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THE DEPARTED YEAR.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY, AUTHOR OF "THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY, &c. &c."

In silent night the vision of the dead passed by—
 I saw our friends all pass—
 And oh! in silent night I saw the open graves—
 I saw th' immortal host!

KLOPSTOCK'S ODES.

A VISION, by eternity unveil'd
 When midnight in her trace of darkness lay,
 My soul beheld,—Methought that time and earth
 Had vanish'd, while the unforgotten dead
 In glory bright and bodiless appear'd :—
 How deep their gaze! oh, how divine their smile!
 A pensive mildness, an immortal grace,
 Each semblance wore: the father had not lost
 That light paternal which his living eyes,
 To greet his children, loved to have express'd;
 Still on the mother's placid brow was throned
 A tenderness, that triumph'd o'er decay;
 And perish'd babes, whose beauty dazzled time,
 In the young bloom of resurrection rose,
 Serenely glad, and innocently bright.

And thus, by dreams of never-dying soul,
 The dead around us, with a voiceless power,
 Are present, mentally distinct and known:
 As though some charm, whose links are unbeheld,
 The living and the dead conjoin'd; that love,
 E'en in the grave, no gloomy trance might bear,
 But thro' immortal in the spirit's core!

Thought flies the banquet, to embrace the tomb:
 And, oh! if joy-wing'd hours awhile seduce
 A faithful mourner from his fond regret;
 If the dull prose of daily life contract
 And dry his feelings into worldly dust,
 Or selfish duty,—how divinely pure
 The calm of intellectual grief again!
 There can creative fondness from the world
 Of parted spirits all it loved evoke:
 And he whose years are chronicles of woe,
 From the strange earth, where few companions dwell,
 Can wander where the hopes of youth repose,
 And make eternity his mighty home!—

A knell comes booming on the dismal air,
 And my dark song in solemn echo rolls

To that dread music;—from this orb of time,
 Another in the noon of manhood call'd
 To lie and fester with unfeeling clay!—
 Oh God! the terror of Thy rising frown
 Mantles the universe with more than night!
 Each Kingdom, like a childless Rachel, mourns.
 A power of Darkness, on the wings of death,
 Hath travell'd earth with pestilential speed,
 And left but havoc to declare his flight!—
 How many tombs this year hath dug! what homes
 Are fill'd with desolation's fearful calm!
 The chairs are vacant where the forms we loved
 So oft reposed,—where *still* their semblance chains
 Our fix'd and fond delusion!—in the streets,
 Like silent mourners in a talking crowd,
 Cold mansions tenantless and still remain,
 From whose glad chambers rush'd the household
 tones

That made sweet music to a social mind!
 And many a garden, whose luxuriant green
 And laurell'd bowers the sunbeams loved to grace,
 In weedy ruin is decaying now :—
 The hands it welcomed with rewarding bloom
 Are iced by death, and ne'er can tend it more!

And thou, lone sharer of a widowed lot!
 Where is the language, though a seraph hymn'd
 The poetry of heaven,—to picture thee,
 Doom'd to remain on desolation's rock,
 And look for ever where the past lies dead!
 What is the world to thy benighted soul?
 A dungeon!—save that there thy children's tones
 Can ring with gladness its sepulchral gloom.
 Placid, and cold, and spiritually pale,
 Art thou; the lustre of thy youth is dimm'd,
 The verdure of thy spirit o'er!—in vain
 The beaming eloquence of day attracts
 The heart's communion with creation's joy;
 Like twilight imaged on a bank of snow,
 The smile that waneth o'er thy marble cheek

Oh! when shall trial, tears, and torture, cease?—
 Despair, and frenzy, and remorseless gloom,
 Defiance, and the thoughts that crouch before
 The bright severity of Virtue's eye,—
 When shall their myst'ry lie unweaved and bare?
 When shall the lips of Agony be dumb,
 And the dark wail of wounded Nature hush'd?—
 A tragedy of twice three thousand years
 Hath almost ended: soon, perchance, may fall
 A curtain whose unfolding darkness brings
 Oblivion o'er a universe decay'd!
 Already looks earth's final scene begun:
 The elements, like human limbs unnerved,
 Forego their functions; seasons out of tune
 Creation's harmony of change destroy;
 And in their wildness of unwonted act
 Reflective eyes an awful omen read,
 By Nature given to prophetic man,
 Of time's conclusion.—Sea and air confess
 A weird excitement; through the trackless heaven's
 Immensity the unheard Comet rolls!—
 No vision'd eye his path may comprehend,
 Nor dread imagination dream what orbs
 May crumble, or what blighted planets shrink,
 As on the burning Desolator sweeps,
 And blazes o'er annihilated worlds!

Spoiler of hearts and empires, vanish'd Year!
 Ere for eternity thy wings were spread,
 Alone I listen'd to thy dark farewell.—
 The moon was center'd in the cloudless heaven,
 All pale as beauty on the brow of death!
 And round about her, with attracted beam,
 Grouped the mild stars:—the anarchy of day
 Was hush'd, the turbulence of life becalm'd.
 From where I stood, a vast and voiceless plain,—
 A city, garmented with mellow light,
 Lay visible; and, like romance in stone,
 Shone gloriously serene!—all sounds were dead!
 The dew-drop, stirless as a frozen tear,
 Gleam'd on the verdure; not an air-tone rang
 The leaves hung tranch'd as the lid of sleep;
 Around me Nature in devotion seem'd,
 The Elements in adoration knelt,
 Till all grew worship—from the heart of things
 Material to the conscious soul of man!—
 'Twas then, sepulchral, hollow, deep, and loud,
 The bell of midnight on the stillness burst,
 And made the air one atmosphere of awe!—

Sublime of hours!—I thought on all the grave
 Had buried since the infant year began:
 What dreams, what agonies, untold,
 Dead as the hearts whose depth they once turmoil'd
 Lay motionless and mute!—of pomp in dust,
 Of wither'd pride, of wealth from glory hurl'd,
 Of lull'd ambition and appeas'd despair,—
 Of each I dreamt; and then, in sad array,
 Pale visions of the Kings of thought arose!

The wise, the wondrous, the adored, whose death
 Enrich'd eternity with added mind,
 Sleep with the Patriarch's now!

Monarchs of time, and ministers of thought!
 Felt in the frame of intellectual life,
 As rolls the blood-tide through our breathing form,—
 Where is the palace of your spirits now?
 In what immensity are ye array'd
 Imperishably pure? Was Sabbath earth
 In beauty but an archetype of heaven?
 Your dreams, your towering aspirations high,
 The far-off shadows of each truth divine,
 Are all absorb'd in beatific light,
 And this world, like a rain-drop in the deep
 Of time,—for ever from the soul dissolved?—
 Our craving passion for the unreveal'd,
 Fain would it know to what vast height removed,
 To what perfection of sublimest powers
 Ye are ascended:—but the dazzled wish
 Is driven earthward, and cold Nature cries,
 In tones as thrilling as the touch of death,—
 "Back to thy clay, Mortality! and bend,
 Like faith, before the infinite Unknown!"

(ORIGINAL.)

TO LAURA.

Fare-thee-well, and forever! the day dream is ended,
 'Twas blissful—'twas bright, but 'tis o'er,
 And the hope which with fear in my bosom was
 blended,

Can cheer me to gladness no more.

Oh! 'tis maddening to think on the deep draught
 of pleasure,

I have drank, unbeked, from thine eye,
 And to feel that the heart's loved and holiest trea-
 sure,

Is fleetest to wither and die.

I do not upbraid thee—but surely thus wiling
 The heart into hope was unkind,
 And to rob it of peace, with a brow ever smiling
 Leaves madness and sorrow behind.

Yet, lady, though vain were the wish to forget thee,
 No sigh shall my weakness reveal—
 And 'twere folly, though ne'er can I cease to regret
 thee,

To tell all the anguish I feel.

Farewell! but when lovers before thee are kneeling,
 Oh! smile not on hopes that are vain,
 For smiles such as thine must awaken a feeling
 That never can slumber again.

Yet think not on me—though unloved and forsaken—
 The world is a desert to me,
 I would not that grief such as mine should awaken
 One moment of sorrow to thee.

THE BIT O' WRITIN'.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER IV.

A figure suddenly darkened the door-way. It was that of a female, wearing the deep blue peasant mantle of the district. She stood still and silent, with her back to the inside of the house, and of course to our friends; and the ample cloak, falling close to her shoulders, and down her sides, in two straight lines, while its gathered hood was drawn over her head, baffled observation as to who or what she was, neighbour or stranger.

"Never a welcome to whoever it is," grumbled Murty. "Amin, say I, till the writin' is over," echoed Chevaun. "Ship a-hoy—ii!" hailed the admiral, angrily through his speaking-trumpet.

The person slowly turned sideways on the spot where she stood and even in her movement there was sadness. Her left hand and arm now appeared through the folds of her cloak, and a pair of new light blue worsted stockings hung from the latter. She spoke a few words in a low tone, and they fell on the ear like the melancholy though musical trickling of drops of water in a little basin, half covered with sedge, in a lonely place. They were spoken tears.

"I don't think you know who it is that's keepin' the May sun from your dour-stone, Chevaun," she said; and still her face was quite hidden by the cloak-hood which almost closed in front of it.

"Ochown! but sure I know your own poor voice, now! cried Chevaun, in great interest, as she endeavoured to push her way to the visiter by the side of the cross-legged table, "Mary, a lanna! how are you, the mornin'?"

"In good health, I give thanks, Chevaun; an' I'm only cum wid the first o' my knittin' for Murty."

She held out the stockings on her arm. The mistress of the house had now gained her side, and greeted her kindly.

"Murther, Mary: an' is id you! an' how is every inch i you, aothone?" exclaimed Murty, his inhospitable tone also changed for the better, as, in his turn, he seized the visiter's hands, and shook them violently.

"Ship on her beam-ends!" proclaimed the admiral, somewhat reprehensively, as he sprang to set up again the table which in his amiable haste, Murty had overturned.

"Come in, a-cuishla, come in," resumed Chevaun "sure this is no place for you to be stannin'!"

"Yes, roul in the four bones o' you!" said Murty, throwing an arm round her waist; and Mary passively suffered herself to be led, or rather hurled into the house.

The two women proceeded towards the fireplace; Chevaun sat on the hob, almost facing the door, so that her face remained fully visible; the other on a "boss,"* confronting Mrs. Mechan, the hood of her cloak still unmoved, and her features, as well as her person, still a mystery to the ould admiral. Murty deposited himself on a second boss, on one side of the females, with the air and manner of a person who, without much intrusion, had a right to loiter within ear-shot of whatever they were about to say; and Terence O'Brien remained where he had been, after adjusting the table, his legs apart, his one arm hanging straight by his side, his one fist clenched, and his eyes and whole face angrily—one would think—regarding the group.

"An' the poor ould mother—how is she, a-lanna-ma-chree?" resumed Chevaun, stooping her head close to that of the person she addressed.

Mary answered in a still lower and more saddened voice than that she had used at the door, accompanying the mournful sounds with a slow rocking motion of the body; and a conversation went on between her and Chevaun, of which the admiral caught not a sentence, though it might be supposed from the expression of his visage, as well as from his set attitude, that he listened attentively—which, however, was not the case. Whatever art might or might not have done to make him a gentleman, the ould admiral was one by nature—in the heart—and he would have spurned the idea of turning eves-dropper upon the confidential discourse of any persons, gentle or simple. But he could not help observing that Mary's auditors seemed deeply affected with what she told them. Indeed, Murty's huge, good blue eyes grew moist as they fixed on hers, and the tears ran outright down his wife's vermilion cheeks; while many a sympathising "och!" and

* A low, round seat made solidly with coils of twisted straw.

"murther!" with other ejaculations of sorrow and compassion, broke in loud accents from their lips. And so sweetly touching still were the cadences of Mary's plaintive, though unheard words, whatever they imported, that as a child would do, Terence almost began to follow Chevaun's example on the occasion, "for company;" when one other query, now put by that good woman, so as to be heard by him, gave his feelings a new direction.

"An' poor Terry O'Brien, Mary *a-chorra*?"

"A-hoy! Here!" answered Terence, making a step forward, and again standing stock-still on his extended legs, as if answering to a "musther on deck."

But Chevaun and Murty only motioned to him to be quiet and mute, while their visiter, after a bound on her seat, at the boisterous and sudden interruption he had given, drew her cloak tighter round her head and face, and became, after a long-drawn sigh, quite silent.

All followed her example, and there was a sad pause for some time, which Murty at length broke by softly drawing from Mary's arm the stockings she had already hinted were for his use, and praising them to the skies. Then Chevaun suddenly started up, withdrew into an inner room—if so we may call that portion of the cabin separated from the place where they sat only by a wicker partition, not reaching to the roof, nor even from wall to wall, across the clay-floor—and returned with a little basket, containing some unseen articles, which with many entreaties, she forced Mary to accept. Terence thought he began to surmise the cause of Mary's grief, and formed his resolutions accordingly.

"Well I must be stirring now," said the object of his interest; and she arose, and, features and person still cloaked up from him, was passing to the door after a farewell shake-hands on the part of honest Murty, and a kiss, through tears, on that of his spouse. Terence, with another hail, and another step, gained her side, and dropped something into her basket; Mary, again starting, picked out of it "a raal balloon guinea," instantly deposited the coin on the table, and saying as if avoidingly, "No, no—not from you—no, no!" walked smartly away from the house.

"But you might, though," bawled Terence after her; "it's a threw yellow-boy, every splice of id—an' honestly got, 'board ould ship—my hulk to ould Davy, but it is! But she won't answer hail; well, well, I see what's in the wind—thinks the ould seymen can't afford it—or else thinks he had it by piracy." Such were Terence's sagacious guesses at Mary's notions, which, however, he was to live to understand a little better. Chevaun and Murty looked expressively at each other.

"Ay, ay," resumed Terence; "but all's one for that; since she will sheer off, up goes the shiner into the ould locker again," and he replaced it in his

waistcoat pocket; "an' so, shipmit, the ould hulk ^{to} shove off, too, on a new tack, without any memor randle a-board—eh, shipmit?"

"Och, no, thin, an' blessings on the kind heart in your body!" answered Murty, his mind more full than ever of anxiety to do the admiral a service, notwithstanding the many interruptions his previous efforts had undergone. In fact his own honest nature was grateful for Terence's proof of sympathy towards poor Mary.

"No, no, don't stir a step, yet, for the life o' you!" seconded Chevaun, in something of the same spirit.

Again she moved, and again the eyes of her husband and Terence followed her. Chevaun made her way to the cupboard, and was about to open it, when she paused, turned towards her friends and solemnly addressed them.

"I'll tell yez what was a loocky thing, ather all."

Murty anxiously demanded "what?"

"That when the paper tuk fire there was none o' the writin' on id."

"Bee gownies!" an' so it was," cheerfully assented her husband, rejoicing in any set-off against his undeniable ill-huck.

"Ay, right, mistress," also agreed the admiral; "good chance iv a sar'nty, that none o' the crew were aboard when ould ship blue up: for up along wid it they'd ha' gone, and not a sowl saved, d'ye see me."

"See that, now," resumed Mrs. Meehan, congratulating herself upon her ingenious remark; "there's nothin' so bad in this world, but it might be worse. An' so, Murty, agra, don't be down-hearted any longer." She laid her hand on that of her husband, and looked commiseratingly into his face; "let by-gones be by-gones; what's past can't be helped if a body were to lay down a life for id."

"Thru for you Chevaun; bud will you be able to make out another scrap o' the paper?"

"There's the gorsoon's copy-book in the cupboard—can't we just tear a lafe out o' that Murty, a *cuishtla-mu-cheve*?"

"Bee gownies, an' so we can! you are always an'ivir a kind sowl, Chevaun," smiled Murty, greatly relieved—"the heavens prosper you."

For we do not remember exactly how many times every thing and every person were again ready. It may be surmised that, previous to his wife's happy thought of the gorsoon's copy-book, Murty Meehan had, from his repeated failures, become somewhat cooled in his first estimate of his own capability to master the task before him, and, notwithstanding his seeming anxiety to persevere, might perhaps have half wished to clude it—up the chimney, if he could—with the burnt paper. Now, however, Chevaun's presence of mind left him no excuse for drawing back and either he prepared to renew his efforts in a

kind of hopeless determination to do his best, or else the sight of the fresh leaf of paper really renewed his courage, and endowed him with the spirit, and, joined to his experience, with the tact which—we are proud to say it—insured his ultimate success.

"Yes, please the pigs, we'll mind ourself this time, at any rate—and a watchful season is niver scarce," was the philosophical adage with which he now set down to recommence the "Bit o' Writin'."

"Sink my ould hulk to ———," began the admiral.

"Whist, Terry O'Brien," suddenly interrupted Chevaun, "we'll have none o' the salt-wather curcin', now, if we want to escape more o' the *dhun-nus*."

The admiral fidgetted, but stood convinced, re-proved, and silent.

"The date o' the year," said Murty.

"Ay, ay, the date o' the year, first of all, ship-mat."

"Aighteen hundhred an' one, then," Murty repeated, slowly muttering; and as in deep thought he strove to call to mind the shapes of the figures which should designate the era, his pen described above the paper two or three cautious flourishes, almost as before.

A figure of 8, lying on its back, thus, ∞, was described. He snatched up the pen, and looked earnestly at the real commencement of his task. All was right. Neither pen, ink nor paper played him false, "this turn." He moved the sheet from side to side, accompanying it by wagging his head from shoulder to shoulder. He resumed, still repeating "aighteen hundhred an' one."

Two additional figures were produced, and the embryo document became antedated by about one thousand years. The whole of the figures stood thus, "∞01."

"There's the date o' the year, plain to be seen, we b'lieve, admiral," he said, glancing at his neighbour with ill-disguised pride.

"I like the cut o' their jibs, well, my hearty; they're o' the right sort iv a sart'nty; ay, ay, able-bodied saymen, every hand o' them."

"Musha, the goodness be praised," said Chevaun, with a happy sigh; "an' see what it is to get the larnin' arly; not brought up to the handlin' the paper like a cow or a horse?"

"An' isn't the day o' the month to be your tack now, jolly boy?"

"That's to be put in, bee all manes, admiral."

There were a few more passing flourishes, and then ensued the actual operation. The pen went up and down, heavily grating against the rough paper.

"Yee-ho! yee-ho! ho-yee!" sung Terence O'Brien, keeping time to the pen's movement, and shrill harsh noise; "undher way at last, my hearty:

I like the sound o' your tackle—it's like ould ship's in a stiff breeze—yee-ho!"

Murty smiled with the conscious glee of certain success, thus added to by the admiral's approbation, while, at his other side, his wife farther encouraged him.

"Didn't I know, Murty, *a-cuishla*? didn't I know the second offer 'ud thrive? that, an' barrin' the cursin'?"

And so, Murty went on producing, by degrees, a full crew of "able-bodied saymen;" not an unapt term, by the way, when applied to his striding, straggling, burly characters.

For two good hours was the amanuensis' hard at work. He would stop in the middle of a word; spell over the letters of it which he had just written; oblige the admiral to repeat it for him; endeavour to ascertain how much of its sound he had succeeded in typifying: get the remainder into his mind in a jumble and then proceed very ambiguously to express what had been very ambiguously apprehended. His "saymen," therefore, stood quite independent of each other' or, at least, but seldom linked together.

And, while placing a point over an *i*, Murty would steal down the pen, and not always exactly fix it over the proper character, and then turn it round and round, until the point became swollen to a goodly size; or, in crossing a *t*, his first essay was very gradually made, and the whole process amusing. He would, as the admiral called it, steer his instrument with his left hand, and then quickly and slowly scrape it across the upright letter. But, indeed, on this one matter, practice gave him courage, as he got on; for, at length, he would make a bold dash with his pen, and deviating from a horizontal course, divide into two parts, not invariably equal portions, whatever letters happened to come in his way. And pretty nearly thus, till his task was quite completed, did Murty reduce to paper the stentorian dictation of the ould admiral.

But his task was indeed finished. And he slowly arose to dry the paper at the fire; but in full recollection of a former adventure, as well as in obedience to Terence's warning of—"Fire-ship-ahead—a-hoy!" and of Chevaun's—"Have a care now, Murty, agra!" he kept it well clear of the turf-blaze.

Dried the document became without hap or injury. Murty, suspending it by a corner, strode the few strides which he could take on his cabin floor, and slowly held it up to the full view of his admiring spouse, who well understood his glance and smile to mean—

"See, Chevaun, what it is to have a scholar for your husband."

Nor was he slow in apprehending that the answering drawing-up of the muscles about Chevaun's

mouth, the poking forward of her head to the invited scrutiny, and the wide-open expression of her eyes as they afterwards met his, plainly said—

"Yes, Murty, a wondher o' the world you are—an' good rason I have to be proud o' you."

"Here it is, now, for you, admiral," said Murty, then presenting the document to its owner: "an' it's loock we wish you wid it, admiral avic!" his tones, air, and manner, were graciously patronizing.

CHAPTER V.

After due reflection and consolation on the matter, Terence O'Brien, or the ould admiral, arrived at several pretty accurate conclusions touching the further disposal and progress of the "memorandle o' sarvice."

He had heard—beyond doubt he was sure—of such a place as the Admiralty office, "in the port of London," and judged that thither he ought to forward it. As a first step towards this, he soon became aware that the document should be "put aboard the post-office," in the neighbouring town, and thence that it was to continue its voyage "aboard the mail coach." Right well was he aware that he at present lived on an island separated from another island, in which was the "port o' Lunnun," by a sea. That his "memorandle" was to be received and forwarded, on and from, the coast of that first island, as one of "ould ship's papers," without at the same time shipping the mail-coach or its other contents, Terence rather suspected, but indeed could not be quite certain of the fact; nor did he find Murty Meehan, who had never yet caught a glimpse of the sea, nor received nor forwarded a letter of any kind, in his life, able to enlighten him on the subject. It might be so, or it might not be so; this they decided between them: and eventually the admiral, suddenly struck with the conviction that the question, turn out as it might, was no concern of his, made up his mind to leave it undecided.—"The Capt'n o' the Post-office" was the man whom it concerned, and not him, Terence O'Brien. Every commander of a vessel knew how every thing ought to be done aboard his own ship, from the splicing of a cable to the firing of a broadside; and agreeably to this notion of the post-master's competency in his duties, Terence argued that his paper, once delivered into the hands of that person—just as it had come out of Murty Meehan's hands—by-the-way, unfolded and undirected—ought to arrive safe at the end of its voyage; a mere announcement of its destination being obviously sufficient to enable the captain to supply and superintend all the details of its press upon the way.

"What else was the ould loober on that station

for?" and so Terence set forward for the post-town nearest to his residence.

The post-master was in the act of delivering the morning letters, and a crowd of people gathered round the window of his office. Had we leisure we might attempt to produce some pathetic and some ludicrous surmises as to the different feelings in which different individuals of the throng stretched forward their hands, and exerted their voices, claiming their expected despatches; but we must not pause to indulge our speculations, or show our skill at the expense of the reader's patience. With one person alone, of all present, we dally for a moment.

He stood on the outskirts of the crowd, quietly awaiting his turn to go to the window, saying nothing, pushing or hurrying nobody, and resting both his hands upon his stick. He seemed a very personification of patience and humanity. Either he had never, even in youth, possessed any dash in his character, or the pinching poverty now visible in his sharp features, and peculiar attire, had long ago frozen it out of him. His head-gear was very ancient, and yet made the most of; he would seem fully to have studied and approved the celebrated adage, that "the life of an old hat consists in cocking it." His person was draped in a kind of frock-coat of course grey kersey, reaching below his knees, so fashioned as to save him from the sarcasm of going too heavily clad in summer, or of having an appearance of almost nakedness in very cold weather: for the garment could not be called an outside coat at the one season, nor a thin coat at the other. Originally his leg had been well shaped; and at such a period of its existence, had first taken possession of that part of the pantalon which at present covered it; but abstemious living, for many years, since then, had shrunk its calf, so that it now allowed its vesture to ruffle in wrinkles to the wind. And it was not difficult to conjecture, from his general appearance, and the hints supplied by the face and deportment, that his blay stockings had been "darned" by his own careful hands; while his shoes were water-proof, in sole, upper, and quarter, because from year to year, they had been diligently watched, and the moment time made a rent or a crack in them, no matter how small, immediately and intently patched in the frail place, with a view to prevent each breach from widening.

