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FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER I.

Her brow was fair as sweet spring's flowers,
Her eyes were dark as night;
But oh! there lurked a failing sad
Beneath that beauty bright.
The rosy lips, so soft and fair,
So witching, when at rest,
Gave utterance oft to bitter taunt,
To heartless word and jest.

AUTHOR.

"WELL! perhaps I am too satirical; perhaps, as Aunt Mary has so often told me, there is more mirth than charity, more wit than wisdom, in my remarks; but still, I cannot help it. 'Tis a source of constant amusement to myself and all others, save the one who happens to be the victim of the moment. No, I cannot resolve to amend; I cannot resolve to abandon my charming folly."

This soliloquy was uttered by a young and very pretty girl, who, reclining in an easy chair, in one of the most elegant saloons in Belgrave Square, was indulging in the luxury of an hour's solitary reflection. After a few moment's silence she resumed, whilst her brow slightly contracted:

"What a very simpleton old Lady Dunstan must be, to take offence for such a trifle! She is the cause of all this ridiculous work, and for her sake, I must submit to be daily lectured for a week to come, by my dear old tiresome aunt. Pshaw! How I detest such morbidly sensitive fools!"

The door suddenly opened, and a tall, middle-aged lady, dressed with scrupulous neatness, entered. With a measured step she approached the spot where her niece, for in that relation the young girl stood to her, reclined, and, drawing a chair near, seated herself. For a moment, she fixed her eyes steadfastly on the countenance of her companion, who, with an assumed air of unconsciousness, continued to play with the small bracelet attached to her wrist.

"Well, Florence!" at length said the elder lady, solemnly; "I hope you are at last ashamed of yourself. I hope this new lesson will not, like so many others, be totally thrown away."

"How! what lesson, dear aunt?" and she raised her eyes with a look of innocence, which the peculiar smile lurking in the corner of her rosy lips fully contradicted.

"No nonsense, Florence!" was the somewhat angry reply. "You cannot but know to what I allude. You cannot but know that through your thoughtlessness, your heartless sarcasms, you have grossly offended the Countess of Dunstan—offended her to that degree that I am sure she will never enter our doors again."

"And if I have," was the careless rejoinder, "surely it is not a matter of such vast importance; such a ridiculous old woman, with her eternal twaddle about what young people were in her days, and how lamentably the world has degenerated since then. I really cannot help repeating that a cessation of civilities is not to be regretted."

"Of course, 'tis nothing to you. No, Florence! I have not now to learn your profound indifference for everything in which you are not personally interested. However, 'tis of some consequence to me, to know that my best, my earliest friend, is alienated—the only one whose society affords me any pleasure. How many lonesome, sad evenings, would I have passed, whilst you were enjoying yourself at some gay party, were it not for the kind company of her you have been pleased to style a ridiculous old woman."

"Forgive the thoughtless expression, dear

aunt. I'll retract it, and call her a female Solomon—a rose of science, if you will—but truly and really, I do not think I am so much to blame. A thoughtless jest or two, about the merits of her juvenile days, a silly epigram about her flaxen wig, that is the extent of my offence. Really, amongst the fine qualities of this female Solomon, that of humility cannot be enumerated, or her self-love would not be so very irritable."

"With you, Florence, every one's self-love is irritable, who presumes to resent, in the slightest degree, your impertinent remarks. Of course, you must feel surprised that an aged woman of nearly seventy, who was the cherished friend of your poor mother, as she still is of your aunt, should find it unpleasant to be exposed to ridicule, or as you, yourself, elegantly denominate it, 'shewn up,' before a room full of young people, who were but infants when her hair was blended with silver, and that, too, by a silly, inexperienced girl of eighteen."

"A thousand thanks, dear aunt! but your polite flatteries, I cannot call them truths, are really overwhelming. However, I shall put them all down to dear Lady Dunstan's account, and they will add additional grace in my eyes, to her flaxen curls, and additional excellencies to her youthful days."

A short silence followed, and the young lady, evidently congratulating herself on having won the victory, commenced humming some fragment of a popular air, when her companion suddenly exclaimed, with a deep energy, in which her calm nature rarely indulged:

"Florence! Florence! will you never be advised? Will you wait to learn, from your own bitter experience, the folly, the madness of the career you are following? As yet, few are acquainted with your unfortunate propensity. You are but just entering on life, with a fair name, a winning exterior, and let not these advantages be marred by a recklessness unpardonable in a child, and still worse, by your spirit of unkind, unchristian mockery. Oh! my child! may you listen to me, ere it be too late."

"Amen!" softly subjoined the object of this passionate appeal. "But you have forgot to cite the verse and chapter, dear aunt."

The whole character of Miss Murray's face instantly changed; she rose, and with a cold look exclaimed:

"Waste not your *persiflage* on me. I am too ignorant, too unfashionable, to appreciate or feel its point. Reserve it for the crowded saloons, where it will soon render you detested, and where your own weapon may yet be turned against you, with deadlier force than that with which you, yourself, employ it."

"Oh! but, as our dear old Pastor says, I shall arm myself with the breast-plate of righteousness, and the wicked shall not prevail," returned the young girl, with a face of affected gravity.

Without a word, Miss Murray instantly left the room.

"Well! the farce is over," muttered Florence; "and the chief actress has made her exit; but certainly not with unbounded applause, as the journals have it. Really, dear Aunt Mary, with her solemn face and tremendous lectures, is enough to give one a fit of misanthropy or vapours; but, after all, I fear I was too provoking. She may have been tiresome, but I went too far. The worst of it is, when I commence, 'tis impossible to stop. How tired I feel!" and with a slight yawn, she fell back on her chair. At that moment a servant appeared, and exclaimed:

"Mr. Clinton is below, Miss Fitz-Hardinge."

"Tell Mr. Clinton I am not at home," was the reply.

"Spoke too late, fair lady!" exclaimed a gay voice, and the next moment Percival Clinton entered the apartment.

The speaker was a handsome, intelligent looking young man, apparently about five and twenty, with a frank, easy manner, which contrasted strangely with the foppish elegance of his dress.

"Well, really, Mr. Clinton!" said Florence, laughingly, "you are not troubled with any superfluity of that useless quality, bashfulness."

"'Tis the only good quality in which I am deficient; but if you only wish it, I shall immediately procure a double supply," and he bowed with mock gravity as he spoke. "But, Florence—pardon me, Miss Fitz-Hardinge—I still forget that you are now a young lady."

"There is no danger of my ever forgetting," she gaily interrupted, "that you are the same forward, impertinent, noisy, Percival Clinton, I knew, some years back, who used to quarrel with every one in the house, from the stable boy to my aunt upwards, when you came to pass your vacations with us."

"Nay, your assertion is too sweeping. I never quarrelled with a shy, gentle, little creature, called Florence Fitz-Hardinge. Who could?" said the young man, with an arch smile.

"Oh! no! we never disagreed, beyond the trifling circumstance of my ordering you out of the house twenty times a day."

"And begging my pardon twenty times after for it," he rejoined, with a merry laugh.

Florence slightly coloured at the allusion, and quickly added, to change the subject:

No. 1971

"But tell me, what has caused you to perpetrate the unheard-of barbarism of calling at this hour in the morning?"

"Simply a friendly solicitude to know if you have obtained a card for this grand ball at Mrs. Westcott's, to-morrow night?"

"Oh! yes," rejoined Florence, laughingly; "I will be one the more to admire her new set of curtains, which have come direct from Paris. Really, that woman has a Parisian mania. The other day, she gravely informed me that her tapes and ribbands all came from Paris, adding, in the same breath, that she never patronized any article of English manufacture."

"Patriotic soul!" exclaimed Clinton, sarcastically.

"I fancy she will be telling us next," resumed Florence, "that she is imported herself from France, new for use, for, you know, she is a capital butt for her friends. We have all our use in this terrestrial globe, and I must say Mrs. Westcott fulfils her post with scrupulous fidelity."

"Oh! really, we must leave off stabbing poor Mrs. Westcott in the dark, especially as we are to dance at her expense to-morrow night," rejoined young Clinton, as he rose, highly amused.

"Yes, and we will have a view of the Paris curtains; but what is this?" and she took up the volume he had just laid down. "'The necessity of gentleness for the failing of others.' Upon my word, Mr. Clinton," she added, with a heightened colour, "you are almost as zealous a follower in the evangelical way, as my aunt herself. If you do not read me a sermon, you give me one to read. When am I to prepare your scrip and staff?"

"When you are converted," he returned, with a merry smile; "and I fear I will have plenty of time, ere then, to get them in order."

"Well! even this does not surprise me, from *you*;" and despite her efforts, a smile stole over her face. "In fact, there is nothing in the line of impertinence or gratuitous meddling, which Mr. Percival Clinton could be guilty of, which would."

"You are complimentary; but read it, and I'll pardon; practise it, and I'll forget;" and with a graceful bow he left the room.

After his departure, Florence glanced at the book, and then flung it to the end of the table, murmuring:

"'Tis allowable in him, a companion of childhood," she resumed her seat, but her face wore a shade of annoyance which it had been free from before. "Strange!" she murmured at length; "Percival Clinton is greatly changed! Six months ago, there was a devotion in his manner which betokened a more than usual regard for me; and now, I question if the greatest stranger could be an object of more profound indifference to him than I am? What can have changed him? Am I less handsome, less fascinating? No! quite the reverse. The silly timidity which characterized me then, is entirely replaced by a sparkling animation. Well, I will think of it no more. Very likely he has found some new divinity who has eclipsed me entirely, and I must do likewise."

Had Florence but obtained one glance at the secret thoughts of Percival Clinton, her doubts would have been speedily dissolved. She would have learned that her own sarcastic spirit, which she had more fully displayed to him, as yet, than to any other individual, was the true, the only cause. In one particular she was right. Six months before, he had indeed cherished for her very different feelings to those which now filled his heart. Admiration still remained, yet, whilst he laughed at her sallies, admired the brilliancy of her wit; he, at times, despised her for that very gift, or rather her abuse of it.

