet up to the eye in the body of their opponents.

I afterwards requested the Chief to show me how he threw the tomahawk. He accordingly cut a small chip out of the bark of a tree, and standing some fourteen yards off, and taking his tomahawk with its pole to the front, he threw it, and it was buried some inches into the oak, with the handle upmost, it having turned round in its flight.

This is analogous to the custom of the Portuguese, who, in throwing the knife, always project it with the handle foremost, but it as uniformly strikes with the point.

These Socs or Sacs were the only genuine unadulterated Indians I ever saw. They were very fine men, few of them under six feet high, and their symmetry perfectly faultless. In action they fought all but naked, which gymnastic undressing gave you the means of seeing their forms to the greatest advantage.

Their features, too, had not the rounded form

or stolid expression of many Indian tribes, particularly those towards the North. They had European features, or, more properly, those of the Asiatic. Their Chief had so strong a resemblance to George the Third that even the tribe called the head on the half-penny Mautass, and he certainly might have passed for a bronze statue of that worthy and estimable Monarch.

After the action was over, and it was drawing towards dusk, I rapidly traversed the ground with a strong party to look out for wounded, and finding only a few of the enemy, I ordered them to be carried to the hospital, but I preceded them to make preparations for their reception. When nearing the Camp, I found a party of the band of our Regiment carrying in a blanket an American officer mortally wounded, who was greedily drinking water from one of the soldier's canteens. I ordered them to lay him down, and set myself to dress his wound. He calmly said, "Doctor, it's all in vain—my wound is mortal, and no human skill can help me—leave me here with a canteen of water near me, and save yourself—you are surrounded, and your only chance of escape is to take to the woods in a northerly direction, and then make your way east for Queenston,—there is not a man of your army who can escape by any other means—I am not at liberty to tell you more." I, however, ordered the men to carry him to a hut belonging to an officer of my own Regiment, who undertook to sit by him till my return. After he had been put to bed I left him, and when I returned during the night from my hospital, he was dead. He proved to be Col. Wood of the American Engineers—a man equally admired for his talents and revered for his virtues. His calmness and courage in the hour of death, with his benevolence and kindness to myself and others, who were doing any little they could to render his last moments easy, convinced me that he deserved the high character which all his brother officers that I afterwards met with uniformly gave him.

Next morning I discovered what the poor Colonel alluded to. The party sent down the right bank of the Niagara to take us in rear, on arriving at the place where it was determined they should cross, saw a body of troops cooking their dinners on the bank, and supposing their plan was betrayed, desisted from the attempt.

The fact was, it was a party of men coming up to join their Regiments in the field who had halted there by chance, and by this accident we were saved, for had a small force landed they must have taken our baggage, ammunition and field guns (for the camp was deserted except by

the few guards that were mounted more for show than use), and had they attacked us in rear, must have thrown us into inextricable confusion. I could now see well enough why the enemy were so easily driven in. Had the expected attack on our rear taken place, there is no doubt they would have been out again in double their former force; but they had done all that there was any necessity for them to do—they had brought us into a general engagement, made us leave our camp and park of artillery undefended, and had their other column made the proposed attack in rear, their loss, severe as it was under existing circumstances, would have been of no account, compared to the advantages that must have accrued from it.

We continued this *humbugging* kind of warfare for some time longer, when, finding there was no chance of us breaching strong ramparts, or knocking down stone towers with such artillery as we had to apply, and under the direction of such engineers as it pleased the Lord in his wrath to bestow upon us, it was determined to try the matter by a *coup de main*. Accordingly about a week before the great attempt was to be made, it was known in the camp, from the General to the drum-boy, that it was in contemplation. A worthy old officer of De Watteville's used to salute his friends every morning with—"Well, gentlemen! this would be one very fine day for *de grand object*." As the intelligence was so universal in our camp, it is not well supposable that it should be unknown in that of the enemy, and accordingly they had a full week to prepare for our attack. At last orders were given for the assault. It was to be made in two divisions, one against the Fort, and another against Snake hill, a fortified camp higher up the lake. The troops at sun-set moved on, but before we had started half an hour an express was sent after us to recall us. Had the enemy had the slightest doubt of the information their spies and our deserters had given them as to our intentions, this must have set it at rest. Some three days after we had orders in form to make the attack, and our brigade was to lead. Never were men better pleased than ours were to hear this. We were tired of the wet bivouac they called a camp; we were tired of our busy idleness! which, though fatal to many of our comrades, had as yet produced no military result; and we knew that whatever they might be at a distance, the enemy had no chance with us at a hand-to-hand fight, and therefore we hailed the prospect of an assault as a relief from trouble—a glorious termination to a fatiguing and harassing campaign, where, if we had got some credit by the Battle of the Falls, accounts

from that date to the present had been pretty evenly balanced.

I have said that that it was determined that our brigade should lead, and never was honour more highly appreciated. It struck us that the General shewed great discrimination and penetration in selecting the very fittest men under his command for such a service, the more so that the corps of flank companies to which I belonged, was to lead immediately after the forlorn hope.

We were the first for duty on that day, and the relief brigade was summoned out at eleven and marched to take up its position at twelve. We breakfasted at eight; Colonel Drummond was in high spirits—it has sometimes struck me since unnaturally high,—but that idea might have proceeded from the result. Be that as it may, certain it is that he had a presentiment that he never would come out of that day's action, and he made no secret of that feeling either from me or several others of his friends.

We sat apparently by common consent long after breakfast was over. Drummond told some capital stories, which kept us in such a roar that we seemed more like an after dinner than an after breakfast party. At last the bugles sounded the turn-out, and we rose to depart for our stations; Drummond called us back, and his face assuming an unwonted solemnity, he said, "Now boys! we never will all meet together here again; at least I will never again meet you. I feel it and am certain of it; let us all shake hands, and then every man to his duty, and I know you all too well to suppose for a moment that any of you will flinch it." We shook hands accordingly, all round, and with a feeling very different from what we had experienced for the last two hours, fell into our places.

On taking up our several stations on piquet, the weather which had been clear became suddenly dark and cloudy, and a thick drizzling rain began to fall, which, towards evening, increased to a heavy shower. Colonel P., Colonel Drummond, and some more of us, were congregated in a hut, anything but rain-tight; Colonel Drummond left the hut where we were smoking and talking, and stowed himself away in a rocket case, where he soon fell fast asleep. About midnight we were summoned to fall in without noise, and a party of sailors forming the forlorn hope, headed by a midshipman taking the lead, our corps followed close in their rear. When we were yet three hundred yards from the fort their videttes fired on us and immediately retired; soon after the guns of the Fort opened, but with little or no effect. About 200 yards from the fort Drummond

halted, and turning to me unbuckled his sword, which he gave to me, telling me to keep it for his sake. It was a regulation sword in a steel scabbard. Thinking that he had no great faith in it, I offered him mine, which was a Ferrara of admirable temper and edge; but he said he had got a boarding pike from the sailors whom he was going to join. He told me to stand where I was and not expose myself; and these were the last words I ever heard him utter.

The sailors and our corps dashed on and made good their lodgment in fine style, and after standing till the last of the attacking columns was past, I began to feel my situation most particularly unpleasant. A man must possess more courage than I can pretend to, who can stand perfectly cool, while, having nothing to do, he is shot at like a target. Accordingly, I determined to advance at all hazards, and at least have the pleasure of seeing what was doing, for my risk of being shot. I had not proceeded many yards when I stumbled over a body, and on feeling, for I could not see, I discovered he was wounded in the arm and the blood flowing copiously. He had fainted and fallen in attempting to get to the rear. I fixed a field tourniquet on his arm, and throwing him over my shoulder like a sack, carried him to a ravine in rear, and delivered him to the care of a Naval Surgeon I met with there. He proved to be Major R. of the Royals, who, but for my lucky stumble, would most probably have given promotion to the senior Captain of that distinguished Regiment.

When I came up to the Fort I found no difficulty in getting on the rampart, for our own men were in full possession; but just as I was scrambling over some dead bodies, an explosion took place. At first I thought it was a shell had burst close to me, for the noise was not greater if so great, as that of a large shell; but the tremendous glare of light and falling of beams and rubbish soon demonstrated that it was something more serious. In a fact a magazine in a bastion had exploded, and on the top of this bastion, through some mistake of their orders, the 103rd Regiment were either posted or scrambling up; all who were on the top were necessarily blown up, and those not killed by the shock fell on the fixed bayonets of their comrades in the ditch, and thus, after we were in possession of the place, in one instant the greater part of our force was annihilated.

All was now confusion, and—d—I take the hindmost! How I got across the ditch, I cannot, nor never could call to my memory; but I found myself scouring along the road at the top of my

speed, with a running accompaniment of grape, canister and musketry whistling about my ears, and tearing the ground at my feet.

When about half way between the ditch and the ravine, I heard a voice calling on me for help. I found it was a wounded officer; so, calling a drum-boy of the Royals, who had a stretcher, we laid him into it, and carried him after the manner of a hand-barrow; he entreated us to get into the wood, as, on the road, we were likely to be cut to pieces with the shot. Accordingly we turned for that purpose; but just as we were entering, a round shot cut a large bough just above our heads, and down it came on the top of the three of us. I crawled backwards and the drum-boy forwards; and there we were staring at each other; however, there was no time to express our surprise. I ordered him in again, and I crawled in at the other side; and by our joint exertions we got the poor fellow out of his uncomfortable situation, and once in the wood we were safe for the rest of our journey. I handed him over to some medical men in the battery, and went in search of my own men.

Day not being yet fairly broken, I did not know who I had been the means of saving, but more than twelve months after I met in the streets of Portsmouth with Captain C., of the 103rd, who, after shaking hands with me, thanked me for my kindness to him at Fort-Erie, and this was the first time that I ever knew the Regiment to which my man belonged, for in the imperfect light I thought he had dark facings. On my arrival in the battery there was a scene of sad confusion. Sir Gordon Drummond was with great coolness forming the men as they came in, and I, with others, set to work to assist him. Without regard to what corps they belonged, we stuck them behind the breast-work, anticipating an attack. Sir Gordon asked me what officers were killed; I told him all that I knew of, and when I mentioned Colonel Drummond of Keltie, and Colonel Scott of Brotherton, (both like himself, Perthshire lairds, and neighbours of his,) he seemed deeply affected.

I sent poor Drummond's sword, by his servant, to his family, and reserved for a memorial, a string of wampum beads which he had got from the Indians, with whom he was an especial favourite. This I wore round my neck six years afterwards in 1820 at the Cape of Good Hope, when his brother, being Field Officer of the day, riding past me observed it, and asked a gentleman who had come from India in the same ship with me the cause of my wearing so extraordinary an ornament. On being told, he waited on me, and as I was the first person he had met with who had

been present when his brother fell, he heard from me the circumstances I have here related.

After this it was quite clear that we could get no good by remaining, as we had failed in the main object of the campaign. But remain we did for some time, having an occasional skirmish with the enemy, but nothing decisive. At last it was determined that we should retire behind the Chippawa; this we accordingly did, unfollowed by the enemy, who, when they saw us fairly gone, took themselves across the river, abandoning the fort they had defended so obstinately for three months; in fact it had served all their purposes, which evidently were to keep us busy as long as we could keep the field, preventing us doing mischief on their side by amusing us on our own.