We have not a great deal to do with this man, so we crave pardon for volunteering a short sketch of him.

"A-hoy, my hearty!" bellowed Terence O'Brien at his ear, in a tone that would have made him start, or at least look offended, had he not long abandoned all hastiness of movement or of feeling; or he might have deemed that, as the term "hearty" could certainly not apply to him, he was not the person addressed. At all events, he only turned,

slowly and quietly, his sharp little face to the speaker.

"Post-office transport a-head—eh, my jolly lad?" still questioned the tar, pointing to the window.

"If it's the post-office you want, yes, there it is; though it's no transport, as I know of, my honest man," answered little Patience.

"Scuttle my hulk to ould Davy! you don't mane to call it a frigate, do you!"

"You have my lave to call it a man-o'-war if that same gives you the laste pleasure."

"No—shiver my timbers to splinters if I do!—Hah! do you want to come over the ould sayman that way, you loober! I'd spy out a man-o'-war seven leagues to windward, you land-shark."

Well, well, just as you like."

"Capt'n gives ordhers at the gunnel,—eh!"

"I don't well understand your maning."

Muttering something like contempt for the ignorance of all "land-loobers," Terence steered direct for the post-office window.

"Scud, scud—avast, my hearties! I say," he bellowed forth, forcing his way through all opposition; and he presented his unique visage at the open wooden pane through which letters were distributed.

"Ship's paper—ould ship's—will your honour take it aboard? and he held out his "memorandle o' sarvice."

"What do you want? what do you call this?" questioned the post-master.

"Sink my hulk! what do I call it? why are your lights out, capt'n, or can't you take an observation?"

The captain peered and peered. He took off his spectacles and wiped them in the ample though rather soiled muslin frill of his shirt. He peered again, and his lips moved, as if in an honest effort to spell his way through the manuscript. He raised up his head and looked attentively from it to the disfigured face of the "sayman;" then to the paper again; and then to that index visage again.

"What is it at all, man? and what do you wish me to do about it?"

"Why, don't you see it's a memorandle o' sarvice? what else would it be?"

"And pray inform me, how am I to dispose of such a dirty piece of nonsense?"

"Avast there capt'n, you loober! Fair weather between us; tis as thrue as the log, every word of id."

Once more the good-natured post-master bent his eyes studiously upon Murty Meehan's penmanship, and began to mutter—"Terry O—O'Brien,—I suppose, um—um—'a la burbe,'—um—um—'shot close to his body,'—here, my man," interrupting himself, and handing back the document, as many impatient voices called aloud for their letters—"I

can make no hand of your paper or yourself—take it away and leave the widow clear."

"Take it away, capt'n!" echoed poor Terence, rather crest-fallen; it wasn't to take it away I towed it in here, from Muckalce—you'll just ship it for the Admiralty board—eh, capt'n!"

"Get away with it—take it out of my hand, I tell you—there—go—get it properly written—stand back—and let sensible people come for their letters."

Beginning to entertain some slight doubt of the clerkship of his Muckalee friend the ould admiral was obliged to retire with his "memorandle;" not indeed until he had fought hard to have it received "aboard." Having cleared the crowd, he stopt in the middle of the street, to ponder what next was to be done.

The little man he had before accosted, followed him closely, though quietly, at a cat's pace, when she teals step by step within springing distance of a fat mouse. He had overheard the dialogue between Terence and the post-master, and it was not quite thrown away upon him. In his imagination—we use an inapt word—in his sober, unromantic, practical calculations, we should rather say—the document had already set the kettle ringing, and the pot boiling for a better breakfast and a more substantial dinner than he had for some time been intimate with.

When arrived close to Terence, that worthy fragment of a Jack was holding the paper close to his eyes;—and, to help him still more, turned upside down,—endeavouring to discover in what respect it was deficient for a voyage "boord the post-office thtransport."

"Looking as wise as a pig at a sun-dial," commenced his future friend to himself; then he continued aloud—

"Honest man, was that wrote with a spade or a shovel? which o' the two?"

"What jaw? now, what jaw!" demanded Terence, angrily and ominously.

"I say it's either the spade or the shovel wrote that paper."

Terence nearly lost all command of temper at this double slight of his own importance, and of the zealous and hitherto but slightly questioned services of an esteemed neighbour.—"It's a lie, you loober! it's a lie!" he thundered forth, raising the document to slap it across the face of the commentator.

Notwithstanding the incivility of the commencement of their dialogue, these dissimilar men wore, however, in a short time better acquainted. However ignorant at first of the right road to an object, self interest is generally a ready scholar in finding it out.

Very gradually the uselessness of the document became explained to Terence, and was compre-

hended by him; and the little half-starved man and he eventually struck a bargain on the business, and were seen to walk down the street together.

The admiral was led up a narrow dirty lane, and he and his convoy entered a delapidated house, over the door of which was a sign-board, announcing it as the abode of

"GARRET BYRNE,
PUBLIC WRITER."

The personage so described, Garret Bryne, fixed a wicker backed chair as his desk, sat to it upon a three legged stool, and without a tittle of poor Murty Meehan's preparations, with none of his failures or misfortunes, and devoting to his task an incredibly short portion of time in the opinion of Terence O'Brien, produced something like a proper letter to the Admiralty Board. It was even folded, directed, and wafered, and then Garret Bryne asked and received a reward, dishonest in him to propose, and very improvident in his employer to bestow; and finally Terence saw him "put it aboard" at the post-office; after which the public writer and his dupe adjourned into a dram-shop, to pour down at the expense of but one of the party, libations to its prosperous voyage.

CHAPTER VI.

After the sailing of his despatches, the admiral kept a sharp look-out for an answer. But he was not impatient in point of time. He made due allowance for the weather gage, and reckoning a certain number of knots to an hour for the out-bound and the in-bound voyage, did not begin to hail "the post-office transport" again till his nautical experience told him he was warranted in doing so. Nor was Terence much out in his calculations, when a letter, directed to him—absolutely to him—appeared at the post-office in due course.

It did not, however, contain money, nor an order for money; it only called on him to prepare and forward various certificates and affidavits. No matter. The certificates and affidavits were soon ready, under the superintendence of his now established agent, Garret Byrne, and a cheque for a good round sum came at last. At the bank of the town, being conducted still by Garret Byrne, the ould admiral sunk "all them bit o' notes to ould Davy," and would accept nothing but gold—"the yellow boys, an' nothing else for him;" and so gold he got. We wish the reader were present on the occasion, to notice the expression of the eyes and even of the pointed nose of the "public writer," as the guineas jingled on the counter. But it is enough to say that out of them he managed to extract a second enormous fee for his services since the despatch of the first letter. A second jorum of grog, too, was shared

between him and the sailor, to the heart's content of Terence and to Garret's slight and momentary vivification.

The evening began to fall, and it was time to go homewards. Assisted by his companion, Terence tied up his gold in the useless sleeve of his jacket, using two strings one below, and another above the bulk made by his hoard; he farther secured it by crossing the sleeve upon his breast, and stuffing it into his bosom: and then he clutched his cudgel in his left (and only) hand, and scudded homeward, every inch of canvass to the breeze.

"Praise be to the heavens! nivir, since the day I was born, did myself sit my two eyes on sich a hape o' the goold," said Murty Meehan, as he, Chevaun, and the admiral, contemplated it on their table, where it had been tossed out by its owner among the pile of potatoes served up for their evening supper.

"It's wonderful to look at id," agreed Chevaun.

"Many a rough gale the ould hulk weathered for it, misthriss, an' many an' many a broadside went to win it."

"No doubt o' that," continued Murty; "bud, bee gonnies! you can't say but you're well piod for all your throubles an' losses, ould admiral aron; it isn't the half o' my nose, bud the whole o' my nose I'd give for sich a fort'n; ay even supposin' they stuck a turkey-cock's baik to my face instid—not to talk of a Frenchman's; ay, or I'd go without e'er an arum at all, or I'd hop on only one leg into the bargain all the blessed days o' my life, for the honest gainin' o' so much threasure."

"God forgive you, Murty Meehan," said Chevaun; "take care o' what you're sayin'; the heaven's forbid you'd be spoiled in sich a manner for the double iv id over again."

"But what in the name o' wondher, will you do wid it, at all, admiral?"

"Why d'ye see me, that's just what I'm a jawin' to myself about, my hearty; but a-hoy, my jolly lad! we'll work it in company—oceans o' grog for say-store, and every sail up while it lasts!—eh, shipmit?—a cruise together—an old ship scuddin's, no matter what point the wind blows from, eh?"

"Och, no, admiral: that 'ud be a cryin' sin for the both iv us."

"'Twould be murther, intirely," said Chevaun.

"A sin?—avast, there, avast; can't cram that down the wizen iv an ould sayman. No, no; mutinee a board is a sin; sleepin', or gettin' dhrunk on watch, is a sin; not stannin' up be your gun, in action, is a sin—an' sich like: the ould jolly boy knows well what they call a sin—ay, as well as e'er a hand a-board; bud the chaplain himself never said that shippin' grog, on pay-out days, whin you're let to sheer off ashore, is a sin—shiver his hulk! he couldn't say id, the loober!"

"Why, admiral, for the mere matther o' that, I

Would not pelt a stone at a full bottle myself," resumed Murty; "for I like a dhrup well enough, be- times, maybe; only wid this differ, that I'd give my wote for the *oneen* widout christenin' id; * that grog o' yours is a wakely sort o' drinkin' to my mind, admiral; but all I want to say is, that it would be a robbin' shame an' a scandle to waste so mooch money as this on the 'table upon dhrink iv any kind."

"Then stow it into your own locker for me, my hearty; if it stops 'board ould ship 'tis gone, iv a sartinty, d'ye see me?" and he pushed the gold towards Murty.

"Och! no, no; that won't do, either, my poor ould admiral."

"Stow it up for yourself then, I say shipmit; and for the mistrhiss-mate, there, an' for the brig Peggy, out on her cruise o' sarvice, an' for loblolly Paudeen, d'ye see me—one or all—ye may want it, or know what to do wid id, which I don't, d'ye mind me, barrin' I sarve id out for grog—my hulk to ould Davy if I do."

"No, no, over agin, admiral; we're as heartily thankful, all as one, as if we made our own iv id; but no other man's money will ever burthen my conscience; no, nor rear up my childer, more be- token; an' sure, it's for somethin' o' the like reason I have the *weenocks* on the same place wid me, at all at all; for whin a very wise body axed me why I was goin' to be married, an' I only a lump iv a soft boy, at the same time, admiral,—a kind o' one o' your loblolly boys, you know, only a taste bigger, an' handier at the spade maybe—"Why, sir," says I, "the reason is this, sir, savin' your presence, sir," says I, "I'm able to work a start, sir, an' I don't like to be workin' for any man's childer but my own, sir," says I."

"Well, well, that's all as id may be; but what am I to do wid the yellow boys, if you sing out no to the grog, shipmit?"

"Sure, as I said afore, on the head o' the bit o' writin', that all this goold cum by—" (Terence had been too generous to pain Murty with intelligence of the failure of his document, or of the inter- vention of Garret Byrne thereupon,) "sure as, I said afore, there's your brother, admiral."

"Avast, avast, man! as I told you afore, shiver and scuttle my hulk to ould Davy, if he ever touches a stiver iv id! That same brother is no brother to me, but a d—d land shark—shuvvin' me out to say agin, when I thought to moor my ould hulk here in the ould soundin's—'case why? he said I couldn't work ship wid him—the greedy unnathral loober! ay, ay, adhrif he turned me, mainmast, rigin', and rudder gone, an' not a days prvision aboard! So jaw no more about him, d'ye see me."

* That is, he would vote for pure whiskey, without watering it.

"'Twas bad usage enough; we won't gainsay you, my poor ould admiral; bud his poor slob iv a boy, the son—he done nothin' to you."

"Done nothin' to me! isn't he one of the crew? sailin' under his father's colours and ordhers?—his father commandher?—an' would'nt he do by me whatever he's commanded to do, bec course, or else go to the yard-arum?—what else could he do?"

"Well, admiral agra, I'll tell you what kind iv a thought comes to me. then."

"Outwid it, my hearty."

"You're reasonable ould—we can't gainsay that either, you know."

"Ay, ay, shipmit an ould sheer hulk on the wa- ther, goin' to pieces every say; but Irish—I mane Engl'—heart iv oak, every plank o' me howson- ever."

"All bud what you call the *udder*, admiral, an' a quare name it is to give a nose."

Murty unconsciously slipt an *r*, at the beginning of the word, which he meant as an imitation of Terence's word. *idher*, or rudder; and, indeed was thinking of, as he intimated, a strange enough object from which to draw, even with full poetical license, an image of any human nose—namely the udder of a cow. But among his own familiar mental stock of illustration, it was nearest in sound to the word used by his neighbour.

"Ay, ay, sink an' d—id! I forgot that shipmit; but let it go to ould Davy, an' say your say out."

"Well, aroon; what I'm thinkin' iv is soon said. I'm thinkin' now, that wid the help of all this goold, an' since you're goin to pieces, as you say yourself, it wouldn't be a bad notion if you had one to look after you, an' keep you together."

"Holloo! where are you bound for now, my jolly lad?"

"Faix, an all I mane is, supposin' you was to take on wid a wife, admiral?"

"A wife!" shouted Terence O'Brien, in utter amazement; "a wife alongside? No, no, shipmit—no one will never see me join company with that kind o' craft; no, no; grapple to the locker is the word aboard with all sich—grapple to the locker; an' when no more say-store is left, then shove off, d'ye see me? No; never a painted schooner of 'em shall take the ould hulk in tow."

Terence was calling to mind some kind of Wap- ping adventure.

"An' sorry we'd be, ould admiral, to see the best among them use her toe to you, or her five fingers either. But little's the danger o' that here, in Muckalee. Them sort you spake iv lives by the say shore, but our honest counthry girrels isn't given to any sich kind o' doins."

"Avast, lad, avast; all she-pirates and sharks, one with another. When first I steerd home here to Muckalee, 'case I didn't carry bags o' goold for

ballast, didn't your whole squadron of that craft cock up their noses at me as your land sayin' goes?"

"Bud, sure, you ped 'em back in their own coin, and without any trouble," smiled Murty, again venturing the sore allusion.

"Ay, ay; but sink that, I say. Didn't one of 'em call me as ugly an ould fish as ever swum? and another say I was *fah breeghoch*,* an' ax me to let her stiek me in her father's whate-field? An' that young fire-ship, Nance Dulhanty, didn't she—the craft wid the red lanthorn at her poop, I mane—didn't she set my pig-tail a-blaze, at her ould granny's wake? An' Kitty Doyle! I was cruzin' on the top o' the hill, d'ye see me, an' she an' a flect o' doxies wid her, at the bottom; an' she hails me to join company, an' I tacks to bear down on 'em; an' she an' they ties the long land-grass right across the channel, an' I strikes on id, and comes on my bame-inds—ay, over an' over, till the ould hulk righted again—an' the whole crew o' them singing an' pipin' out to me, all the time, in make-game, like? Avast, I tell you, shipmit, they're all the same, by say-shore, or by land-shore—all the same."

"Why, thin, we're much behouldin' to your good word, misisher admiral," remarked Mrs. Meehan.

"Didn't mane you, jolly mistress; didn't nivr mane you; you're not one of the sort; I mane the young lightdeckers, as skuds on every tack, in all weathers, strammers flyin' in every breeze."

"Sure then, we'll get one for you as ould as the hills, if you like," said Murty.

"An' that won't go down, neither, my hearty; luff, luff; two sheer hulks, bobbin' shivered planks together, every swell—never do; singin' out, too, 'avast, avast,' in every cup-full o' wind—ay, or if there was ever a gun left aboard, exchanging shots, I warrant you."

"Faith, an' you're a'most in the right, now, we b'lieve, though you did live so long on the wather, admiral," grinned Murty.

"Musha, an' I'm afeard he is, Lord purtect us," added Mrs. Meehan, more seriously.

"But," resumed her honest man, "sure you don't see mooch o' the bobbin' or vastin', or tocin', or scuddin', or singin', or shootin' betwixt Chevaun, here, an' my own self, admiral?"

"No, no, all fair sailin' in company, there, an' breeze right a-head."

"Well, an' wouldn't you like Chevaun's likes for a voyage, as you call id?"

"Hallo, shipmit! goin' to change tack? only say the word, an' I'm for the cruise, in your stead, d'ye see me—ay, wid all my heart an' lights, my hearty!" and Terence spoke—we stake our veracious character on the fact—in perfect, simple seriousness.

"Ho, ho, ho! we couldn't manage that matter so asily none iv us, admiral."

"What jaw, then—what jaw?"

"Why, God forgive you man, sure isn't poor Chevaun an' myself to be in company, as yourself has id, till death does us part?"

"Founder to ould Davy, then, an' lave the mistress-mate an' I say-room."

"We dont want to have a call to that fellow, I tould you afore, admiral."

"Go aloft, then you loober."

"An' I can't pleasure you that way, neither—at laste till we have the little pce-aties out o' the ground, ashore."

"Well—an' what port are you steerin' for, then?"

"No port at all; I'll stay in the port where I am; an' Chevaun an' I will be pleasant company wid one another, these hundred years to come, please God. Bud, admiral; there's one little Moya Moore, an' she's the born sister o' Chevaun—nearer to her she couldn't be; an' she's very like Chevaun, only a younger girril; an' she's amooast as purty as Chevaun—and she's amooast as good as Chevaun—an' that's a great word."

"Ay, ay—I spoke wid Moya Moore, shipmit, the night o' my cruise to Nancy Dulhanty's granny's wake—an' 'twas she put out the fire, 'boord old hulk, when Nance set the rishlight to my pig-tail—ay, spoke wid her, then, an' often afore an' since; ay, ay; an' now that I call to mind, that little craft, Moya, is the only one o' your jade-squadron that never says nothin' to gibe the ould sayman,—never does, an' never did; ay, ay."

"She'd make a nate, an' a clanc, an' a laucky* wife, for the ould admiral," observed her prudent sister: "yes, an' you spoke to her later than you think, admiral; she was here the day o' the writin'."

"When you gave me sich a hail by my name, mistress, an' she an' you a-joinin' together? an' I never knew her, from the new out of her canvass. But why wouldn't she share a little say-store wid me? why sheer off in a rumpus, at only the sight o' the shiner?"

"Shy she was, may be, admiral, to take any help from a body that wou'dn't be a blood relation to her; don't blame the poor creature for that."

"Help! disthress aboard, then, though no signal hoisted? But why did you sing out, "the Terry O'Brien a-hoy?" mistress, if I was to bear no hand, d'ye see me?"

Chevaun and her husband interchanged a look similar to that which had passed between them upon the very occasion alluded to. Evidently they thought Terence in some misconception.

"Never mind about the hoy, admiral, for the present; bud, yes, ashore,—disthress, sure enough, is come on poor Moya; the ould mother has a nice

* Scarecrow.

Tidy and gracious.

bit o' land, to be sure, only there's an ould arrear over id, ever since her husband died; an' she an' Moya will be turned out on the world-wide, this May, barrin' semethin' takes it off for 'em."

"Sent adhrift? sink my hulk, but they sha'n't, though! Show me the loober that dare think of id, an' if I don't blow him clane off the wather, at the first broadside, scuttle me to ould Davy."

"That wou'dn't be the way, admiral," said Murty; "the thing to be done is, to blow the arrears off o' the land. And now listen well to me; your honest goold could do that, if you an' Moya Moore was once man an' wife; ay, an' more than that; stock the farum, too, afther clearin' id, an' then all would go well to the world's ind."

"Ay, ay, but this little galley, the Moya—would she be putting the ould hulk undher any new orders, short allowance o' grog, or sich like—d'ye see me, eh, shipmit?"

"Niver fear that, admiral; she wou'dn't say one contrhary word to you from year's end to year's end, an' I know her well."

"No squal's, at a hand's turn, to get ould ship on her bame's inds?"

The dickens a squall she'd give, the crature! barrin' you gave her rason, admiral," asserted Murty; "an' you're not the man to do sich a dirty turn;—no, Moya is as quiet as the lamb—no; bud she'd mind for you, an' she'd make for you—an' she'd sing a purty little song for you at her wheel—an' you'd have a house o' your own, admiral—an' no one to cross or contrhary you—an' the stock an' the crops ud be thrivin' on the land—an', in a reasonable time, there 'ud be little weeny admirals runnin' about your legs—an' they'd be tumblin' over head an' heels, on the flure, to divart you; an' you'd be a'sponsible man."

"Hurrah!" cheered Terence, as the picture glowed before his ardent imagination.

"An' thin let me see the one that 'ud call you an ugly ould fish, or tumble you down the hill, or put the fire to your pig's-tail, or as much as snap an eye at you, my poor ould admiral!"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" again shouted the admiral, three times distinctly, as we have noted it down,—now taking off his hat, and waving it round his head, while the deafening pitch of his voice startled the echoes in the little glen outside the house.

It was finally settled that Terence should indeed go a-woosing—by proxy, however, in the first instance. He was loath to venture, as he intimated out of "say-room," such as he was used to, into a strange unknown harbour, without taking soundings; for there might be rocks, or sands, or breakers, a-head, enough to make the best ship a float go to pieces, and to baffle the steering skill of the ablest hand that ever grappled a helm or boxed a compass. In fact, Murty Meehan was deputed, and gladly accepted the commission, to break the business to

Moya and her mother, while Terence O'Brien should await his return in the next public house, administering to the thirsty wants of some of his neighbours, in return only for their decent attention to his stories of wondrous adventure on the ocean, containing many charms for them, doubtless, though deficient in that of novelty.

(To be continued.)

THE DEMON'S ISLE.

BY MR. GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RUFUS, OR THE RED KING."

O blythely, blythely sped the bark
That Saxon Eadmer bore,
With his fair-faced bride in her beauty's pride,
From Eamborough's kingly shore!
But the storm-fiend came in storm and flame,
And the surges whelmed them o'er;
And a Demon fired a beacon red
O'er his isle of terror glaring,
Whose shore is spread with stranded dead,
For the famish'd sea-birds' tearing!

Slowly, slowly the pale dawn crept
From the dark embrace of night;
The storm was hushed and the wild winds slept,
Save a murmuring breeze that lightly swept
A raft o'er the surges white.
Sir Eadmer there, and his lady fair,
For weary life were striving;
And the burdened mast on the current fast
To the Demon's Isle was driving!

Sadly, sadly, o'er paths unblest,
They passed with footsteps sore,
O'er tangled wilds that ne'er were pressed
By mortal foot before.
The wild-dog howled, and the she-wolf growled,
The wanderers' hearts dismayin',
And the serpent rolled his scaly fold
Where their lonely feet were straying.

Deadly, deadly, nightshade arched
The path of the hapless pair,
And thirst and hunger gnawed and parched
But fount nor food was there!
Alone the fruit of that poisonous root
In the full drear woods was growing,
And many a snake hissed loud in the brake
Where the lonely stream was flowing!

Darkly, darkly fell the shade
Of night on the Demon's Isle,
His lady's couch Sir Eadmer made
Where a withering fir o'erhung the glade,
And he vowed a sleepless eye and blade
To watch around the while.

I'll hurl the wolf in yon craggy gulf
 If near thy slumbers prowling,
 And the serpent shall start and glide apart
 To hear the savage howling !”

Fatally, fatally, Eadmer drank
 Of the deadly dew as it fell ;
 Till in slumbers deep his eye-lids sank,
 O'erpower'd with a magic spell !
 At the raven's croak, with a start he woke,
 His flesh with terror creeping—
 And he softly stept where his lady had slept—
 But he found no lady sleeping !