CHAPTER II.

That night Florence, radiant in her smiles and beauty, made her appearance in Mrs. Westcott's saloon, and few, who looked on her bright, childish brow, and sweet joyous smile, would have dreamed that the demon of uncharitableness lurked beneath that fair exterior—yet, so it was. Florence, left an orphan at an early age, was consigned to the guardianship of an aunt, who, notwithstanding her devotion and tenderness, was a mere novice in everything pertaining to the management of children. The spirit of mockery, displayed by her young charge at so early a period, and which betrayed itself in quick retorts, a passionate pleasure in "taking people off," as it is called, aping their gestures, voice, manner, was unrepressed by Miss Murray, and encouraged, applauded, by all others. Florence had thus grown up, her failing unchecked, till it had become almost a vice. With a heart really free from malice, she inflicted more pain, wrought more evil, than many whose natures were filled perhaps with unkindness and bitterness. As yet, however, she was universally admired, universally lauded for her wit and beauty, and her sky was without a cloud. The morning after the party, Miss Murray was sewing in her own room, when the door opened, and her niece entered.

"Good morning, Florence! you are unusually

early," she exclaimed, somewhat surprised, for the latter rarely made her appearance before noon.

"I have risen earlier, because I wished, dear aunt, to make my peace with you," said the young girl, as she seated herself beside her relative. "Is my past offence pardoned?" she continued, taking Miss Murray's hand. "You know I was very provoking yesterday."

"Oh! it is all forgotten, long since," was the kind reply; "but, had you a pleasant evening?"

"Delightful!" and Florence relapsed into silence.

Miss Murray, who had previously called up her patience to hear, as usual, a long sarcastic account of the entertainment, with criticisms on nearly every individual present, was much surprised at this unusual forbearance, and would have hailed it as a good omen, only, glancing at her companion, she perceived her eyelids were half closed, whilst her wearied attitude betokened she was far from recovered, as yet, from the fatigue of the preceding night.

"Were you introduced to any new acquaintances?" she at length asked.

"Oh! yes," returned Florence, instantly brightening up. "An Esquire, a Baronet, and an Earl. A very respectable trio for one night; however, the Esquire could not dance, the Baronet could not talk, and the Earl, though he could do both, through his unaccountable shyness or reserve, was the stupidest companion of the three."

"What was the name of the latter?" inquired Miss Murray.

"The Earl of St. Albans. He asked permission to call."

"When do you expect him?"

"I do not exactly know; he is going out of town," and she turned quickly away, as if to avoid further questioning.

Some days after, Florence, who was seized with occasional fits of industry, escaped to the saloon, and seating herself in her favorite easy chair, took up some Italian work which she was translating, and entered zealously on her task. She was passionately fond of the language; in fact, it was the only pursuit she followed with any degree of application, and though only a short period had elapsed since she had embraced it, her progress was surprisingly rapid. Struck by the peculiar beauty of a passage in the poem, she unconsciously commenced reading it aloud, when the voice of the servant, who announced, "The Earl of St. Albans," brought her speech to an abrupt conclusion. Gracefully shaking back the dark tresses which had completely overshadowed the volume, Florence, with a heightened colour, rose to receive her guest, who, after a low, but cold bow, seated himself on a distant ottoman. He was strikingly handsome; dark, deep blue eyes, and masses of wavy, auburn hair, shading a brow of lofty height, but girlish fairness. Indeed, there was something almost partaking of feminine timidity in his whole bearing, in the low, quiet voice, the shy, distant manners, and the rich colour which mounted with every word into his cheek. And yet, few had better foundation for self-confidence than Sydney, Earl of St. Albans; of high and honoured lineage, the possessor of princely wealth, and eminently gifted as he was, in mind and person. His many claims to consideration, however, seemed but to increase his diffidence, and few school boys, but just emancipated from Virgil and Horace, could have felt less self-reliance or confidence in their own powers. Indeed, Florence was sadly puzzled how to entertain her guest. He possessed none of that convenient flow of small talk which frequently passes away an hour as well as the most interesting, profound subject, and in reply to her lively sallies, her animated remarks, she received but monosyllabic replies. All things, however, must have an end, and at length, even her store of jests and sayings was exhausted. An awful pause ensued.

"Does he ever intend to go?" was Florence's inward thought. The Earl, however, displayed no such intention, but fixed his eyes on a small rug at his feet, as if he had just discovered something very fascinating in the representation of a young cat traced upon it.

"Were you at the last Opera?" she at length asked, in sheer desperation.

"No, I was out of town."

"Do you like our new Prima Douna?"

"Yes."

"Are you fond of music?"

"Very."

This was too much, and out of all patience, Florence sprang from her seat with an abruptness which startled her companion, approached the piano, and after a brilliant prelude, ran over some new and popular air. Her movement seemed to have inspired the Earl with a little courage, for after a short time he left his distant corner, and seated himself beside the table, near the chair she had just vacated. Florence, however, took no heed of the change, and more completely tired of her guest than she had ever been with any morning visiter in her life, she continued almost mechanically to run through the brilliant piece she had commenced. With the same lightning rapidity with which her fingers flew over the keys, did her thoughts vary, now

from pitying to contemning the stupid shyness, the awkward silence of her companion. She had just arrived at the conclusion, that he was the coldest, the most wearisome being, she had ever known, when the exclamation: "How beautiful!" uttered by the Earl, startled her. The token of applause just given, had been elicited by a beautiful *andante* movement, on which she had just entered, and which was a peculiar favorite with herself.

"Well!" she thought, somewhat relenting. "He has at least some taste for music."

The piece concluded, she returned to her former seat, making some common place remark to relieve the embarrassment of St. Albans, who was evidently endeavouring to summon courage to express his admiration of her really brilliant execution, in somewhat more extended terms than he had hitherto done. After a short pause, Florence, at a loss for something to say, perceiving he had inadvertently rested his arm on the open leaves of the work she had been studying on his entrance, smilingly exclaimed:

"Take care, my Lord! You must shew more reverence for Metastasio."

"Metastasio!" he quickly replied, catching up the book, and glancing at the pencil notes Florence had made on the margin.

"*Voi parlate dunque questa bella lingua?*" he eagerly exclaimed.

"*Ho cominciato ad impararlo,*" replied Florence, colouring with surprise at the sudden warming of the statue into life.

For a moment he silently looked over the volume, then exclaimed with the same animation,

"Is not the following passage from *Giuseppe*, most beautiful, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, and true as it is beautiful:

> Se a ciasun l'interno affanno
> Si vedesse in fronte scritto,
> Quanti mai che invidia fanno,
> Ci farebbero pietà!
> Si vedria che i lor nemici
> Hanno in seno; e si riduce,
> Nel parere a noi felici
> Ogni lor felicità.

No wonder his companion glanced at him in astonishment. He seemed, whilst repeating with faultless intonation and deep pathos, the lines he had designated, to have undergone a complete transformation. The look of boyish embarrassment had fled, and, instead, there shone through every lineament of his faultless countenance, in the large speaking eyes, the light of a bright and noble intellect. His voice, too, so low and timid, swelled forth in rich, clear accents, rendering the silvery language he spoke still more musical. Florence's first feeling of surprise immediately yielded to one of delighted admiration, and with an earnestness of which she was herself unconscious, she murmured:

"Oh! how beautiful."

The exclamation instantly recalled St. Albans to himself, his enthusiasm vanished, and crimsoning to the roots of his hair, he stammered:

"I am really very ridiculous, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, but Italy is my mania. I have spent four of the happiest years of my life there, and I grow foolishly enthusiastic about it."

"It is a failing I share with yourself," replied Florence gently, "though I have not the same good excuse as your Lordship, never having stood on its classic shores, or gazed on its beautiful skies." But her soft tones could not restore the self-possession of her companion, and his present embarrassment far surpassed that which had possessed him on his entrance; still, his shyness no longer annoyed or wearied Florence. She was completely charmed. One who had evinced such musical discrimination, and who read and appreciated Metastasio as he did, possessed gifts enough to cover a multitude of imperfections, much less a diffidence, which severely as she may have condemned it at first, was now almost an additional merit in her eyes. With polished gaiety she continued to converse on various topics, selecting those which she thought most likely to prove interesting, music, painting, Italy; but the Earl, more ill at ease than ever, scarcely ventured on the monosyllables he had before hazarded. Here, one of the servants entered, and in a low tone, asked his young mistress, "if she still wished to go out driving, as the carriage, which had been prepared according to her previous orders, had been waiting nearly three hours."

Involuntarily, St. Albans glanced at his watch, and an exclamation of surprise and shame escaped him.

"No apologies, my Lord," said Florence gaily, as he attempted with a glowing cheek, to excuse himself for his unconscionable visit. "Neither of us is culpable. Metastasio and music are solely to blame."

After a few more words of graceful courtesy from his companion, the Earl, with a formal, constrained bow, took leave; whilst after ringing for the servant, to say, "she would not go out that morning," Florence resumed her easy chair, but not her Metastasio. She had companion enough in her own thoughts.

"What a singular being he is," she at length exclaimed, half aloud. "So gifted, yet so diffident. What a pity he is so very timid.

It obscures his most agreeable qualities; but still," her colour slightly deepened as she spoke, "still, on the whole, I think the Earl of St Albans is about as interesting and clever a person as I have yet met with." Such were the thoughts of Florence about the Earl; we will leave it to time to develope what he thought of her.

CHAPTER III.