After the blow up, our little corps was broken up, and the companies composing it joined their respective battalions. My own regiment was wretchedly reduced; little more than three months before it had gone into the Battle of the Falls, five hundred strong, with a full complement of officers. Now we retired about sixty rank and file, commanded by a Captain, two of the senior Lieutenants carrying the colours, and myself marching in rear—*voilà*, His Majesty's 89th Regiment of Foot!

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN PLAYING.

BY H.

I.

Oh! mother, let them play,
In the sunshine of their day;
Oh! do not say them nay,—
Mother! let them play.
They have never felt the sway
Of life's dark and gloomy way,
Oh! mother, let them play.

II.

Oh! mother, let them play,
Ere their burnished locks are grey,
And their pleasures pass away—
Mother, let them play.
Do not damp their sport so gay,
Nor their joyous gladsome lay,
Oh! mother, let them play.

III.

Oh! mother let them play,
I, like them, have felt so gay,
Aye! as butterfly in May,
Mother, let them play.
But alas! this drear decay
Now summons me away,
Oh! mother, let them play.

CANADIAN SKETCHES.

NO. V.

UNCLE JOE AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

I SEE him now before me with his jolly red face, twinkling black eyes and rubicund nose. No thin weasel-faced Yankee was he, looking as if he had lived upon cute ideas and speculations all his life, yet Yankee he was by birth; aye, and in mind too, for a more knowing fellow at a bargain never crossed the lakes to abuse British institutions, and locate himself comfortably among the despised Britishers. But then he had such a good-natured fat face; such a mischievous mirth-loving smile, and such a merry roguish expression in those small, jet black, glittering eyes, that you suffered yourself to be taken in by him, without offering the least resistance to his impositions.

Uncle Joe's father had been a U. E. Loyalist, and his doubtful loyalty had been repaid by a grant of land in the Township of H—. He was the first settler in that township, and chose his location in a remote spot, for the sake of a beautiful natural spring, which bubbled up in a small stone basin on the green bank at the back of the house.

"Father might have had the pick of the township," quoth Uncle Joe; "but the old coon preferred that sup of good water to the site of a town. Well, I guess its seldom I trouble the spring, and whenever I step that way to water the horses I think what a tarnation fool the old one was, to throw away such a chance of making his fortune for such cold lap."

"Your father was a temperance man?"

"Temperance—the d—!! He had been fond enough of the whiskey bottle in his day. He drunk up a good farm in the United States, and then he thought he could not do better than turn loyal and get one here for nothing. He did not care a cent, not he, for the King of England—he thought himself as good anyhow. But he found he would have to work devilish hard here to scratch along, and he was mightily plagued with the rheumatics, and some old woman told him that good spring water was the best cure for that, so he chose this poor light stony land on account of the spring, and took to hard work and drinking cold water in his old age."

"How did the change agree with him?"

"I guess better than could have been expected. He planted that fine orchard and cleared his hundred acres of land, and we got along slick enough as long as the old fellow lived."

"And what happened after his death that obliged you to part with it?"

"Bad times, bad crops," said Uncle Joe, lifting his shoulders. "I had not my father's way of scraping money together. I made some deuced clever speculations, but they all failed. I married young and got a large family, and the woman critters ran up heavy bills at the stores, and the crops did not yield enough to pay them, and from bad we got to worse, and Mr. — put in an execution, and the whole concern went to satisfy his account; and you have got all that my father toiled for during his life for less than half the cash he laid out upon it."

"And had the whiskey bottle nothing to do with this change?" said I, looking suspiciously at his red nose.

"Not a bit—when a man gets into difficulties it is the only thing to keep him from sinking outright. When your man has had as many troubles as I have, he will know how to value the whiskey bottle."

This conversation was broken off by a queer looking urchin of five years old, dressed in a long tailed coat and trowsers, popping his curly head in at the door, and calling out:

"Uncle Joe! you're wanted to hum."

"Is that your nephew?"

"No; I guess 'tis my woman's eldest son," said Uncle Joe, rising; "but they all call me Uncle Joe. 'Tis a sry chap that—as cunning as a fox. I tell you what it is, he will make a smart man. Go home, Ammon, and tell mother that I am coming."

"I won't," said the boy. "You may go hum and tell her yourself. She has wanted wood cut this hour, and you'll catch it."

Away ran the dutiful son, but not before he had applied his fore-finger significantly to the

side of his nose, and with a knowing wink pointed in the direction of home.

Uncle Joe obeyed the summons, drily remarking, "That he could not leave the barn door without the old hen clucking him back."

At this period we were still living in Old Satan's log house, and anxiously looking out for the first of sleighing, to put us in possession of the good substantial dwelling occupied by Uncle Joe and his brood of seven girls, and the one good-for-naught but highly-prized boy, who rejoiced in the extraordinary name of Ammon. What queer names there are to be found in this country. What think you, readers, of Solomon Sly, and Reynard Fox, and Hiram Dolittle? All veritable names, and belonging to substantial yeomen. After Ammon and Ichabod, I should not be at all surprised to meet with Judas Iscariot, Pilate and Herod. And then the female appellations! But the subject is a delicate one, and I will forbear to touch upon it, but I have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the strange appellations which people designate, here, "*very handsome names.*" Yea! I prefer the old homely Jewish name, which it pleased my godfather and godmothers to bestow upon me, to one of these high sounding christianities.

But to return to Uncle Joe. He made many fair promises of leaving the place the moment that he had sold his crops and could remove his family; and as we could perceive no interest which could be served by his deceiving us, we believed him, and tried to make ourselves as comfortable as we could in our present wretched abode. But matters are never so bad but they may be worse. We were just in the middle of dinner when a waggon drove up to the door, and Mr. — alighted, accompanied by a fine-looking middle-aged man, who proved to be a Captain S—, who had just arrived from Demerara with his wife and family. Mr. —, who had purchased the farm of Old Satan, had brought him over to inspect the land, as he much wished to buy a farm and settle in that neighbourhood. With some difficulty I contrived to accommodate the visitors with seats, and provide them with a tolerable dinner. Fortunately M— had brought in a brace of fine partridges that morning; these the servant transferred to a pot of boiling water, a novel but very expeditious method of plucking fowls; and in less than ten minutes they were roasting in the bake kettle, and before the gentlemen returned from walking over the farm the dinner was on the table.

To my utter consternation Captain S— agreed to purchase, and asked if we could give them possession in a week?

"Good heavens!" cried I, glancing rather reproachfully at Mr. —, who was discussing his partridge with stoical indifference. "What will become of us—where can we go?"

"Oh! make yourself easy, Mrs. M—," said he; "I will make that old witch, Uncle Joe's mother, clear out."

"But it is impossible for us to stow ourselves into that pig sty."

"It will only be for a week or two; this is October—Joe will be sure to be off by the first sleighing."

"But if she refuses to give up the place?"

"Oh! leave her to me, I'll talk her over," said the knowing land speculator. "Let it come to the worst, M—," he said, turning to my husband; "she will go out for the sake of a few dollars. By the bye, she refused to bar the dower when I bought the place; we must cajole her out of that. It is a fine afternoon, suppose we walk over the hill and try our luck with the old nigger."

I felt so anxious about the result of the negotiation, that throwing my cloak about my shoulders, and tying on my bonnet without the assistance of a glass, I took my husband's arm and walked forth.

It was a clear bright afternoon, the first week in October, and the fading woods, not yet denuded of their foliage, glanced in a mellow golden light. A soft haze rested on the blue outline of the Haldimand hills, and in the rugged beauty of the wild landscape I soon forgot the purport of our errand to the old woman's log hut. On reaching the ridge of the hill, the lovely valley in which our future home lay, smiled peacefully upon us from amidst its fruitful orchards, still loaded with their rich ripe fruit.

"What a pretty place it is!" cried I, for the first time feeling something like a local interest in the spot springing up in my heart. "How I wish those odious people would leave us in possession of what has been some time our own."

The cottage which we were approaching, and in which the old woman H— resided by herself, having quarrelled years ago with her son's wife, was of the smallest dimensions, only containing one room, which served the dame for kitchen and parlor and all. The open door and one small window supplied it with light and air; while a huge hearth, on which crackled and sparkled two immense logs, took up nearly half the domicile, and the old woman's bed, which was covered with an unexceptionable clean patched quilt, nearly the other half, leaving just room for a small deal, home-made table of the rudest workmanship; two basswood bot-tomed chairs stained red, one of which was a

rocking chair, and appropriated solely to the old woman's use, and a spinning wheel. Amidst this huddle of things,—for small as the quantum of furniture was, it was all crowded into such a tiny space that you had to squeeze your way among it in the best manner you could,—we found the old woman with a red cotton handkerchief tied over her head, shelling white bush beans into a broken bowl. Without rising from her seat, she pointed to the only remaining chair:

"I guess, Miss, you can sit there, and if the others can't stand they can make a seat of my bed."

The gentlemen assured her that they were not tired, and could dispense with seats. Mr. —, in his blandest manner, then went up to the old woman, and proffering his hand asked after her health.

"I'm none the better for seeing you, or the like of you," was the reply. "You have cheated my poor boy out of his good farm, and I hope it will prove a bad bargain to you and yours."

"Mrs. H——," returned the land jobber, nothing ruffled by her unceremonious greeting, "I could not help your son giving way to drink and getting into my debt. If people will be such fools they cannot be so stupid as to imagine that others will suffer by them."

"Suffer!" repeated the thin old woman, flashing her small, keen black eyes upon him with a glance of withering scorn. "You suffer!—I wonder what the widows and orphans you have cheated would say to that. My boy was a poor weak, silly fool, to be sucked in by the like of you. For a debt of eight hundred dollars,—the goods never cost you four hundred,—you take from us our good farm. And these I 'spose are the folks you sold it to. Pray, Miss," says she, turning quickly to me, "what might your man give for the place?"

"Three hundred pounds cash."

"Poor sufferer!" again sneered the hag. "Four hundred dollars is a very small profit in as many weeks. Well, I guess you beat the Yankees hollow. And pray what brought you here to-day accepting about you like a carrion-crow? We have no more land for you to seize from us."

My husband now stepped forward, and briefly explained our situation, and offered the old woman anything in reason to give up the cottage and reside with her son until he removed from the premises, which, he added, "must be in a very short time."

The old dame regarded him with a sarcastic smile.

"I guess Joe will take his own time. The house is not built which is to receive him, and

he is not the man to turn his back upon a warm hearth to camp in the wilderness. You were green when you bought a farm of that man, without getting along with it the right of possession."

"But, Mrs. H——, your son promised to go out the first of sleighing."

"Whew!" said the old woman. "Would you have a man give away his hat and leave his own head bare? It is neither the first snow nor the last frost that will turn Joe out of his comfortable home. I tell ye all that he will stay here if it is only to plague you."

Threats and remonstrances were all in vain, and we were just turning to leave the house when the cunning old fox exclaimed:

"And now what will you give me to leave my place?"

"Twelve dollars, if you give us possession next Monday," said my husband.

"Twelve dollars! I guess you won't get me out for that."

"The rent would not be worth more than a dollar a month," said Mr. —, pointing with his cane to the dilapidated walls. "The gentleman has offered you a year's rent for the place."