Wildly, wildly, o'er rock and steep,
 Then hurried the frenzied knight,
 With many a curse on his treacherous sleep,
 And many a curse, more dread than deep,
 On the treacherous elfin sprite !
 Up started then, from his gloomy den,
 The fiend in his anger proudly—
 “ I care not for ban of a perjured man !”
 He cried to Sir Eadmer loudly.

Eoldly, boldly, Sir Eadmer's brow
 He crossed, then hallowed his blade—
 Cried, “ Holy Virgin ! O, help me now !”
 And cleft down the elfin-shade !—
 With an eldritch scream, like a fading dream,
 The grizly shade departed ;
 And his lady dear, from the cavern drear,
 To his eager bosom started !

Gaily, gaily carols the lark
 At the smile of the rising morn,
 And gaily, gaily, speeds a bark
 O'er the ocean surges borne !
 Sir Eadmer there, and his lady fair,
 A boundless joy pervading,
 And the Demon's Isle, from their ken the while,
 Far, far, o'er the billow is fading !

A FOOLISH CUSTOM REPROVED.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote being one night in company with the minister, Sir Robert Walpole, at his house, and being asked what he would like for supper, made free to mention beef steaks and oyster sauce. After supper an hour or two was spent in conversation over a glass of good wine : at last Sir Gilbert rose to bid his friend good-night ; but in passing into the hall, he found it lined with the liveried attendants of the minister, to whom he now turned and asked, “ Pray, Sir Robert, be so good as to point out which of these I am to *pay* for my beef steak ?” Sir Robert, taking the hint, gave the signal for the servants to withdraw immediately.

ALL TRUTHS USEFUL.

WE hold it to be in absolute contradiction with the nature of things, that a truth can exist, the knowledge of which is not useful to mankind. The earth contains no poison, the air no pestilence, which Providence has not at the same time endowed with some principle which mankind will, some day or another, turn to use. All is not, indeed, discovered at once ; but let us look at the most deleterious substances known in nature or in art, and see the murderous arsenic, how useful it is in hardening types, and thus ministering to a free press ; in forming specula for reflecting telescopes ; in making glass ; in dyeing ; in printing cotton stuffs ; nay, in pharmacy as a tonic. How many lives might a pound of opium not destroy ; how many pangs may it not allay ! Neither does any substance exist which can do no harm. If a patient will submit to the trial, he will find himself as effectually killed by a sufficient quantity of boiled chicken, as of corrosive sublimate ; and the “ *question à l'eau*” (torture of water-dropping) could be made as unpleasing as any other species of torture, and would still be so were that water Tokay.

PLOUGH AND HARROWS.

A clergyman in one of the agricultural districts of Scotland had busied himself in producing an improved plough, about which he was for some time very “ full,” as the Scotch say, and accordingly, wherever he was, he was sure to overflow in reference to the subject. He afterwards employed his busy brain in editing a school Horace, of which for some time he was also very “ full.” Calling one day upon a farmer in the neighbourhood, he said, “ Well, have you seen my Horace ?” “ Na, sir,” quoth the agriculturist, “ I haena seen your harrows ; but *wel I kent your ploo* !”

BURNS often made extempore rhymes the vehicle of his sarcasm : having heard a person, of no very elevated rank, talk loud and long of some aristocratic festivities in which he had the honour to mingle, Burns, when he was called upon for his song chanted some verses, of which one has been preserved :—

Of lordly acquaintance you boast,
 And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
 Yet an insect's an insect at most,
 Though it crawl on the curl of a queen.

FLATTERY.

What a blot it is upon the memory of Alexander, that he could be so weak as to be pleased with his courtiers imitating his wry faces !

(ORIGINAL.)

THE INDIAN'S DREAM.

THE WARNING—THE FULFILMENT—AND THE MORAL.

“Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds.”

INTRODUCTORY.

It is written in the “Book of books,” and no man may gainsay its truth, that, “one generation passeth away and another cometh!” but, alas, for the forest warrior—the Indian brave—each newer generation hath fewer feelings akin to his. It would indeed seem that his is a doomed race—doomed to an oblivion that futurity may never fathom—for, even now, but little remains to trace his early career. His own traditions are so imbued with the sublimity of his character, and blended with the natural poetry of his tongue, that they cannot be said to bear the impress of that unbiassed truth, so necessary to an impartial record; and although the pages of history will tell that such a people did once exist, it will only be to cause a wonder at their utter extinction. There will be nought to record the lofty independence of the natural lord of the prairie and the wild, or to distinguish him from the common herd of untamed barbarians, who have fallen before the all-grasping power of the European world.

We could weep—a solace in affliction which no Indian knew—when our minds dwell on the destruction of a race, the wild nobility of whose untutored souls shames the degeneracy of civilized man! Weep, that no hand was stretched out to save, while yet the task was not altogether without hope. Aye, we could almost mourn the proud independence we admire—mourn that it should have caused the annihilation of the glorious beings it adorned—although in our “heart of hearts” we feel, that it was not for him—the wandering “stoic of the wood,” to stoop—to tyrannic circumstance, or

“Like the willow, bend to every breeze,”
To mix his blood with that of his pale-faced betrayer, and hold by sufferance, the land it was his right to rule! Better it is, that remembrance only—dim and clouded though that remembrance be—should shed a halo around the fast-fading relics of the “lost tribes.”

Oh! for a wizard pen, with power to trace in characters that would endure forever, the forest

sachem, in all the proud simplicity of his “primeval grandeur,” that ages yet enrobed in the mystery of the future, might read, in the stern lineaments of his changeless countenance, the high souled patriotism, that spurned existence, if not shared with the sole dominion of the land sanctified by their father’s graves. Alas! for the desecration of the melancholy remnants of a people so magnificent in their barbaric integrity. Their tombs are neglected in the temples which Mammon hath erected over the places, where rest the bones of their forgotten sires, and the pathways of their hunting grounds—the home of the bounding elk—changed into busy marts, are thronged with the pliant worshippers of the drossy God!

THE WARNING.

Twilight was lingering in the west, and the departing ray gilded the tops of the lofty pines, while they were rocked by the breeze that played among their rich and gorgeous foliage. No sound disturbed the silence which reigned supreme, save the distant hum of the mighty cataract, whose thunders were heard far in the echoing distance. The scene was near an Indian village, which stood on the borders of a beautiful river, on which a number of light canoes were dancing, manned by the fearless hands of the Indian boys, too young to accompany their fathers on the war-path, or to hunt the wild monarchs of the forest game.

Beyond the village pale, removed from the noise of the Indian boys, a worn out warrior had raised his tent. Wa-na-ta had been a leader of the braves of his nation, before the frost of so many winters had changed his hair to snow. Fearless and noble as the untamed lion, his moccasin had never left its home turned print upon the war-path till his girdle was circled with scalps of his foes.

Wa-na-ta sat in the tent his hand had raised, and his heart was big, while memory dwelt on the proud deeds his arm had achieved for the glory of his tribe; but his face showed nought of the swelling thoughts

within. "The arm of the father of his tribe is weak," he inly said, "but his voice is powerful by the council-fires of the chiefs, and the son of his pride leads a hundred warriors to battle, and emulates the glory of his time-worn sire!" Well might one, so rich in the honours of his time and nation, cheer the weakness of his declining years, in living o'er the past again.

Evening waned into night, and yet the aged chief, wrapt in his own proud visions, heeded not though the hour had gone by when it was his wont to rest upon his couch of skins, the trophies of his early prowess in the hunt. But his thoughts became more dreamy, until at last, sleep stole over his eyelids, and it scarcely required the change to conjure up to his excited fancy, a vision in which the fate of his people was unfolded to his view. He dreamed, and his eye seemed still to linger on the placid stream that murmured past the door of his wigman, and he saw the fleecy clouds part asunder, and from the glorious sky above, a form appeared, robed in a vesture of light—a glorious habitant of the "happy hunting grounds," consecrated to the shades of deceased warriors. The form was too bright for mortal vision, and the eye of the chieftain bent beneath its glory.

He had looked upon the brow of a deadly foe, when the fierce struggle was waged for life, and had seen the war-knife poised to strike at his own life-blood, and his eye had never quailed, nor his pulse beat with a quicker throb; but there was a majesty in the stern countenance of the Spirit-visitor that filled the mind of the war-worn chieftain with an awe before unknown to his nature, and from the inmost recess of his bosom burst the single word "Manitou."

There was a melancholy sternness in the eye of the Spirit which accorded well with the mission on which he came, and he spoke in a voice whose tones searched the depths of the Indian's soul.

"Is thy heart glad, vain chief, when it remembers the battles of thy youth, and does it rejoice thee to look upon the scalp-tufts of thy fallen foes, now when thy arm can strike no more. Let not thy heart be again big with joy for the death of so many braves, whose lives had been better waged against the enemies of thy race and nation. Let thy heart forget to pant when thou lookest upon thy people clothed in the war-paint of their tribe, if they would strike against thy forest brethren. Let there be peace among the followers of the Great Spirit, that they may resist the pale-face, who will else usurp the land so long held by the braves of the tribe of Wa-na-ta. The Great Spirit of the Indians speaketh, and the word of Manitou are upon the lip of him who thus warneth the oldest among his people—the wisest of his tribe. Go ye to the villages of the Indians, and seek the council-fires of their chiefs—tell them that the Great Spirit

is angry when the tomahawk drinks the blood of the red-man. Bid them pass the pipe from lip to lip, and bury the hatchet deep in the bosom of the earth, to be raised no more against the lives of their brethren. Bid ye the warriors of a hundred tribes become brethren, one to the other. Let their young men go no more upon the war-path against the worshipper of the Great Spirit, for the heart of the pale-face is glad when the tomahawk reeks with the life-blood of the red-man, and he exulteth when he sees the girdle of the chief laden with the bloody trophies of successful battle; but he cares not with whom is conquest, for his end is gained in the extirpation of the noble race of the forest warriors. Bid them know all this, and let it be obeyed—else will the wrath of Manitou be high against them and his breath shall wither the sinews of the ir braves, as the wind of the winter destroys the foliage of the forest shades. The pale-faced stranger is the foe of the red-man's race, and his grasping hand will be stretched over their hunting-grounds, from the morning unto the evening sun. The glorious forests, where the buffaloe and the bear, where the wolf and the deer find shade and shelter, will be changed into fields of waving corn, and the wild game, that the Indian loves to chase shall be seen no more."

The Spirit spoke no more, and the eyes of the warrior closed before the brightness that sat upon his majestic brow, and when again he opened them to look, he was alone. The Spirit had evanished, and no trace was left, save on the heart of the old man, who felt that the doom of his race was indeed prophetic.

The sun was high in heaven, ere the slumber of the aged chieftain was broken, and then it was the rejoicing shout of the plumed warriors of his nation that called him from the world of dreams. A hundred braves followed the son of his pride, and the trophies of conquest decorated their sinewy frames. The heart of the old chief was sad, for his vision was fresh in his memory, and he loved not that the warrior pride of his people should pass away, for the spirit of his race was yet warm within his worn-out form.

THE FULFILMENT.

On the morning of the second day after his dream, the chieftain departed on his errand of peace, and his warrior-son followed to support his tottering footsteps.

Their march was without other adventure than the occasional bounding of some wild animal across the forest paths, or the sacrifice of some antlered deer, to appease the craving of hunger, and, shielded by the noble bearing of the "gray-hair," which inspired foes as well as friends with veneration and

escism; their course was impeded by no hostility from the tribes among whom they wandered.

The encroachments of the whites had read a salutary lesson even to the most reckless, and in many instances had prepared the minds of the chiefs to receive with favour overtures of peace, and for many days it seemed as if their peaceful mission would meet with success.

Three moons had passed since they had left the village of their tribe, and it only remained for them to visit the Mohegan nation, their own peculiar foes, before they turned their steps homewards.

It was that most delicious season, known as the "Indian summer," and the forest trees, partially stripped of their summer verdure, permitted the softened rays of the day-god, to shine upon the path of the Indians, as they slowly threaded their way to the village of the Mohegans. The scene was one of peace, and all nature smiled, but the heart of the old man was burdened with the weight of some approaching, though undefined evil.

Night had closed when they reached the skirts of the encampment, and folding their robes around them, they lay down to rest until day, the habits of the tribe permitting no stranger to enter after the sun had set.

With early morn the Indians arose from their sylvan couch, and entering the village, demanded an audience of the chiefs.

The council-fire was kindled, and around it were grouped a circle of swarthy figures, motionless as if carved in stone. No eye moved in recognition of the aged chieftain, whose knife had often crossed the blades of the tribe in deadly strife, but a smile, as of triumph, for a moment illumined the countenance of him who seemed the greatest of the tribe, when his eye fell upon the noble form of the young warrior.

The old man looked upon each for a moment, and his eye sparkled with something of the fire of youth, when he saw himself circled by those who had ever been the most deadly foes of his nation, but the proud light was quenched when he thought of his mission, and turning to the most aged of the group, he told of the vision he had seen and of the warning of the Spirit.

"Let the chief of the Mohegans listen," he said, "not to the words of Wa-na-ta, but to the warning of the Great Spirit of the red-man. Let there be peace among the children of the forest, for the pale-face cometh, followed by a thousand warriors, and their scalps will be trophies meet for the jirdles of the Indian braves. Wa-na-ta has belts of rampum for the chiefs of the Mohegans, and his young men will bring presents to the women of the tribe. The red-men are brothers—let them shed no more the blood of their noble race, or their children will be banished from the lands where sleep the bones of their sires."

"Is the heart of the white-head of the colour of his hair?" said the Mohegan chief. "Does he fear that the Mohegans, who go on the war-path when the sun has again risen, will quench the fires in the wigwam of his people?"

"The sachem of the Mohegans is a coward," said the son of Wa-na-ta, and speaks with the tongue of venom, because the arm of the white-head is weak with age. Will my father come to his lodge among his tribe, and let his people know that the breast of the Mohegan is full of hate, and his young men will meet them in battle, though the ruin of the red-man should follow the gleaming of their flashing tomahawks."

The old chief motioned silence, and was about to speak, but his son turned proudly round, and walked towards the forest, slowly followed by his melancholy sire, when the Mohegan chief drew his bow-string, and sped an arrow at the back of the retiring warrior, but the eye of the old man was turned upon him, and he sprang between the deadly arrow and his son, and received its point in his breast. He fell, and with his expiring breath bade his son flee and save himself from the treacherous Mohegan; but the words came even then too late,—the tomahawk of the young chief had already winged its unerring flight at the brain of the murderer, who staggered beneath the blow, and sank to the earth beside his victim—youth and age alike laid prostrate—each the victim of the angry passions of his race—the one of treachery—the other of revenge.

The son of Wa-na-ta was agile and swift of foot, and he reached in safety the lodges of his nation, but it was only to lead his followers to battle against the Mohegans, and to drink deep of revenge for the slaughter of his sire. The feud lasted for years, and was closed only with the annihilation of the tribes that waged it.

Need we wonder if the warning of the Spirit was neglected—that the Indians, inured to battle, would not be turned from the war-path by the visioned dream of one who already filled a bloody grave. Alas, no! The warning of a mightier than he has been unheeded, and myriads to whom the light of truth is unveiled shun it as if pestilence instead of health were mingled with its rays. Thus it has been, is now, and will ever be. Danger which menaces the world in general is individually and generally unheeded, and though we all confess that we err, we scarcely attempt to turn the vessel in which our safety is embarked from the dangerous shoals which threaten her with hopeless wreck, and ourselves with destruction.

Time wore on, and the dream and the warning were scarcely remembered in the tales of the oldest of the tribes; but the knife of the Indian was steeped in the blood of his fated kind; and the fulfilment

of the prediction hath gone hand in hand with the years that have elapsed since it was heard in the vision of the aged chief; and the tribes are becoming lost in the vague traditions of the past. Their own wars, fanned by the diplomacy of the whites, have left them only a scattered remnant of the once brave and noble, and in a few years they will be among the forgotten, and the place which knew them shall know them no more.

—
THE MORAL.
—

And, oh! that our countrymen would con the lesson read by the Manitou of the red-man, and let it impress upon their hearts the all-powerful influence of united efforts for their country's weal. We address all us our countrymen. What matters it which of the sea-girt isles may have seen our birth? What matters it, that some amongst us may claim the Emerald gem of ocean-sea as their father land—that some have first inhaled the ether of existence, mingled with the rose breath of glorious Albion—that others have tried their infant footsteps on the bounding heather of our own loved Caledon—or have been cradled beneath the vine of classic and sunny Germany—nay, that there are those whose sires have followed the lily of chivalrie France. Let it be written of us, with emphasis and truth, that “WE ARE ONE”—“one and indivisible”—denizens of the same glorious empire, whose first wish is the prosperity of our fellow-men. Then, indeed, our march to the respect of our compeers were an easy task. Commerce, gathering her tribute from every nation, from “Indus to the Pole,” would cast her wealth into the lap of our country—the rich harvest, yielding its fruits from fields well tilled, would bring happiness to the cottar's ingle—while the industrious follower of the useful arts of peace, blest in the smiles of a household, happy in the plentiful enjoyment of earth's choicest stores, would feel the happiness that glows in our breast at the bare anticipation of a scene so fair.

Oh! let us not look upon the reverse of this picture, nor pourtray the ruin with which dissension is laden. A glance cast upon the records of the past will bring its sad result home to every breast. A country, torn and bleeding from a hundred wounds, will form the sad picture upon which the eye must rest. Let us then bury the hatchet indeed,—let the right hand be extended in loving fellowship, and each rival the other in his endeavours to elevate his country to a fitting sphere in the scale of nations. Let this be our “latest dream at night—our earliest vision in the morning.” Then will the future, in contrast with the past, present a picture which the patriot will never look upon without offering the tribute of his thanks to the Divine hand, which is the only true source of happiness and peace.

THE DUELLIST.

A SCENE FROM THE NOVEL OF THE “UNFORTUNATE MAN.”

Villeneuve, a most notable villain, was one day surprised by young Talbot whilst instilling his venom of deception into the ear of his sister. The words which passed were few. Suspicions and anonymous letters had already awakened the vigilance of the brother, and had prepared him to wreak ample vengeance on the shoulders of Villeneuve. The blow could not be excused; a meeting took place, and the usual barrier-duel was proposed. To this the young Englishman most positively dissented. He had heard that day after day, and morning after morning, his adversary was to be seen popping at fifty paces at little plaster-of-Paris figures, about the size of a thimble, and that, thanks to his patience, his practice, and his own pistols, the aim was unerring. The “*Tir au Pistolet*,” now a very general resort of all young Frenchmen, in order to prepare them to commit murder, was likewise the resort of Villeneuve. He was a proficient—a cool, dead shot; cool from the knowledge of his own powers, and that coolness always gives courage when challenged. He smiled as much as to say “it is immaterial to me;” and the next morning he was with his second at the appointed spot. “I will not,” said young Talbot, “consent to be shot like a chicken at a stake. I know I have no chance that way of obtaining redress for the injury my family have received. I know that my death is certain, even at fifty paces, and I am resolved to have a chance for my life; so just tell that French officer that the only way I will consent to fight is to have one pistol loaded and the other not, to draw for first choice, and then to stand within a pace of each other; and may heaven direct the choice of him whose cause is the most just!” It is strange, that even before battles men pray to be assisted by a beneficent benevolent Creator in the work of destruction, as if the mingled host dealing out death and destruction, the rude charge of cavalry or the shock of infantry, could be pleasant to the eyes of Him who made us, who gave us life, and has taught us how to live! To return thanks after the battle is another thing: we may safely return thanks that we have been spared to repent of our murders: but there is something quite revolting to Christianity, in the belief that the Supreme Being mingles in the contest, or that the results can be gratifying to an all-merciful God. Villeneuve did not make the slightest objection to the proposition of Talbot's second, although several of his own, countrymen, who had come on the pleasant excursion to witness the fight, strongly and vainly endeavoured to persuade their friend to leave his life to a better chance. The preparations did not take long. The pistols, both being of course exactly alike, were loaded by the seconds, and enveloped in a large silk handkerchief.

The first choice fell to the lot of Villeneuve, who, placing his hand on the weapons, endeavoured to choose the heaviest; but he who is to stand such a dreadful hazard as the one proposed, must be more than a man of courage, if in such a moment he is cool enough to discriminate between weights to which a single small bullet gives the preponderance. He fixed upon the one he thought the heaviest, and the other was given to Talbot. They took their respective grounds, and so close that the muzzle of each man's pistol touched his adversary. Talbot expressed himself as ready to die as to commit the murder, but there was no alternative: he himself had proposed the mode of fighting, and the ungenerous precaution taken by his adversary gave him a little more of the murderous intention than his otherwise truly English feeling could have permitted. Men face some dreadful sights, but few have seen the parallel to this; neither is it to be thought by my readers as the mere effusion of an imaginary brain. The duel in question actually took place, and if the names were changed, every particular would be true. Dreadful must it have been for the friends of each; the certain knowledge that one must fall—the excitement, the agitation, the hope, the expectation, almost placed the bystanders in as great an apprehension as the principals. When both were placed on the ground, the seconds of each advanced, and took a last farewell. Talbot shook his friend's hand with an earnest trepidation: he merely whispered a few words, and, with a faint smile and fainter accent, said 'Good bye.' Villeneuve appeared as unconcerned as if he were a casual spectator: he spoke quick and rapidly; nodded to one or two of the company, more as a recognition than as a parting; and had taken leave of his second before Talbot had ended his low whisper. The words given were merely 'Are you ready?' then, 'Fire!' Both pistols went off on the second, and both men fell. Villeneuve only turned upon his side, and almost instantaneously died. Talbot was lifted immediately; the closeness of the pistol at the discharge had knocked him down, and his face was a little injured by the powder; but his worst feeling was that of disgust, when he saw his fallen enemy dead at his feet. The whirl of the brain left him reasonless for some moments, and he fixed his excited eyes upon the corpse; he was hurried from the spot in a dreadful state, and many months elapsed before he was perfectly restored to health, or even reason. There lay Villeneuve, the sworn foe to all Englishmen, having met the fate of almost all professed duellists. He died with a smile of contempt upon his countenance. One of his companions threw his cloak over the corpse; many looked on in silence. There was not a word spoken; the stillness of death had extended itself to the spectators, who one by one retired with cautious footsteps, as if fearing to awaken the slumbers of him who had gone to his long

account, and who had left behind him a memory so tarnished that friendship would gladly forget it, and had made the enmity he bore to our countrymen a kind of entailed curse upon his survivors.

THE INDIAN'S MORNING SONG.

GOD of the sun, of light and day,
Hail O GOD! to Thee we pray!
GOD of wood, of lake and river,
GOD! the everlasting ever!
Harken to the Indian's song,
And let each tribe the notes prolong.

GOD of love, and GOD of wonder,
GOD of lightning and of thunder:
GOD of tempest, storms and torrents,
Of foaming falls and rapid currents,
Of the fell and fierce tornado—
GOD without a form or shadow:
GOD the red-man's friend and father,
Before Thee let us quickly gather,
Chief and vassal, sire and son
Maid and mother—see! the sun
Rises god-like, broad and fulgent,
And bespeaks our GOD indulgent;
Then bow the head, and bend the knee
And praise HIM, freest of the free!

Spirit of each rock and mountain—
Of wind and rain, of flood and fountain;
GOD of the Arch whose boundless span
Ensures eternal hope to man;
GOD of the sky, the cloud and air,
Hearken to the red-man's prayer!

GOD of the fishes of yon lake—
Of birds and beasts in wold and brake—
Of cattle on a thousand hills,
And flowerets watered by thy rills;
With nature's rich and ample store,
Bless the wigwam's humble door.

GOD of peace, and GOD of war—
GOD of yonder morning star,
Shield! O shield! the Indian's life
Midst the battle's gory strife;
And where'er he dares to roam,
Safe conduct him to his home:
Harmless, midst each wood and wild,
In peace protect his wife and child.