The next time Florence saw the Earl of St. Albans was at the Italian Opera. Looking her very loveliest, and in the highest spirits, she entered a front box with a large party. For a time the beauty of the music, the talent of the performers, made but little impression on her, for she was in one of her merry moods. Still, one devoted as she was to music could not long remain insensible to its charms, and wearied soon of the lively nonsense of her companions, which had at first highly amused her, she speedily brought it to an end by opposing a cold silence to their further remarks. Humouring her whim of the moment, they left her to herself, and she listened in rapt attention. During a pause in the singing, her eye fell for the first time on the solitary occupant of the adjoining box. It was the Earl of St. Albans, and at the moment she encountered his glance, it was steadily fixed upon herself. He coloured deeply, and bowed low, whilst Florence bestowed on him a bright smile. The smile must have possessed a magic power, for when she next turned her eyes from the stage, he was beside her. The warm flush upon his cheek, and the evident embarrassment with which he at first avoided meeting her glance, betokened plainly the mighty effort it had cost him to attain his present position.

"Ah!" said Florence, in a low tone, "you can sympathise with me; *you* can share my admiration for Italy's music and Italy's tongue. Is not this music divine?"

St. Albans merely bowed, but his dark, intelligent eye rendered further words almost unnecessary. The curtain at length fell amid deafening applause, and Florence, with a deep drawn breath, turned to her companion, unconscious that she, not the performers, had been the object of his total scrutiny; unconscious that in her varying, expressive features, he had read every event almost as plainly depicted as on the stage.

"I cannot but deplore my lamentable deficiency in the Italian tongue," she at length exclaimed. "Several passages appeared so obscure, and the meaning of some entirely escaped me. Would you assist me, my lord?"

"Most willingly," he rejoined, and with a clearness, an ease, which proved how completely he had mastered the language, he explained every poetical figure, every difficult or doubtful sentence, to his attentive listener. It was not till near the close of the ballet that she found time to look around the house, and then, in the envious glance of many a beautiful rival, and clouded brow of many a *chaperone*, she discovered the extent of that night's triumph. She might, indeed, have prided herself on having divided the attention of the audience with the prima donna herself. The curtain at length fell, and Florence, with a mingled feeling of gratification and vanity, accepted the arm the Earl proffered. In silence they descended the stairs, but as they approached her carriage, he timidly said:

"I only hope this evening has proved half as delightful to you as it has to me?"

"It has, indeed, my lord, but I must confess its enjoyment has been greatly heightened by the kind patience with which you have explained to me many beauties in to-night's performance, which I would otherwise have lost. If I had such assistance often at hand, I have the vanity to flatter myself I would soon become a proficient. At present, I am engaged on a very difficult passage in my Metastasio; still, I do not despair of mastering it."

"May I call to-morrow, to assist you?" was the hesitating interrogation.

"Certainly, I shall be most grateful. Good night," and she sprang into the carriage, which drove off, leaving St. Albans perfectly astounded at his own hardihood.

"Upon my word, Miss Fitz-Hardinge," gaily exclaimed Lady Marston, under whose charge she had come, "you may sleep soundly on your laurels to-night."

"How so?" asked Florence.

"Why, you have succeeded in inducing to enter your box, a gentleman who has never yet entered that of any lady before." Florence replied by a merry laugh, and she sought her apartment that night with a light heart.

"Good morning, Florence," exclaimed Miss Murray, as she entered the dressing-room of her niece the following morning; "but what is the matter?"

This expression was called forth by the discontented look with which her young relative surveyed her reflection in the mirror.

"Oh! nothing; but I look so ill. My hair curls so wretchedly."

"Not at all. I think you look very well.

But you are wonderfully particular. Do you expect any one?"

"Only the Earl of St. Albans," she carelessly rejoined, stooping at the same time to raise her comb, which had fallen.

"Only the Earl of St. Albans," repeated Miss Murray, in a peculiar accent. "If you are done with Fanchette, she may retire."

Florence replying in the affirmative, the girl obeyed.

"Now, Florence," said Miss Murray, "tell me something more about this Earl of St. Albans."

"Why, what have I to tell you, dear aunt, about him, save that he is a prim, very well-conducted young gentleman; or, perhaps, you are anxious about the colour of his hair and eyebrows," returned Florence, disguising her embarrassment under her usual levity of manner.

"He paid you great attention, last night, did he not? So Mrs. Ashton, who called here this morning, told me."

"He paid me no attention, beyond the very common one of handing me to the carriage. If Mrs. Ashton would leave other people's affairs alone, and watch more those awkward daughters of hers, who are always tripping up people with their long robes, and spilling ices over their partner's coats, it would be better for her. Why, dear aunt, surely the simple circumstance of a gentleman's entering a lady's opera box is nothing to afford ground for conjectures or hopes."

She would have given much to have recalled the last word the instant it was uttered, and which had escaped her lips involuntarily, but the mischief was done.

"You are right," said Miss Murray, who had remarked the expression of her niece as well as the vivid blush which had followed it. "You are right; it would, indeed, be folly for you to indulge too readily in hopes concerning the Earl of St. Albans. You are, of course, aware of his high birth, his vast wealth."

"Indeed I know little, and care still less, about his lordship," rejoined Florence, on whom the keen remarks of her aunt had fallen with no soothing effect. "But, oh! come down, dear aunt, and you will soon have a view of this *lion*, for I perceive he is elevated to the dignity of one. I assure you he is very tame, and in no manner dangerous." They were scarcely seated when the Earl was announced. His manner possessed more self-possession than on the day of his first visit, and the presence of Miss Murray, instead of disconcerting, seemed to set him more at ease. An hour passed quickly, Italian, and conversation filling up the time, when the stopping of a carriage before the door, and a violent ringing of the bell announced a visiter.

"Who can that be?" asked Florence, turning to Miss Murray. "Oh! how I hope it is not that tiresome Mrs. Dartmouth. Of all the wearisome, insipid women I know, she is certainly the most insupportable." The Earl started, but Florence, without perceiving the effect of her speech, continued,

"Do you know her, my lord?"

"I have not that honour," was the brief reply.

"You are fortunate. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. Mrs. Dartmouth, though enjoying rustic health, with a complexion rivalling the hue of the scarlet roses she always wears in her bonnet, affects the delicate, and is always wearying her unlucky friends or guests with complaints about her weak nerves and languid spirits."

St. Albans did not reply to this sally, and Miss Murray in a short tone, exclaimed,

"Her nerves may be weak, Florence. We are not all as blessed as you are, in possessing nerves and spirits in such perfect order."

"Well, I do not know that I am so very blessed either. My nerves are not so wonderfully strong, for they cannot stand the test of Lady Adelaide Wentworth's shrill singing, or Major Gernon's stentorian tones. I suppose your lordship has felt and suffered from the infliction?"

St. Albans, who had been steadfastly regarding her, his eyes dilated with surprise, replied,

"Yes, I know Major Gernon, and he is a brave soldier as well as a true friend."

There was no mistaking the coldness of his accents, the frigidity of his bow, as he shortly after took leave.

"Well, Florence," said Miss Murray, leisurely balancing herself in her easy chair, "I think you have done the affair pretty well."

"What affair?" asked her companion, peevishly.

"Why completely dispelled the momentary enchantment you had cast around the Earl of St. Albans. The most inveterate of your enemies could not have accomplished it more effectually."

"Pshaw!" said Florence, with an affectation of carelessness her overcast brow fully contradicted. "I care very little about St. Albans, and I am wise; for, notwithstanding the predictions of that clever soothsayer, Mrs. Ashton, he cares very little about me. But, even were it otherwise, I would have very little cause to fear. A sarcasm, a harmless jest, will not outweigh my other good qualities or fascinating gifts. St.

Albans would be, indeed, a worthless simpleton, and unworthy the attention of any woman of sense, to allow so very a trifle to influence him."

Miss Murray made no reply, and shortly after left the room. The following day Florence remained at home, half hoping the Earl would call, but he did not. That night, however, she went to the Italian Opera, confident of meeting him there, and of banishing, by her smiles, every unfavorable remembrance. Few of the many brilliant forms that filled the boxes could compete in loveliness with herself, and none of her fair rivals entertained the slightest doubt but that again the youthful Earl would seek her side, and again devote himself to her. They were destined, however, to a disappointment, as agreeable to them as it was mortifying to poor Florence, for the Earl of St. Albans, who again occupied a solitary box at no great distance, after coldly, though respectfully, saluting her, instantly averted his glance, which he never turned on her again during the whole course of the evening. Her heart filled with bitterness and mortification, Florence, however, preserved to the very end of the performance, a smiling lip and brow, resolved that none should read the tale of her secret disappointment. Thankful to be at least relieved from the painful task of wearing so disagreeable a mask, she gladly rose to seek her carriage. The crowd in the hall was immense, and it was with difficulty she could retain the arm of the gentleman who was accompanying her. At the door a great crush took place, and she received a sudden push from behind. Involuntarily she half turned and beheld St. Albans, whom the crowd, notwithstanding his superhuman exertions, had forced into such rude contact with herself. He instantly apologised, as well as his deep confusion would permit him, for the accident, which was owing entirely to the great pressure. Instead of replying with the haughtiness which her angry feelings prompted, Florence uttered some few courteous words, and with a gay smile, turned away.

"I shall let him see," was her inward exclamation, "how little I value his fickleness—teach him that I do not think it even worth a frown."

That night, her attendant wondered much at the unusual impatience displayed by her young lady, who was in general very amiable and unexacting, nor did this mood entirely pass over for some time, for the original cause still remained. Though Florence met the Earl several times after the night of the Opera, he had always confined his attentions to the formal ceremonies of good breeding, and all who had the slightest interest in the affair, had ample reason to be satisfied with his renewed frigidity. Some even went so far as to condole jestingly with her on his desertion; but Florence was so very lively at repartee, so keen at satire, she soon silenced them. One good effect resulting from the lesson she had received, was, that it somewhat checked, though unconsciously to herself, her propensity to sarcasm; not that she had, even for one moment, entertained thoughts or plans of reformation, but solely because it had depressed her spirits, and rendered her more silent, consequently less sarcastic. To St. Albans, whenever they met, notwithstanding his marked indifference, she ever displayed the same friendly gaiety which had distinguished the commencement of their intercourse; justly supposing he might construe any symptoms of haughtiness or anger into tokens of disappointment.