"It may not be worth a cent," returned the woman, "for it will give every body the rheumatics that stays a week in it—but it is worth that to me, and more nor double that just now to him. But I will not be hard with him," continued the crone, rocking herself to and fro. "Say twenty dollars, and I'll turn out on Monday."

"I dare say you will," said Mr. —; "and who do you think would be fool enough to give you such an exorbitant sum for a ruined old pig-stye like this?"

"Mind your own business and make your own bargains," returned the old woman sharply. "The d—— himself could not deal with you, for I guess he would have the worst of it. What do you say, Sir?" and she fixed her keen eyes upon my husband as if she would read his thoughts. "Will you agree to my price?"

"It is a very high one, Mrs. H——; but as I cannot help myself and you take advantage of that, I suppose I must give it."

"'Tis a bargain," said the old woman, holding out her bony hand, "Come, cash down!"

"Not until you give me possession on Monday next, or you might serve me as your son has done."

"Ha!" said the old woman, laughing and rubbing her hands together; "you begin to see daylight, do you? In a few months, with the help of him"—pointing to —, "you will be able to go alone. But have a care of your teacher,

for its no good you will learn from him. But will you really stand to your word, Mister," she added in a coaxing tone, "if I go out on Monday?"

"To be sure—I never break my word."

"Well, I guess you are not so clever as our people, for they only keep it as long as it suits them. You have an honest look—I'll trust you. But I would not trust him," nodding to —. "He can buy and sell his word as fast as a horse can trot. So on Monday I will turn out my traps. I have lived here six and thirty years. 'Tis a pretty place, and it vexes me to leave it," continued the old crone, as a touch of natural feeling softened and agitated her world-hardened heart. "There is not an acre in cultivation but I helped to clear it—not a tree in yon orchard but I held it while my poor man who is dead and gone planted it; and I have watched their growth from year to year until they overshadowed the cottage where all my children but Joe were born. Yes! I came here young and in my prime, and I must leave it in age and poverty. My children and husband are dead, and their bones rest beneath the turf in the burying-ground on the side of the hill. Of all that once gathered about my knees, Joe and the young ones alone remain. And it is hard, very hard, that I must leave their graves to be turned by the plough of a stranger."

I felt for the poor old creature—tears came to my eyes, but there was no moisture in hers.

"Be assured, Mrs. H—," said my husband, "that the remains of the dead are sacred. The place will never be disturbed by me."

"Perhaps not. But it is not long that you will stay here. I have seen a good deal in my time, but I never saw a gentleman from the Old Country make a good Canadian farmer. The work is rough and hard, and they get out of humour with it and leave it to their hired servants, and then all goes wrong. They are cheated on all sides, and in despair take to the whiskey bottle, and that fixes them. I tell you what it is, Mister, I give you just three years to spend all your money and ruin yourself; and then you will become a confirmed drunkard like the rest."

The first part of her prophesy was only too true. Thank God! the last never has been fulfilled, and I trust never will be.

Perceiving that the old woman was not a little elated with her bargain, Mr. — urged upon her the propriety of barring the dower. At first she was outrageous, and listened to all his proposals with contempt, vowing that she would meet him in a certain place below, before she

would ever consent to sign away her right to a part of her husband's property.

"Listen to reason, Mrs. H—," said —. "If you will sign the papers before the proper authorities, the next time your son drives you to C—, I will give you a silk gown."

"Pshaw! buy a shroud for yourself; you will want it before I want a silk gown," was the ungracious reply.

"Consider, woman: a black silk of the best quality?"

"To mourn in for my sins, or for the loss of the farm?"

"Twelve yards," continued Mr. —, without noticing her rejoinder; "at a dollar a yard. Think what a nice church-going gown it will make."

"To the d—l with you! I never go to church."

"I thought as much," said —, winking at us. "Well, my dear madam, what will satisfy you?"

"I'll do it for twenty dollars," returned the old woman, rocking herself to and fro in her chair; her eyes twinkling and her hands moving convulsively as if she already grasped the money.

"Agreed," said the land speculator. "When will you be in town?"

"On Tuesday, if I am alive. But remember I'll not sign till I have my hand on the money."

"Never fear," said the speculator, as we quitted the house; then turning to me, he added, "that's a devilish smart woman—she would have made a clever lawyer."

Monday came, and with it all the bustle of moving, and as is generally the case on such occasions, it turned out a very wet day. I left Old Satan's hut without regret, glad at any rate to be in a place, however humble, that we could call our own. Our new habitation, though small, had a decided advantage over the one we were leaving. It stood on a gentle slope, and a narrow but lovely stream, full of trout, ran murmuring under the little window, and it was surrounded by fine fruit trees.

I know not how it was, but the sound of that tinkling brook, forever rolling by, filled my heart with a strange melancholy, and for many nights deprived me of rest. I loved it too, for the voice of waters in the stillness of night always had an extraordinary effect upon my mind. Their motion and perpetual sound convey to me the idea of life, eternal life, and looking upon them glancing and flashing on,—now hoarsely chiding with the opposing rock or leaping triumphantly over it,—creates within me a feeling of mysterious awe, of

which I never could wholly divest myself. But a portion of my own spirit seemed to pass into that little stream. In its deep wailings and fretful sighs, I fancied myself lamenting for the land I had left forever, and its restless and impetuous rushings against the stones which choked its passage, was a mournful type of my own mental struggles against the strange destiny which hemmed me in. Through the day the stream moaned on, and engaged in my novel and distasteful occupations I heard it not,—but when I lay down upon my bed, and my winged thoughts flew homeward, then the voice of the brook spoke deeply and sadly to my heart, and my tears flowed unchecked to its plaintive and harmonious music.

In a few hours I had my new abode more comfortably arranged than the old one, although its dimensions were much smaller, but the location was beautiful, and I was greatly consoled by this circumstance. The aspect of nature ever did, and I hope ever will continue to

“Shoot marvellous strength into my heart.”

But at that period my love for Canada was a feeling very nearly allied to that which the condemned criminal entertains for his cell—his only hope of escaping from it being through the portals of the grave.

The fall rains had commenced. In a few days the cold wintry showers swept all the gorgeous foliage from the trees, and a bleak and desolate waste presented itself to the shuddering spectator. But in spite of wind and rain my little tenement was never free from the intrusion of Uncle Joe's wife and children. Their house stood about a stone's throw from the one we occupied, in the same meadow, and they seemed to look upon it still as their own, although we had literally paid for it twice over. Fine strapping girls they were, from five years old to fourteen, but rude and unnurtured as so many bears. They would come in without the least ceremony, and, young as they were, ask me a thousand impertinent questions, and when I civilly requested them to leave the room, they would range themselves upon the door step, watching all my motions, their black eyes gleaming upon me through their tangled uncombed locks. Their company was a great annoyance, for it obliged me to place a painful restraint upon the morbid melancholy which was consuming me.

Their visits were not visits of love, but of mere idle curiosity, not unmingled with malicious hatred.

For a week I was alone, my good Scotch girl having left me to visit her sick father. The baby required some small articles washed for her use,

and after making a great preparation I determined to try my unskilled hand upon them. The fact is, I knew nothing about it, and in a few minutes rubbed the skin off my wrists without getting the clothes clean.

The door was open, as it generally was during the coldest winter days, in order to let in more light and let out the smoke, which otherwise would have enveloped us like a cloud, and I was so busy that I did not perceive that I was watched by the cold, heavy dark eyes of Mrs. Joe, who, with a sneering laugh, exclaimed:

“Well, thank God! I am glad to see you brought to work at last. I hope you may have to work as hard as I have. I don't see, not I, why you, who are no better than me, should sit still all day like a lady.”

“My good woman,” said I, not a little annoyed by her presence, “what concern is it of yours whether I work or sit still? I never interfere with you, and if you took it into your head to lie in bed all day I should never trouble myself about it.”

“Ah! you don't look upon us as fellow critters, you are so proud and grand. I 'spose you Britishers are not made of flesh and blood, like us. You don't choose to sit down to meat with your helps. Now, I guess we think them a great deal better than you.”

“Of course,” said I, “they are more suited to you than we are; they are uneducated and so are you; but Mrs. H——, they have a great advantage over you in my eyes; they are civil and obliging, and never make unprovoked malicious speeches; if they did, I should order them to leave the house.”

“Oh! I see what you are up to,” replied the dame; “you mean to say that if I was your help you would turn me out of the house; but I'm a free born American, and I don't choose to go. Don't think I came here out of regard to you; no, I hate you all, and I rejoice to see you at the wash-tub, and I wish that you may be brought down upon your knees to scrub the floors.”

This speech only brought from me a smile, and yet I felt hurt and astonished, that a woman whom I had never done anything to offend should be so gratuitously spiteful.

In the evening she sent two of her brood over to borrow my “long iron” as she called the Italian iron. I was just getting the baby to sleep, sitting upon a low stool by the fire. I pointed to the iron upon the mantel shelf, and told the girl to take it. She did so, but stood beside me holding it carelessly in her hand, and staring at the babe who had just sunk to sleep upon my lap. The next moment the heavy iron fell from

her relaxed grasp, giving me a severe blow upon the knee and foot, and glancing so near the infant's head that it drew from me a cry of terror.

"I guess that was nigh braining the child," quoth Miss Amanda, with the greatest coolness, and without making the least apology for the pain she had inflicted upon me, while Master Ammon burst into a loud laugh. Provoked by their insolence, I told them sternly to leave the house, and I felt certain that, had they injured the child, it would have caused them not the least regret.

The next day, as we were standing at the door, my husband and I were amused by seeing Uncle Joe chasing the rebellious Ammon all over the meadow. The fat man was out of breath, panting and puffing like a small steam engine, and his face flushed to deep red with excitement and passion.

"You — young scoundrel!" he cried, half choking with fury, "if I catch you I'll take the skin off you."

"You — old fool! you may do it if you can catch me," and the precocious child jumped up upon the top of the high fence, and doubled his fist in a menacing manner at his father.

"That boy is growing too bad," said the farmer, coming up to us out of breath, the perspiration streaming down his face. "It is time to break him in, or he'll get the master of us all."

"You should have begun that before, H——," said my husband. "He seems a hopeful pupil."

"Oh! as to that, a little swearing is mainly in a boy," returned the father. "I swear myself, I know, and as the old cock crows so crows the young one. It is not his swearing that I care a pin for, but he will not do a thing I tell him to."

"Swearing is a dreadful vice," said I; "and wicked as it is in the mouth of a grown up person, it is perfectly shocking in a child; for it painfully tells to all that he has been brought up without the fear of God. Do, Mr. H——, if you value your soul, break yourself and your unfortunate little boy of this disgraceful habit."

"Phoo! phoo! Mrs. M——, that's all cant; there is no harm in a few oaths; and I cannot drive oxen and horses without swearing. I dare say you can swear too, but you are too cunning to let us hear you."

I could scarcely forbear a smile at this absurd supposition, but very quietly replied:

"Those who practice such iniquities never take any pains to conceal them. The concealment itself would infer a feeling of shame, and when people are conscious of their guilt, they are in the road to improvement."

The man walked whistling away, and the wicked child returned unpunished to his home.

The next minute the old woman came in.

"I guess you can give me a piece of silk for a hood," said she; "the weather is growing considerably cold."

"Surely it cannot be colder than it is at present?" said I, giving her the rocking chair by the fire."

"Wait a while," said the old dame; "you know nothing of a Canadian winter, this is only November; after the Christmas thaw you'll know something about cold."