GOD of endless time and space,
Long befriend the red-man's race;
Guard him from the white-man's chains—
The white-man's tortures, wiles and pains!
GOD of gods; and GOD of day,
Thus we praise, and thus we pray!

ESCAPE OF PETER THE GREAT.

LIKE all malcontents, the Strelitz believed that discontent was universal. It was this belief which, in Moscow itself, and a few days before the departure of their sovereign, emboldened Tsilker and Sukanim, two of their leaders, to plot a nocturnal conflagration. They knew that Peter would be the first to hasten to it; and in the midst of the tumult and confusion common to such accidents, they meant to murder him without mercy, and then to massacre all the foreigners who had been set over them as masters. Such was the infamous scheme. The hour which they had fixed for its accomplishment was at hand. They had accomplices, but no impeachers; and, when assembled at a banquet, they all sought in intoxicating liquors the courage which was required for so dreadful an execution. But like all other intoxications, this produced various effects, according to difference of constitution in those by whom it was felt. Two of these villains lost in it their boldness; they infected each other, not with just remorse, but with a dastardly fear; and, escaping from one crime by another, they left the company under a specious pretext, promising to their accomplices to return in time, and hurried to the Czar to disclose the plot.

At midnight, the blow was to have been struck; and Peter gave orders that, exactly at eleven, the abode of the conspirators should be closely surrounded. Shortly after, thinking that the hour was come, he went singly to the haunt of these ruffians; he entered boldly, certain that he should find nothing but trembling criminals, already fettered by his guards. But his impatience had anticipated the time, and he found himself, single and unarmed, in the midst of their unshackled, daring, well armed band, at the instant when they were vociferating the last words of an oath that they would achieve his destruction.

At his unexpected appearance, however, they all rose in confusion. Peter, on his side, comprehending the full extent of his danger, exasperated at the supposed disobedience of his guards, and furious at having thrown himself into peril, suppressed, nevertheless, the violence of his emotions. Having gone too far to recede, he did not lose his presence of mind: he unhesitatingly advanced among this throng of traitors, greeted them familiarly, and in a calm and natural tone said, that, "as he was passing by their house, he saw a light in it; that supposing they were amusing themselves, he had entered in order to share their pleasures." He then seated himself and drank to his assassins, who, standing up around him, could not avoid putting the glass about, and drinking his health.

But soon they began to consult each other by their numerous signs, and to grow more daring: one of them even leaned over to Sukanim, and said in a low voice, "Brother, it is time!" The latter re-

plied, "Not yet," when Peter, who heard him, and who also heard at last the footsteps of his guards, started from his seat, knocked him down by a blow in the face, and exclaimed, "if it is not time for you, scoundrel, it is for me!" This blow and the sight of the guards, threw the assassins into consternation; they fell on their knees, and implored forgiveness. "Chain them!" replied the Czar. Then turning to the officer of the guards, he struck him, and reproached him with his want of punctuality; but the latter showed him his order, and the Czar perceiving his mistake, clasped him in his arms, kissed him on the forehead, and intrusted him with the custody of the traitors.

His vengeance was terrible, the punishment was more ferocious than the crime. First the rack, then the successive mutilation of each member; then death, when not enough of blood and life was left to allow of the sense of suffering. To close the whole, the heads were exposed on the summit of a column, the members being symmetrically arranged around them as ornaments.

BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

WHEN we sit at an open window in the still of the afternoon, and look out upon the fragrant lilacs, the blossoming trees, the clambering honeysuckles, the long green grass, half burying the bashful violet from our view, and hear the singing of the joyous birds near at hand, and the roar of the city afar off, we can hardly persuade ourself that there is such a strife and bickering among the inhabitants of this fair earth. O, ungrateful, after all that heaven has done! Was this harmonious scene spoken into existence, this perfect world created thus, and covered with all that is lovely and sweet, to be made the arena of unnatural contention? Was such perfect order established in the creation that its noblest tenants should continually jostle each other, during their stay with the fair works of God? Bright red rose, that inclines toward me on thy deep-green stem, thy fragrance is an offering of mercy from the hand of thy Creator. I see nothing in thee that speaks of wrath, of revenge, or of envy. Pure and innocent, there is a harmlessness in the very look which thou wearest. Thou speakest not of care, of sorrow, or of strife. Why art thou left joyous and without blemish, while man is but a guilty mourner on the face of the earth, subject to grief, and disappointment, and corruption. Were the flowers of Eden fairer than thou? Alas! even they proved as fragile. But though dead and in decay, thy perfume is never lost. The man who loves not flowers must have a bad heart; and the reason that women love them so, is because they are the connecting link between men and angels.

(ORIGINAL.)

AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.—(Conclusion.)

Captain Selby was sitting alone, apparently ruminating, with one of Annie's books in his hand, he started round on hearing the rustling of my silk dress. I could have been amused at the look of disappointment he cast, had it not been accompanied by the most profound melancholy. Annie entered immediately after—she was paler than usual—but I never beheld her appear more lovely, as she gave him her hand to lead her in to dinner.

"If my dear father were only here I should be perfectly happy again," said the amiable girl, when we had taken our places at the neatly spread table; "but his vacant chair makes a blank—which none but himself could fill—I think I could bear any thing better, than separation from those I love."

"Then how think you I have borne it, and must still bear it for ever," asked Captain Selby.

"Say not forever—it is too painful—you cannot mean to return here no more—oh, I am sure you cannot."

Annie asked this in a tone the most touching—her words and manner seemed to electrify him, as he looked intently on her for a moment; but my presence, and the servants in attendance, checked his reply, and he remained silent, and continued nearly so till the cloth was removed, and we were left to ourselves.

The weather had by this time become very tempestuous—dark clouds were driving along the heavens, and a loud peal of thunder reverberated in fearful echo directly over our heads.

"My father, my dear father, I trust he is not exposed to this," exclaimed Annie, as she flew in terror to the window. Captain Selby drew her away, for the lightning flashed vividly at short intervals.

"Your father will no doubt seek some shelter, my love," said I, endeavouring to alleviate her fears.

"Oh, I know him so well—he will hasten home—he ever thinks of my watching anxiously for him."

"Then he must soon arrive now, and his pony will carry him both swiftly and well—by the time we prepare tea we shall have him amongst us again."

Annie tried to rally her spirits, as I spoke thus confidently, but another fearful peal of thunder, followed by a perfect storm of wind and rain overcame her remaining courage, and she sunk on a sofa, covering her face with both hands. Captain Selby sat down by her and endeavoured to soothe her—he spoke reasonably, kindly, tenderly.

"Remember, Annie, *who rides the storm*," he said, in a deep low tone—"Your father is as safe under His protection, as if he were here. *He is not* straightened for means—where is your trust?"

Annie looked up—"I am wrong," she meekly murmured, "and I thank you for reminding me of my duty! I will seek for more strength alone." She would have left the room, but we both detained her.

"Remain with us at present, my dear child," I said, "you are too agitated." I drew her towards me, and held her in my arms. The tempest was indeed now most terrific, and it was quite dark. My own anxiety arose, though I strove to conceal it. I looked at Captain Selby—he immediately approached us—Annie's face was hid on my shoulder.

"Why you little trembler," said he, assuming a gaiety he did not feel, "you would make a poor sailor's wife—this is a mere breeze to what I have witnessed, and to convince you your fears are groundless, I am going forth to brave it, and to seek your father—on our return we will give you a good scolding."

"Oh, no, no, no, you shall not," exclaimed Annie, starting up, and laying her trembling hand with gentle force on his arm, "it is hard enough to bear now—think you I could sustain more. Leave me not, I beseech you—can you be so cruel as to leave me in such a moment—see I am quite calm, only stay with me."

Her countenance was perfectly agonized—he caught her for one instant in his arms, saying, "Most beautiful—most beloved—is it—can it be possible," and then rushed from the house.

I would have now led her to her chamber, and had succeeded in reaching the door, when a female

servant hurried in, with terror painted on her countenance, thoughtlessly exclaiming :

"Oh, dear ladies, something dreadful must have happened—my master's pony has just galloped up to the stable door without its rider."

Annie gave one loud piercing cry, and throwing me from her, wildly flew past us both, out at the open door, into the raging storm, while I sunk into the nearest seat, faintly saying, "Oh Mary, how could you be so imprudent." At this moment Mr. Bertram and Captain Selby entered by another way, speaking cheerfully, though they were both completely wetted with the rain—a few words of explanation passed; the pony had broken from Mr. Bertram's hold, while opening the gate at the end of the shrubbery; "and had I not met our faithful friend Selby," he continued, "I should have found some difficulty in groping my way, it is so dark and tempestuous, but where is my Annie; my little coward?"

I hastened to tell him that the dear child in her extreme agony for his safety, had encountered the violence of this fearful night.

All became instant confusion and dismay—lights were brought, when Captain Selby, Mr. Bertram, and myself, followed by the servants, hastened in quest of the lovely wanderer.

Poor Mr. Bertram, already much fatigued, was soon outstripped by us. The thunder rolled awfully over our heads as we rushed over every obstacle. "This way, my friend," I cried grasping, Captain Selby's arm for support, I beheld something white flit through yonder copse; she would naturally take this path." We ran down the shrubbery, and had the horror to witness a fine tree struck by the lightning, and become scattered and blackened, while but a few paces from it lay the apparently lifeless form of Annie. Never shall I forget the deep groan which burst from Captain Selby, as he hung over her. Dreading to have our worst fears realised, he lifted her from the ground and turned her face towards us—it was pale as monumental marble, but she was unharmed, she had only fainted. Tenderly, most tenderly, did he strain her to his heart, while I beheld the prayer of thankfulness mentally uttered in the upturned eyes of pious emotion—mine filled to overflowing—"Let us hasten to her father," said I; "this has indeed been a night of trial to us all."

I could now scarcely keep pace with the rapid strides of Captain Selby, who hurried through the rain with his precious burden, as she lay like an infant in his arms, with her head resting on his shoulder—her beautiful hair hanging in loose disorder around him, and blowing into his face with the wind. We met Mr. Bertram at the entrance of the shrubbery, in a state of pitiable agitation.

"My child, my child, where is she!" he exclaimed. "Oh, God, of thine infinite mercy, I thank thee," he continued, clasping his hands with trem-

bling fervour, when he beheld her safe, as we drew near, and called to reassure him.

On our entrance, Captain Selby gently placed her on a sofa, then drew back to permit her father to kneel down beside her, while I applied restoratives to her forehead, and bathed her temples. Slowly her eyes unclosed, and rested on the form she most loved.

"Oh, my own beloved papa, she faintly murmured, "you are safe—you are here. What a fearful night—speak to me—tell me you are not hurt."

"Annie, my darling child," replied the fond parent, "God has, indeed, been good to us all." He could say no more, but laying his head down on the cushion, I could hear a faint sob.

"And he—where is he," again said Annie, turning her anxious gaze around. "Is he, too, safe? Oh, tell me truly."

"He is safe, my child," I replied, for her appeal was to me. "Calm yourself, I beseech you—all your friends are here."

Captain Selby ventured to draw near, as Annie ejaculating—"heaven be praised"—sank back on the pillow. Most affectionately did he gaze on her sweet pale face, now turned towards him. She attempted to rise, and holding out her hand, which he pressed in both his, she strove to thank him, but words failed her, and she could only murmur—"Blessings for all your kindness."

But this was no time to indulge in feelings, we were all drenched with the heavy rain.

Mr. Bertram was the first to recover himself, and recollect the necessity of our instantly retiring—of course, it was impossible to suffer Captain Selby to depart, under existing circumstances; and a room was hastily prepared for his reception.

I accompanied Annie to hers, and saw her safely in bed, when, sitting down beside her in my dressing gown, I remained with her until I beheld her completely restored to tranquillity, and in a gentle slumber. I then stole to my own room, in heartfelt thankfulness to the Giver of all good, that our anxious day had closed so happily, reflecting that much might have been spared us all, had we placed more reliance in the Divine protection, and that half the evils of life are heightened by imaginary and unreasonable fears, at the very moment our Heavenly Father is carefully watching over the safety and well-being of those whom we love.

On the following morning, I entered the chamber of Annie at a much later hour than usual. She was still sleeping, and fearing to disturb her, I gently unclosed the casement, and placed myself near it to await her awaking. The morning shone forth in all nature's loveliness. No traces of the storm were visible, save in the scattered branches of trees, and the moistened earth. The air was balmy and soft, the trees sparkled in the sunshine, and the birds carolled forth their lively notes in gratitude for returning day.

The contrast a few hours had made, struck me forcibly. "Such is life," I mentally said, "a mixture of the troubled ocean, and the calm sea. Oh, may the last," I continued, apostrophising the sleeping girl, "be thy portion, fair child. Thou whose delight it is to render others happy, ought surely to possess it thyself—and thy Heavenly Father, who is a God of love and mercy, will withhold none which it is safe for thee to have."

I now perceived Mr. Bertram and Captain Selby at some distance, apparently in deep, and to them interesting conversation, for they would occasionally pause in their walk, and by the energy of their gestures display how intensely they felt. I watched them for a considerable time, wondering in my own mind to what it would lead, for old maids are, you know, proverbially curious—and indeed I confess there was a sympathy for Captain Selby which had considerably strengthened within the last few days.

Annie now unclosed her eyes, and started up on beholding me.

"Why you idle little lady," I exclaimed, approaching her, "how is it that you are still slumbering, when others are awake and abroad; rise up, I pray, else the knight of the rueful countenance will be gone."

"Oh, Mrs. Mary, Captain Selby is not going—tell me I implore you," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and in a tone of deep emotion, while her whole countenance instantly became saddened and overcast.

"No, my child, he is walking with your father," I replied; "he is not going, and I am much mistaken, if it is your desire that he should remain, whether he will ever go."

Annie looked steadfastly at me a few moments, but made no answer. She rose from her bed, and looking forth, remarked—

"What a lovely morning, and how fresh every thing appears after the rain. The early day always speaks of bright hopes, and calls forth religious feelings more powerfully—prayer to me at this time is as the dew on the grass, invigorating and refreshing to the spirit, in preparing us to sustain the duties of the day. And yet, alas, how weak was my faith last evening—and into what dangers did not my unnecessary terror lead all whom I most love. How easy to preach—how difficult to practice—and what a God of patience we serve, who is never tired under our constant provocations."

"Yes, my Annie," I replied, "your words are indeed true, and how happy is it that at your tender age you have learnt to appreciate the rich blessings which flow from religion, but which to the minds of some, appears clad in gloom and morbid melancholy. Where it exists in reality, it must diffuse life and joy, since it not only gives mental strength, hope, and peace, in this life, but the promise of eternal happiness in a better."

"Very susceptible minds may, notwithstanding, invest religion in gloom," returned Annie; "but the fault is in themselves, and demands our tenderest pity."

"And is it this near affinity to a warmer affection that has made you confer happiness on one most susceptible mind?"

Annie deeply blushed, as in a tone slightly indignant, she replied: "Pity can never be allied to any feelings we may entertain towards the noble gifted being who we look up to as one of a higher order. Oh, no, no, pity is reserved for very different objects—for the repentant sinner—the prodigal son—for all those who suffer by their own misconduct, and would wish to return to the paths they have forsaken, and to the guides of their youth."

"Your pardon, fair lady," said I, smiling, as I pressed my lips on her still pale cheek—"for presuming to lower the banner of your true knight—you cannot hold it higher than I wish to see it held—pure and unsullied as it has ever been in the hands of one of the best—one of the bravest."

Annie clasped my hand as I uttered this, her eyes had filled with tears—which fell upon it as she raised it to her lips. I then hurried from her to complete my toilet: in another hour I descended to Mr. Bertram's study—Annie was already there—Mr. Bertram approached me cheerfully as I entered, and held out both his hands to greet me. "My dear kind lady," he said, equally the sharer of our joys and of our sorrows, I trust you have not suffered from your exposure last night to the storm, while seeking our stray lamb, who was so naughty as to wander from the fold."

I assured him I had not, when he continued—"Then we have still greater cause for thankfulness and let us now humbly offer it in prayer and praise."

The little household were soon collected, and the only absentee was Captain Selby. Mr. Bertram most feelingly dwelt upon the great mercy he had received in the preservation of his beloved child from a frightful death, and Annie, who was much endeared to all the servants, could not be beheld by them, as she now appeared, kneeling before her father, her beautiful head bowed on her clasped hands, without the strongest emotion—all shed tears, while Mary, the delinquent, wept aloud. When again we were left alone, the manner of Mr. Bertram became still more agitated. He drew Annie towards him, and placing her affectionately on his knee, he said, "I have another duty now to perform for one not here. Are you aware, my child, that you have innocently conferred great misery, or great happiness upon an object of (to me) great regard?"

Annie gave an involuntary start. "Do not be alarmed," continued Mr. Bertram soothingly, "but listen to me—to your own father. I have held a long and deeply interesting conversation with a friend of ours this morning—he dreads that he may

have mistaken you, and urges me to ask if it is possible you can feel for him what he has ventured to hope within the last day—if so, he is the happiest—most fortunate of men. But if, through any vain misconception on his part, he is wrong, he leaves us forever to day, and his future life will become to him more desolate than ever—I repeat to you his own words. Now you have never yet deceived me, my beloved child, and I feel assured that your answer will be given in sincerity of heart. Speak, my Annie.”

Annie’s emotion became painful; she turned to the hue of death—her breathing was scarcely perceptible—she rested her face on the bosom of her father, while in the faintest tone she murmured:

“Tell him not to leave us—tell him he must stay for my sake—if I were never to behold him more, my heart would break.”

“God bless my child—my darling,” exclaimed Mr. Bertram, straining her to his heart, “Annie, in this answer, you have removed a weight from my mind.”

It will readily be believed how warmly I entered into this scene. Mr. Bertram, while tears of joy stood in his eyes, continued—

“From your own lips must Selby hear your answer—for so I promised him, whether it were for weal or for woe—he awaits you in our favourite room.”

“Not alone, my father—not alone,” cried Annie, “my courage would fail me.”

“My word has been given, and you must obey it, my dear child—but remember,” added Mr. Bertram, striving to be playful, “that I can only spare you twenty minutes, for it is long past our breakfast hour, and I am hungry, and want my bread and butter.”

Dear Annie smiled through her tears, but was still much agitated—she looked at me.

“My child, you must indeed go alone,” said I, taking her hand, “but I will lead you to the door of this formidable man—it were cruel to detain him longer in the suspense he must be suffering.”

Annie hesitated no longer. On reaching the door I left her. Her trembling hand was upon the lock—some one from within quickly turned it, and I had just time to see the timid and affectionate glance she cast on the tall figure standing close beside it—and the manly arm hastily stretched forth to support her, when it was instantly closed.

“Very pretty doings, indeed,” said Mr. Bertram, walking up and down the breakfast room with his watch in his hands, while I appeared deeply interested in the contents of a newspaper, as Captain Selby, with Annie on his arm, entered, “twenty minutes have become sixty, and though you may choose, good folks, to lose your breakfast, it is scarcely fair that Mrs. Mary and I should be the sufferers.”

“Your pardon, my dear sir,” replied Captain Selby, laughing, “but I forgot to wind my watch last night, and neither Annie nor myself had the slightest idea of time.”

I now ventured to look up—there was such an air of proud happiness on the countenance of Captain Selby, that it almost made him appear handsome—while Annie’s blushing, innocent face, beaming with the sweetest smile, seemed to turn to him alone for encouragement, which he most readily and delicately gave—and a very happy group we were this morning, after all the cares, the doubts, the fears of the preceding day. And most happy did the whole of this continue—though not without some alloy, since it was imperative for Captain Selby to depart on the morrow, to arrange his private affairs, owing to the recent loss he had sustained, which rendered his presence necessary at the late abode of his relation—he would be absent a month. More than this we knew not.

Annie was left with her friend to wander over every dear haunt, and to talk over their future plans—and hour after hour thus spent flew rapidly away. I was standing in the evening at the open casement with Captain Selby. Annie had sprang out on the lawn to join her father, who was apparently absorbed in peaceful thoughts, as he sauntered along, and as we watched her light graceful figure bounding towards him, I could not help saying:

“You are a fortunate man to gain such a treasure.”

“Fortunate, Mrs. Selwyn,” he replied emphatically; “there are moments when I can scarcely even now dare believe it. I have formerly fancied that I might perhaps meet one who would, in compassion, forget the imperfections of the war stricken sailor, but that such an angel as that could love.” Here he paused.

“Ah, my dear Captain Selby,” I replied, touched by the feeling he displayed, “how little do you know of woman’s heart. It is not the external appearance which wins her affections, though it, at first, may attract her attention. Far more is wanting—and when she has once pleased these, she arrays the object with every perfection her own ardent imagination conceives.

“Then how is it,” returned Captain Selby, taking my hand, and looking most kindly in my face, “that one so versed in such knowledge should not have repaid the interest which she must have often called forth.”

“How do you know I ever had the chance,” I replied laughing, “and indeed it were a pity to rob the world entirely of old maids, since they are, at times, very useful in giving propriety, by their presence, to a knight-errant escorting a young damsel through the green woods and shady scenes. Is not this the case?”

A smile of happiness was his answer, as by me

tual consent we followed Annie to the lawn. On perceiving us, she approached with a beautiful rose, which she presented to Captain Selby, saying:—"Behold my first gift."

"Not the first though dearly prized," he replied, detaining the small hand which held it. "My sweet rose of the village, little did I imagine, when first I heard you so called, that the prize would be mine."

"Yes, yours—both yours—but you must watch over us tenderly, else we would soon droop, wither, and die."

"If the tenderest love that ever man bestowed will avail to preserve my precious flower," said Captain Selby, pressing her affectionately in his arms, as she inclined towards him, "fondly will it be shown."

"And what will you leave for your poor old father," asked Mr. Bertram, drawing near his beloved child.

Annie started—She reflected for a moment, then turning an enquiring look, from Captain Selby to her father, said, in a tone of extreme anxiety, "It is not possible—it CANNOT be possible that I shall be taken away from you."

Mr. Bertram caught her to his heart. "No, my own darling child," he said, "it is *not* possible, for I could have ill borne a sacrifice so costly. We shall not be separated."

"Then I am again happy," said Annie, smiling through her tears. "Come," she continued to Captain Selby, "come to our flower garden, and let us see the ravages the storm has made there."

She took his hand as she spoke, and with the simplicity of a child, led him away. While we slowly followed, we all paused on reaching the blighted tree. Mr. Bertram uttered a solemn thanksgiving, while Annie, throwing her arms around it, softly said, "Poor stricken trunk, farewell; no more shall ye bloom and cast forth your tender leaves. You sheltered me in a moment of peril, but when the destroying angel smote thee, thou wast severed in twain, while an angel of mercy stood over thy master's child. In the morning ye were green and grew up—in the evening ye were dried up, cut down, and withered. Let me not forget the solemn lesson."

Dear, sweet Annie, how beautifully her piety shone forth in every action, in every word.

The hour now stole on in which Captain Selby was to take leave of her, for a time at least. He was to depart in the morning very early, having arrangements to make at D—, ere he commenced his journey into Wiltshire.

We all met at prayers, which were said by Mr. Bertram with peculiar earnestness, and when the servants had retired, he placed Annie's hand in that of Captain Selby, saying:

"In giving you this dear child, I yield up my only earthly treasure—if she prove to you what she has been to me, you will be rich indeed. But let us

not make an idol or garner up our affections in any child of mortality—lovely as she is, she must fade. All must pass away. God alone is eternal—He demands the first place in our hearts—and can he demand too much? who has for our sakes *given* so much."

We were all affected, and Annie wept as she received the paternal blessing, and was folded to the noble heart of him who was so soon to claim her as his own, again, and again. I then drew her away to her own apartment.

The period I had fixed on for my visit to the little parsonage had already come to a close, and when I announced this a few days after Captain Selby's departure, I was overwhelmed with reproaches and entreaties to remain—it was impossible that I could leave Annie at such a time—my presence was necessary to her in a thousand ways.