One morning, to loiter away an idle hour, she sought the conservatory, and while gathering a bouquet of rare exotics, she was startled by hearing a step approach; she turned, and with a start of astonishment, she could not disguise, beheld the Earl of St. Albans.

"The servant directed me here to you," he said hesitating, as he approached; "but I have disturbed you. Will you pardon my intrusion?"

"Yes, if you will assist me in my task," was the friendly reply. "I will not detain you long, for my wreath is nearly completed."

The Earl silently obeyed, thinking, as he glanced at her glowing cheek and graceful form, that she was, herself, the fairest flower there. The blossoms gathered, they passed into the saloon, and about an hour after, he took leave. As the door closed upon him, Florence leaned her head on her hand, and for a long time sat wrapped in deep thought—a thing unusual indeed with her—when she suddenly started up and proceeded to Miss Murray's apartment. Opening the door with a gentleness, very different to her customary lively quickness, she quietly seated herself on an ottoman.

"Well, dear Florence! how have you passed the morning? Any visiters?"

"But one—the Earl of St. Albans."

"The Earl of St. Albans!" reiterated Miss Murray, with a look of pleasure, she could not disguise. "Are you reconciled?"

"Perfectly!" and Florence crimsoned to her temples.

"I am happy to hear of it, and I suppose, now that harmony is restored, the Italian studies will progress a little more than they have done for the last few weeks."

This was a sly hit at her companion, who had

never opened an Italian work from the period of St. Albans' last visit.

"Well! you look very well satisfied with the state of things," said Miss Murray, as she resumed the volume she had previously laid down.

"So I am, and I feel very, very happy. Aunt, dear Aunt! I am the affianced bride of the Earl of St. Albans!" and she bowed her crimsoning face between her small hands as she spoke.

"Florence! Florence! is this truth?" exclaimed Miss Murray, dropping her book in the extremity of her surprise.

"It is indeed!" murmured the young girl, in a tone of deep feeling, whilst her eyes glistened with tears. "St. Albans is indeed a being full of nobleness and generosity."

"Thank God for this!" murmured her companion, in accents of grateful happiness. "Oh! Florence! what a bright and cloudless future is before you. I speak not of his high station, his lofty birth, his lordly wealth, but of his gentle, unassuming character, his upright, generous heart. Public rumour, with all its venomous propensities, has not as yet ascribed to him one single vice, one foible. More faultless is he, my darling Florence, than yourself, for you have, at least, one marked, one pre-eminent failing. My own dear child! let me conjure, entreat you now, to watch over yourself, and not mar your future destiny by your own folly. Guard your tongue with unceasing vigilance, and at the same time, correct your thoughtless, unfeeling spirit, so prone to expose the foibles of others, to ridicule their defects. Endeavour to render yourself worthy of being the wife of such a man as the Earl of St. Albans."

"Rest assured I will, dear Aunt," murmured Florence, averting her head to hide the tears that trembled on her lashes. "You cannot fancy for a moment, I could be so base, so worthless, as to repay his generosity by indulging further in a failing he so utterly detests."

"And which already has nearly lost him to you, for was it not owing to the thoughtless jests you uttered before him that he absented himself so long?"

"Partly," returned Florence. "He acknowledged that they both grieved and surprised him, for he had formed, very unjustly, an idea that I was perfection. Aroused to a sense of his error, he resolved, before strengthening his dawning preference by further intimacy, or compromising himself in any manner, to observe me well, and see if my virtues sufficiently outweighed my follies. He faithfully fulfilled his resolve, and the result, as you have seen, dear Aunt," and the speaker's cheek glowed with pleasure, "is, that he has overlooked my failings, and chosen me for his wife."

In her promises of amendment, Florence most certainly was sincere, and for four or five weeks from the commencement of her engagement, she faithfully adhered to them; during that time her influence over her betrothed had become almost boundless. Her brilliant personal endowments, her many accomplishments, united to a really sweet temper, and a fund of joyous gaiety, which, when innocently directed, formed perhaps her principal charm, rendered St. Albans completely her slave, and it was not long ere she learned the extent of her power. From the time that certainty dawned upon her, Florence, at first insensibly to herself, began to relapse into her old failing. Miss Murray frequently, almost daily, remonstrated with her, but her young relative recommenced, as of old, to reply to her gentle counsels by words of jest or mockery. One morning, whilst the latter was seated in her dressing room, contemplating the beauty of some costly jewels the Earl had just sent her, Miss Murray entered:

"I have some news for you, Florence," she said, as she laid an open letter on the table. "You may sometimes have heard me speak of a young relation of mine, an orphan, residing in Switzerland, with a widow lady, to whose guardianship she was committed by her dying mother. The lady has lately contracted a second marriage, and judging from the tenor of poor Nina's last letter, the change has contributed nothing to her happiness. I strongly suspect that her remaining under the same roof has become a source of discord between the newly wedded pair. I have accordingly written and asked her to take up her permanent abode with us. I am passably rich, and you, Florence, sole heiress of your mother's comfortable fortune, possess no exclusive claim upon me, and I cannot therefore, do better than extend my help and protection to this poor child, whose letter alone, tells of an humble grateful, heart. Would you like to read it?" and she extended the epistle to Florence.

"Oh, spare me!" was the reply. "I had enough of those dutifully written letters, whilst at school, when I was forced to despatch one home regularly every week."

Miss Murray quietly took up the letter, and refolded it, but as she turned away, Florence exclaimed:

"When are we to expect the coming of this maid of the mountains?"

"I cannot say exactly, but by this time I suppose she is on her way."

"And, do, tell me, Aunt, what is she like?

Is she tall, or short—old or young—a Hebe or a Venus?"

"I know nothing of her, beyond that she is nearly two years younger than yourself, and I trust, that her youth, her helplessness, and her dependant station, will shield her from the sarcasms you spare none other."

"Time will shew," replied Florence, with a slight yawn; "but I heartily wish she were here, for any novelty, whether it come in the shape of a young lady, or a new bonnet, would prove most acceptable at the present time. And I hope, for her own sake," was her inward thought, "that she will be neither a wit nor a beauty. If she prove one or the other, it will not serve to promote harmony between us. Still, come what will, I will be a friend to her if she but deserve it."

With this magnanimous intention, Florence put away her jewels, and rose to prepare herself for the Earl of St. Albans' visit.

The few weeks following Miss Murray's announcement of the coming of the young Swiss, an unusual confusion reigned throughout the house. Florence desired that the apartments destined for her use, should adjoin her own, but this proving very inconvenient, Miss Murray prevailed on her to abandon her wish. She insisted, however, on personally superintending the arrangement of the rooms, and to render justice to her taste, everything was comfortable and elegant. From her private purse she purchased an exquisite French time piece for the mantel piece of Nina's dressing-room, and long before the visiter arrived, everything was prepared for her coming..

"I say, Fanchette," indolently exclaimed Florence, one morning, whilst her maid was adjusting her hair, "What was the unusual noise which awoke me some hours ago?"

"Does Mademoiselle not know? Miss Aleyn has arrived."

"Miss Aleyn arrived! When?" rejoined Florence, starting to her feet with unusual animation. "Quick! Fanchette, quick! I am all impatience. What is she like?"

Fanchette, who was quite a diplomatist in her way, not knowing whether it was wisest to praise or depreciate, evaded the question, by saying, she had only obtained a flying glimpse of the young lady, as she alighted from the carriage. This, however, was anything but strict truth, as she had been for nearly quarter of an hour, examining the same young lady through the key hole. Scarcely allowing the girl time to complete her task, Florence descended with a quick step to the breakfast room, but to her mortification, it was empty.

"She is dressing, doubtless with the intention of dazzling and bewildering her London relatives. I suppose she will come down attired like a queen—a barbarian one, by-the-bye; or, perhaps, in full national costume, short skirts and laced boddice."

At this point of her speech the door softly opened, and the object of her soliloquy entered. Nina Aleyn was neither a Hebe nor a Venus, but a pale, slight girl, of small stature, with a face, which, without possessing any palpable defect, could not yet boast of one beautiful feature. So completely was Florence taken by surprise, on beholding a person so totally different from anything she had imagined, that some time elapsed ere she could recover her self-possession sufficiently to speak.

"Miss Aleyn, I suppose," she at length said, gracefully inclining her head. "I am, indeed, happy to see you. You cannot imagine how anxiously I have awaited your coming."

Miss Aleyn only bowed.

"Is she dumb?" thought Florence; "but I shall compel her to speak. You must feel greatly fatigued from the effects of your long journey."

The stranger had no alternative but to reply, and the riddle of her taciturnity was immediately explained. She spoke English rather imperfectly, and with a strong foreign accent. Here was another discovery, and though Florence continued to converse, it was with far less fluency than usual, whilst her eye wandered over the dress of her companion, which excited even more wonder than her person had done. It consisted of a dark grey dress, sober enough for Miss Murray, made high to the throat, with a plain muslin collar, totally destitute of the slightest ornament or trimming, and a small apron of black silk. Her hair, which was very redundant, was of glossy blackness, brought over the ears in the simplest manner, and gathered in a knot behind fastened with a gold pin. The latter article, and a small gold chain, to which some pencil or locket was attached, which she never displayed, were the only ornaments or gems Nina possessed in the world. Had the lady of a New Zealander or Indian chief been suddenly presented to Florence, she could not have derived more intense satisfaction from the spectacle, or felt a more absorbing curiosity about her than that which her new companion excited. Even her minutest look, the colour of her very eyebrows, did she attentively scrutinize; but as to the hue of the eyes themselves it was some time before she could discover it, for Nina had a fashion of keeping them pertinaciously bent on the ground, or half averted, as if

she wished to conceal them, a purpose which her extraordinary long lashes materially aided. This peculiarity was apparently not the effect of timidity, for the colour rarely, if ever, mounted to her cheek, whilst the cold self-possession of her tones never varied. The conversation at length flagged, and Florence exclaimed, "Why what can be detaining Aunt Mary? She is very late, but we cannot blame her; for between her birds, cats, and poor dependants, she has the least leisure time of any rational creature that I know of."