Among my stores I soon found a piece of black silk, which I gave my visitor for the hood.

The old woman examined it carefully all over, but she never returned a word of thanks.

"Have you any cotton batting and black sewing silk to give me to quilt it with?"

"No!" said I.

"Humph!" returned the old dame, in a tone which seemed a contradiction to my assertion. She then settled herself in the chair, and after shaking her foot awhile and fixing her piercing eyes upon me for a few minutes, she commenced the following list of interrogatories:

"Is your father alive?"

"No! he died many years ago, when I was a young girl."

"Is your mother alive?"

"Yes!"

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. ——"

"Did she ever marry again?"

"She might have done so, but she preferred living single."

"Humph! What was your father?"

"A gentleman, who lived upon his own estate."

"Did he die rich?"

"He lost a great deal of property in being security for another."

"That's a foolish business. And what brought you out to this poor country?"

"The promise of a large grant of land, and the false statements we heard regarding it."

"Do you like the country?"

"No! and I fear I never shall."

"You had better return while your money lasts," said the old woman. "The longer you remain the less you will like it. And pray, how do you get your money? Do you draw it from the Old Country, or have you it in cash?"

Provoked by her pertinacity, and seeing no end to her cross-questioning, I replied very impatiently:

"Mrs. H——! is it the custom in your country to hear strangers their catechism, whenever you meet with them?"

"What do you mean?" says she, colouring for the first time I believe in her life.

"I mean," quoth I, "an evil habit of asking impertinent questions."

The old woman got up, and without another word left the house, and I never was annoyed by her in this way again.

(To be continued.)

THE ORPHAN; OR, FORTUNE'S CHANGES.*

BY E. L. E.

After much importunity Mrs. Willis consented to an application being made, and as the distance was not great, an answer of acceptance was received in a few days, and it was arranged that she should enter upon her duties in about three weeks. Julia had said nothing to Charles on the subject, indeed she appeared to shun his society. He could in no way account for the change in her manner, though he felt that it materially affected his happiness. To all others did she appear cheerful and happy; it was only when he attempted to draw her into conversation that her manner became cold and reserved. He felt that she was displeased with him, but how or in what way he had offended her he racked his brain, in vain, to discover.

Mr. Willis, upon a settlement of his affairs, found that though the bulk of his property had to be sacrificed, yet he could save sufficient to procure a comfortable residence for his family in the suburbs of the city, where, if they did not possess all the luxuries which they had been accustomed to, still they had every thing necessary, and were as happy as could be expected in their new domicile. Mr. Willis, with the assistance of the few friends who had not deserted him in his misfortunes, obtained a situation which yielded him an income, barely sufficient for the wants of his family, but they lived in hopes that brighter days would come. Charles departed for B—, to pursue his studies, though he had nothing but his own exertions now to depend upon, and Julia Prescott to L— to take up her residence in the family of Mr. Linton. She had never been from home before, and she parted from her friends with a heavy heart, though very desirous of going. She felt a spirit of independence within her which would not allow her to remain in idleness, a burthen to her worthy guardian, now that an opportunity offered of exerting herself in her own behalf.

Mr. Willis accompanied her to within ten miles of L—, where they were met by Mr. Linton, who had come with the expectation of meeting the person who had answered his advertisement.

He had a short, corpulent body, with a very florid complexion, deep-set, winking grey eyes, and looked the very personification of benevolent good nature.

“And so this is to be our Governess! why, I think you are quite too pretty to take charge of half a dozen of noisy children; but I hope you will find ours tractable, as I like your appearance vastly well.”

It was arranged that Julia should go on with Mr. Linton while Mr. Willis returned homeward. Mr. Linton endeavored to amuse Julia, by giving her a description of his family. On their arrival he introduced her to Mrs. Linton, and no person could be more unlike himself than she was, tall and thin, with a haughty forbidding countenance, and manner as frigid as the north pole. She scrutinized Julia from head to foot, then drawing herself up at least two inches higher than usual, condescended to say that she thought her quite too young for her situation, but as she had come so far she would make a trial of her abilities until she should find some one more suitable. There were two young ladies in the room, who were the exact counterpart of their mother. They took no notice of Julia, except to stare at her till the tears started to her eyes, spite of her efforts to compose herself; suppressed whispers reached her ear, indicative of their opinion of her looks, dress, &c., and she felt a great relief when Mrs. Linton proposed taking her to her room. She gladly followed her up stairs to a room adjoining the school-room, wherein were two beds.

“You will sleep here,” said Mrs. Linton; “I intend to have the little girls sleep in the room with you, as you will have to dress them, and Alice is rather a sickly child, and often needs something in the night. I will now leave you to yourself, and will ring for you when tea is ready. I make it a point always to have the teacher take her meals with the family, except when there is company, when, of course, she prefers taking them in her room.”

Julia made no reply, and the stately lady left the room. She felt it a relief to be alone, and

sinking into a chair, wept bitterly, at the thought of her desolate situation.

"Oh! why," she murmured, "did I leave my dear kind friends, and expose myself to insults, and from such people as these? But I thought it my duty, and now I must try and bear it as well as I can, at least for a while."

She fell on her knees and poured out her heart in prayer to her "Father in Heaven," that he would give her strength to perform her duties, and endure the trials that might fall to her lot; with cheerful resignation she thought of her mother in the land of spirits, and felt that she would approve her conduct. She rose calm and even cheerful, and after making some slight change in her dress, took a book to engage her thoughts until tea time. It chanced to be a book which Charles had given her, and as her eye glanced upon pages which he had marked for her perusal, her thoughts instinctively wandered back to the few happy weeks she had spent in his society, ere she became unconscious of feeling for him more than a sister's affection. A knock at the door aroused her from her reverie, and opening it, she discovered a pale-faced, sickly-looking child, whom she at once imagined to be the *one* Mrs. Linton had spoken of.

"I am little Alice," said the child; "Mamma said that I might come and see you a little while."

"I am glad to see you," said Julia, taking her upon her knee; "I love little children dearly, and I think we shall be very good friends."

"But do you love little sick children," said Alice, throwing her little emaciated arms around Julia's neck.

"Certainly, my dear; but why do you ask such a question?"

"Because my mamma and sisters say they are a great deal of trouble, and I am afraid they do not love me as much as they would if I was well, and I thought you would not love me either."

As she ceased speaking, the tears rested upon her eyelids, and Julia felt that it would be a pleasure to teach the affectionate little creature; and the future no longer looked gloomy to her.

* * * * *

Time passed on, and Julia found it anything but a delightful task "to teach the young ideas." The children were all, (with the exception of Alice,) rude and noisy, and her patience was often severely tested; she had very little time to herself; the young ladies had always some little job of fine needle work, "which she would oblige them by doing," and Mrs. Linton had many calls upon her time, which they considered as mere trifles.

They never seemed to think that rest or recreation were at all requisite for a governess, and when anything happened to vex Mrs. Linton, she considered that she had a perfect right to vent her spleen and ill-humour upon Julia, who (the girls thought) must be very mean spirited to bear it so quietly. But it was not so, she felt it all—she knew that retort would be worse than useless, she could not but be sensible of her own intellectual and moral superiority, and she schooled her heart to bear these taunts and ill-humour with meekness, and pitied their folly. Of Mr. Linton she had no cause to complain, he was ever kind and respectful, and often complimented her upon the children's improvement, and the marked change in little Alice, who was no longer fretful or peevish, but seemed perfectly happy when near "dear Julia," as she called her. Julia took almost the sole care of her, much to the relief of Mrs. Linton, who, unlike most mothers, preferred trusting her children to any one rather than exert herself. Julia's happiest hours were spent in her own room with Alice beside her, who would listen attentively for hours, while she related stories from the Bible, or read some entertaining book; she was a sweet tempered child, and remarkably quick of understanding, and by these means she learned much that she otherwise would not have done, as her health was too frail to admit of close application.

One morning she appeared unusually languid and Julia descended to the parlour to speak to Mrs. Linton of the propriety of procuring medical advice, but she soon found that she had come at a most unlucky time. Mr. Linton had just given his consent to take his wife and daughters to New York, to spend a week; they had been anticipating this journey for some time, and were not prepared for a disappointment. Julia ventured to hint that Alice seemed quite indisposed.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Linton; "she seemed quite well at breakfast time."

"I know it," said Julia; "but now she looks quite feverish, and complains of a pain in her head."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Linton, "I suppose she has taken cold. I really believe, Miss Prescott, you make the child think she is ill, whether she is or not."

The tears started to Julia's eyes, and she turned to leave the room.

"We will go and see her directly," said Mr. Linton, kindly; "and if she is really as ill as you think, something shall be done immediately."

Julia returned to her charge, and Mr. and Mrs. Linton soon followed her. Alice appeared rather

better, though her little hands were hot and her lips parched with fever.

"It is nothing but a cold," said Mrs. Linton; "she is very subject to such turns, but I have no doubt she will soon be better of it."

"I hope so," returned her husband; "but of course you will not think of leaving home until we see that she is better."

"Why I see nothing to prevent us. I presume Alice will be well enough by to-morrow, and Julia will take very good care of her until we return."

The girls too insisted upon going, and that their sister was quite well enough to leave.

"Well," said Mr. Linton, "you can all do as you like, as for myself I shall not go, and perhaps it might be as well for you to follow my example."

"Oh, papa! you are always so scrupulous," said Miss Louisa; "we have been anticipating this visit so long—how unfortunate that Alice should be sick just at this time; but as you prefer staying we can go all the better, and Julia is such a good girl, I think you would get along nicely without us."

"You say truly that Julia is a good girl, and I wish you would try and imitate her. I am going out now, and will send the carriage in the course of an hour, and then you can act your pleasure about going."

He left the room, and the girls persuaded their mother, (who began to feel a little scrupulous herself about it,) to be in readiness.

Before leaving they looked in upon Alice, who was sitting upon Julia's lap.

"Good bye Alice, dear," said her mother, "we shall be gone but a few days, and I will bring you some nice things when we return."

And the heartless woman left the room, though we will in charity suppose that she was not aware of the severity of the child's sufferings.

In the afternoon she seemed much worse, and Mr. Linton called a physician, who pronounced her disease to be scarlet fever; he advised Julia, as she valued her own health, to give the care of the child to some one else, as the disease was contagious, and she was away from her friends, but she could not be prevailed upon to leave her for a moment, she watched her with untiring assiduity. After the third day she grew rapidly worse, and the physician gave them very little hopes of her recovery, and it was thought advisable to apprise Mrs. Linton of her danger. Alice often spoke of her mother, and gave Julia messages for her and her sisters, should she never see them again.

"Julia," said Alice, after a long silence, in which she appeared to be in deep thought,

"in that heaven which you have so often told me about, is it as dark and still as it is here?"

"No my darling, it is always light; and have you not read, in your little Testament, about angels playing upon their golden harps?"

"Oh, yes! I remember now;—and if I should die should I see your mamma?"

"I hope so, Alice," said Julia, while her heart felt bursting with her emotion; "but why should you wish to see her?"

"Why, I could tell her about you, and how good you are to me, and never find fault or call me a trouble, though I know I have been naughty a great many times; but you will forgive me, won't you, Julia?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Julia, "clasping her in her arms; "you have been a great comfort to me, but you look exhausted, you must not talk any more now, but try and go to sleep; remember the doctor said if you could have a good sleep you would be much better for it."