"You must witness the sacred ceremony which is to give her to another," said Mr. Bertram, "and perhaps there is a little journey in store for you, even after that, at least if you intend to indulge your god-child—but you must ask me no questions," he continued, while a smile of happiness shone over his benignant features, "for I shall answer none, curious though you may be."

I allowed the dear good man to enjoy his mystery, and altered my plans to remain a few weeks longer.

Our days now did not appear to pass so quickly, at least so thought Annie, although our time was much occupied in preparing the trousseau for the bride. In this we found Mrs. Fludyer a most kind and willing assistant—charmed she was to display each new fashion, as she carried us from house to house in her carriage—and made poor patient Annie try on bonnet, after bonnet to discover which was the most becoming.

Various were the opinions at this time among the village gossips, respecting Captain Selby's engagement to Annie—and few, but only few, as usual, approved. "How could Mr. Bertram sacrifice his daughter to a man more than double her age, and part with her to be taken he knew not whither—it was very strange, though, of course, a girl without fortune, and educated in the country, could not expect, beautiful as she even was, to make a great match." Nods and whisperings accompanied these sage remarks, which amused us as they occasionally reached our ears, not a little.

We had driven into L— one morning in our pony chaise, to see Mrs. Fludyer, and consult with her upon some very important point respecting Annie's attire. On entering the drawing room, we found it full of visitors, amongst whom was Lord Randolph, in full military costume. Poor Annie looked distressed. He came forward immediately, and holding out his hand, said, smiling:

"I ought to be very much offended with you, for refusing to grace my ball."

"You are very kind," replied Annie, blushing deeply, "I hope Mrs. Fludyer explained why."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Fludyer explained," interrupted Lord Randolph, apparently amused at her confusion; "did you think of me during the storm, and reflect on all the mischief it would cause my fine preparations. No, I see you did not—it is an ill wind, says the proverb, which blows nobody any good—it swept away my flowers, and carried them down the stream to you, did it not?"

Annie could not withstand the arch expression of his fine countenance—a smile played on hers. He pressed the hand he had retained while speaking, and added warmly, in a lower tone, "I congratulate you from my heart—he is a noble fellow—and you have gained more than perhaps you are aware, and you deserve it."

"I do not think Miss Bertram so beautiful as she is considered," whispered the fashionable young lady, who was present, to her mama, "that rustic colour is so unbecoming."

"She has certainly nothing very *distingué* in her appearance, my dear," replied the portly matron, drawing herself up, "but then you know she has not had many advantages. I dare say she is a very good girl."

"She is the most charming creature I ever beheld," said Lord Randolph, warmly, who had overheard these remarks, as Annie left the room with Mrs. Fludyer; "her real nature and simplicity are quite refreshing, after the constant affectation of those qualities, one so frequently meets with. She speaks in her own tone—her smiles, her laugh, thrill you with delight, because they proceed from her heart. *Self* appears forgotten while she is conversing with you. Yes, Selby is a fortunate man—but he is, one, who will fully appreciate the prize. I know him well; he is one of the best of beings."

"A very plain one," remarked the young lady in a low tone. A slight curl on Lord Randolph's lip, explained his thoughts. As I looked at him, I could not help mentally saying: "You are a magnificent creature, but I should not like to rouse your anger."

On Annie's return, after her consultation with Mrs. Fludyer, I rose at her request, to pursue our drive. Lord Randolph assisted us into our pony chaise, saying gaily: "Addio cara; we may meet again ere long. Behold that pretty little village church, peeping from amidst those trees; its white fane gleaming in the sunbeams—shall that be our place of rendezvous; say, will you promise?"

"I may not promise," replied Annie, softly, laughing as the colour flew back to her cheek.

"Not if he has promised?"

"Ah, I see you will—farewell; I will not fail you."

Annie gracefully bowed, as she drove away, while

I perceived Lord Randolph still standing where we had left him, until we were out of sight.

At the gate of the parsonage, we met Mr. Bertram, with a letter in his hand, which he held up, smiling, to Annie. She sprang like a fawn from the little carriage, to receive her treasure—it could only be from *one*, and she ran with it into the house. A letter from those we love, how powerful are its charms—the well known hand-writing is a talisman of enchantment—the very fold, the seal, possessing the power to cause happiness—while the bearer, be he who he may, becomes an object of deep interest.

Who has not felt this in this vale of separation, where we meet but to say farewell.

Annie's pursuits at this time were not confined to self—I constantly visited with her, the poor in the neighbourhood, and her little school; while rich were the treasures she gained daily in the study of her excellent father.

It was in one of our pleasant walks to the village, that I ventured to say to her, as we strolled along, conversing on those subjects most interesting to us.

"Tell me truly, dearest Annie, what made you first take so warm an interest in our valued friend, Captain Selby?"

She replied, in that delightful, ingenuous manner, so natural to her—

"It was the story of his mother. As I gazed on him while relating it with so much feeling—I thought—and this being, once so beloved, so tenderly watched over—is now alone in the world. I have beheld him looked on with contempt for his plain appearance—whose form, whose footsteps, whose voice, gave such happiness to the tenderest parent. If she could behold him now, neglected, coldly received, what would be her surprise—her grief. These reflections led me to give him more of my attention—I delighted in entering into those subjects with him, which reminded him of earlier, happier days. In the flower garden, he would watch more particularly over those which his mother had most loved—and these I made my favourites. He would point out to me passages in his books, marked by her hand, and constantly dwell on the hours he had passed in reading aloud to her—I listened till I felt an interest, becoming daily more powerful—I studied to make *him* happy—but I knew not that he held the power to confer it on *me*; till those few days he was absent—then, indeed, I discovered how painful it would be were I never to see him more. His very appearance produced a tenderness far greater than had he possessed a handsome exterior. I loved him the more, because I thought others would look coldly on him—I now love him because I am proud of him, as one of the best, one of the noblest of men—as I think him *one* of the finest."

"Annie, your sentiments charm me," I replied.

"but that scar, that horrid scar, can you ever get accustomed to it?"

"Ah, you do, indeed, make me ashamed of myself, by repeating my foolish words," returned the dear girl. "I would not have him without that scar for worlds. Indeed, as I now feel, every misfortune which, in the sight of others, might seem a blemish, would to me only prove an additional cause for deeper, stronger affection."

"And this is woman's love," I said, as I gazed on her beautiful animated countenance, pure, spotless, and devoted, in all its feelings. I mean that love, and that *alone*, which had its basis on religion.

At length, the end of the month drew near, when Captain Selby was expected. The day on which he promised to return had arrived—fresh flowers were gathered and placed in every room; and, for the first time, Annie's mind seemed wholly engrossed. The expectation of happiness, it has been said, is greater than the reality—but I have never thought so; there is too much excitement, too much restlessness, experienced in what we hope for. More particularly, if awaiting the return of some beloved object, when it frequently amounts to even pain. We listen to every sound. The slightest interruption causes a degree of irritation, and should minutes grow into hours, and they come not, expectation becomes then an agony. As I watched dear Annie all this day, I felt more than ever convinced of this—but when, at length, the well known step and voice were heard. Then, indeed, it *was* happiness, perfect and unalloyed, because there was no longer doubt. What a privilege I felt it, to witness and participate in the pure joys arising from the presence of one so deservedly beloved as Captain Selby, to behold his benignant countenance, gazing with delight on the beautiful innocent being, who had confided all her earthly happiness to his keeping.

The following week was fixed on for the marriage; there appeared a mysterious importance in the excellent Mr. Bertram at this time, which denoted some mighty secret ready to explode—he constantly said; "I know you are very curious, but ask me no questions, I can answer none. I have promised. Captain Selby would smile when he overheard him, which implied, that the secret was his, but that he did not consider it in very safe keeping.

The bridal morn arose one of the most lovely the season had yielded—and Annie in her white robe looked almost angelic.

Captain Selby led her to the little drawing-room, attired for the last time in his naval uniform—ornamented by handsome foreign orders.

Mrs. Fludger had arrived with the bride's-maids,—and Lord Randolph, true to his appointment, as the friend of Captain Selby, was to give the bride away. The little girls, belonging to Annie's school, met us at the Church gates, strewing flowers in her path,

while their parents followed her with prayers and blessings.

Most feelingly and affectingly did Mr. Bertram read the service which was to give his only and beloved child to another, while tears of affection stood in his eyes and his voice faltered from emotion. The blessing was pronounced—the book was closed, and we had all returned to the parsonage, and were collected in the favorite room, where a tasteful breakfast had been laid, under the immediate superintendance of the bride's-maids, when Mr. Bertram, approaching Annie with great ceremony, led her up to her proud happy husband, saying :

"Lady Selby, permit me the honour of presenting Sir Edward Selby, of Blackhurst Castle, in the County of Wiltshire."

"This then was the secret which it had strained the prudence of the father to keep. "Not one hour longer could you have kept that to yourself, my dear sir," said I most provokingly; "I have seen it hovering on your lips for the last month."

"It would have been safe for a year," he replied with a long drawn breath, as if quite relieved from a weighty burden; "Sir Edward, what do you say?"

"My dear sir, you have indeed used every effort, I have only heard you allude to it five times since my return."

There was a general laugh, in which the happy father joined, while Annie calmly enquired—

"What does all this mean, Edward? I scarcely even now understand."

"It means," answered Lord Randolph, smiling as he approached her—"that Selby, being one of the vainest men in the world, was anxious to discover the full power his handsome face would have on a very pretty girl—and having met one who, by some unaccountable miracle, took a fancy to it—he now lays his title and fortune at her feet."

"Nay, nay, Randolph, although your shaft cannot wound me there now—yet you must not so interpret," returned Sir Edward, "Annie, I knew it not myself, until a few days previous to my leaving you, when I entrusted it to your father, whose only objection to my wishes, was the fear of your being taken from him—and to reassure him, I mentioned my new acquisition, and if perhaps, from an extraordinary feeling, difficult to define, I wished you to remain in ignorance, until you had given, with your young affections, your hand to Edward Selby the wanderer—the war-worn sailor—shall I be forgiven?"

He laid his hand gently on the shoulder of his fair young bride as he spoke. She raised it from its position, and pressing it to her heart with both hers, turned away with eyes filled to overflowing.

After breakfast, during which the utmost happiness, chastened by grave feelings, prevailed, Sir

Edward Selby's travelling carriage drove up to the door. Annie knew that she was to go away, but it had not struck her until this moment, that it was forever—and she turned very pale, while a convulsive sob heaved her bosom, as she threw herself into the extended arms of her father.

"You promised that we should not be separated," she said, "but how can this be now?"

"I am to follow you in a fortnight, my beloved child, accompanied by Mrs. Mary," replied Mr. Bertram, "to take possession of a valuable living, presented me by your excellent husband."

"And this dear home?"

"Will be entered by the estimable Mr. Graham, into whose spiritual charge I can confide my flock in peace—and to whom the unexpected gift of this small benefice has proved an inestimable blessing, with his numerous family."

"And my school—and Martha—and all my poor people?"

"All have been cared for and thought of by Annie—so go in peace my child, and thank God for his rich blessings—not for worldly riches, save for the power they give to do more good to others—but for the possession of a husband who will help you on your pilgrimage in that narrow way which leads to eternal joys. And to whose protection a doating father gives his only child in full confidence."

Tenderly did we all embrace Annie. Mrs. Fludger and her daughters promised to visit her the following year—and good old Mrs. Blessington, who in grey silk dress, and best cap, had driven over to add her blessing, and her wedding gift, affectingly added "should another spring behold her still a sojourner on earth, she would go to her and witness her happiness in her new home."

We accompanied her to the carriage, Mr. Bertram encouraging her as he led her out and Sir Edward almost lifting her into it as he sprung in after her; we beheld her rest her beautiful head on his shoulder, where nature found its own best relief. And saw him most affectionately wipe away the tears as they copiously rolled down her cheeks. In another hour Annie was far from the home of her childhood.

There is always a sadness which accompanies a wedding day, under even the brightest circumstances. The son or daughter who has hitherto cheered our home and been our constant endeared companion and the repository of all our feelings, leaves the abode of early days to form new ties, away from every old association, while the blank in that home is painfully felt till the reflection of their happiness steals with a holy calm over the parent's tender heart and the prayer is ejaculated which restores tranquility.

Dear Mr. Bertram was an example of this; he wandered over every room after Annie's departure, into her garden, over all her favourite haunts; he was evidently restless, he spoke little and his countenance

had become grave, it was the stillness of the place which went to his heart. Lord Randolph, who appeared possessed of a most kind heart, remained with him, and accompanied him in his walks, mentioning several little anecdotes of Sir Edward Selby, which were calculated to place his character in a still more favourable light, and to draw the father's attention from dwelling on his daughter's absence. His amiable endeavours were not unsuccessful, for when drinking the healths of Sir Edward and Lady Selby, in old fashioned style after dinner, it was in all the pride and happiness of a grateful heart, and many a tale and early reminiscence, were recorded by the good pastor to his young companion, which were listened to with the patience of a well bred and courteous man, whose urbanity sprang from a higher source than mere politeness.

There was new cause for gossip now in the village—the discovery of Captain Selby's rank and fortune was a delightful theme. "Mr. Bertram knew well what he was about when he encouraged Captain Selby to the parsonage. Your religious folks have always a vast deal of worldly prudence. A title with money was a great temptation to a girl without a penny."

"You see now what you have lost by your refusing to dance with him," said the portly mama to the fashionable young lady, "and all for the sake of the whiskers and moustache of that conceited Lord Randolph. I hate whiskers. Dear me, a Baronet with six thousand a year—I had no idea of it—such a chance does not occur in a country village once in ten years. We must proceed, my dear, on our tour to the coast."

"Alas for poor human nature."

At the close of fourteen days, Mr. Bertram had completed all the necessary arrangements required to be made previous to his leaving the parsonage, which Mr. Graham was anxious to enter immediately. It was with much pleasure I consented to accompany him into Wiltshire, as I wished to behold Annie in her new character.

On the morning fixed for our journey, we set out at an early hour, with the few faithful attendants who had formed the little household, and followed by the tears and good wishes of most of his parishioners, who had collected to witness the departure of their beloved pastor—he gave them his blessing, accompanied by many a substantial token of his remembrance. And as we drove out of the shrubbery, his last looks were directed to the blighted elm tree which had sheltered Annie in the storm. Any feelings of regret he might have experienced on leaving a spot where he had spent so many peaceful years, were all softened by the near prospect of beholding his child.

During our pleasant journey, he entered more at

large upon the subject of Sir Edward Selby's late unexpected acquisitions. It appeared that his paternal uncle, the son of a second marriage, and not older than himself, had squandered much of his wealth in gambling, and in the pleasures of the chase. He had united himself with a person much beneath him in rank, who in presenting him with a son and heir, rendered the idea of Captain Selby's ever attaining the family title very improbable. He had kept up no intercourse with a relation, whose habits and tastes were so dissimilar to his own—consequently the surprise he experienced on learning his demise, was much increased by the discovery that he had left no child to succeed him. His son, a young man of nineteen years, addicted to the same pursuits as his father, having been unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse, while out hunting—thus leaving Captain Selby the possession of a title and fortune which his merits so justly deserved. Most kindly and generously did he provide for the widow of his uncle—who found in him a friend ready to advise and to act, and console her, as far, as lay in his power, for the cares and sorrows of her past life. She removed to her own relations, into a distant part of the country, while he retained those servants whom he considered worthy, and prepared Blackhurst Castle for the reception of his young bride, intrusting only to Mr. Bertram and to Lord Randolph the knowledge of his rank.

On the third day after we had quitted L—, we approached the gates of a handsome and venerable pile of building, well placed off the road, and in the centre of a fine park—with an avenue of broad elms leading up to the house.

"And is my lowly Annie lady of this domain," said Mr. Bertram, as he leaned from the window of the carriage, to catch a view of the place. "God grant that prosperity may not lead away her young affections from its best treasures."

The lodge gates were opened by our friend Martha, who, with her husband and child, had been placed there by Sir Edward, in order to agreeably surprise Annie on her arrival. Many were the smiles and curtsies with which she greeted us. The father's heart beat quick as we drew up to the entrance, where Sir Edward and Lady Selby stood awaiting our approach. In a moment, she was clasped in the paternal embrace, while her expressions were: "My own beloved papa, now I am indeed perfectly happy. Oh, never, never, must we be again parted, even for a day," spoke at once the true state of her feelings. Most affectionately was I also welcomed, and we passed through the handsome hall into a drawing room, exquisitely furnished—where choice exotics from a conservatory, sent their fragrant perfumes through doors of stained glass.

"I have a charge to prefer against this young lady," said Sir Edward, who with his arm fondly

thrown round his beautiful wife, led her up to her father; "for several days past, since your letter announced when we might expect you, has she been totally idle. I have tried in vain to gain her attention, and to take her to see several objects of interest in the neighbourhood, but my answer always was, "wait till my dear father comes, when we will enjoy it the more." I assure you, I was half tempted to send the culprit home again—but somehow I felt that her presence was too necessary—and that to live without her now would be impossible."

"It would be impossible, my dear sir," replied Mr. Bertram, gazing delightedly on the glowing, happy countenance of his child, as she looked up most affectionately on her excellent husband, while he was speaking; "I have tried it, and even for your sake I scarcely think I could have made the sacrifice—I humbly thank God it is not necessary—may we strive to deserve His mercies."

After partaking of some refreshments, we were carried from room to room, by Annie, who was charmed to show us all the improvements made by Sir Edward—there was her own boudoir containing every thing she most prized and admired, opening over to a balcony on a verdant lawn, beautifully shaded by trees; and stored with a small collection of well chosen books—here her private devotional hours were spent; she then took us to Sir Edward's library, a splendid room, where he smilingly affirmed he could never enter to write; or to study, and to forget that such a young lady was in existence, without her stealing in and sitting down by his side, when immediately his book or papers, would be cast aside, he knew not how, and she alone listened to, and attended.

"These are grave charges, my child," said Mr. Bertram, stroking her fair brow, on which clustered in rich ringlets her beautiful hair, "but I fear another is more to blame than you are." The next room to this was the one destined for Mr. Bertram's study and arranged as much like his own in the parsonage as possible.

"This was all done before I came," said Annie, anxious that Sir Edward should gain the whole credit of this pleasing attention, "and your new Rectory, Papa, which is within two minutes walk through the grounds," she continued, is perfectly beautiful. Your mornings you may devote there when you like, but your evenings always here, remember. And now I will show you to your own apartments that you may rest before dinner, else, in my desire to show you every thing at once I shall tire you.

In the evening, we strolled through the rich and tasteful grounds which were still improving under the superintendence of Sir Edward, several tenants were scattered in pretty cottages round the estate, who had reason to be grateful for the new master placed over them; as for Annie she was never tired

extolling him and telling either her father or myself all that he had already done—and was still doing for those so unexpectedly committed to his care.

It took us days to see all that was interesting in this delightful retreat, where reigned Christian peace, and the most endeared domestic harmony. The devoted affection of Sir Edward for his young wife, was chastened and tempered by religion and good sense, while hers evinced itself in every action of her life. I stayed with them a week, and had time to witness the amiable winning manner in which she yielded herself entirely to his guidance, in her new and more enlarged avocations and duties, as well as the mild sound judgment he displayed in all that he required her to do. As for dear Mr. Bertram, he was one of the happiest of beings; in his Rectory, devoting himself entirely to the duties of a Christian minister, and spending his evenings in the society of those he most loved. A very select acquaintance visited the castle frequently, amongst whom Lady Selby's natural manners, and deep piety were duly appreciated. And when I left her my regret was softened by the full assurance that her happiness was as perfect as earth could afford to give, and that every blessing she possessed was enhanced tenfold by religion, which ever casts a light over our path, and produces a pure and constant serenity the more it is cultivated, which the world with its false glare and fictitious pleasures can never give.

(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE BIRTH OF A MOST BELOVED CHILD.

Thy tender form to me is strange,
Thine infant charms unknown,
Why is my heart then drawn to thee
As if thou wert mine own?

Why do I long fair child to view,
Each new and budding grace,
To mark the colour of thine eye,
To gaze on thy sweet face,

Will it not speak to me of one,
More loved than words can say,
Of one, whose every thought is mine,
Though he is far away.

Yes, precious babe—linked as thou art
In memory's fairy chain,
The childhood of thy youthful sire
In thee returns again.

Oh how I enter into all
The joy thy birth imparts,
Thou first, and dearest pledge which love
Can yield to faithful hearts.

The pride thy lovely mother feels,
The happiness she shows,
When he on thy soft downy cheek
Affection's kiss bestows.

And well I know the pious prayer,
Was offered in that hour,
For every mercy sent with thee,
By that all gracious power.

And though Atlantic waves divide
Those loved ones from my sight,
Yet are the prayers they breathe for thee
Still mine each morn and night.

That thou, dear babe, like summer flowers,
Refreshed by morning's dew,
May trace in early childhood's years,
All that is good, and true.

May learn from thy dear Saviour's word,
So beautifully told,
How gentle lambs like thee shall find
Safe shelter in the fold.

And He, the shepherd in whose arms,
Such little ones are pressed,
And carried through the darkest storms,
To place of holy rest.

Can higher hopes than these be raised
For all we love on earth,
Can richest gems, or gold compare,
With this one pearl in worth.

May it be thine my precious babe,
And theirs for whom we pray,
And oh, may God restore us all,
Some bright, and happy day.

E. M. M.

Montreal, October, 1838.

PUNCTUALITY.

A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual: but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time," said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," &c. A Quaker present said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one eighth of it only was thine own property."

(ORIGINAL.)

TALES FOR THE TIMES.

THE knell of another year is sounded. Mournful is its requiem, and its record is one of sorrow.

It is past, and its very hour has been fraught with events of thrilling import to the world, and to our country even in a greater proportion than to others. Ushered in as it was by hopes of better things, the disappointment has been most bitter. When we heard the voice of rejoicing at the birth of the infant year, we deemed that the arm of the desolating fiend was broken—his power destroyed,—and that meek-eyed Peace would long hold her gentle sway over this fair portion of earth's domain.

The year was yet young, when the destinies of our country were confided to one whose life has been devoted to the service of his and our sovereign—one whose vigour, tempered, though not impaired by years, promised all that the true patriot could desire. We rejoiced that in his hands the sword of the avenger was unfleshed—that the first days of the reign of her who claims our heart's affections were not steeped in the blood of her people—we rejoiced that the kindred of so many victims of delusion were not left to mourn the loss of those they loved—that many, who, had the measure of justice been rigorously meted, would have left some innocent heart to weep, were spared, in the hope that mercy so unlooked for might win them back to love.

Did we err? It may be so—but we are punished in the events which have since followed. We have again seen the sword unsheathed, and the blade reeking in the gore of our kind—we have seen those who so lately knelt in gratitude for life, waging that life against the hand that saved it. Thrice sorrowful, that ingratitude so base should darken the character of humanity.

The events to which we allude are yet recent—the wounds yet unhealed—insomuch that every memory retains the direful catalogue—it is therefore unnecessary that we should trouble the reader with a rehearsal of the mournful tales, and we leave to others the task of preserving of them a historical record, conscious as we are, how difficult it would be for us to trace their causes, or even to furnish a detail of facts, without trespassing upon forbidden ground.

We may, however, be permitted to record our tribute of esteem for the generous ties which have linked together so many hearts for the defence of the glorious empire we are proud to love.

What spectacle can be more noble than that of a whole people flocking to the standard of their country—hand linked to hand—breasting the storm of battle, and turning aside the steel of the destroyer, under whatever guise the foe may shield his unhallowed aim. Home, kindred, friends—mothers, sisters, wives—every endearing tie linking man to earth, bids him to the battle-field, nerving his sinews for the unwished for conflict. And well has the call been obeyed. No one has shrunk from the field of strife, or turned aside from the dread front of battle—many have fallen, but as patriot martyrs their names will be forever cherished in the gratitude and the memories of those they died to save. But the proudest hour for our countrymen has not been that in which the red falchion gleamed. It has been in the hour of conquest, when, unquestioned victors, the voice of mercy was heard above revenge.