This speech had at least one good effect. It obtained her a full view of the eyes of her companion, which were suddenly raised, and bent steadily upon her with a look of startled surprise. There was really something fascinating in them. Their hue was neither azure nor black, but unpretending grey; still they possessed a strange depth of expression, a dreamy sadness, which filled the beholder with wonder as well as curiosity. To some matter-of-fact people, they would, perhaps, have only appeared large, cold, grey eyes; but Florence was not one of these, and she instantly felt there was a singular species of witchery about them which far surpassed in beauty, the liquid brilliancy, the varying softness, of her own. Her reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Murray, who exclaimed, with a cheerful smile,

"Well! my dear children, I am rejoiced to see you have already commenced to know each other. I am certain you will find in each other's society a fund of amusement and happiness."

"I, for one, am assured of that," courteously rejoined Florence; "and I only hope my company will prove as agreeable to Miss Aleyn as, I know, hers will to me."

"There is no doubt of that, my dear Florence," said Miss Murray, charmed with a speech so very different to her usual remarks. "But, we must have no such cold epithets as Miss Aleyn, or Miss Fitz-Hardinge, between two who I hope, will soon be very dear as well as intimate friends. Call your companion Nina, as she must address you by your own sweet appellation of Florence."

"Nina. What a beautiful name!" exclaimed Florence. "So soft and musical;" but the compliment elicited no reply from its object, whose eyes were, as usual, now bent on the ground. After breakfast, the new comer rose, and solicited permission to retire, to arrange her wardrobe.

"May I assist you?" said Florence, and, without waiting for a reply, she sprang from her seat, and accompanied her to her room. A couple of trunks, a writing desk and dressing case, all of which were in the most exquisite order, were the sum of Nina Aleyn's possessions. The latter, who required some article out of one of her trunks, was obliged to nearly empty it, and Florence had a full view of its contents. A dark brown dress, another grey, and a black, all made in the same plain style as the one she wore at the moment; a dozen of simple muslin collars, and the simplest of simple bonnets, were what it chiefly contained. When Nina had found the article she sought, she quickly entered on the arduous task of restoring everything to its former place.

"Do let me send for Fanchette, to assist you," said Florence, shuddering at the idea of having to wait a half hour with no other amusement than that of watching the prosy operations of her companion. Nina, however, shook her head, and Florence throwing herself into an arm chair, took up an annual, which she herself had left on the table for the entertainment of her guest. The tale she entered on, at first with but little taste, soon proved very interesting, and she continued to read with absorbed attention. Suddenly, happening to raise her eyes, she perceived Nina awaiting with the most exemplary patience the conclusion of her lecture.

"I beg your pardon, dear Miss Aleyn," she rapidly ejaculated, flinging aside her book. "I hope you have not waited long?"

"Not very."

"I am glad of it; but as your task is finished, we are now at liberty. Where shall I take you to? The conservatory, I think, will please you best."

To the conservatory then Florence hurried, with her taciturn companion, and they passed the time till the dinner hour, amid its fragrant precincts.

"Tell me, Nina," said Florence, who by this time was completely at home with her new friend; "will you take a drive after dinner, and I will shew you the town?"

"Thank you," rejoined Nina; "but I have a letter to write, and it will take me some time."

"Then I must submit to be thwarted for one day, but we will make amends for it after."

Immediately after dinner, Nina retired to her room, which she did not leave till late in the evening. A short time after, Miss Murray, who saw she looked very pale and wearied, counselled her to seek repose, which she willingly rose to do.

"And I, also, feel fatigued," said Florence; "so I will say, good night," and throwing her arms round Miss Murray's neck, she affectionately kissed her. Nina hesitated a moment, and then with a timid bow, left the apartment.

"Shall I again do the honours?" said Florence, gaily, as they ascended the stairs together. "I fear you will find me too troublesome."

Nina murmured a dissent, and they entered her apartment. Florence threw herself on a sofa, whilst her companion, who felt really worn out, her head, too, aching violently, immediately commenced preparing for rest.

"What! so soon, Nina? But, I beg a thousand pardons; I forgot to tell you, that the maid, whom my aunt engaged to attend you, has disappointed us; but I will willingly lend you Fanchette, the pearl of waiting-maids, till her place is supplied. Stop! I will ring for her."

"No, no!" said Nina, quickly, and placing her hand on the arm of her companion, which was already extended towards the bell-rope. "I never in all my life had any one to wait on me. I I would not even know how to employ her."

"Well, you must commence now; you know 'tis never too late to learn," rejoined Florence, highly amused by the frankness of the confession.

"I really cannot consent. Many thanks for your kindness; but you must press me no further."

There was a firmness, a determination, perceptible in her tones—calm, unmoved as they were,—which announced that she would have her way, at least, in the point in question. As a proof, she had already unfastened her long hair, and commenced brushing out its glossy waves.

"What very fine hair you have!" said Florence, admiringly. "Why do you not shew it off to more advantage?"

"How!" asked the young Swiss, with a puzzled look.

"Why! display its luxuriance better than you do. Arrange it in showers of curls, or if that savours too strongly of vanity for your taste, bring it down on your cheek, in broad bands, as I sometimes wear it."

The young girl made no reply to this exordium, beyond a slight smile. Was it a smile of simplicity or contempt? 'Tis doubtful; but certainly Florence set it down to the latter account.

"So you will not consent, Nina, to do at Rome as the Romans do, and retain a girl to wait on you? Well! have your own way, and rue it afterwards; for, believe me, dear Nina, those high flown, independent ideas, though they may do very well in the mountains. of Switzerland, where, I dare say, you go to bed with the swallow and rise with the lark, will not stand the test of dancing all night, and returning completely exhausted, perhaps at four in the morning. No, you will then loudly call for, as well as appreciate, the luxury of an attendant; but I see your eyes are closing, and I will have pity on you—good night," and bending over her, she imprinted a kiss on her cheek. This token of friendship was received with cool politeness, and as Florence left the room, she could not help murmuring:

"What a human icicle! I think the snows of her mountains have reached her heart."

(To be continued.)

TO MISS MARTHA M*****

WITH A SMALL NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

Will you, dear Mat., accept this trifle?—though
  It's but a trifle, yet, I pray, excuse it,
For times are hard, you know, dear Mat.,—and so,
  Unless you want to kill me, don't refuse it.

The ladies call it *vinaigrette*—I s'pose
  Some foreign-fangled name of French composing;
It serves in church to titillate your nose,
  And aid your fan to keep yourself from dosing.

I've put no scent in it—but do not guess
  That this particular was never thought of;
But to be candid, Mat., I must confess,
  Good *sense* is what I'm really very short of.

In *scents* the ladies always did abound;
  And many a loving youth hath oft admitted,
The tantalizers have the vantage ground,
  When urged to yield a favor, unpermitted.

For while their laughing eyes invite to win
  The stolen kiss—they set you at defiance.
You dart—they poke their handkerchiefs between,
  And while they yield *ascent*, refuse compliance.

Keep it, Mat., for my sake—dinna lose it—
  Such a "box" beneath a body's nose, ('tis clear,
This small merit you cannot refuse it,)
  Is worth any number given on the ear.

FUSBOS.

TO A LADY,

IN RETURN FOR A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM ROBERT.

Lady! my heart is passion free,
And yet it warmly beats for thee;
Its gushing thrill I fain would breathe
In thanks, for that sweet floral wreath.

That wreath of fairest flowers entwined,
By friendship's holy hand designed,
Shall bind my brow, and never part
Its fragrance, from my grateful heart.

And thus I'll proudly bear it still,
Through changing years of good and ill;
In truth and honor it shall bloom,
Or heart and brow both sink in gloom.

Pray'rs for thy happiness, fair friend,
Could I, like fragrant flowers, blend
A sacred coronal for you,
Should bear the poet's thanks—thy due.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

BY W. P. C.

ONE by one has the progress of civilization and refinement swept away from the minds of men, those unfounded and useless notions, which, for a long period of years, degraded the mental and moral condition of society. One by one have those cruel and barbarous legal codes—those rude and inhuman systems of warfare—those disgusting exhibitions of natural depravity, which the arrogance and ferocity of blood-thirsty despots, and the melancholy ignorance of their oppressed serfs, devised, been driven back or trampled down by the salutary influence of modern innovations. Throughout the world are superstition and barbarity rapidly giving way before learning and intelligence. Here, where once the red man, in the wilds of an almost boundless forest, hunted the deer for his subsistence, have sprung up cities, and towns, and villages, peopled by active and industrious men. On the waters of our majestic rivers, where once the bark canoe of the Indian was the only evidence of human enterprize, are now expanded to the winds of heaven, the thousand snowy sails of commerce. Where now exist those absurd religious ceremonies, to which, in remote ages, nations since become enlightened and powerful, devoted themselves with singular reverence, and in support of which they shed their blood and sacrificed their happiness? The land where once the Druids, by the celebration of their mystic rites, excited the admiration and awe of a degraded and infatuated people—the land where even a tribe of conquerors bowed down in ridiculous worship before the imaginary gods of war and thunder—that land has become the abode of the arts and sciences, the nursery of religious truth, and in that land have dwelt the teachers of all the nations of the earth.

Gradually but steadily has this change been wrought. The tyranny of a long succession of arbitrary rulers at length awakened in the minds of men a consciousness of their own situation, and first aroused that innate love of freedom, which has since gone on continually acquiring strength, and becoming more elevated and refined, shedding its benign influence on every hand, and forcing the haughty potentates who have sought to crush its aspirations to acknowledge that the welfare and happiness of the Governed, is the first and highest duty. So it has been, and so it will be. No remarkable spirit of prophecy is necessary to enable us to predict the precise result of that indomitable energy and perseverance which this progressive age exhibits. Every useless labor, and every extravagant impracticable theory, the discriminating and impartial genius of the future will unequivocally condemn; on the other hand, every valuable production of taste, every important addition to the means of intellectual advancement, and every truly glorious achievement, will receive its appropriate reward. There is, however, one great obstacle to all this, and we fear it is such an obstacle as only the lapse of time can remove. It consists of that peculiar and almost undefinable National Prejudice which forms the subject of this article.