"Well I will, if you will sit close by me until I wake, and take hold of my hand so that I shall know that you are here."

Julia did as she desired, and after a time she seemed to drop into a sweet sleep, the first she had enjoyed since she had been ill.

Hour after hour did Julia sit at her post, and the shades of evening were fast falling around, but still Alice slept. The door opened softly, and the doctor, accompanied by Mr. Linton, entered the room. After examining his patient he turned to the father:

"Mr. Linton, your child is saved; this sleep is a most favourable symptom, and to that young lady's care it is in a great measure owing; no art of mine could have saved her, had she not received the best of care, and that has not been wanting, as the pale cheek of Miss Prescott and our own observations abundantly testify. But you must task your strength no longer," he continued, turning to Julia, "but look to your own health; you have been mercifully preserved from infection, but a few days rest are absolutely necessary for you, and as Mrs. Linton will probably return to-night, you can give up your charge. You had better retire now, as I shall remain until Alice awakes."

Julia left the room with her heart full of gratitude to her Father in Heaven, that he had heard and answered her prayers. She threw herself on a couch and was soon in a sound slumber; when she awoke she found that Mrs. Linton and her daughters had returned. They were in great tribulation; Mrs. Linton reproached herself that she had been wilfully absent from her sick child, though she tried to find consolation in the reflec-

tion that she was not aware of her real situation. She had been informed by her husband of Alice's suffering, and the disinterested kindness and affectionate care which Julia had manifested. She was overwhelmed with thanks from both mother and daughters. Alice awoke, just as her mother and sisters entered her room.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, "I am glad you have come back; I thought I should never see you again; but where is Julia gone? she was here when I went to sleep."

"She will be here presently," said her mother. "But do you not love your sisters as much as Julia—you have not seen them, have you?"

"Oh, yes! I love you all—but Julia is so good, why, Mamma, she would sit up with me all night! and then she makes me feel so happy, when she talks to me, that indeed I love her very, very much."

The mothers' heart smote her, as she listened to Alice. She felt that she had not appreciated Julia as she deserved, and she determined to make up by future kindness, what she had lacked heretofore.

"Here is a letter, Julia," said Mrs. Linton, as she entered the room, "I had like to have forgotten it—I think it is from your friends, as it was a son of Mr. Willis who brought it to us."

Julia took it and retired to peruse it; she had not heard from them for some time, and she began to feel anxious about them; she broke the seal, and found it was from Caroline.

"DEAR JULIA,—We have not heard from you for a long time, though I believe you are indebted for one or two letters. I hope you are not so well pleased with your new residence as to be forgetful of us; it is six months to-day, since you left us, though it seems to me more like six years. You cannot imagine how much we miss you. Papa often says, that if you were here, it would seem quite like home again. We are very comfortable in our small house, though Mamma misses many things which she used to consider indispensable.

We have very little company, so that mamma and I manage to do all the work, with the exception of hiring a few days now and then. Emma attends school, and Frederick has obtained a very good situation as clerk; he has become quite steady of late, and attends to his business very well.

But the greatest change is in papa, you would be surprised to see him, his hair is getting quite grey, and mamma says that he looks ten years older than he did nine months ago; he is very busy, we never see him except at meal time, and on Sunday. His health is bad, which is caused

probably by trouble of mind, and too close application to business, at least so mamma says, and she is generally my oracle. She is as cheerful as ever, and often tells papa, that there is good fortune yet in store for us. We hear from Charles frequently, he writes that he is getting on with his studies beyond his expectation, he always enquires for 'Julia,' and wishes us to write all about you. We received a letter from him a few days since, he wished to be remembered to you, said that he had thought of writing to you, but feared a letter from him would not be welcome; we could not understand why it should not be, can you? He writes that he shall visit us in about two months, and if you could only be here, how happy we should be! You never write much about the family you are in, whether it is pleasant or otherwise. Papa bids me say to you, that if it is anyway unpleasant, or you are tired, and would like to return, he will go for you at any time; for my part I hope you are tired of it, and then we shall get you back the sooner; but it is nearly dark, and I must close this ill-connected scrawl. Papa and Mamma send much love, and wish you to write immediately. Oh! by the bye, Julia, do you remember that Madeline Cameron, whom Charles told us about—well, she is married two months ago, to a very clever man—a minister I believe. Charles says that it was quite a romantic affair, she attended his church, he saw her and "fell in love" with her, and she returned it, though they did not become acquainted for some months after. Her mother lives with them, and Charles says he never saw a happier family. But my sheet is full, and I must wish you good night and pleasant dreams. I remain yours affectionately,

CAROLINE M. WILLIS."

"How strange," mused Julia, as she closed the letter; "what could have been Miss Warton's object in telling me such a tale? But it certainly was a mere fabrication, he never could have been refused." And as she turned to the sick bed of Alice, her eye was brighter and her step more buoyant than it had been for months.

Mrs. Linton insisted upon remaining with Alice through the night, and Julia retired only to seek that repose which her unwearied attendance upon the invalid rendered absolutely necessary. As she laid her head upon her pillow, she felt a sensation of happiness which had long been a stranger to her, and which she could hardly account for. She never remembered receiving a letter which had given her so much pleasure as the one she had just perused, and she looked forward in anticipation to the time when she should again be with those dear friends. Could it be that Made-

line Cameron's marriage had ought to do with her happiness?

* * * * *

We will not tire the reader's patience by entering into a detail of the events of the next six months.

Little Alice was restored to even better health than she had previously enjoyed, and Julia was looked upon as her preserver; she was treated very differently from what she had been, and they did not soon forget their obligations to her, but strove to shew their gratitude by acts as well as words.

Mrs. Linton, though she had at first treated her with hauteur and disdain, could not now do too much for her. She made her many valuable presents, and though Julia still attended to her duties as teacher, she felt it a pleasure to do so from the approbation and encouragement she received. Her wants were few and her salary liberal, so that she was enabled to save something for her cherished purpose, which was to relieve her worthy guardian; she made presents which Caroline said always came just at the time they were wanted. She had not been at home, but expected Mr. Willis for her at the end of the year, which was near at hand. She expected to return after visiting her friends, as in Mrs. Linton's estimation no person could be obtained who could fill her place.

One morning, as she was attending to her pupils, the servant came to say "that a gentleman in the parlour wished to see Miss Prescott immediately." She hastened to obey the summons, wondering who it could possibly be; she thought of Mr. Willis, but no, it could not be he, for she had just received a letter, saying that he should not be there for nearly a month. But as she approached the door, she distinguished the familiar tones of her guardian in conversation with Mr. Linton, and in a few moments she was clasped in his paternal embrace.

"Did you receive my letter, Julia?" said Mr. Willis, after he had answered her enquiries concerning the family.

"Yes, papa! I did, and I was surprised to see you, as you wrote you should come for me the last of the month."

"I know it, my dear, but circumstances have occurred since then which have induced me to change my mind, circumstances which have transformed our Julia from a governess to an heiress of twenty thousand pounds. What do you think of that?"

"Why, I think you are speaking in enigmas; I am wholly at a loss to understand your meaning—do explain yourself!"

"Have patience, Julia, and I will. You doubtless remember hearing your own mother speak of her father, Mr. Atwood, who disinherited her on account of her marrying against his will, and how, though he had thousands at his command, he shut his heart against her, and allowed herself and husband, (whose sole crime was his poverty,) to emigrate without rendering them the least assistance or even his forgiveness, which your mother coveted more than his wealth. You doubtless remember all this and much more, though how this is connected with my presence here you have yet to learn. A few days since I was looking over a late English paper, when my attention was arrested by a notice which, though I do not recollect the precise language of it, was to this effect; that Mr. Atwood, lately deceased, had left his immense estate to his daughter, Mrs. Julia Prescott, her heirs and successors, supposed to be in America; or in the event of none such being found, it was to go to a distant relative in England. As you are the only child, I see no possible difficulty in establishing your claim, so that you will soon be in possession of an almost princely fortune, and sincerely do I wish you happiness with it."

"I rejoice and am thankful too, dear papa, though less on my own account than that it will enable me to repay in some measure your kindness to me, and relieve your present embarrassments. Oh! we shall be so happy again: but I hope you will consider me as one of the family now, as you always have done, and take this property into your own hands, for I think it would be quite a burthen to me; I should not know what to do with it."

"Well, my dear, we will see about that by and bye, but I promised before I left home to return as soon as possible; so I hope Mrs. Linton will be kind enough to release you, as your engagement has so nearly expired."

There was great tribulation among the children when they found that Julia was to leave and not return again; Alice refused to be comforted, and wept as if her little heart would break, and it was only on the promise of her mother, that she should visit her in a few months, that she became pacified. Julia felt the separation keenly; though she was going to dearer friends, she thought what solace and comfort that child had been to her in her sad and lonely hours, when she first entered the family. Mr. and Mrs. Linton expressed much sorrow at her departure, though they rejoiced at her good fortune.

On the evening of the third day our travellers arrived at home, and Julia was welcomed with

heartfelt cordiality by Mrs. Willis and the family. Frederick was at home, having obtained a holiday, that he might be there when she arrived. Mrs. W. ushered her into their little parlour, which, though humble, was extremely neat, and tastefully decorated with flowers gathered by the girls for the occasion; but Julia saw neither furniture nor flowers; she saw nothing but Charles reclining in an easy chair, looking pale and ill. He arose to welcome her, and she answered something, she scarcely knew what, about not expecting to see him, and such like phrases.

"Why, didn't papa tell you that Charles had come home?" said Emma.

"No, I did not," said Mr. Willis; "I wished to surprise her."

"There, Emma," said Mrs. Willis, "take Julia's things, I shall want Caroline to assist me in the kitchen, as I can imagine a little refreshment would not be unwelcome after riding all day. You see," she added, turning to Julia, with a smile, "that I have to be my own cook, and Caroline is my housemaid, so you must excuse our necessary absence a short time."

She left the room, and Julia recovered her self-possession sufficiently to enquire of Charles respecting his health.

"Oh! it is nothing but a slight cold which makes me feel rather uncomfortable, but I shall be better of it in a few days, I presume; but you are looking paler than when you left—I think teaching does not agree with you."

"I assure you I am perfectly well, only somewhat fatigued; but what a pretty situation this is; it appears much more pleasant than it did before I went away."

"I am glad you think so," said Frederick. "We were afraid it would seem dull and lonely to you after living with such gay people, but I hope you haven't left your heart there, though we heard some such report, I believe."

"If you did, I assure you it was perfectly unfounded. My absence has wrought no change, except to teach me the value of friends, and that 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

Caroline now entered to say the tea was ready, and they were soon seated around the well-spread table. Nearly a year had elapsed since they had been together, and they were at no loss for conversation; it was not until the clock chimed the hour of midnight that they retired to their apartments.

The next day Mr. Willis consulted an eminent lawyer as to the best means of substantiating Julia's claim to her grandfather's property, who advised him to go to England and appear per-

sonally in her behalf, as by so doing it might prevent much trouble that would otherwise arise.