We shall be forgiven for thus recording the humble meed for our applause for a people who have acted thus nobly. Their reward shall be in the esteem of future ages, who will point to them as an example of gentleness and heroism, to be imitated in all future time.

But enough of these matters, which some may look upon as foreign to our sphere, we now turn for a brief space to the reminiscences naturally springing from the season of which we write.

A NEW YEAR'S DRIVE.

CHAPTER I.

“The rapture that dwells in the first kiss of love.”

It is today a quarter of a century since Richard Somers breathed his love-tale in the ear of Agnes Welton, a fair creature, who, with the bloom of sixteen summers on her cheek, possessed a heart glowing with

the warmest feelings of full-blown womanhood, tempered by a spirit, gentle as could adorn her sex.

Richard Somers loved, and his whispered vows fell not on an unwilling ear. They had grown together, and Agnes had long regarded him in her secret heart as the ideal of earth's perfection, and he had ever watched over her with more than a brother's care.

Richard Somers was an orphan, who had early lost his parents. He had been liberally educated by an affectionate uncle, who, when he arrived at a proper age, placed him under the care of Dr. Weldon, a most talented medical gentleman, who had risen from comparative obscurity to affluence and fame, by his attention to, and skill in his professional duties.

He had married young, and the only offspring of his union was Agnes Weldon, whose prospects of fortune were consequently of an inviting character, inasmuch that suitors for her hand were already offering. All were, however, received with coldness, save her father's handsome student, and it was long ere he ventured to speak of love to one so courted by the wealthiest of the neighbouring gentry.

It was New Year's Eve, and Dr. Weldon was surrounded by a circle of friends—the song and the laugh went merrily round, and a happier group never watched the coming of the "guid New Year."

"The good old custom of dancing in the New Year is becoming obsolete, I believe," said Uncle Somers, interrupting the Doctor, who was speaking of the advancement of mankind in general civilization.

"And I am heartily glad to see it," replied the Doctor, "regretting, as I have ever done, to see a season so fitted for reflection, perverted to such base uses."

"Nay Doctor, I cannot agree with you there," replied our esteemed uncle; "I do not consider that being glesome and happy is any proof of irrationality."

"You may be as old as I am, numbering by years," replied Dr. Weldon, "but you have not had my opportunities of seeing how little worth are all the glee and happiness of which you speak. I have seen many a tragedy begun and ended—many a life embittered by the recollection of early joys—youth, with its fond hopes and gay anticipations, blasted—old men mourning over the graves of their sons, stricken down in the hour of manhood's pride. I have seen the fountains of happiness in the bosoms of the beautiful and pure, changed into bitter springs of hopeless anguish, and the mortal form bending under the weight of the tortured spirit. Had you seen all these, as I have done, you would confess how tawdry and frivolous are the childish joys for which so many barter hours which might be devoted to grave and useful study or conversation."

"Nevertheless," replied Mr. Somers, "I am not of those, who, worshippers of a mistaken philo-

sophy, would take from youth its joys, and make it miserable by anticipation. While the young blood does course warmly, I would not check the exuberance of its bliss, and like a picture of death placed beside one of life and love, scare away the joy, by showing the ultimate fate of the happiest, the fairest, and the best."

"Uncle Somers is right," said a venerable maiden lady, who, all attention to the conversation, had not before spoken; "and as a fitting commentary, I would suggest that he be here enthroned, to preside at the violin he so ably masters, while the youngers practically illustrate the truths of his doctrine."

A movement among the younger part of the assembly, proved how ready they were to avail themselves of the hint, and chairs were moved, and the carpet lifted before the Doctor had well begun the reproof, which, half contradicted by his benevolent smile, was altogether closed by the hand of the old lady we have alluded to, playfully covering his lips with her hand.

Sets were readily formed, and the year was "danced in," as joyously as in the happiest days of the olden time. We would not aver that the Doctor himself, warmed by the happiness of his young friends, did not join in the dance, emulating in lightness of heart, if not of heel, the junketings of his guests.

As the night waned, however, even this became fatiguing, and the company broke up into groups, each following the promptings of feeling in the conversation with which they enlivened the fleeting hours.

It was here that the passion of Richard Somers first found utterance, and heard his vows returned by answering words of faith.

"Agnes," he said, "forgive me, if I offend: but sitting thus beside you, my heart would break if I did not pour forth its gushing feelings. I have loved you long—but I have loved with fear. Courtied by so many more worthy than I, it is perhaps madness to ask you to think of me; but I would hear my doom from your lips alone. Speak! tell me that I may hope—tell me that I may live to endeavour to become worthy of your love!"

The countenance of Agnes Weldon was turned away, but Richard saw her neck crimson with the blush his words called to her averted face.

Concealed by the rich drapery that hung over a deep window recess, her hand was held in his, and its tremor had a sympathetic influence on his whole frame.

"Speak," he said, "let me hear your sweet voice tell me that I have not loved in vain—tell me that I have not poured out the treasure of my love, only to be cast aside as a worthless thing—that my heart's best feelings have not been wasted—but, no! not wasted, though unrequited, for the rapture to

have nursed them has not of itself been without bliss!"

Agnes had turned towards him, and as he proceeded, the warm enthusiasm of his words struck an answering chord, and her face was buried in his bosom, while her murmured words made his every nerve tingle with the joy of requited love.

As her father's student, however, Richard Somers could not ask the daughter's hand, and after a long conversation it was decided that one year should elapse before their love was even hinted to the Doctor

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, no! those tears were like even's calm sorrow,
Brighter today for the hopes of the morrow."

THE year 1813 was one of war. America taking advantage of the continental struggle, resisted the claim of Britain to her ocean empire, and the young men of both countries, fired with patriotic ardour, joined their respective standards, and entered the arena of battle, with hearts panting for renown.

Foremost in the ranks, Richard Somers cast aside the lance and took up the sword, determined to seize the laurel if it might be won by valour.

Who has not felt the misery of a lover's parting? We speak not to those whose callous hearts know nothing of the gushing feelings of generous and confiding love. Let them drag their weary way through the world unstoried, utterly unworthy as they are to be chronicled by our pen.

The first blush of summer was crimsoning the earth, and the declining sunshine gilded the up-towering forest trees—the proud Saint Lawrence rolled on, fretted by the rocks, and chafing with its verdant banks, and the spray and the foam, wreathing on the surface, changed its dark waters to a milky hue.

Richard Somers sat on the sloping Mountain's brow, beside a beautiful and grassy mound, which tradition has since peopled with the inhabitants of an unknown world—a pale girl sat beside him, and silently their eyes rested on the reposing city, which lay before them, quiet and beautiful as the summer eve itself.

"How sweetly peaceful!" came in a half sigh from the lip of Agnes, and her eye turned from the lovely scene to the countenance of her lover.

"And yet," he answered, "how like the blissful torture of our own fate! See, the splendid river—one moment we may look upon its lucid bosom, reflecting from its mirrored surface the glorious sky above—the next, its course arrested by some unseen rock, it dances around it, as if fretted with the agony of human passion—and see, yet farther on, again

its passion gone, it answers to the kiss of the balmy air, with a gentle ripple, playful and beautiful as a smile on the face we love. May it be a picture of your Richard's fate. Calm until now it has been, but with the parting comes the storm. Oh, that he might hope that the sunshine and the calm will succeed them all!"

"And wherefore should we part—one arm the more will tell but little in a field where thousands fight; and if you should fall—think, what will become of Agnes. Can my Richard not forget his dream of fame for a life of quiet, beside her he says he loves so truly?" She looked timidly into her lover's face, and seeing a tear trembling in his eye, she wept passionately on his breast.

"Life, my Agnes," he replied, "is dear, and love is dearer; but even these may not break the adamantine links that bind the heart of man to his native land; nor would my Agnes ask her Richard to forego the right of meeting the enemies of his country in battle, if he may so share the proud privilege of defending the homes and firesides of those he loves."

"Forgive my selfish weakness," she answered, sadly, "I could not love as I now do, did I deem that you were less noble than you are. Go! but remember that not your life alone is in your keeping. Another fate is linked with it, bound with a chain, strong as the adamant of the patriot's love."

"Delicious remembrance! it shall be cherished, as the brightest spot in a happy life—yes, happy it has been, for though orphaned from childhood, I have scarcely felt the want of paternal love; nor will I permit this parting to be sad, feeling as I do, that it will be brief, and that when we meet again, I may claim the hand of my Agnes, without a blush for my presumption."

"But see," exclaimed Agnes, "the sun has set, and we are here on the mountain's side—it is time that I were in my father's house."

"And speedily will my Agnes be there; but these last moments fly so quickly that it wants a struggle to gather courage to say farewell. Tonight I will not trust myself with your father, but ere I leave, tomorrow, I will bid him adieu."

The melancholy of the lovers was not without a species of sweet delight, as they walked towards the residence of Dr. Weldon, a lovely cottage that stood at about an arrow-flight from the base of the Mountain, embowered in trees, on which the summer blossoms were expanding. They reached the gate in silence—all around was still; and a light in the Doctor's study, showed that he was there engaged. The lovers stood for some minutes mute; and when aroused by an approaching footstep, Richard caught the blushing and weeping maiden in his arms, and after a long farewell embrace, he sprang from her presence, and hurried towards the city. Agnes gazed after his receding form until it

was lost in the dim moonlight, when she turned pensively to her chamber, to think and dream on the misery of a lover's parting.

CHAPTER III.

“Oh; see! on falcon wings
Our storied pennon sweeping.”

Glorious banner! under thy folds unnumbered millions repose in peace. Wherever thou art borne, victory smiles from thy crimson folds. From the hour when chivalry bore thee into Arab wilds, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from infidel pollution, the proudest of earth's warriors have followed thy glorious path! Thou, unstained, hast swept from sea to sea, bearing conquest and mercy in thy spreading wings.

Who is there inheriting the proud birthright of a British name, can see thy imperial folds sweeping athwart the heavens, and hear the war-cry that has ever been thy companion in battle, without feeling the mantling blood course through his every vein, and his nerves strung for the field of strife and conquest. Perish the laggard in such a glorious hour! unworthy is he as a son of ocean's proudest isles! Isles, which, but specks in the vast unfathomed sea, are yet the mistress of innumerable climes—“wide as the poles asunder”—so dread in their immensity that imagination can barely span their vast magnificence.

Follow we for a moment the fortunes of Richard Somers, and for a time they were hard enough; so different from the calm of his former life. Nevertheless he breasted manfully the troubles of a soldier's career. Whether it was marching or counter-marching—drilling or double-drilling, fighting or feasting, it was all the same to him: he was ready for either or for all, and his indomitable courage won for him the admiration of his inferiors, while his courteous and cheerful obedience secured the esteem of his superiors in rank. He rose through the intermediate grades, to a captaincy in a very celebrated regiment, before the summer campaign was ended.

The arduous character of his duties prevented the possibility of his obtaining even a very temporary leave, and the post he held during the winter, as the commandant of a frontier fort, precluded him from pressing his claim for a leave upon the General commanding. Thus a whole year passed, and he seldom, from the state of communication, even heard of his devoted Agnes, who even more rarely heard directly from her lover, save occasionally a paragraph among the news of the day, which mentioned his gallantry in some hard-fought field.

The second year since his departure was begun.

The new campaign was opened with renewed vigour, and Richard Somers urged on by the enthusiastic ardour of his age, behaved ever as became a scion of the noble nation from which he sprang. He was ever among the foremost in the attack, and if retreat became a necessary movement, his sword flashed in the face of the advancing foe.

Well might Agnes Weldon rejoice, that her heart had so well chosen; but she rejoiced with fear, though she seldom heard of his danger till he was safe, and then her prayers were poured out for peace, that he might return to bless her with his love; but she had a double motive for her anxiety in her desire to be freed from the persecution of one who deserves the dignity of a new chapter for his introduction, even on such a day as this, to the gentle reader.

CHAPTER IV.

“An old man went a wooing
A damsel fair and young!”

Anthony Addlehead was not a beauty-man, (as Bulwer classically hath it,) but he was what may be called a very personable personage. It is needless to deny that his brow wanted the expansion which limners delight to endow the portrait of Napoleon, and his profile displayed a something that more resembled a piece of blue clay on the dingy ground of a wooden plater, than a veritable nose and face—his mouth was the reverse of what is poetically associated with “wreathed smiles,” but it was by no means, as some people ill-naturedly hinted, an ugly mug—his chin, to be in keeping with his forehead, receded towards his neck, somewhat too speedily to be called handsome, and the neck itself was not such as to inspire a Bryon with envy, but still it was a neck, and that is more than some people can boast of. His figure, though that was the point in which he principally excelled. It is true it more resembled a croctched tree reversed, than the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, but yet the figure of Mr. Anthony was not without much “chiselled beauty.” Enough, however, of description, we now beg leave to introduce him to the reader as the lover of Agnes Weldon.

Anthony Addlehead having, by some unprecedented process of seasoning, arrived at the conclusion that he was rich enough, purchased a villa, or what was by courtesy termed such, in the neighbourhood of Dr. Weldon, at whose residence he became a constant visitor; and finding Agnes rather different from any lady he had ever before met, experienced some sensations to which his nature had hitherto been utterly a stranger, which he construed into symptoms of love. So much was this ideal

impressed upon him, that he could find no rest save in the presence of the fair lady, who, all unconscious of the passion she had inspired, shunned his presence as much as courtesy to her father's guest would permit. Nevertheless, he still pursued, and at times when she would have given worlds for solitude, Anthony thrust himself into her path, and with a sweeping bow, offered some lovely flower, as a tribute, as he poetically expressed it, to the garland's goddess. It is true that Agnes' pretty lip pouted, but there was something so supremely ridiculous in his attentions, that, spite of her aching heart, they often cheated her of a burst of mirth.

About the period to which our tale has now reached, Dr. Weldon met with a severe reverse, in the death of an esteemed friend, for whom he had pledged himself to almost the full extent of his resources. As a matter of course, the smiles of Miss Weldon had become less potent, and the field was comparatively clear for the operations of Mr. Anthony Addehead, who, to do him justice, became only the more pressing, when the Doctor's misfortune was generally known.

Summer was rapidly drawing to a close, and yet Anthony had made no advancement in his suit, until one morning at his solitary breakfast, a note was placed in the hands of Dr. Weldon. Bearing some relation to our story, we have no hesitation in transcribing it. It ran thus :—

My dear Weldon,—I have at length come to the determination of becoming an obedient Benedict, if I may hope to find favour in the eyes of your charming daughter—may I request your good offices in my behalf, and ask you to become my advocate with the gentle Agnes? If through your intervention I should succeed, I will, despite the frost of half a century, be the happiest man within a thousand miles. In the course of the day, I will be with you, to consult upon the subject. Believe me to be, my dear Weldon, sincerely yours,

ANTHONY ADDEHEAD.

The Doctor at first was inclined to laugh at his good friend Anthony, for offering his hand to one so young as Agnes, to whom, as far as years were concerned, he might have stood in the respectable relation of sire or grandsire; but, taking his own circumstances into consideration, he began to think the match far less supremely foolish than at a first glance it seemed, and when he met his daughter, he had come to the conclusion that his friend Anthony should not ask his good offices in vain.

"My sweet Agnes," he said, after offering her the note for perusal, and observing the startled gaze with which she read it, "I am becoming too old to begin again to make a fortune for you, and, though I would not constrain your feelings, I ask you to give the proposal of Mr. Addehead a dispassionate considera-

tion, and, if possible, a favourable answer, for nothing can now give me so much pleasure as to see you comfortably settled in a home you may call your own; and although Mr. Anthony is rather older than the lover I would have chosen for my Agnes, he is a kind and an honourable man. Do not, then, reject his offered hand, without thinking well on the advantages it offers as well to father as to child."

Agnes spoke not, but threw herself on her father's neck, and passionately wept.

CHAPTER V.

"He was famed for deeds of arms."

We had nearly forgotten Uncle Somers, who, since the departure of his nephew, was rarely seen at Dr. Weldon's; and now it is from sheer necessity, as chroniclers of facts, that we revert to the worthy bachelor.

He was engaged with his second bottle on a fine September evening, and the windows were thrown open to admit the wanton breath of the sportive zephyr, while Uncle Somers, sipping at his wine reverted to the bygone days of youth. From thoughts of his own youth, he gradually turned to his nephew, and his busy fancy pictured him stretched on the battle field, trampled among the unregretted dead. Strange, how mysteriously, and as if by prescience, the human heart becomes heavy when evil awaits us, and, even amid the hum of busy crowds, the mind is prepared by an innate sadness for the tale of distress and pain.

Uncle Somers was not merry over his wine, and he drained glass after glass without feeling any thing approximating to even a comfortable glee; but aware of no cause for gloom, he strove to shake his dull feelings away from him, but without success.

"Draw the curtains, Janet, the night air becomes chilly," cried Uncle Somers to an attendant Hebe, who sat patiently within call of her master's, "but, stay," said the old man, looking from the window, "what means this? here comes a courier, 'bloody with spurring—foaming white with speed'—and he is driving straight for the cottage gate. I much fear he brings bad news of nephew Richard!" and the old man became pale and faint, as the thought of his former meditations being realized, crossed his mind.

He was not, however, long in suspense, for the trooper, for such it indeed was, flung his bridle over one of the pillars of the gate, and strode into the room, bearing a small packet in his hand; Uncle Somers sprang forward to meet him, and snatching the letter, hastily broke the seal, and ran his eye over the contents. They were these :—

"Sir—It becomes my painful duty to acquaint

you with a misfortune which has befallen my much esteemed friend Major Somers. Having been recently promoted to a majority, as a reward for distinguished conduct in the field, he was some days ago entrusted with the command of the Regiment to which he is attached, and ordered to join the division of Lieutenant General —. It was necessary that the march should be performed with great expedition and caution, and in his usual spirit of gallantry, Major Somers rode forward, accompanied by a small detachment, to reconnoitre the country through which it was necessary to pass. They had proceeded about three miles in advance of the main body, when they were arrested by a shower of rifle bullets from a wood directly in front, which very shortly before had been in possession of our own troops. He immediately drew his rein, and hastened back to join his regiment, and placing the artillery in front, hurried within range of the wood, with the intention of scouring it with large shot. The enemy were, however, drawn up in great and overpowering numbers, well flanked with artillery, directly in front, and after a protracted fire, during which, from the nature of the ground, neither party derived any material advantage, Major Somers determined on leading on in person his gallant fellows to decide the question by a charge. He was well seconded; but the enemy, desperate from being hemmed in on all sides, determined very wisely on endeavouring to break through on our weakest point, and received the charge with a steady discharge of musketry, and rifles, almost within the length of the muskets of our brave fellows. As a matter of course they were partially thrown into disorder, and the enemy gathering resolution, fought their way through, carrying off Major Somers, severely if not mortally wounded, a prisoner of war.

It is only necessary to conclude with the expression of the regret of the General commanding, for the loss, if even only temporary, of an officer so highly and justly esteemed as Major Somers; and he requests that you will accept his assurance that no exertion will be wanting to effect, as early as possible, an exchange with some prisoner of rank, several of whom are at present in the hands of his Majesty's forces.

With every consideration of esteem, I have the honour to be, &c.

F —. L —.

Captain and Acting Secretary.

The letter fell from the hands of poor Uncle Somers, who stood as one struck dumb.

"Ungrateful dog!" he at length exclaimed, "to leave their leader's fate a doubtful one, and in the hands of the enemy. By heavens I will myself go seek him in their very dens, and if I cannot save him, I will at least die by the side of my brother's son."

"Nonsense, man," said the trooper, helping himself freely to a goblet of burgundy that stood invitingly on the table; "his case is in better hands. The general will have him if man may, and as to you saving him or dying either, you would be only laughed at by the men who have him in their keeping. If he yet live he is safe, if not, he died as he has lived, brave and honoured, aye, and will be wept too by many an eye long a stranger to the tear;" and a big drop rolled over the war worn cheek of the burly trooper.

The evening was a lovely one, and Dr. Weldon, invited by its beauty, had walked from his own residence to that of Mr. Somers, accompanied by Agnes, and entered the room, unannounced, while the trooper was speaking.

With a woman's quick perception, she saw the whole at a single glance—the open letter—the stricken old man, and the agitated soldier—all conspired to rob her of the hope she had so fondly cherished, that Richard Somers would one day return to claim her love. Her eye, rivetted on the scroll, became fixed when it met the sentence which told of his falling into the foe's hand, a wounded prisoner, and she fell fainting into her father's arms.

It scarcely needed an explanation even to the more aged Doctor. The truth at once flashed upon his heart, and he wondered that he had not before felt that his daughter loved the gallant soldier. He wasted not a moment in useless questioning, but applied himself to the recovery of his daughter from the death-like swoons, which following closely on each other, seemed as if they would only close with her utter dissolution.

It were vain to dwell on the incoherent ravings of one so suddenly deprived of the dearest hope of a young and tender heart. Hers was passion in its torrent, and it swept before it all attempt at consolation, offered as it was without sincerity. She was borne to her father's house, to be laid on a fevered bed, and the thread of her young life was nearly rent in twain. Oh! it is sad, when the cherished dream of youth flies before the waking reality of dark despair, and the young heart bends beneath the weight of sorrow's iron rod. Let the lone one weep—her tears will lighten, if they cannot altogether wash away, the grinding load of the heart's deep anguish.

CHAPTER VI.

A stately mansion, on the margin of the Hudson, was the prison-house of Richard Somers. Tended with friendly care, a captive only in name, he had risen from what seemed a bed of death, and he sat at an open window, feeling the beauty of a scene, lovely as he had ever gazed on in the loved land of his youth, save that it was unblest with the presence

of her whose smiles would have changed the desert into a garden of choicest sweets. The glorious river rolled almost beneath him, and the sun set amid golden clouds, bright as a poet's dream, and the mild air of autumn played over his temples, which so lately had throbbled with the sickened pulse of fevered pain.

"Such was the hour, my Agnes, and such the scene, when our parting words were spoken. How much of life have I lived since then! How many scenes as widely different as the thoughts of youth and age, have I since looked upon—yet unto thee has my heart for ever turned. The turmoil of the battle—the festal song—the bed of sickness and of death—vanished all before my thoughts of thee. Oh! when may my lonely heart again feel thy angel form reposing there?"

"Speak not your thoughts so freely," said a venerable man beside him, laying his hand on Richard's shoulder, "else will your evesdropping friends learn all your treasured secrets; and yet, so sweet an hour and scene may well recall the dreamy hours of love and youth. I could almost myself forget that half a century has passed since I too knelt at a maiden's feet, pouring out what I then deemed feelings only mine. Years—long years—have passed since she I loved left me the heritage of a widowed heart, and now I can sit here for hours and look upon her placid grave, with the pale moon resting on its mocking flowers, and think only of the quickly coming time when we shall meet again."

It seemed to Somers something akin to sacrilege to break upon the holy silence, which followed the melancholy remembrances of his aged friend, and each remained for a brief period, mute, holding communion with the sacred feelings of his heart. At length Richard spoke.

"I knew not that there was any ear so near; but since there was, believe me that there is none from whom I less care to hide my 'treasured secrets.' It is true I love! you have felt and understand its power—and will not therefore deem that ingratitude mingles with my feelings, when I ask, if you have yet learned when I shall be free. Methinks this sickness has made me doubly anxious to see again my early friends, lest it should have been pictured to them worse than it really has been; for I much fear that few of my letters have ever reached their destination."

"Now you remind me of my errand, and I much fear that we shall immediately lose you. Our general has today received a tender for an exchange of prisoners, and I believe he intends offering you for Colonel _____. If so, your commander will be a gainer, for to speak sooth, the Colonel is not as valuable as his rank would lead one to imagine. In the meantime, you may feed upon the hope that your bonds will soon be broken, and gather strength for your journey to your native home."

"Most generous friend—for how much more than life I have to thank you. Believe me that I shall not lack in gratitude."