The very bad consequences arising from this curious and generally unfounded prejudice against others of the same intelligence and worth as ourselves, simply on account of a different national origin, or a belief in different political principles, have been manifested in all periods of time; nor need we proceed to show, by reference to facts with which both sacred and profane history are replete, any actual circumstances connected with its existence. It is sufficient for our present purpose to know that the evil in question is by no means an imaginary one, but that it really extends itself through every branch of society—that it is everywhere most sensibly felt, and yet, so far as respects its remedy, but little attended to. This is one of those exceedingly pernicious principles implanted in the human mind when first men divided themselves into separate tribes, the inevitable results of which each succeeding revolution has only served to multiply and strengthen; and at this very moment, while scarcely a vestige remains of the numberless other evils that had their origin in ancient times, this one seems to thrive as it were on its own bitterness, and from day to day goes on, producing its interminable train of fearful effects, and weakening all the efforts of the philanthropist for the amelioration of the social state. While it continues to exist, fostered as it is by the circumstances to which it gives birth, commerce, in all its operations, will still be fettered, education be imperfectly diffused, and more than this, that comparative indifference which might better subsist between man and man—between nation and nation—will still be turned as heretofore, for the most frivolous causes, into rancorous hatred, and deluge the earth with blood.

National Prejudice is particularly exhibited on trifling occasions when no other feeling could possibly influence the individual subject to it, for in matters of great importance, such as questions of international policy, sufficient pretexts are always at hand to shield effectually from censure, if not from observation, the real motives of those

who are concerned in them. But in ordinary conversation, where the merits of any distinguished individual, or class of individuals, are discussed, it almost invariably happens that the decision given is swayed somewhat by national feelings. Illustrations of this remark may easily be found, if we refer only to those two nations, which are at this day unquestionably the most powerful and prosperous on the earth. Among our own people we often hear the genius of such men as Webster and of Clay deridingly mentioned, and that, too, by persons, whose ignorance of what they are talking about should induce them to keep silence. Other men, whose abilities and opportunities of obtaining accurate information are greater, influenced by the same miserable prejudices, and pandering to the already vitiated tastes of their admirers, stoop, like Dickens to conceal everything worthy of praise or imitation, while they studiously expose to view every object that may tend to excite ridicule or contempt. Nor are the Americans less liable than their English rivals to the imputation of encouraging the spread of so disastrous a sentiment. But the day when England and America were driven, by the circumstances of their respective positions, into acts of hostility against each other, is past, and the rapid advance of intellectual and commercial prosperity in both lands, induces us to believe that it will never recur. Why then is this unhealthy spirit of political persecution still fostered and cherished? Why is it still permitted to enter? nay, why is it always *dragged* into every question whether of great or of little importance? So long as it continues to prevail, its evil consequences, as we have said, are incalculable.

If we would promote universal education, facilitate the progress of commercial enterprize, free the serf from bondage, elevate and improve the arts and sciences, and, in fine, ensure the happiness of all mankind, we must first of all entirely remove that false medium, through which each one of us is accustomed to view the actions of his neighbor; and this rule, which should serve to direct us all individually, is applicable in a higher and more extensive sense, to the nations we compare. The way to remedy an evil of such long continuance, to eradicate a principle so deeply rooted, is, to say the least, no easy matter. The first step, however, must be taken by those men, who, in public capacities, assume and actually possess the right of instructing others. If, by their example, a spirit of mutual forbearance were substituted in the place of the existing spirit of mutual animosity, all the nations of men might ultimately rejoice in the possession of undisturbed harmony, and the blessings of perpetual peace for ever banish the desolating curse of war.

GOD'S VOICE IS EVERYWHERE.

BY M.

Go seek the north, where the tempests blow,
And Boreas reigns in might,
'Mid regions of eternal snow,
And months of endless night—
Where the rein-deer bound in joyous glee,
As they snuff the frozen air—
Where the human form's deformity—
The voice of God is there.

Fly to the south, with its streams of gold,
And mines, where diamonds shine:
Where the myrtle blooms round founts of old,
And the olive and grape entwine.
There the shattered column, and ruin'd shrine,
Speak of the times that were—
Where all, save humanity, seems divine—
The voice of God is there.

Hie to the east—the glowing east—
Where sages of old held sway,
And nature spreads a perpetual feast,
Blending the night with day.
Where creeds were taught and swept away,
As sand through the desert air—
Where the bones of the pilgrims whitening lay—
The voice of God is there.

Away to the west, 'tis the sunset hour,
And, like gold, its prairies gleam;
There's a calmness then, o'er the heart hath power,
Like a long past hallow'd dream.
There the buffalo and the wild deer bound,
'Mong flowers both rich and rare—
All's silent—there's no human sound—
The voice of God is there.

Down to the depth of the fathomless deep,
And its wond'rous works unseen—
Where bright fish sport and monsters creep,
'Mid sea-groves ever green—
Where the treasures of many a storm toss'd bark
Lie rotting—its owners—where?
Time on them may have placed his mark—
The voice of God is there.

Up through the clouds, 'mong realms of space,
If the mind dare soar so high—
Where are world on world, the mind may trace,
Ne'er seen by mortal eye
A barrier's placed—we cannot pass
To those spirit lands—how fair!
Yet, by faith, as through a darkened glass—
We may see—God's voice is there.

It speaks in each simple blade that grows,
Which we trample beneath our feet,
In the marts where busy commerce flows,
And the slaves of Mammon meet.
In the monarch's court—by the beggar's bed—
In the house of praise and prayer—
By the grave, when "dust to dust" is said—
God's voice is everywhere.

GEORGES SAND.

Georges Sand, the subject of the present sketch, has excited a greater share of universal interest than perhaps any other writer of the present day. The extraordinary vicissitudes of her career, the dauntless audacity with which she has placed at defiance the rules and habits of society, to accept a private code of morality of her own, naturally renders her an object of keen and curious interest. Whatever may be the errors of her private life, or the dangerous moral tendency of her works, as a mere writer she decidedly stands alone, unparalleled, and far above every other of the present day. Chateaubriand is, perhaps, the only one who approaches in some degree to the exquisite purity of her style.

No writer, however, since the days of Rousseau and his "Heloise," has done so much harm as Georges Sand, or has tended more to demoralize society at large. She has made of her works a means by which to give vent to the outpourings of her soul. Totally without either principle or religion, her whole object seems to be to cast a stigma upon every feeling we are taught to value. —upon every institution we hold sacred. Like most French women, she was married at an early age, and without her own feelings or judgment being consulted in the slightest degree. In nine cases out of ten, this system produces the most unfortunate results, and in none more so than in the present. Madame Du Devant was endowed by nature with depth of feeling, a generous heart, a mind of the very highest order, and an unequalled vivacity of imagination; and had she been united to a man capable of appreciating such a nature as hers, she would, doubtless, have become something very far superior from what she now is. Unfortunately, her husband was in every way unfitted to guide her through the thorny path of life, and her first errors may be wholly attributed to him. Her own fiery and ungovernable character, the great disparity in their ages, and the natural antipathy which they mutually imbibed for each other, contributed to produce endless dissension, which was wound up by a legal separation.

When she first began to write she was smarting under the effects of an unfortunate marriage, and, mistaking the effects for the cause, she vented all the bitter acrimony of her feelings against the institution itself. *Leila and Jacques* seem written with the sole and express purpose of proving that the present state of society is just what it ought not to be—that the laws of God and man are bad—and that Georges Sand hath a code, both of religion and morality, which ought to supersede the existing ones. A mighty convenient system this, which consists in making rules according to individual position and private feeling, and then expecting the world at large to adopt them.

Although she embodies her own thoughts, more or less, in all the characters she depicts, Jacques, more than any other of her work, may be regarded as the touchstone of her own character. The hero is a soldier, who, at thirty-six years of age, has exhausted every feeling, every sentiment, and every passion but that of love. Worn out in mind and body, he seeks to obtain the affection of a young, artless, and innocent girl, Fernande, whom he expects to revive in him all those feelings which he has squandered heedlessly away. Notwithstanding his general skepticism, he has, however, a bosom friend, Silvia, who manages to bring about a marriage between him and Fernande. Silvia is the personification of another shade of the author's character, beheld in the most favourable point of view. It is Georges Sand in boots and breeches, with the *obligato* accompaniments of a cigar. Silvia is represented as a creature so utterly unfeminine, that, were it not for the consciousness that she is more a type of the author than an ideal character, she would have no claim whatever upon the interest of the reader. The youthful Fernande, having no feeling in common with her husband, soon transfers the affection she owes to him upon Octave, who, like herself, is young and full of illusions.

The other works of this author have the same immoral tendency, the same charm of style, and the same force of imagination, which are to be found in Jacques. We need scarcely enumerate them; no novels of the present day have excited more general and lasting interest than Indiana, André, Mauprat, or Spiridion; and these comprise but a fraction of the library for which France—and indeed all Europe, for her works have been translated into our own and every continental language—are indebted to Georges Sand. In Felie, she perhaps dwells more upon the history of her private life, and of her individual feelings, than in the others. Many passages in it are most strikingly illustrative of herself, and bring, in the most forcible manner, before the reader, the passionate, wild, and roving disposition, which has made her so remarkable. She says, "I feel within me the most ardent wish to be able to adore and worship my husband; I would fain make a god of him, and I find nothing but a man!" This sentiment recals to my mind that, some years back, a very clever man said to her, that he could not comprehend the fickleness

of her disposition, manifested by the almost daily change of her admirers. The reply was characteristic of herself; it was—"Hitherto I have never yet met with a being I could love, and I take my wooers upon trial, in the hitherto vain hope of meeting with one worthy of my regard."