Arrangements were immediately made for the prosecution of his journey. Charles did not require much persuasion to induce him to remain at home until his father's return. His health was still delicate, rest and quiet were necessary for its re-establishment, and there was yet a stronger inducement for him to remain; he felt that his future happiness would be wrecked, did not the fair orphan deign to "smile propitious on his suit." Though as yet he had made no formal avowal of his sentiments, he felt very uncertain as to the result, should he venture to do so, and he feared lest she should think him actuated by mercenary motives; but remembering the old adage, "that faint heart never won fair lady," he determined to make the trial, as she could but refuse him, and suspense was worse than certainty, even though it destroyed all his blissful anticipations. There had been times when he fancied she reciprocated his affection, and then again she would appear so reserved that he was entirely at a loss to understand her. The knowledge he had lately obtained of her being an heiress, had not the least effect on his love for her. He loved her for herself alone, with a pure, devoted attachment, which neither time nor distance could destroy, unlike most of the sex, whose love generally is ———, but we will not give place to the thoughts that just now came to mind, lest some of the "lords of creation" might take offence; yet it is not often that love is so unalloyed with some baser metal, though there are doubtless some few exceptions, as in this case.

On a bright and lovely evening in September, about a month after Julia's return, she might have been seen wending her way to a beautiful and picturesque grove in the rear of the house. She appeared in deep communion with her own thoughts, while ever and anon she would wipe away the tears just ready to fall; she entered the arbour which had become her favourite retreat, and seating herself, drew a book from her reticule, and was soon apparently absorbed in its contents. Approaching footsteps aroused her, and on raising her eyes she perceived Charles standing a few feet from her, seemingly undecided whether to advance or retreat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as she arose and closed the book, "I did not mean to disturb you; indeed I was not aware of your being here; but if you consider my presence as an intrusion, I will leave you to your solitude again."

"Oh! no, believe me I do not consider it so—far

from it; but it is getting late, especially for invalids, and you know your mother has prohibited your exposure to the night air."

"Yet for once I think I may disregard her caution. My mother, though an excellent nurse, does not understand my case exactly; I think I could explain it to you much better, if you would deign to listen," and gently drawing her back to the seat he had just vacated, he seated himself beside her, and ———.

Now, gentle reader! you need not expect a description of a love scene; we have no desire or intention of intruding upon their privacy, and shall leave it all to your own bright imaginings, aided by your experimental knowledge, though in all probability he laid his hand on his heart and looked unutterable things, while he swore eternal fealty to her, together with a thousand other protestations quite as extravagant; and she, we suppose, answered him as most young ladies would have done who had been under the influence of the "tender passion" for months. However, be that as it may, when they left the arbour and proceeded homewards, they both looked as if a "change had come o'er the spirit of their dreams," and a pleasant one too. Julia mentioned the report of his engagement to Madeline Cameron, and which had caused her many unhappy hours; but he expressed such unfeigned astonishment and unequivocal denial, that she was convinced that it was either a coinage of Miss Warton's own brain, or of some other mischief-loving person.

The union of Charles and Julia had long been an object very near Mrs. Willis' heart, but she almost despaired of ever seeing it consummated; and she learned with surprise and heartfelt gratification that her wishes were in a fair way of being realised.

Their engagement was soon known, and many were the unkind remarks that reached their ears, made by *professed friends*, and who hesitated not to say that the prospective fortune was the cause of young Willis' apparent devotion to the expected possessor of it. But they thought little and cared less about them; they were happy in each other's love, and the envious gossip of narrow-minded busy-bodies did not in the least affect their happiness.

It would perhaps seem more in accordance with our ideas of propriety had they postponed their engagement until Mr. Willis' return, and obtained his sanction; but at *that* time the parties most immediately interested had more to do and say in matters of this kind, and the parents less, than in this modern age of improvement;

then advice was generally asked, and when it did not interfere too materially with the young people's inclinations, acted upon, though in the case under consideration, (as a lawyer would say,) no possible objection could be imagined.

At the expected time Mr. Willis returned laden with treasures, the amount of which exceeded their expectations.

They were soon, by Julia's express desire, reinstated in their former dwelling, which was fitted up in magnificent style, and many of their summer friends, who had stood aloof in their day of adversity, now came forward with congratulations and invitations, which were received with the contempt they merited. They were not, however, at a loss for friends, good and true ones, and who had proved themselves so. Selfishness was not an attribute of Julia's character, and she enjoyed nothing unless it was shared by her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Willis fully experienced the truth of the Scripture which says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." They felt that they were doubly repaid for their kindness to the orphan. Mr. Willis regained his former cheerfulness, and songs of joy were heard in their dwelling.

The projected union was met by Mr. Willis' entire approbation. It was arranged that the marriage should take place on Julia's eighteenth birth-day, which would be in about nine months, and Charles returned to B——, to complete his studies, for although (by Julia's unbounded generosity,) there was no real necessity for his doing so, he had too much independence of mind to waste the talents which God had given him, or to remain in idleness, dependent on another's bounty.

* * * * *

The time which at first seemed interminable to the lovers, soon passed away, and they ratified their engagement before the altar; and as Charles pressed his young bride to his heart, he felt that he possessed a charm for every sorrow.

Their house was but a few doors from their father's, which made it extremely pleasant for both families. In a few years Charles became eminent in his profession, and their happiness was completed by a little specimen of humanity being added to their family circle. Julia, (or as we must now call her,) Mrs. Willis, was as exemplary in her conduct as a wife and mother as she had been before marriage. They "use this world as not abusing it," and pass their lives in peace and uninterrupted tranquillity.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

" Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

WORDSWORTH.

No. X.

MOTHERWELL'S POETICAL WORKS.*

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

THE first quarter of the present century was adorned by a cluster of poetical stars such as seldom, if ever, before shone on the literary world at one period. Scott, Byron, Campbell, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth—these are names which will always rank among the first of British Poets; whilst Crabbe, Shelley, Keats, Kirke White, Pollok and others, form a band of subordinates, who at almost any other time would have claimed, and worthily, the first rank. The distinctive poetical features of the second quarter of the century, now so nearly at a close, have been very different. Never, perhaps, in the history of English literature, have appeared within a like time, so many *good poets*—men of genuine feeling, of smooth yet vigorous language, and of true poetic fire; and yet seldom has a similar period elapsed without the production of at least one *great poem*. Of those whose works have been issued from the press during the last twenty years, few more thoroughly deserved the name of Poet than the author of the book now under review, although uncongenial circumstances restrained his poetic genius, and, in his mature years, the stern warfare of political life left him little time for its exercise.

William Motherwell, the descendant of a family long settled on the banks of the Carron, in Stirlingshire, was born at Glasgow, in the year 1797. His school-boy days were spent in Edinburgh and Paisley, in which latter place he commenced, in his fifteenth year, the study of the legal profession. That he attended to these studies with assiduity, is evident from the circumstance that at the early age of twenty-two, he was appointed Sheriff Clerk Depute of Renfrewshire, the County within which Paisley is situated. This office he held till the year 1830,

when he removed to Glasgow to undertake the editorship of the *Glasgow Courier*, a Tory newspaper, (there *were* Tories in these days,) of excellent standing and large circulation. It was a time of keen excitement and public turmoil, and Motherwell entered into the contest with heart and soul;—"he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard," and rushed into the thickest of the political fight.

Previous to this time, Motherwell had contributed many poetical pieces to the pages of various periodicals in Paisley, Edinburgh and Glasgow, but it was not till the year 1832, that these were first published in a collected form. How this volume was welcomed by the public may be gathered from the following remarks of his biographer, Mr. MacConechy.

"This volume was, upon the whole, well received. There could be no doubt about the high quality of the poetry which an unknown author had ventured thus to submit to the world, but its character was peculiar, and for the most part not fitted for extensive popularity, and the season which was chosen for its introduction was eminently unfavourable to its chances of immediate success. No adventitious murmurs of applause had announced its approach, and at a time when little was heard but the noise of political contention, it was perhaps too much to expect that a comparatively obscure bard should draw towards himself a large share of the public notice, let his abilities be what they might. This work, however, gave Motherwell, what it had been the object of his life to attain, a place among the poets of Britain; and it carried it into quarters which it never would have otherwise reached. A commendatory criticism in Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1833, proclaimed his pretensions wherever the English language is read; and though his nature was too modest and too manly for the display of any open exultation at the triumph which he had so honourably won, he never ceased to feel the deepest gratitude to the distinguished reviewer, whom he knew to be a consummate judge of poetic

* The Poetical Works of William Motherwell; with Memoir, by James MacConechy. Glasgow, David Robertson; Montreal, John McCoy.

merit, and for whose genius and character he always felt and expressed the warmest admiration."

The criticism thus alluded to, was from the pen of Professor Wilson, and we gladly quote the words of "Christopher North," as showing the impression made on his mature judgment by the genius of Motherwell:

"All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound; he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration—the woods and glens of his native country—and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his day dreams, and while reading some of his happiest effusions, we feel—

'The ancient spirit is not dead,—
Old times, we say, are breathing there.'

"His style is simple, but, in his tenderest movements, masculine; he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family."

Besides the poems contained in the work here referred to, and which are, with some additions, printed in that now under review, Motherwell published, in the year 1827, a collection of ballads, entitled "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," an undertaking which had the sanction and encouragement of Sir Walter Scott. At the time of his death, which occurred suddenly in the year 1835, he was engaged, in conjunction with the Ettrick Shepherd, in preparing for the press an edition of Burns' Works, which was enriched with many annotations from his pen.

Engaged so actively as Motherwell was, by his professional occupations, yet it is not to be supposed, that a man of his poetic temperament could throw off his allegiance to the Muse, even amid the musty parchments of the law, or the wet streams of the *Glasgow Courier*. It was soon known that he had left behind him a number of fugitive pieces, and much anxiety was felt by those acquainted with his published poems, that these also should be given to the world. The editing of a new edition of his Poetical Works was undertaken by his literary executor, Mr. Philip Ramsay, a gentleman in every way admirably qualified for the task,—by high literary attainments, and excellent taste, and furthermore by an intimate friendship of many years with the poet.

The untimely decease of Mr. Ramsay prevented the completion of his purpose, and, well as the present editor, (the successor of Motherwell in the editorial chair of the *Courier*), has in general performed the duties devolving upon him, we cannot but regret that Mr. Ramsay did not survive to conclude the work to which he had applied his kindred mind. His labours have unfortunately

been rendered altogether unavailable, by the loss of the notes which he had prepared with so much care.

Perhaps the most widely known and generally admired amongst Motherwell's poems, are his lines to "Jeanie Morrison." They have been often quoted, but will bear quotation again:

"I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never, can forget,
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my e'en wi' tears:
They blind my e'en wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braces—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! Oh, mornin' luve!
Oh, lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dunsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon;
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The throssil weussit sweet.

The throssil whussilf in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies—
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours; thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nae
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me!"