"No more," answered the kind old man, "I, too, have a son, resembling you. He may sometime want a foeman's aid—my attention may be therefore selfish. I am becoming childish again. Your hand—good night!"

CHAPTER VII.

"The constant drop wears e'en the rock away."

We have said that Agnes Weldon was laid on a bed of fever. Long did the destroying angel struggle for the mastery over her fair spirit, and death beside her pillow, watched but a rude breath to snatch her to the grave.

Anthony Addehead seemed as if he too would become insane. Night after night, he sat beside her couch, watching the expression of her slightest wish, grudging the task of waiting on her to the gentle nurse procured by her fond and trembling father, and when at length she was pronounced in safety, he became young again with very gladness. Agnes was grateful for his unwearied kindness; and hearing nothing of Richard, her despair settled into a melancholy calm.

When her health was restored, he again began to woo, and Agnes often feigned an aching head, to be excused from listening to his vows, which were offered with no less fervency that she had told how much her heart was bound up in the absent one. He believed that Somers filled a soldier's grave; and never hoping for enthusiastic love, he would have been content with Agnes as the mistress of his household, and to watch the flowers in his newly planted garden, for since his retirement from mercantile speculation, he had become a florist, and boasted the most splendid dahlias and the richest pinks and roses in the vicinity of the city.

The Doctor, too, was daily becoming less able to attend professional duties; and his income, narrowed by his losses, he feared that he would soon leave his child unfriended to a heartless world, to avert which, he often urged her to accept the proffered suit. She wept and begged for peace; and she was left for a time to her gloomy thoughts, but again her father renewed the theme, until at last she became passive in his hands, and he exulted in the thought that she was willing to become a bride.

Uncle Somers, being now alone in the world, became a melancholy and moody man, seldom mixing in the society of the neighbourhood, and since it became generally hinted that Anthony Addehead was likely to succeed with the Doctor's daughter, he had never crossed the threshold of his old friends.

His heart was bowed in the dust. He often wrote to the officers of the Regiment for intelligence of Richard, but never received an answer except one couched in terms even more vague than the first letter which told of his loved nephew's dreadful fate. Judging from this, he deemed that his first fears were indeed true, and he mourned for his brother's son with sorrow as deep as if he had seen his corpse laid before him in the cheerless sleep of death.

Again we ask the indulgent reader to meet us on a New Year's Eve, by the fireside of Dr. Weldon.

The guests are less numerous, and even more grave than on the former occasion when they were assembled there, and the place of Richard Somers is occupied by our venerable friend, Mr. Anthony Addehead—he sits by the side of Agnes Weldon, an accepted lover, and the day for their bridal is fixed for the first of summer. The face of the betrothed maiden is deadly pale, and there is a visible agitation in her whole manner, while her every movement is followed by the eye of her ancient lover with something approaching fondness.

The Doctor is silent—he feels that the wishes of his child are not with him who has been chosen for the companion of her life, but he deems that to wed is a lesser evil, and his entreaties have urged his gentle girl to the mocking sacrifice.

"Will we ride tomorrow over the ice bridge to the Prairie village," whispered Anthony into the ear of Agnes, "I will myself drive my ponies, and we shall have the whole sleigh to ourselves—say, Agnes, shall it be so?"

Agnes bowed her head in silence.

"Then," resumed Anthony, "the bargain is struck. What say the goodly company to a drive tomorrow, for the sake of following the custom of the land we live in?"

"I am willing,"

"And I,"

Came from the younger voices in the assembly, and the Doctor, consenting to accompany the party, having one of the younger guests acting in the capacity of coachman, it was decided they should all meet on the New Year, at the Doctor's residence, and thence start on their tour across the ice.

CHAPTER VIII.

Philosophers and stoics may prate as they will. People will be merry at the advent of a year. Sacred custom warrants the saddest to smile at the hearty greetings of friends—the hand, the cheek, are alike offered on such occasions, and the youngest, the fairest, and the mildest, need not blush at the bold kiss of a happy swain. Let the cynic rail at the time-honoured customs of our sires, as falling

behind the onward spirit of the age. This at least is sacred. Old as we are, we hope that for our lives it may continue so. It would be difficult to forego our claim to the "New Year's kiss."

Mr. Anthony Addehead held opinions resembling ours, and on the morning of the New Year, he rose early from his couch of dreams, and repaired to the residence of Dr. Weldon, where, lying in wait for the appearance of Agnes, he caught her as she emerged from her chamber, and without preface, imprinted on her lip, to him, "the first fond kiss of love." The traces of recent tears were visible on the countenance of Agnes, but Anthony saw them not. He seemed a very spaniel in his gamesomeness, when he found that he had veritably succeeded in purloining a kiss from his passionless betrothed.

The morning was devoted to the merry greetings of a numerous range of friends, and Dr. Weldon and his daughter did the honours of their household as was their wont, with courteous hospitality; but the heart of neither was happy. Gloom hung like a storm-cloud over them, and it was not until the sleighs began to draw up at the door, caparisoned for the road, that they thought of the appointment for the day's delights.

The party started on their tour, and the merry laugh rang from sleigh to sleigh, mingling with the tinkle of the joybells, until even the heart of Agnes felt a portion of the lightness of its happier hours. The chill of the frosty air, placed at defiance by the rich and graceful robes in which the riders were enveloped, only served to brace the nerves to pleasure, and the glistening snow, sparkling with its diamond frost-work, and glistening in the sun, formed a glad-some scene, which none, save they who have followed a bounding courser over the wreathing snow-path can even picture to fancy's excited dream.

We remember that New Year's morning well—it seems scarcely farther ago than yesterday, although a third of man's allotted life has passed since then. Uncle Somers was invited to join the rout, and having accepted the well meant kindness, occupied with us, the second cutter. Anthony and his betrothed led the race. The ice bridge was half crossed, when Anthony, albeit unused to a coachman's seat, yet determined to wear the seeming of a fearless driver, made his lowly tandem whip whistle round the ears of his foaming steeds. The animals, loving not to be so roughly handled, took the mastery upon themselves, and bounded and caracoled, until heated with the race, they broke through all restraint, and bounded over the snow wreaths with the speed of air. Anthony became bewildered with the agony of his fear, when he saw them pass within a whip's length of some yawning pit, which, more rapid than the rest, had not yet owned the dominion of the frost-spirit.

Onwards the coursers swept, with terrible speed, and Anthony, powerless as an infant, scarcely endur-

voured to check them as they careered to destruction. They had left the beaten path, and directly in their front, at a short distance, yawned an unfrozen chasm. Agnes shrieked not, but her face was pale, deadly pale, and cold as the snow over which she was so wildly borne. Terrible must it be to see the grave open before our vision, and to feel that we must die, without one moment to say farewell to those we love.

Anthony, however, when he saw the chasm distinctly, became nerved from veriest despair, and rising up in his seat, he sprang over the side of the vehicle, and fell on the ice, with no severer injury than a broken head and a fractured arm.

Agnes scarcely saw him leap from the sleigh—she was petrified with the agony of her fear, and made no effort to avert her doom.

Strange, magnificent, and inscrutable are the ways of the Most High and Eternal One, and His arm can shield his creatures as powerfully amid the tempest and the hurricane, as if they were cradled in the palaces of mightiest kings. Let the heart bend in all humility, and offer up its grateful homage that HE deigns to save.

The course of the bounding steeds had not been unwatched, and a horseman, riding a heavy charger, calculating with a soldier's eye, the distance to be yet passed, urged his own horse's speed, until he stood between the sleigh and its awful goal. His eye watched their bounding, and when within a few paces of where he stood, he plunged the rowel into his charger's side, and the leading steed, turning partially aside, left him room to seize the bridle-rein.

Arrested so suddenly in his course, the vehicle drove up against the heels of the shaft horse, and threw him to the ice, when, swerving partially around, the fainting maiden was thrown from the vehicle to be caught in the arms of the gallant stranger, who had flung himself from his saddle, even before the panting steed had fallen.

The shock left the head of the maiden uncovered, and when the stranger's eye fell upon the lovely countenance, his whole manner became changed, and almost shrieking "Agnes," he caught the swooning girl to his arms—and Agnes Weldon was held in a long warm embrace to the beating heart of her long lost Richard.

The whole party quickly reached the scene, and warm greetings and congratulations—hurried questions and as hurried answers passed, and Richard Somers was by his Uncle embraced as warmly as if he had been indeed his own. The Doctor pressed his recovered child to his heart with the feelings of one who sees his treasure restored at the moment he deems it lost forever, and esteem and gratitude rendered his embrace to her deliverer as warm and true as the greeting of a sire to a son who has been long loved and lost.

The explanation of Somers was satisfactory and brief. He had been carried by the noble foe who took him captive to his father's mansion on the Hudson, and nursed as tenderly as if in his own loved home. When recovered from his wounds, an exchange of prisoners was effected. He travelled express homewards, and arrived in time to save the loved one of his heart from a dreadful doom, and to receive the only reward for which he cared.

Need we tell the sequel of the tale. The heads of the horses were speedily turned homewards, and Anthony Addehead was supported in the arms of Richard Somers and Agnes Weldon, and recovered from his bruises in time to officiate at the bride in another capacity than that of a bridegroom.

It is true he was for a brief time pouty, but his desertion of Agnes in the hour of need, and the gallant assistance of Major Somers were so often thrown in his teeth, that he gave up the conflict in despair and with his natural generosity, forgave them and was at peace.

CONCLUSION.

Come we again to the point at which we started, and beg of the indulgent reader to meet us again on a New Year's Eve, by the fire-side of Dr. Weldon.

The scene is changed. The festal board is spread, and Anthony Addehead, flanked on either side by the Doctor and Uncle Somers, occupies the highest seat. Agnes, no longer Miss Weldon, but Mrs. Somers, with blushing eagerness is stilling the peevish cry of a lovely boy, whose face she gazes upon with a look of mingled pride and love. Richard seems all attention to the cheerful guests, but ever and anon he steals a glance of prideful tenderness at his young wife and her darling boy.

But, stop a moment, Anthooy Addehead is speaking—

"Ladies and Gentles listen! Beware of building airy castles!—Twelve brief months ago, no more, I hoped that I would ere this have occupied the proud position of my good friend Somers—but a wise saw says, "Many a slip," &c. The case is different, but I know not that it is not better, at least I am content, and beg permission to propose for a toast "a long life of health to my god-son, Richard Anthony Weldon."

"What say you to dancing in the year," asked Dr. Weldon of Uncle Somers, with a cheerful smile.

"A most happy thought," replied Uncle Somers. "I will a second time be musician for the night."

The proposal was readily agreed to, and a happier party seldom watched the coming of the small hours than that which met to commemorate the christening of Richard Anthony Weldon.

Richard and Mrs. Somers did not dance, but sitting together in a quiet spot, he whispered that his prayer had been heard indeed, and that after the storm had come the "sunshine and the calm."

Let not the reader fancy this a tale of fiction. Names are slightly altered, but the author yet wastes many a peaceful night with Major Somers, whose sword, though now by himself unused, serves in the person of Richard Anthony, now grown to man's estate, to adorn the chosen leader of a gallant band of free soldier citizens, the fearless defenders of their country in the hour of civil danger.

BRavery.

It has been said that a prudent general will always before an engagement secure the means of retreating. Such, however, was not the case with the Duke of Wellington, when he fought the battle of Waterloo, with defiles in his rear. If he had lost that battle, which he would have done if fortune had not favoured him in a remarkable manner, his army would have been annihilated. Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen, when told by an officer that Admiral Parker had made the signal for recalling the ships under his command, who were about engaging the enemy, made this memorable reply—"You are aware that I have but one eye, and I must keep that on the enemy." It is said that Napoleon, in all his numerous battles, never made any arrangement for a retreat, if unsuccessful. He always calculated upon getting the victory. It is related of Sir Charles Coote, a distinguished Irish general, that when he commanded a body of troops for the purpose of suppressing a rebellion in Ireland, he urged, in a council of war, the propriety of passing certain defiles and causeways, before the enemy could get together to oppose them. To which it was replied it might be so, but when the country was alarmed how should they get back? "I protest," exclaimed Sir Charles, "I never thought of such a thing in all my life, I always considered how to do my business, and when that was done, I got home as well as I could, and hitherto I have not missed of forcing my way."

LITERARY PROPERTY.

MR. HOOD, in an article of singular humour, states that the phrase "*republic of letters*," was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they have not got a *sovereign* among them.

A conceited juvenile pulpit-performer importuned (on some anniversary) the bishop of his diocese to allow him to preach. I have no objection to permit you, said the bishop, but nature will not.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO MY PIANO FORTE.

Kind friend, this lay I owe to thee,
For, touch thee when I will,
"Thy saddest note is weat to me,"
Thy gayest dearer still.

When sickness taught this form to fade,
Who could my spirit raise,
Like thy sweet tones as memory played,
"The light of other days."

When health returned, and loved ones near,
Made all around me bright,
Thy sounds of gladness filled mine ear,
With many a pure delight

And now, when seas between me roll,
And those I love so well,
Thy strains can reach mine inmost soul,
From memory's treasured cell

The past before us lives again,
In many a well known air,
Of thrilling sounds, whose power can pain,
And wake the silent prayer.

While those dear forms around me float,
In fancy's fairy field,
In every soft and swelling note,
Thy gentle touch can yield.

Yes, faithful friend, to thee remains
A gratitude more dear,
For do not thy melodious strains
My husband often cheer.

The higher joy of prayer and praise,
Can from thy tones be given,
While airs of sacred music raise,
Our pious thoughts to Heaven.

And when we turn to humbler song,
None sweeter sure can flow,
Than that we both have loved so long,
"John Anderson, my jo!"

E. M. M.

Montreal, December, 1838.

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

MUCH has been said and written about the superiority of women in their power of patient endurance; but few persons have added the just, though melancholy reflection, that the power of endurance in women is but the faithful measure of how much they have to endure.

WHAT IS MONEY.

NOVEL people spurn gold—they hate it, they look at it sideways and contemptuously; they fling it from them or trample it under their feet. All these things show their superiority to mere human nature, and therefore we ought to feel the more indebted to the novelist who brings forth a new and better race than the world boasts of, and teaches us—shames us—by showing that mere creatures of the imagination are superior to the beings who are the lords of the creation.

"Perish the gold!" ought to be kept in stereo by all novel-printers, for it is a continually recurring beauty in every such work, and is a noble and energetic expression.

"Jenkins, you have served me well for twenty years," said Tomkins to his foreman, "there are fifty pounds for ye, and begone!" "Do you doubt my integrity, Mr. Tomkins?" said Jenkins, with a terrific look, as he took the red-silk purse with the sovereigns enclosed.

"I do," answered Tomkins, firmly yet mournfully.

"Then *perish the gold*?" screamed Jenkins, as he flung the purse upon the floor of the counting-house, took his hat from a peg, smoothed the crown of it with his elbow, and rushed into the street, amidst a storm of wind and rain above, and a conglomeration of mud below."

"Staperino," said Grufere, "wilt thou do my bidding?"

"What? challenge Lorenzo, overpower him, and pass my sword through his body—the villain!—yes!"

"No! kill him quietly and expeditiously—thou hast the price in thy hand."

"*Perish the gold!*" exclaimed Staperino, flinging the leather bag and its contents into the Guadalaxara which flowed beneath the window, and sheathed his sword.

"My dear girl, I have wronged you," said Sir William, "but I cannot marry you—it would ruin us both—here—here is gold—take it, and be happy if you can!"

"And be miserable?"

"I have said."

"*Perish the gold!*" frantically shrieked the unfortunate girl, dashing the money from her, and rushing forth to misery and starvation! There!—that last is a clincher; who will say after that, that novel-people are not wonderful scorners of the "golden ore?" Sure I am that any one else would have acted a less noble, though perhaps more prudent part than the wretched lady. But then why should novel people desire gold? Don't their common progenitor provide them all with that fortune which each deserves: and be assured, tender-hearted reader, the lady will not fare worse in the end for her noble disdain of riches.

But it is not the ruffians and unfortunate only, that thus condemn wealth; all the eccentric—and

every one is eccentric who does any thing very good or very bad—all the eccentric people in novels have a "devil-may-care" sort of disregard for money.

"Oh," said the charming Julia, "I could live and die midst want without repining, if Gonsalvo's fate was but linked with mine!"

"Yes, dearest!" said that individual entering, "and I could struggle through wo the deepest, without money, without friends, if I possessed but thee!"

Then, again, there is another class which always delights in giving away the money it has earned by years of toil.

"Here," said the benevolent money-lender, "take this, you will find five hundred pounds—no thanks—it is yours, and never want while I can give."

Oh how pleasant it is to read this sort of thing! one feels one's respect for the race rising like the mercury on the coast of Africa, and all one's old prejudices against misbegotten wealth and its possessors oozing away.

BOAT SONG.

"Eripite o socii, pariterque insurgite remis."

Bend on your oars—for the sky it is dark,
And the wind it is rising apace!

For the waves they are white with their crests all so bright
And they strive as if running a race.

Tug on your oars—for the day's on the wane,
And the twilight is deepening fast;
For the clouds in the sky show the hurricane nigh,
As they flee from the face of the blast.

Stretch on your oars—for the sun it is down,
And the waves are like lions in play;
The stars they are fled and no moon is o'erhead,
Or to point or to cheer our lone way.

Rise on your oars—let the bright star of hope
Be seen 'mid the tempest's wild roar;
And cheer, lads! for we, who were born on the sea,
Have weathered such tempests before.

Rest on your oars—for the haven is won,
And the tempest may bluster till morn;
For the bold and the brave are now freed from the
wave,

Where they late roamed so lonely and lorn.

New York Mirror.

There is perhaps not an instance of a man of genius having had a dull woman for his mother, though many have had fathers stupid enough in all conscience.

From Finden's Tableaux of the Affections for 1839.

A STORY OF THE WOODS.

I thought that all things had been savage here.

SHAKSPEARE.

FEW families were more chivalrously attached to the person and principles of the unfortunate Charles the First, than the ancient and wealthy house of Coningsby of Simonburn, and yet such was the jar and conflict of opinion in those stormy days, that the leaven of democracy and puritanism made itself manifest at an early period of his reign, in a younger son of that loyal and flourishing race.

Ralph Coningsby, the cadet in question, was a grave and thoughtful youth, who, being intended by Sir Walter, to pursue his fortunes at the bar, under the auspices of one of the corrupt and subservient judges of the time, threw up his profession in disgust of the oppression of the Star Chamber, and the levity of his fellow Templars; and returned with all speed to Simonburn, where his departure from the family tenets in politics and religion, occasioned to the jolly old knight his father, and the gay gallants his brothers, such a shock of painful and ashamed surprise, as might have been produced by the discovery of some deadly crime. Alienated from his relations and connexions, he was naturally thrown amongst the professors of his own stricter and sterner faith; many of whom, little anticipating the tremendous convulsion which was about to shake the kingly power to its very foundation, were turning their eyes towards that fair new world, that distant and interminable wilderness, which the voyages of Raleigh had opened to their view, and where their wildest visions of religious freedom and republican equality might be realized.

Ralph Coningsby's desire to join one of these bands of pilgrims met with a ready assent from Sir Walter, who willingly advanced, even at the expense of a grove of oaks at the back of the hall, the moderate sum required for the outfit and the voyage; so much did he rejoice at the prospect of ridding himself of one, whose austerity of morals and of manners, was silently felt as a reproach by the whole household, even whilst proclaiming him the opprobrium of his race; to get rid of the first strict professor that ever bore the name of Coningsby, the sacrifice of the grove of oaks seemed nothing. Rather than see that rigid and sanctimonious young face glooming twice in every day over the wild fowl, and

the wine flask in the great hall, Sir Walter would have cut down every tree in the park.

Moderately, therefore, but sufficiently provided, Ralph Coningsby set sail from the port of Hull for New England. But although unaccompanied by any of his kindred, the young adventurer had a companion on his voyage, whose society would have been enough to reconcile him to a less voluntary exile.

Alice Ravenshaw was the orphan daughter of a former Vicar of Simonburn. She was an early playmate of Ralph's, reared in the same tenets, and separated by death from all natural ties, readily consented to become his wife, and to share his fortunes in that distant land. A young girl who had been her personal attendant, went with them also from pure affection and fidelity; and perhaps no three persons ever left their native country with less regret.

A tedious, but on the whole a prosperous voyage brought them to Naumkeak, (afterwards called Salem), on the Eastern shores of Massachusetts; and Alice and her attendant Lucy were speedily settled in a log hut in the middle of a small clearing, which Ralph, with such assistance from the other pilgrims, as kindness offered or money could buy, applied himself assiduously to bring into cultivation. Their husbandry prospered. Ralph, young and active and used to the manly exercises of the time, found health and content in his labours; whilst Alice and Lucy, accustomed to the rude and hardy mode of living which was in those days the lot of all except the very highest ranks (in thinking of the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers, we are a little too apt to forget the march of civilisation, and that the comforts now found in every cottage were then hardly to be commanded in the palace)—Alice and her faithful handmaiden, habituated at home to "winter and rough weather," would have been without a grievance of which to complain had not they naturally cherished an undefined but ungovernable fear of their neighbours of the woods, the true lords of the soil, the fierce and warlike Red Indians.

Even this feeling however was destined to undergo a change. One day, shortly after she had become

a mother, Mrs. Coningsby had advanced farther than usual into the woods, tempted by the freshness of a close and narrow valley, in the bottom of which was a clear dark pool, surrounded by magnificent trees, whose foliage exhibited all the tender beauty of tint peculiar to that month, which the Indians call the moon of flowers; she had wandered far and was thinking of returning to her home and her infant, when her ear was caught by the low wailing of a babe, and following the sound, she saw a Squaw seated on the ground, her back supported by a large white oak, and an infant clinging to her bosom, whilst a warrior stood leaning upon his bow in an attitude of dejection, and with an expression of painful suffering which those "Stoics of the Woods" seldom allow themselves to exhibit. On approaching them nearer, she saw that the Squaw was dead, and that the wailing child was vainly pressing its little fingers against her breast, for the nourishment which it could no longer afford.

The cry of nature is alike in all languages. It went straight to the young English woman's heart. She snatched the famished infant from the lap of its dead mother, and regardless of colour or of race, placed it to her own bosom, wept over it as it inhaled the nutriment which it so much wanted; and contrived to make the grateful chief understand that his little son should share her cares and her love with her own boy. And for above two years Corbiant (such was the name of the Naragansett chief, one of the most powerful of his tribe) left the child in her hands. At the end of that period, just when he had begun to lisp the name of mother, a dead deer was one morning found at the door of their cabin, and the Indian boy was gone.

Time rolled on. Divisions upon points of doctrine and church discipline had arisen among the religious community of Salem, as Naumkeak was now called; and they who had sailed three thousand miles to escape the intolerance of the dominant establishment in the old country, became themselves intolerent of the opinions of their neighbours. Alas! and these are the wise!

Ralph Coningsby had mingled deeply and bitterly in these differences; and partly from that cause, partly from an adventurous love of life in the wilderness, he and his now large family retired deeper into the woods; and were settled at an extensive clearing remote from other habitations.

One evening the father, his two elder sons, and the male domestics had gone to some distance to seek for their strayed cattle, and their trusty damsel, Lucy, was standing at the door, listening to the mournful note of the Whip-poor-Will whilst the mother and her younger children were pursuing their customary avocations in the house. Suddenly Lucy rushed in, and seized a carbine, whilst an arrow falling at Mrs. Coningsby's feet, explained too clearly the motive of her strange action, and told the

startled household that the Pequods, the most treacherous and dangerous of the Indian tribes, were upon them. In another second, before the faithful handmaiden, bold from the very desperation of fear, could fire the carbine which she had seized, they heard the terrible war-whoop, and gave themselves up for lost. Another minute passed; the frightened inmates of the dwelling, expecting the instant entrance of their merciless foes, almost dreading, so numerous did they seem, that the return of Mr. Coningsby and his sons would but add fresh victims to those whose doom seemed already sealed; when they were aware of another and more powerful band of warriors advancing from an opposite point, and a yet shriller war-whoop, at the sound of which the cowardly Pequods fled, whilst the friendly Naragansetts formed a guard around the house; and their young leader, approached Mrs. Coningsby, as she advanced to give him entrance, bent to kiss her garments, and whispered in the broken, but well remembered accents of infancy, "Mother! dear Mother!"