Nothing can exceed the extreme eccentricity of this woman's character. On her *début* in the world of letters, she adopted the name she now bears, and which is composed of the first syllable of that of her first adorer, *Jules Sandeau*. Not satisfied with assuming the masculine denomination, she adopted at the same time the dress of a man, and was often seen abroad in the garb of a dandy, smoking a cigar. Latterly, she has appeared in a more feminine costume. Her life is passed in the greatest retirement, and her society is exclusively composed of literary or scientific men. At the outset of her career, she published all her works in the "Revue des Deux Mondes;" but a pecuniary squabble with the editor of that review made her seek other means of publication. During some time, she wrote in a paper edited by l'Abbé de Lamennais. Her articles were couched in the very highest strain of republican feeling, but, like all her writings, were full of energy.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1848.

BY W. C. S.

Gone to the bosom of the changeless past,
Another link in time's revolving chain!
Down, down hath sunk another wave at last,
To rise no more upon the troubled main:
Another moon hath waned above the sea
That rolls between the dark shores of eternity.

When yet thy spring with flowers bedeck'd the earth,
And nature's face was blythesome, fresh, and fair,
And from the woodlands music's voice came forth,
From warbling songsters—filling earth and air
With thrilling melody—many an eye
Glanced brightly, that doth now all dim and darken'd lie.

And many a heart did pant and proudly beat,
Big with the aims they long had treasured there,
That now hath found a silent, calm retreat
From earth's vain trappings and its load of care;
And from sweet lips that wont to charm and sway,
The magic potency hath long since died away.

Within thy round this wayward heart hath known
The pangs that rend the exiled patriot's breast;
Since forth from all my inmost soul did own,
I took my way to seek a place of rest,
And o'er the ocean, like a stricken deer,
Rush'd, 'mid dreams of hope, still shaded o'er by fear,

Back from thy months, and from thy weeks and days,
I turn'd in memory oft at midnight hour,
For no endearments e'er again can raise
The joys we feel beneath love's dawning power—
To clasp the heart that aye was fond and true,
And in an hour, dream all, save that last strange "Adieu."

'Tis sweet to live, though but in dreams, again
Those pleasant hours we may not else recall,
When youth's bright eyes beheld life's hill and plain,
As from enchanted orb the light did fall,
Making this earth elysian; for soon
Those rays grow dim, and fade before man's sterner noon.

What empires flourish'd, and what arms have been
Triumphant in the field, within thy course,
It boots not me to know; yet fain I'd glean
The annals of progression—ask if force
And fraud grow pale, and right, instead of might,
Is law on this fair earth, and Reason 'stead of night?

What triumphs Science, in her bright career,
Hath gained for man, creation's mental lord—
How many hearts have ceased to quail and fear,
That were in bondage slavery's galling cord—
In brief, how much of all-prevailing mind
Hath walked erectly forth, to elevate mankind?

These, could I tell, my lay not here would end,
As now in grief, its tones must melt away,
Beneath a load of sorrow doomed to bend;
Yet, fond to hope a brighter, better day,
When hearts that pant with holy, high desire,
Shall find that fellowship to which their souls aspire.

And now, I bid thee, faded year, farewell!
Thy spring, thy summer, and thy autumn, all
Have vanish'd: waving hill and flowery dell,
Breathe perfume now no more; the mingled call
Of forest minstrels now is mute; and glee,
No longer fills the earth, no longer dwells with me:—

For hopes that in thy fleeting circle rose,
And joys that seemed, in prospect, all so fair,
Have come to nought, and ere thy wintry close,
Left me to drain the goblet of despair;
And now methinks my 'plaining soul is join'd
By the deep wailings of the lone, bleak, howling wind.

But why despond, for Hope's sweet voice is heard!
Awake my soul to labour, life, and love,
And tho' the days be dark, nor meet reward,
Attend the duteous here on earth—above
Is reckon'd in unfading light, the mead
That waits the good, when from their earthly bondage freed.

And as we pass the crumbling towers of time,
As pilgrims to a mortal shrine—the grave—
Our steps on years; be ours the task to climb,
The mount of refuge which Jehovah gave,
And from its summit—closed our brief career—
Bid joyous farewell to the finish'd mortal year!

THE CANNON OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGÈNE GUINOT.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

A FEW years ago there stood within the large square of the Palais Royal—and possibly may be still standing there, spite of the waves of that tide of revolution which has swept over Paris—a small-sized cannon. For no purpose of deadly strife—no record of past triumph,—had it been placed there; its "mission" (to use one of the cant phrases of the day,) was one of a more peaceful nature. Over the touch-hole was fixed a double convex lens, or in simpler terms, a burning-glass, so arranged, that, whenever the sun reached his meridian height, his rays, if unclouded, poured with concentrated force on the small charge of gunpowder which covered the touch-hole, and the gun, of course, was fired off. By this simple arrangement, the numerous watch-makers in and around the Palais Royal, were enabled to verify the correctness of their chronometers with an exactitude that seldom failed. It did fail, however, on one occasion at least, as we shall now proceed to relate.

One fine forenoon in spring, while the sun was pouring forth his richest rays, a band of idle children were enjoying his beams within the garden of the Palais Royal. Leaning on the iron railings that surrounded the parterres, or racing through the walks, to the great hazard of the sober passers-by, they seemed determined on some stroke of mischief, whenever the eyes of the various keepers should be for a moment turned away. In such circumstances, the inventive genius of the Parisian *gamin* is seldom at fault, and his natural affinity for anything approaching to mischief, seldom fails to display itself. Some of the more active and stirring of the vagabonds held a brief consultation together, in the course of which, their looks were often turned towards the cannon in the centre of the square, quietly awaiting the daily visit of the sun, now little more than half an hour from his meridian altitude.

A few minutes afterwards, one of the youths, watching a favourable opportunity, vaulted lightly over the railings, and concealed himself amid the evergreens within. Emerging thence after a pause, he crept cautiously along on all fours over the green sward, till he reached the cannon, which seemed the object of his expedition. A lucifer match—an article with which the *gamin de Paris* is never unprovided—was speedily produced and lighted;—it was then only half-past eleven, but, in the hands of the young artillerist, the match played the part of the sun to perfection, and the detonation, which proclaimed officially the arrival of the hour of noon was immediately heard, while the mischievous imp bounded back to his concealment in the shrubbery.

The greater part of those who heard the report drew forth their watches to compare the time, by a movement of habit, which is almost mechanical. The reflections of general surprise which this comparison occasioned, might be thus rendered.

"It is strange! I thought my watch was quite correct."

"What! half an hour behind! and a watch guaranteed not to vary a minute in the month!"

"My *Breguet* wrong! It is the first time it has served me so!"

The watch-makers in the neighbourhood were more astonished than any body else, and yet the most of them yielded to the evidence; though a few bold spirits among them, ventured on the assertion—

"It must be the sun that has gone wrong!"

With these rare exceptions, there were few within hearing of the report of the cannon, who did not forthwith put the minute hand of their watch or clock half an hour forward, "that they might know the real time." The infallibility of the sun could not fail of finding a large number of partisans.

At first sight no great harm may appear in this little incident of a boy and a lucifer match, and yet, serious consequences resulted from it in many instances. Even a mistake of half an hour is not always to be made with impunity; a watch a few minutes too fast or too slow, may often throw us into a series of errors, fertile in accidents, and of adventures more or less grave.

"Twelve o'clock already? Waiter, my bill!"

These words were pronounced by a gentleman

who had just finished a prolonged *dejeuner* in Vefour's *Restaurant.* He appeared weighed down with heavy care, and had consulted his watch from time to time with feverish impatience. It was the well-known banker, Monsieur D———, who passed for one of the richest men in Paris, but who had lately experienced reverses in business, which his credit could no longer sustain or conceal.

After leaving the Restaurant, Monsieur D——— slowly passed through the garden walks to another part of the Palais Royal. Taking out his pocket-book, he selected from the various papers contained therein, the following letter, which he once more carefully perused.

"My Dear Friend,—I have received your hurried note, in which you unfold your disastrous position, and tell me your only hope to escape bankruptcy lies in my exertions. My own resources are totally inadequate, as you well know, to meet your present wants, but I will at once set off for Versailles, although, I must confess, with little hope. Still it is possible that the means you indicate may produce a good result. Be assured, my dear friend, that I shall spare no exertions on your behalf. Should I procure the sum which you say you must have to-morrow, it will be in my possession in the morning, and I will bring it to you between twelve and one o'clock to the Orleans Gallery of the Palais Royal, where you must be in attendance. I do not name your own house, as you would be liable there to embarrassing visits, and would probably prefer a *rendezvous* elsewhere. If I do not arrive before one o'clock, conclude that I have failed in the object of my journey, and lose no time in carrying out your plan of departure; you can treat more securely with your creditors at a little distance. You can understand why I will not come in person, if I have only bad news to give you. On my uncle's account I should not like to be announced as in your company immediately previous to your departure. You owe him, I believe, about twenty thousand francs, and he would never pardon me, were he to suspect me of aiding you in your flight. In case of misfortune, be sure to write to me privately. Your true friend, whatever may happen,

Lucien R———."

"The moment has arrived when my fate must be decided in one way or other," thought Monsieur D———, as he paced the Orleans Gallery with anxious steps. "I have reached the end of that rapid descent, down which glide so many fortunes. Nothing has been able to stop me, and my vanity has consummated my ruin by leading me to conceal my situation, while it was yet time to come to an honourable arrangement. Every plank has given way beneath my feet; if the efforts of Lucien fail, if he does not immediately bring me the fifty thousand francs I must this day pay, I have no other resource, and must yield to my fate."

As these harrassing thoughts passed through his mind, the banker had twenty times consulted his watch. The hands crept slowly on, every minute lessening the slight hope he still retained, till they marked the fatal hour of one. A cold perspiration moistened the forehead of the unfortunate man.

"One o'clock, and Lucien has not appeared! All is over then!"