This exquisite poem is no mere fancy sketch. "Jeanie Morrison" was a young lady from the town of Alloa, who attended the school of Mr. William Lennie, in Edinburgh, at the same time as young Motherwell. Both left that school after a year's intimacy, when the future poet was commencing his twelfth year; and from that moment, as intimated in the last stanza of the lines above quoted, they never met again. This poem, the first draught of which is said to have been written in Motherwell's fourteenth year, sufficiently evidences the deep impression made upon him by the "sweet and gentle expression," the "mild temper," and "unassuming manners," which we have the authority of their teacher, Mr. Lennie, for attributing to the object of his "mornin' luve." Many will doubtless regard the feelings of our poet's heart, portrayed in these stanzas, as a mere freak of boyish fancy; not so we. These sentiments of affectionate interest seem to have survived the date of the early parting of the youthful pair, and, we doubt not,

had a material influence on the course of Motherwell's tastes and feelings in after life. Nor do we look upon his case as at all singular. That many have been determined and encouraged in their career through life, sustained in principles of rectitude and led on to deeds of high emprise, through pen or sword, by "the luve o' life's young day," published biographies afford us sufficient proof; but how many more are the instances in which such influences have had their effect unrecognised by the world, scarcely even palpable to the consciousness of the party so affected.

Little, if at all, inferior to the touching simplicity and tenderness of "Jeanie Morrison," are the stanzas which succeed, in the volume now before us. They are supposed to be the wailings of the broken spirit of one in whose sad case had

"Hinnied words o' promise lured
Her guileless heart astray."

The undying affection of woman's heart,—the love that, amidst all her sorrow and self-condemnation, admits not a word of reproach against him whom she has loved "not wisely but too well," are finely portrayed in the melting pathos of these lines:

"My heid is like to reud, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane—
Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun hae its will—
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sail see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A pair heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine
Sae strang is its despair!

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame—
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a world's shame!

Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see—
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart—
Oh! haud me up, and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yaird
Step lightly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That liltis far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrillie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair!"

Perhaps the most striking feature of the poems now under our notice, is the great variety of style and sentiment which prevails among them. So thoroughly does our author enter into the spirit of each subject which he has chosen, that it is difficult to determine which was his favorite style. Strains of lofty chivalry and of pathetic sadness, of light-hearted mirth, and calm contemplation—the blithe carol and the woe-breathing monody—the warlike chant of the Sea-King, the wild rhapsody of the madman, and the lay of the love-lorn Troubadour—are struck by turns from his lyre, with an ease and freedom which might well cope with poets of greater name. If there be any predominant tone throughout his poems, it is that "world-weary" air, which the success of Byron's poetry tended so much to impress on the writings of twenty years ago. Of this character are the following lines:

"O, agony! keen agony,
For trusting heart, to find
That vows believed, were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

O, agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

O, agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O, agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!"

That this tone was merely assumed in accordance with the prevailing taste of the day, is the opinion of his biographer, and certainly the appearance and conversation of Motherwell displayed little of the Lara or Childe Harold.

"One of his most prominent defects as a lyrical poet is, in my opinion, the assumption—for it was no more—for a morbid tone of feeling respecting the world and its ways. Doubtless—

'pictoribus atque poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.'

but there is a natural limit to even this proverbial licence, and a perpetual dirge about broken vows, slighted love, and human selfishness, is apt to engender the idea that the man who thus indulges in habitual lamentation over his own misfortunes, must have been less discriminating in his friendships, or less deserving of regard, than we could wish him to have been. But this was not the case with William Motherwell. Few men have enjoyed, and few men have more entirely merited, the strong and steady attachment of those with whom they associated; and if life brought to him its share of sorrow and anxiety, it likewise afforded many and solid compensations for his sufferings, of which, I have not a doubt, he was fully sensible, and for which, I have as little doubt, he was truly thankful. I would not have noticed this peculiarity, had it not communicated to some of his effusions an air of harsh exaggeration which was really foreign to his modest and uncomplaining nature, and did it not tend to create the belief that my late friend, with all his gifts, was deficient in that humility of mind which should characterise a wise and a good man. This was not so, and when passages—I regret to say that they are too numerous—do occur which might encourage this notion, let me hope that they will not be construed to his prejudice; but that they may be looked upon as mere poetical embellishment."

Motherwell took a deep interest in Scandinavian literature, and some of the finest pieces in the volume are translations or imitations of the Norse Scalds. "The Battle-Flag of Sigurd," "The Wooing of Jarl Egill Skallagrím," and "The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi," are noble examples of the fiery lays of the Viking; they are too long for quotation, but we can recommend their perusal to every lover of genuine poetry.

Another favorite style with him was the imitation of the ancient Scottish Ballad; of this there are several specimens in the present col-

lection, but we are surprised to find omitted one of his happiest efforts in this form—the “Mermaid.” It has appeared in print several times, and we hope to see it, as well as his Jacobite song,

“Ye bonnie haughs and heather braes,”

which is also left out of this volume, included in the new edition which we doubt not will shortly be demanded. The reader, we are certain, will on perusal agree with us.

THE MERMAIDEN.

“The nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws schill,
And the white faem weets my bree.

And my mind misgi'es me, gay maiden,
That the land we sall never see !
Then up and spak' the mermaid,

And she spak' blythe and free,
‘I never said to my bonnie bridegroom,
That on land we sud weddit be.

‘Oh! I never said that ane erthlie priest
Our bridal blessing should gi'e,
And I never said that a landwart bouir
Should hauld my love and me.’

And whare is that priest, my bonnie maiden,
If ane erthlie wicht is na he?

‘Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair,
When weddit we twa sall be.’

And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it sud na be?

‘Oh! my blithe bouir is low,’ said the mermaid,
‘In the bonnie green howes of the sea:
My kay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drowned at sea;
The fish are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my dourie.

“And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue waves,
And paved wi' the yellow sand,
And in my chaumers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
A leman on earth that wud gi'e
Aiker for aiker o' the redplough'd land,
As I'll gi'e to thee o' the sea?

The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bright sterns will shine;
Then we'll sink to my bouir, 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathom and nine.’

A wild, wild skreik, gi'ed the fey bridegroom,
And a loud, loud lauch, the bride;
For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.”

We could have wished, did our space permit, to give specimens of Motherwell's imitations of the early English poets,—in which he was very successful—and of some of the various styles we have mentioned; but this our limits will not permit. We can give but one further, but it is one most appropriate as a closing quotation. It was found among his papers after his decease, and bears every evidence, we think, of having been composed with the feelings he expresses weighing heavy on his spirit:

“When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing
Like full hearts break,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing
Sad music make;
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

We grieve to say that his mournful anticipations have been in part realised. He lies within the beautiful Necropolis of Glasgow, but, with shame be it said, no monument, costly or simple, marks the spot where repose his remains. Few even now can trace out his grave, and should it so remain much longer, poor Motherwell will sleep in that Nameless Tomb, of which his Muse erst sung so touchingly.

The reader of his poems must, we are certain, concur with his biographer in asserting that he has won a distinguished place as a minor poet, by his many noble specimens of manly song.

THE GLEE MAIDEN.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

“Forth from the sanctuary!—thou smiling sin,
That would bewray men's hearts, as that foul witch,
That cold Herodian fiend, besought the blood
Of Him who made us Christian. Get thee forth,
Hark! from the moaning cloister every cell
Breathes malediction on thy lewd heels and lighter thoughts,
Heaven's votaries cling to the altar's horns,
And shroud their outraged eyes—ev'n chaste Senanus
Trembles within the holy niche, and bids thee back
With solemn imprecation. Bride of God!
Deeper the shades seem in thy tender eyes,
As from the sunlit chancel thou look'st down,
On this impure and faithless—Get thee forth.”

There was no still reproach in her sweet looks,
Thus driven like Him who brought “our life of life,”
To “publicans and sinners.” The long lids
Of Aquitaine drooped o'er her dewy eyes,
And with a head forlorn she turned away,
Sweeping unconsciously her cittern's strings,
As if her heart were wandering with old dreams.
There was a flood of sunset that fell far
O'er the grey hills upon a gentle stream,
And on a mossy rock she leant her breast,
And thus mocked at its lullaby—Poor outcast!

They cannot still thee, dear companion! In our own true home,
Where trellices reach up the hills and envious bulbuls come,
To sun themselves 'mid gleaming grapes, and list the mandolin,
That bears a surge of happiness without a cloud of sin.
'Twas thus, with us, oh! *mignonne*,—in our pleasant land of France,
When we chimed away the eventide on fields of green Provence.

When we hailed the nut-brown bosoms and the lithe and stag-like feet,
With the rolling burthen of Ronsard the *maternelles* to greet;
There were no dark-browed moralists to chide our joyance then,
We did not hide our simple mirth from cold unloving men;
When they leapt out, like a wild herd, from the sunny vines of France,
And chanting forth the old romaunt, our charm of green Provence.

My poor old lute! how proudly did I bind thee to my back,
Full sure thy ever tender voice would cheer my vagrant track,
And when we poured our parting lay beside the dancing Rhone,
I felt it seemed the strength of man, for I was not *alone*;
I still had thee, dear *voyageur*! to lead me home to France,
And nestle with me once again 'mid the garlands of Provence.

And this is thy reproach, dear lute! and they would drain my breast
Of Hope's wild bounding gushes, and old Memory's sheltered nest;
They would bank our sweet communion when the holy eventide
Draws us away on music's wings from hollowness and pride;
How could I gaze without thee on the velvet meads of France,
Or cheer the festive *lavolt* 'neath the vines of green Provence?

Old Friend! since beggars we have come, as beggars we can go,
The shame we'll bear together—the disgrace we'll never know;
The glad sunlight will embrace us, and the streams sing as of yore,
And the *sanctus* chaunted 'neath the shrines that hallow us once more,
Will leave no shade to dim the joy with which we hail our France,
Or the welcome that will rise for us in honest old Provence.

CHARMING BAYADÈRE.—(SOIS MA BAYADÈRE.)

Air for the Ballad—"THE MAID OF CASHMERE."

BY SIR H. BISHOP.

Sois ma Ba - ya - dà - re, Sois ma Ba - ya - dè - re! J'offre pour te plai - re
 Charming Bay - a - dère! Charming Bay - a - dère! Pi - ty my des - pair! Oh!

l'or et les bi - joux! Oui, j'aurai pour te plai - re, les soins les plus doux!
 smile up-on my love! Ah! pret-ty Bay - a - dère! Ah! be my turtle dove!

3 pia. 3
 Pour qu'ons fié - chise ce grand cour - roux;
 Gold and rich jew - els on you shall shine;

3 3 3

Quel sa - cri - fi - ce ex - i - gez vous. D'un air pro -
 Look not so' cru - el - prythee be mine. Bright Queen of

pi - ce d'un cil plus doux, Vois la jus - ti - ce à tes ge -
 Dances re - lease the dart, Shot by those glan - ces quite thro' my

Ral.^o

noux, Vois la jus - tice à tes genoux, Vois la jus - tice à tes ge - noux! *Cad. ad lib.*
 heart, Shot by those glances thro' my heart, Shot by those glances thro' my heart!

Ral.^o

Sois ma Ba - ya - de - re! Sois ma Ba - ya - de - re! J'offre pour te plai - re
 Charming Bay - a - dère! Charming Bay - a - dère! Pi - ty my des - pair! Oh!

l'or et les bl - jous! Oui, j'aurai pour te pla - re, les soins les plus doux!
 smile up-on my love! Ah! pret-ty Bay-a - dère! Ah! be my turtle dove!

J'au - rai pour te plai - ro les
 Oh! smile up - on my love! Ah!

soins les plus doux! J'au - rai
 be my tur - tie dove! Oh! smile

pour te plai - re, les soins les plus
 upon my love— Be my tur - tie

doux - j'au - ral pour te plai - re, les soins les plus doux,
 dove - my tur - tle dove; Be my tur - tle dove,

les soins, les plus doux.
 my tur - - - - - tle dove.