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.

During the cholera, the emperor, when walking, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, near Schonbrun, met a bier carrying a body to the cemetery but not followed by any one. The Emperor asked "Why was the corpse abandoned?" "It is probably that of some poor friendless person," replied the aide-de-camp. "Well, then," said the Emperor, "it is our duty to accompany it to the grave." So saying, the Emperor took off his hat, placed his arm within that of his aide-de-camp, and both, uncovered, followed the coffin to the cemetery, where Francis himself threw the first spadeful of dust over the body. "This," say the Viennese, with a thousand others which they tell of him, "shows how sensible our good Vuter Kaiser Franz was of human equality." — *Austria and the Austrians.*

AN IMPRECATION

May heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him!
 May the keen storm of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit!
 May peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow.
 May his days be filled with reproach, and his nights be haunted with remorse!
 May he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution!
 and may all his offsprings be blighted and perish, except one, who may grow up a curse to his old age, and bring his hoary head with sorrow to the grave!

BY putting a piece of ~~amp~~-sugar the size of a walnut into the tea-pot you will make the tea infuse in one-half the time.

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

WE had lately occasion to employ some joiners to make an alteration in the passage of a house, and on coming in the course of the day to see how the work was advancing, found that they were proceeding upon a plan which threatened much inconvenience, but which was the most obvious that could have been adopted. We suggested another mode, by which the inconvenience might be avoided; but there was something eccentric about it, something inconsistent with the usual practice of the craft, and we accordingly received for answer, "Why, sir, it can't be done." We insisted, nevertheless, on our proposal being adopted, and it was so, but under a strong protest from the foreman, disclaiming all responsibility for the result, and not without some ill-suppressed sneers and grumbings on the part of the subordinate operatives. On the conclusion of the work, it was found precisely suitable; nor did any evil consequence of any kind flow from our having followed our own judgment.

We would say—and we of course say it in all friendly good-humour—that the "It can't be done" of our friend the foreman is a phrase too prevalent among artisans. If, in the thing which you employ them to fabricate—a pair of shoes, for instance, or any other piece of clothing—you require, for taste or necessity, any departure from the usual rule, it is three to one that you are met with this "It can't be done;" or, if the work be undertaken, you are almost equally sure to have it executed in the usual manner, and all your remonstrances answered with a retrospective version of the phrase—"It *could* not be done." The habit of working after a particular fashion—the blinding effect of custom—incapacitate the greater number of mechanics for taking up and adapting their ingenuity to particular cases; and it is only a small proportion of lively and salient minds who can be induced to break through the dogged and *perversely straight-forward* system of their respective professions. These clever fellows are probably those who attain promotion; but there should be more of them. An individual who, for whatever reason or purpose, requires articles of extraordinary construction, often experiences the greatest difficulty in getting workmen willing, not to say able, to take up the specialties of the case. We know, for instance, one unhappy gentleman, who declares, with reference to a particular part of his dress, where nature has called for a slight departure from the usual forms, under the penalty of very severe suffering, that he was twenty-five years of age, and endured tortures often nearly insupportable, before he happened to encounter a tradesman, who for love or money, would yield to the necessities of the case—and that tradesman was one, who, requiring something like the same uncommon measure himself, could only be supposed to act through—shall we say?—a selfish sympathy.

"It can't be done," however, is an aphorism by no means confined to the plodding arts, or the more industrious departments of society. It affects classes of much higher pretension, and who, we may venture to prophesy, will be much longer in abandoning it than the rapidly improving operative classes. It is a protective speech for the indolent, the timid, the self-sufficient, and the obstructive, of all orders. Tell the sluggard to rouse himself to some particular exertion which will clearly tend to his advantage: he turns himself in his bed, and, yawning forth an "It can't be done," is once more asleep almost before the sentence is concluded. Tell the fearful man—some poor fellow who has been scowled, oppressed, and buffeted out of all spirit and energy—that there is at length some prospect of his being able to take a bolder position, where he may defend himself from contumely and injury: he shrinks from the very idea, and murmuring "It can't be done," resigns himself to what he has long been disposed to think "his fate." Tell the professional man, who, like certain animals, has taken one meal of knowledge and gone to sleep for ever, or any other sort of person who regularly opposes every thing till it is established, and then "encumbers it with help," that there is a project for applying steam to navigation, or gas to domestic use, or the monitorial system to education, and he instantly meets you with a blighting "It can't be done." Every thing great and useful has to go through an "It can't be done" stage, during which, in some instances, how many noble spirits are condemned to sigh themselves into atrophy, or chafe themselves into madness! The heart-break of Columbus was, "It can't be done." It is the most sluggish, the most cowardly, the most cruel, the most pernicious of maxims.

The generation of *It can't be done*s is also not uncommon in the army. For some time after the commencement of the Peninsular war, Lord Wellington had an adjutant-general (perhaps we are mis-stating the office, but it is of little consequence) who had seen a good many previous campaigns, and was a very respectable officer, according to ordinary views, but never received an order without starting objections, and usually went away with an appearance of utter despair as to the possibility of carrying the project into execution. The commander-in-chief soon perceived that this worthy gentleman, with his constant "It can't be done," was quite unsuitable to the new mode of carrying on war; and it therefore became a matter of great importance that a proper substitute should be found. Wellington had chanced lately to give one or two occasional orders of a somewhat difficult kind to a young captain, who in receiving them, had not betrayed the slightest mark of either surprise at the nature of the command, or fear for its execution, but, with a simple assent, had gone promptly off to do what was required. This man he immediately elevated to the office in

question, and it is said that no commander ever had a better assistant. On another occasion, some delay had taken place in the bringing of some boats with provisions up one of the Portuguese rivers, and a commissariat officer, who was responsible for the duty, was summoned to the presence of the chief. "Why are those boats not yet brought up?" The difficulty—~~one~~ evidently easy to be surmounted—was stated. "Look you, sir," replied the commander, "if they are not brought up to-morrow at ten o'clock, you shall be broke." The boats were brought up.

Perhaps there is no class of men who are more under the benumbing influence of this miserable aphorism, than the professors of the law. The habit of yielding respect to precedent, and keeping up antiquated forms of phraseology as essential to the validity of what they are engaged to do, seems to fix itself upon them, and affect all the processes of their understandings. No matter how clumsy, how tedious, how expensive, how vexatious are the forms of their profession; they are deemed sacred from the touch; they must not, they cannot be altered. It is on this account that we still labour under the influence of usages which were adapted to a rude state of society, and the continuance of which in the present age is a burlesque on the presumed intelligence of the nation. It is on no other account that pretty nearly an acre of writing is still required to convey a property not much greater in extent, and the price of which will barely pay the expenses of transfer. It is on no other account that the cost of recovery of a debt, in many instances, far exceeds the sum which is sued for. Every body sees that all this is nonsense, except the men who are interested in supporting it, or who have had their understandings narrowed by long continuance in the antiquated practices; and therefore, we have the sorry consolation of knowing that some hundreds of years may elapse before our posterity shall be more comfortable in this respect than ourselves. An exemplary instance of the impracticability of this order of men lately came under our observation. We mentioned to a gentleman in connection with the higher criminal courts, that it was certainly a most injurious practice to confine individuals accused of crimes for a period of three and four months previously to trial, making them associate together in the interval, and therefore either punishing them before they were proved to be guilty, or allowing them to contaminate each other by their society. "Oh, it cannot be otherwise," he replied; "they are tried as soon after the commission of the offence as possible; no better plan could be devised; the law is quite decisive on the subject." It was in vain we represented that the whole system should be altered—the courts sitting daily if necessary—both for the sake of the community and of individuals. He could not see the force of the argument. For having

looked for years at a particular routine of procedure he could not imagine the possibility of any thing better. The idea was too new to be comprehended. Any change *must* be for the worse. "It can't be done."—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget: but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be brought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

THE Corinthian Order, decidedly the most romantic and the richest of ancient or modern architecture, owes its origin to the death of a young lady of Corinth, whose nurse, after her interment collected all the ornaments with which she was wont to be pleased, and deposited them in a basket, near the tomb. It happened that the basket (covered with a tile, to protect its contents from the weather) was placed on the root of an acanthus, which, in the spring, shot forth its leaves, and these, turning up the side of the basket, naturally formed a kind of volute, in the turn given by the tile of the leaves. Fortunately Callimachus, a very ingenious sculptor, passing that way, was struck with the beauty, elegance, and novelty of the basket, surrounded by the leaves of the acanthus; and, according to this idea or example, he afterwards made columns for the Corinthians, ordaining the proportions such as constitute the Corinthian Order.

AN officer in a dragoon regiment, at a review, lost his hat by a gale of wind. A private dismounted, and presenting it to him on the point of his sword, accidentally made a puncture in it. D—it, Sam, I would sooner that you had pierced my arm. Why so, colonel? Because I have credit with my surgeon, but none with my hatter.

NEVER praise or talk of your children to other people, for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a farthing about them.

WALTZ.

COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. H. WARREN,

OF THIS CITY, WHO HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO SUPERINTEND THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Moderato.

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part is marked "Sotto Voce." and includes various articulation marks such as accents (>) and trills (tr). The vocal line includes the lyrics "pia for pia" and "ten" with dynamic markings like *pia* and *ten*. The score concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES

Written in a Lady's Album, as a subject for a beautiful Engraving which had been presented to her by the author.

As some bright scene, by nature's bounty drest,
 In loveliest garb, the pilgrim's steps arrest,
 When there perchance the twilight lingering stays,
 To gild its beauty with a thousand rays
 Of mellowed light, which still seem both to fade
 Before the evening's slowly deep'ning shade:
 Where, too, perchance the softly murmuring breeze,
 Tells its low secrets to the golden trees,
 And there the streamlet's voice in soothing strain,
 May half repay the heart for years of pain!
 As this sweet solitude the pilgrim's stay
 Hath pressed, whilst journeying on his weary way,
 Breathing to him, in memory's witching wile,
 Of cherished hopes, and early dreams the while,
 That rise like spirits from the mournful past,
 And to his wistful mind seem won at last.
 Even so, sweet girl, this lovely picture caught,
 As thou hast note, the dreamy poet's thought,
 In vague imagination, which still lives
 Upon the charmed light all beauty gives;
 And the same feelings which the pilgrim proves,
 The poet's heart with deep emotion moves,
 While o'er the expression of that touching face
 His gaze has kindled, till his eye may trace
 In those soft lines of pensive loveliness,
 All that which, warmed with life, the heart might
 bless!

W. S.

Montreal, December 1838.

(ORIGINAL.)

NIGHT,

AN EXTRACT.

'Tis night—still sable night, and not a star
 Gleams forth to cheer the dark, the dismal sky,
 While round me scenes, extending grand and far,
 Lie hid 'neath shades of black immensity.
 I love the night, for 'neath her influence I
 Can wing my fancy on ethereal flights,
 Where the unthought of wonders may descry
 And sport in realms of self created lights
 Far from the world's rude, jumbling, jarring sights.

I love the night, when memory's pinions rise,
 And bear me back to childhood's happy years,
 Then the fond heart in sweet affection sighs
 O'er bygone bliss that now no more appears
 Save in the mirror retrospection rears
 Which throws a gleam of comfort on my soul,
 That quells my griefs—and banishes my fears,
 While wildest passions own its sweet control,
 Till o'er my heart Hope's gladdening billows roll.

G. R.

THE ANSWER OF A LADY,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HER A PAIR
 OF EAR-RINGS.

Your beautiful ear-rings with pleasure I take,
 How can I continually say no?
 I will wear them as long as I live for your sake,
 For my ears you have bored long ago.

EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE.

I was travelling about four years ago in a remote district in Bengal, and I came to the house of a gentleman belonging to Portugal. I found him reading the scriptures, in the Bengalee, to seventy or eighty people, men, women, and children, of that country, who were all very attentive. The gentleman told me that he had been led to employ some of his leisure moments in this way. "And to-morrow," said he, "as you pass my farm, mention my name, and they will procure you a bed, and you will then see the effects of reading the Scriptures. The next day I called at his estate, where I saw one hundred men, women, and children, who had all become converts to Christianity within three or four years. I inquired how they found themselves; they appeared delighted, and thought it a happy thing for them that Europeans had translated the Scriptures that they may read, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God. I had some intercourse, also, with an official person in that district; and I mention it, because some persons tell you that nothing is done by the missionaries. I asked the magistrate what was the conduct of those Christians, and he said, "There is something in them that does excite astonishment. The inhabitants of this district were particularly known as being so litigious and troublesome, that they had scarcely any matter but what they brought into a court of justice. But during three or four years, not one of these people has brought a cause against any one or any against them." I mention this to show that Christianity will produce, in all countries, peace and happiness to those who know the truth, as it is in the Lord Jesus.—*Col. Phipps.*

THE VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

A FRAGMENT.

THE burial place of a village awakens feelings and produces thoughts different from other grounds of interment. I have stood among the mausoleums of the great, and wondered at the pride that could so magnificently decorate its last tenement. I have walked amid the graves of the rich—I have bent over the vaults of heroes—of philosophers—but never have I had the emotions which arise within me in a village grave-yard.

I there feel as if I were among the patriarchs of other days—those who long ago acted their parts and formed their characters on the theatre of life. I see around me the memorials of many generations. I behold the common dwelling of ancestors and their posterity—the dust of parents mingling with the dust of children—friends, one in life and one in death, their community preserved, their society undestroyed. The inhabitants of a village in this respect have but a step from the cradle to the grave. The tomb is

ever before their eyes—it is ever impressed upon their hearts and in all their employments its influence is experienced. Content to live where their forefathers lived, they close their eyes on the scenes that first gladdened them, and in peacefulness they lie down among the hallowed ashes of their race.

We see there no exhibition of pride. All is simple. No expensive monuments are seen; for their memory is left to the charge of those who survive them. It is embalmed in their affections, and watered by their tears. Every thing is becoming the place. Nothing disgusting to the eye is witnessed.

Who can tell the influence which a grave-yard under such impressive circumstances, has upon the character? Who can conceive the power that it may exert over the thoughts and actions? It is an habitual monitor of the vanity of earthly things. Its voice is ever heard calling upon all to regard themselves as the transient inhabitants of a fleeting world. It restrains levity, and like the presence of some awful spirit, it controls the affections and governs the thoughts. Dissolution is an event that is prepared for in time, because of the perpetual exhortations individuals have had to attend to it. They read, in the fate of others, their own destiny. They feel and know that they must die, and hence they make it their business to obtain that purity, that indifference to earth, that love for heaven that can enable their possessor to depart with no bitter remembrances of misspent time and of neglected opportunities; with no regrets for the past and no evil apprehensions of the future.—*Baltimore Monument.*

TWO AGAINST TWO.

A gentleman, of the name of Man, residing near a private madhouse, met one of its poor inhabitants who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed, "Who are you, sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied, "I am a double man; I am Man by name, and man by nature."—"Are you so?" rejoined the other; "why, I am a man beside myself, so we two will fight you two." He then knocked down poor Man, and ran away.

A PHILOSOPHICAL REPLY.

A man of learning had the misfortune to have his house burnt down, in which a very excellent library made part of the conflagration. His friends were very assiduous in using topics of consolation to him on this calamity. "I should have reaped very little advantage from my books formerly," replied the philosopher, "if I could not bear this misfortune without repining."

OUR TABLE.

ION—A TRAGEDY.

AMONG the late productions in the dramatic school of literature, we have seen nothing capable of affording a higher intellectual banquet than Serjeant Talfourd's Tragedy of *Ion*. Independently of its genuine poetic merit, and of the ennobling sentiments which sparkle through the whole current of the tale, like diamonds on a groundwork of frosted gold, the drama breathes throughout a tone of high-souled and fervent patriotism, which will of itself go far to raise its author's name to an elevated niche in the temple dedicated to earth's immortals.

There is in every heart a portion of native poetry, which, catching the electric fire from the "burning words" of some child of genius, bids the whole human framework thrill with its ready echo to the deep emotion his wizard pencil pictures, and in portraying his hero's character, our author has proved that he is one of those master spirits, and his pen, searching the heart, calls into active being the latent feelings which lie slumbering there. We feel, while the tale progresses to its close, that he has struck a chord which will vibrate for ages after the hand that woke it has passed away.

The tragedy presents a spectacle than which nothing can be more truly lofty: that of *Ion*, the foundling-boy, who, dreaming not of his high lineage, wins the love of his high born guardians by ever acting as becomes one who bears the impress of "nature's own nobility," who, when at length the mystery of his birth is cleared away, and he stands forth robed in the regal purple, with a soul rich in all the attributes of a kingly race, lays his life down—a life circled by all that to common mortals renders existence blessed—power, friendship, love—and bids the treasured ones of his heart rejoice that he can so pluck from the bosom of his country the barbed arrow that rankles there.

Although the greater portion of the *Dramatis personæ* may be looked upon only as aiding in the development of the character of *Ion*, yet each is perfect in his different walk, and many of them are truly beautiful. *Adrastus*, as the pitiless tyrant, whose better nature has been lost in the disappointment of his early years, but whose heart, when not steeled by despair and pride, is yet rich in noble traits, is a splendid creation of the poet's brain. *Ctesiphon*, the son of a murdered sire, panting after vengeance, but clothing even to himself, his private wrong under the garb of the public weal, is another magnificent conception; and *Clemanthe*, all love and tenderness, though scarcely fitted for a stage heroine, is a character of no common beauty.

It was our intention to have offered some extracts from the poem, but feeling how inadequate our disposable space is to render it justice, we for the present recommend the reader to the book itself, as up-

on a careful perusal only can its beauties be fully appreciated. We, however, reserve to ourselves the right of referring to, and extracting from it on some future occasion.

THE ATHENIAN CAPTIVE.

THIS is another tragedy by Serjeant Talfourd, and is far from being unworthy of its predecessor, although falling behind it in magnificence of design. The scene is Corinth, and the principal character, *Thoas*, has been taken captive in a battle between the Athenians and Corinthians. At the request of the son of the Corinthian King, he consents to remain a slave rather than to suffer death. Instigated by the wife of his tyrant-master he slays the old King in making his escape, and returns with the Athenian army, a conqueror to Corinth. The tragedy closes with the death of *Thoas*, and of the Corinthian Queen, who is discovered to be the mother of the captive. She throws herself from a rock in an agony of remorse for having caused her kingly husband's death,—and *Thoas*, urged by shame, stabs himself in presence of the assembled court, convened to consult the oracle for the purpose of discovering the murderer of the King. The book deserves perusal, and no lover of dramatic poetry should remain without a copy of *The Athenian Captive*.

THE ANNUALS.

AS usual at this season, these splendid productions of the press are struggling for the palm—rivaling each other in the beauty of finish and design. The engravings, particularly in the English editions, are truly magnificent, but we must confess that the tales are very seldom above mediocrity. We have quoted a short sketch from "*Finden's Tableaux*," the most beautiful of these winter flowers, as a fair specimen of the matter it generally contains. "*Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book*," "*The Imperial*," "*Forget-me-Not*," &c. &c. among the English, and the "*Gift*," "*Violet*," &c. &c. among the American Annuals, are beautiful specimens of the perfection to which printing, engraving and book-binding have been brought, as well on this continent as in England. Either of them is well calculated for a New Year's gift from a gallant swain to his lady-love, or as a token of remembrance and friendship from any one who can afford to be tastefully generous, at this season of gifts and good things.

The "*Pearls of the East*," which we have seen at the extensive bookstores of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, is a pearl indeed, being different from the other, in so far that the engravings are coloured. The amateur in, and the admirer of the fine arts, cannot better employ a leisure hour than in the examination of these beautiful illustrated books.

An immense variety of books of a less costly description, although neatly "got up," suited for "New Year's gifts," may also be had at any of the book-stores.

OURSELVES.

INAUSPICIOUS and stormy as are the times in which our frail bark has been launched upon the waters, our most sanguine anticipations could scarcely, under any circumstances, have been more fully realized. Universally welcomed with the generous courtesy of an enlightened community, we blush not to confess how utterly incapable our pen is of properly expressing the deep gratitude with which our heart is charged to overflowing; and if we are less eloquent in our thanks than the occasion calls for, we trust that no one will attribute it to any want of a due appreciation of the favours with which we have been so liberally endowed. Flattering encomiums have, indeed, been showered upon us to an extent so far beyond what we ever dared to hope for, that we sometimes tremble lest the *Garland* should at any time be unworthy of the refreshing and disinterested kindness it has experienced from so many whom we most sincerely esteem.

Not only, however, have we so much for which to be grateful, in the shape of courtesy and cordiality, but in the more tangible form of subscriptions towards the *Garland* it is our design to weave. With respect to this, we can only reiterate our former promise, that no effort shall be wanting to render it worthy of the patronage it has received. We will be forgiven for adverting to the fact that the *Garland* was commenced without a greater number of names on the subscription list, than would cover the expense of paper in the number of copies it was designed to print. Since the publication of the December number nearly two hundred names have been added. Should it continue in half the above proportion for six months, the volume for 1840 will, as far as decorations and embellishments are concerned, be rendered equal to any publication of a similar character on the continent of America.

The cotemporary press next claims from us our warmest acknowledgments. The cordiality with which they have welcomed our entrance upon the stage, has, like a bright ray, pierced the murky clouds with which our path was enveloped, and well seconded the confident and enthusiastic hopes, with which from the beginning we have been buoyed up. We are only the more grateful, that some of them have, in a spirit of candid criticism, gently reprimanded us when we erred. It shall be our study to improve by the lessons of those so well qualified to judge, while we trust that we may without egotism congratulate ourselves that a vast majority, whose judgments are unquestionably of a high order, have met our humble endeavours with an unqualified expression of satisfaction.

We are well aware of the unpropitious character of the season in which we have become candidates for public favour, and had it not been that we some months before the late unhappy revolt, pledged our-

selves that our first number should appear in December, rendering it impossible that we could honorably withdraw our voluntary promise, we would perhaps have deferred the publication of the *Garland* until a less stormy time. We do not say this, as implying any regret for the course which circumstances have led us to pursue; for since the effort has been made, it has received so many marks of approbation that, as we before observed, we only hope the Magazine may in future be worthy of the encouragement and commendation it has received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE continuation and conclusion of "*The Vicar's Daughter*," by "E. M. M." will be found in our preceding pages. We are much indebted to the author of this very beautiful tale, for her attention. We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt from her, of a new story from "*Aunt Mary's Note Book*," entitled "*The Confided*," the commencement of which will adorn the pages of our February number.

"Robin" we must decline publishing. We would recommend the author to study the earlier poets of England, for, although eschewing all imitation and calculated to destroy the freshness of imagination and idea, we are of opinion, that the purity of his style might be much improved. We are thus particular, for we think we observe in the attempts of our correspondent, a boldness of composition which we should very much regret to see run to waste.

We regret much that the favour of "E. L. C." was received too late for the present number of the *Garland*. We shall, however, in our next, have the satisfaction of publishing the touching and elegant story of "*Josepha of Austria*."

"W. S." will observe that his verses have been attended to.

In accordance with our design of encouraging the productions of native genius, we have inserted one of the pieces transmitted by "G. R."

"JESSIE" is altogether too rapid in style. It lies at the office of the publisher, and will be returned when called for.

The satirical lines by "J. W." are good of their kind, but as they are supposed to contain some allusions of a personal nature, we cannot publish them.

"ALPHA" is too pedantic in style. His contribution is declined.

"N." is of a character which we purpose uniformly to exclude from our pages.

We beg to acknowledge our obligations to correspondents generally, for the favours which we have received, and beg forgiveness of those who remain unnoticed, for in the multiplicity of calls upon our time, we have received some contributions which are yet unread, and upon which we cannot conscientiously form any opinion.