3 8 VA.....

8 8

LINES TO A BABY ASLEEP.

BY W. C. S.

Softly, softly, let me breathe not,
 Though my heart with rapture teemeth,
 And my thoughts, oh! let me wreath not
 But in silence—whilst thou dreameth.

Who would break thy holy slumbers?
 Who would chase that smile away?
 On thy ear, perchance the numbers
 Fall, of sweet seraphic lay.

See! the little lip is moving—
 Human language all unknown—
 Oh! doth any spirit loving
 Whisper to thee, little one?

Surely naught but bliss thou knowest,
 Earth hath scarce impress'd thee yet;
 Not a single furrow shewest—
 On thy placid brow—regret.

Would that I could search thee truly,
 All thy pure delight could know,
 Borne from heaven to earth so newly—
 Come to dwell with care below.

Then my soul to light aspiring,
 Gleams of deathless bliss might taste:
 But, alas! my heart's desiring
 Still must be—desire unblest.

Yet I gaze with admiration,
 Bending o'er thee, baby boy,
 Till my brain with exultation
 Reels beneath a weight of joy.

For I oft in memory linger,
 Backward far as childhood's years,
 Ere the world with freezing finger
 Touch'd my hopes and made them fears.

But no light from high forth beaming,
 Leadeth back the mind so far,
 As when I—like thee now dreaming—
 Dream'd unmoved by grief or care.

Thus methinks 'tis heaven's devising
 That thy soul, sweet boy, should be
 Pure at dawn, for sin arising
 Soon will spot thy purity.

LINES

BY MARY P. M.

To the rose the sun is welcome, she blushes soft beneath
 his beam,
 And the lily lifts her snowy head to greet his fervent
 gleam;
 Oh, there's life and joy and gladness, where his glowing
 footsteps rove,
 And the sun of our existence is the smile of those we
 love.

True type of faith untiring, where'er the sun's beams
 stray,
 The constant flower will fondly turn to meet his worship'd
 ray;
 And what the sun is to that flower, still true though he
 may rove,
 Is that sweetest joy the heart can feel—the smile of
 those we love.

SCRAPS FOR THE GARLAND.

BY A. J.

A mimic world is found in me,
 Of storm and sunshine, land and sea,
 Come, let us read the mystery:
 An ocean beats within my side,
 Like the rough sea's o'erwhelming tide;
 The breast from which its muffled roar
 Is echoed back, is as the shore
 That marks its barriers—each emotion,
 The gentle winds that stir the ocean;
 And pleasure like a placid day,
 Bids its rudé billows tranquil lay.

But Passion comes! Its surges rise
 Like waves that bound to meet the skies,
 When the wild tempest fitfully
 Pours its wild fury on the sea,
 The tide which lay so late at rest,
 Roars like a torrent in my breast;
 Whose headlong waters seem to roll
 In wild career above my soul,
 And reason, like a bark astray,
 Founders upon its stormy way.

And should the skies again grow fair,
 Yet, what a scene of woe is there!
 Love unrequited! Feelings torn,
 Like weeds upon the white waves borne,
 The thoughts of happiness o'erthrown,
 Like clouds across the welkin blown,
 While hopes that are to float no more,
 Are cast like wrecks upon the shore,
 Oh! though the tempest's breath hath died,
 'Tis long before its waves subside!

A DIRGE.

HITHER, virgins, hither bring,
 Scented flowrets from the vale;
 Cull the blooming sweets of spring,
 Waving to the spicy gale.

Bring the drooping lily white,
 Emblem of her modest worth!
 Strew the yellow primrose, bright,
 O'er yon mound of rising earth.

When lamenting Ellen's doom,
 Softly chant the plaintive lay:
 Virgins, o'er her early tomb
 Spread the choicest gifts of May.

She was lovely—she was fair!
 Why did William prove unkind?
 Why distress her with despair?
 Why derange her lovely mind?

She no more shall sigh in vain!
 No more weave the willow green.
 Here she rests, devoid of pain;
 Here, alas! her grave is seen.

Hither, virgins, hither bring
 Scented flowrets from the vale;
 Cull the blooming sweets of spring,
 Waving to the spicy gale.

OUR TABLE.

JOHN THE BOLD; OR THE WHITE HOODS AND FLAYERS—BY W. H. CARPENTER.

This is a tale of the olden times. It is very short, but well and beautifully told. The technicalities of the chivalric age appear to be quite familiar to the author. There is, however, unfortunately but little in it to interest the reader.

It professes to be an Historical Novel, but circumscribed within the narrowest limits, being confined principally to a Parisian riot, and the assassination of the Duke of Orleans at the investigation of John, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold.

The characters are well and graphically described, and admirably sustained. Their manners, habits and mode of speaking are given to the life. But the author has made so little use of his ample and varied materials, rich in romance, that it looks like an abridgment of some larger work.

Notwithstanding our doubtful and qualified approval of the work, we hesitate not to recommend it to the favorable notice of our readers, with a promise of pleasure and profit in its perusal.

THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW—BY T. S. ARTHUR.

This is, without exception, the most stupid Novel we ever read, and we certainly have acquired a claim to our readers' gratitude, if, by wading through such an accumulation of trash, we shall have saved them from a similar infliction.

Its style is bad, its machinery is worse. The tale itself does not contain a single interesting circumstance, and it is told in bad English and in bad taste; and, what is worse than all, its moral tendency is hardly correct, so that it will not be a matter of surprise to our readers if we declare that it is "too impossible," to use an *emphatic* expression of the author, to say one word in its favor.

THE HISTORY OF CANADA; FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES—BY JANET ROY.

It is certainly a great relief to be able to turn from such trash as we have just been noticing, to something not only interesting but useful.

A History of Canada has long been considered

as a great *desideratum* in our Provincial Literature, nor has this want been supplied by the little unpretending work before us. Not but that it is, as far as it goes, a very useful and instructive compendium of the History of this important portion of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain, and every way well calculated to accomplish the object the author seems to have in view.

It is, in short, a very excellent School Book, and the marginal questions may be considered as its best recommendation, inasmuch as they can hardly fail to impart, to the diligent and attentive pupil, a thorough practical knowledge of its important and instructive contents.

The great want we complain of, however, still remains unsupplied, and the work before us, much as we may feel disposed to recommend it, and we do most unhesitatingly recommend it to all schools and to every family, is but a meagre and scanty substitute for some elaborate and comprehensive account of the country, especially of its early history.

This, we need not use a single argument to maintain, is still a very great *desideratum*. It is truly a wide and an open field for the exercise and exhibition of Colonial talent and enterprise.

The early history of this country especially, is much more interesting than people in general are aware of. Ask any one, for instance, what "La Chine" has to do with "China," from which far off country it derives its name, and he could not tell you. And then again there is another field of wild and boundless romance, hitherto all but untouched. We allude to the history of the Indian Tribes—their wars—their treaties—their subjugation to the intruders upon their primeval domain—their corruption—their diminution of their numbers—their conversion to Christianity, and their partial civilization.

We trust some one competent to the task will take the hint, and set to work in good earnest.

THE GRANDFATHER—BY MISS ELLEN PICKERING.

This pretty story, and it is a pretty story, is from the pen of the amiable author of "Nan Darrell," and several other works, all equally calculated, with the one before us, to sustain for her writings a character of no common order.

The Tale under consideration has been some two or three years before the public in other countries, but as far as we know, is quite new in this quarter, and we are surprised at the want of taste which has not introduced it to our notice sooner.

The heroine is an only child, and a poor, desolate, homeless, penniless orphan. From the buffetings and ill-usage of a village tavern where her last remaining parent, her mother, died, she is taken by the good old Rector into his family, where she is brought up and educated as his own child, or rather as his grandchild, for he has another, a boy, about the same age, to whom, as the reader will anticipate, she is at last married, after having discovered her relations and become a great heiress.

Some time, however, before reaching this happy consummation, the good old Rector is assailed by the sensible and clever housekeeper at the nobleman's mansion hard by, with a host of enquiries as to what he intends to do with her or make of her.

In reply to these enquiries he says, "We must give her a good education, and then procure her a comfortable situation as *Governess*."

This elicits from Mrs. Jelf, the housekeeper, the following remarks, so pertinent to the subject of *Governesses*, and so characteristically expressed, that we must give it in full, and it will serve at the same time as a specimen of the author's versatility of style.

"A comfortable situation as *Governess*!" replied Mrs. Jelf, "that may not be so easy to find; as far as my judgment goes, and I have seen something of this in my life time, an upper servant has better wages and fewer vexations. A *Governess* is like an unsteady mould of jelly, too good for the servants' hall and not good enough for the parlour; nobody cares for her, and it is well for her if she cares for nobody. She is like an old cup and saucer, never suits with the rest of the set; or like a dove in a flock of jackdaws, where every one is for plucking and pulling her to pieces. She might as well be kitchen-maid, only it is not counted so genteel, for she is almost as much at every one's beck and call, and then she can only be a *Governess* at last, whereas a kitchen-maid may rise to be a housekeeper, and while one sits skulking up in the school-room, or on thorns in the parlour, the other is laughing and jesting with those of her own degree. I have felt something of what it is to be between and betwixt, myself."

MINSTREL LOVE, A ROMANCE—BY BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

THIS is a work of great merit—an elaborate German Romance, with less, however, of German mysticism and fewer hobgoblins, although possessing a goodly share of both, than we generally

meet with in similar works from that supernatural school.

We frankly admit that a good ghost story—that is to say, a deeply thrilling and fearfully interesting account of a visit from the "Spirit Land," well authenticated by circumstantial evidence,—is always spoiled by being explained away and accounted for by natural and plain matter-of-fact causes.

The author before us appears to be of the same opinion, and has therefore given us what we so seldom meet with in this mawkish and degenerate age, a real German Romance, second only to that of "Undine," and we cannot better recommend it to the favorable notice of such of our readers as are acquainted with that strange and extraordinary, and most beautiful of all works of the kind, than to inform them that the work before us is from the same prolific pen.

There is one striking peculiarity which tells much in its favor. This consists in there being no plot, and consequently no wonderful and mysterious *denouement*—there is not a *wedding* in the whole story, and yet, strange as it may seem to the younger and gentler portion of our readers, a continuous and unflagging interest is kept up even unto the end.

It is due to the noble author to explain, when we speak of his prolific pen, that he is the author of a variety of other popular works of a similar character, such as "Wild Love," "Violina," "Sintram," &c., all of which, we are sorry to say, have been sadly marred in their translation into our vernacular tongue. This is a lamentable drawback upon our enjoyment of the poetic beauties of foreign literature.

We have had occasion, more than once, painfully to advert to this unfortunate circumstance, but it never, to our recollection, has been more striking illustrated than in the case before us.

THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE.—BY LOVER.

THIS work is not yet completed, and therefore we must refrain from saying more about it than to recommend it to our readers as bidding fair to sustain, if not to enhance, the high reputation of the author.

THE FAVORITE OF NATURE.

THIS work is anonymous, and not of very recent publication, although quite new to the reading public here; a circumstance we are the more surprised at, as it is a very beautiful and well written story. So much pleased, indeed, are we with this book, that we should have entered into an elaborate discussion of its merits had our limits allowed.