Still he lingered, notwithstanding; he went from one end to the other of the gallery; he scrutinized every one who entered; several times he made a movement as if to issue forth, but as often retraced his steps. It was only when his watch marked twenty minutes past one that the unhappy man quitted the Palais Royal.

At the same instant, Lucien R——— entered the Orleans Gallery, ten minutes before the limited hour; for it was in reality only ten minutes to one o'clock, the banker having regulated his watch by the unlucky cannon.

Monsieur D——— had a post chaise in waiting near the Palais Royal; he entered it and hurried away from Paris, while Lucien, with fifty thousand francs in his pocket-book, wandered up and down the gallery in amazement at his friend's absence. How could he guess the secret of that lucifer match, whose first effect had been a commercial disaster of such magnitude?

———

About the same time, an elegantly dressed lady entered the Delorme Arcade, through which she walked twice or thrice somewhat quickly, while an observer might have remarked on her charming countenance, an expression of surprise, impatience and vexation.

"It is strange!" she murmured to herself. "My watch must be right, for I have this instant got it out of the hands of my watchmaker in the Palais Royal. It is now ten minutes past one; Monsieur Leopold was to have been here at one o'clock precisely, to accompany me to the Exhibition, and he is not here yet!"

The surprise, the impatience, the vexation redoubled every instant, and the motive was certainly, amply sufficient. A young, pretty and rich widow, Madame de Luceval had especially distinguished among the crowd of her adorers, Monsieur Leopold de Versy. She had given

him reason to hope that, for his sake, she would consent to resume the chains of Hymen; and in the mean time she had been graciously pleased to signify her acceptance of his escort to the exhibition at the Louvre, an enviable and precious favour which Leopold had received with the utmost gratitude. It was now a quarter past the appointed hour, and he had not yet made his appearance at the place of meeting.

"I had supposed he would at least, have been here before me," resumed Madame de Luceval; "but my hopes were rather presumptuous. Monsieur Leopold does not appear to pique himself on his punctuality! But if he makes me wait for him now, what will he do when armed with the title of a husband? Poor Monsieur de Luceval had the very same fault, and I cannot forget how often I suffered by it. Exactly the same annoyances in a second marriage would be rather monotonous. I suppose they all have their faults, but in another husband, I would desire at least the benefit of variety."

We must admit that Madame de Luceval was not very unreasonable.

Her watch, consulted for the last time, marked eighteen minutes past one.

"My patience is exhausted," said the fair widow; "the most rigorous politeness does not require one to wait more than a quarter of an hour, for a comparative stranger, and to have exceeded that in this instance, where I ought to have found so much eagerness, is unpardonable."

Madame de Luceval returned home, and Leopold, whose watch had not been altered by the report of the mid-day gun, arrived *only* seven minutes before the hour of rendezvous. He had abundant time to inspect the shops on each side of the Arcade, and as he loitered from window to window, it was now his turn for bitter reflections.

"Has she forgotten her engagement? Will she still come? Has she been making sport of me? Can another be the happy man I used to think myself? But no—and yet—"

Four o'clock sounded from the Tuilleries, while Leopold still lingered in the Delorme Arcade.

"At least," thought he, "as she had invited me to dinner, I will find her at home. I shall only have lost the half of the day. A dinner almost *tête a tête*,—for there will be no one but her old aunt—will be some compensation for this weary afternoon."

And Leopold hastened to Madame de Luceval's.

"Madame has gone out," said the servant who answered his summons at the door.

"Well! I will wait for her," replied Leopold; "in fact, I have done nothing else since morning."

"But, Madame will, perhaps, not return till very late."

"She will return at any rate to dinner," insisted poor Leopold.

"Not at all," was the reply. "Madame left this about an hour ago, saying that she would dine out."

"It only wanted this to complete her perfidy," muttered the young man as he retired.

Both lady and gentleman were thus offended, and in place of frank explanations, entrenched themselves in a system of wounded dignity, which often commits great mischief in love affairs. The projected marriage was broken off, and a bachelor of certified punctuality may yet assume that title which Leopold de Versy had unwittingly forfeited.

And all this was the result of a cannon fired a little too soon! Not between two powers in an attitude of jealous observation; not between two fleets or two armies ranged in battle array; but the simple little cannon of the Palais Royal, fired by a youngster who wished to mystify the sun with a lucifer match.

A young gentleman from the provinces, who had lunched that day at Vefour's, had regulated his watch by the clock in the *Café*.

"Correct time, sir, I assure you, sir," insisted the waiter. "I set it myself at twelve o'clock, sir, by the gun-fire."

Our provincial, Claude de Mailly—was invited to dine with a couple, to seek whose daughter in marriage was the principal reason for his present visit to Paris. His relatives had assured him that she was an excellent, amiable, handsome girl, and her father had accumulated a few *rouleaus* in the course of business. In fact he had made up his mind to propose that very evening; the family were fully aware of his intentions in visiting Paris, and there could be no doubt of a ready consent. The hour noted in the letter of invitation was six o'clock, and Claude, intending, with country politeness, to be in excellent time, knocked at the door at ten minutes to six—according to his watch—but according to the dial-plate of the good old clock within, twenty minutes past five.

His arrival was altogether unanticipated. In the passage he encountered his future father-in-law, mounting from the cellar, with a basket in one hand, and candle in the other; whilst, from

above, his good lady chided in no very gentle voice, the tardiness of her husband, a delay which his obesity might in some measure have justified.

The wife scolded, the husband replied sharply, and the war of words became the keener as the contending parties approached each other. The discovery of Claude's presence on the staircase between the hostile forces, was made just in time to prevent them from joining battle.

But the silencing of this cannonade, permitted the sound of another conflict to reach the ears of the guest, and a few steps up stairs after the mother, who had taken to flight on his approach, disclosed him the whole scene, which, after a few very picturesque apostophes and rejoinders, closed with a crash of broken glass. It was the young lady herself, Mademoiselle Agläe, arguing with the servants. Taken unawares, the actors in the family drama thus displayed themselves in all the charming ease of domestic life. The young lady, who had neither time to disguise her emotions, nor to repair the disorder of her toilette, appeared before the young provincial with badges and accessories, which satisfactorily proved to him, that the repast of which he was about to partake had been prepared by the hands of one, at least, of the Graces.

"A very amiable young lady!" he muttered, "most furiously amiable, indeed!"

Half an hour later, the storm had disappeared and left no trace behind; all was calm, mild, and attractive. But the mid-day gun, in thrusting Claude de Mailly into the midst of the preceding fray, had given him a glimpse behind the scenes, of which he took full advantage. Henceforward Mademoiselle Agläe, when an eligible young gentleman is expected to dinner, will probably assume at five o'clock, the quiet tone, the modest grace, and the elegant attire of "a young lady with expectations." As yet, however, she has not had another opportunity.

We have related a few of the serious consequences which resulted from the premature report of the cannon of the Palais Royal. There were, doubtless, many other incidents of even more grave and serious import, which have not come within our knowledge; but we need not push our enquiries further. Events, even more trivial than the mischievous freaks of a vagabond boy, have not unfrequently disturbed the peace of the world, and changed the destiny of nations.

SPEAK KINDLY TO A CHILD.

BY D. WYLIE.

O speak to children kindly,
For painful is their sigh;
O do not thoughtlessly e'er bring,
The tear into their eye.
They have their yearnings, their dislikes,
They have their hopes and fears;
O never treat them harshly,
To bring heir youthful tears.

Their feelings pure and tender,
So innocent and soft—
They take for earnest all you say—
Their eyes are on you oft.
And should you use them kindly,
Nor teach them aught of strife,
'Twill yield 'till ripest manhood,
Sweet dreams of early life.

Whatever they now look upon,
Is pure and good to them,
Whether the lowliest flower on earth,
Or heaven's clearest gem.
They take all things for what they seem;
Would-be to them is truth;
The sheep-cloak of hypocrisy
Seems verity to youth.

That heart belongs not to the good,
To shew its pride and power,
Would crush the spirit of a child,
To rule it for an hour.
Or would, with inward thought of hate,
Chide, whether right or wrong,
And sinfully exert a power,
They dare not with the strong.

Remember they are filling up
The vacancies we leave;
The lessons which we teach them now
Around their hearts they weave.
The habits we encase them in,
May cover them in shame,
Or wave around them gloriously,
In honour and in fame.

Chide gently when they go astray,
Their tears will tell their grief;
Mind those which harshness calleth up,
Give anger but relief.
The first will quell the stubborn heart,
The second feedeth fires,
May leaven evil with their thoughts,
Long after they are sires.

I would not for the world's wealth,
Deal harshly with a child,
Or try to blight its budding mind,
Though frolicsome and wild;
But kindly I would lead them to
The fount for sinful man,
And meekly ask for them a place
In God's redeeming plan.

Then would blest shadows flit across,
Their pleasant path of life,
Their yearnings would be heavenward,
Amid the world's strife.
A peaceful heart—a placid brow,
And thoughts serene and mild,—
Are trophies which I wish when I
Speak gently to a child.

ON THE

PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN PERFECTION AND HAPPINESS.

BY THE REV. ADAM HOOD BURWELL.

THE writer of the following Essay has no ambition to be thought the author of a System of Philosophy. Indeed, he is not sure that Philosophy is the right word whereby to designate his prelections; but the popular use of it makes it the fittest word by which to convey his meaning. The character of the Essay is meant to be Theological in no sense other than this: either, that part of the premises is matter of Revelation, or, that every positive truth has a Theological aspect, because it comes from the one Fountain of all truth. The object of the writer is, to treat of Man as made for happiness, but as fallen, and unable to attain it without help, and therefore, as needing certain qualifications, in order to that course of action, the result of which is happiness. The following pages treat of one form of the complexity of man's natural structure and constitution, or of certain known parts or divisions in the invisible part of man's being, which have a mutual relation to each other, and also, of a corresponding scheme for the training and endowment of each part, to the end of a complete education of the individual, so as to fit him for the attainment of ultimate happiness. Brief mention is made of these three things: to wit, the individual; the corporate society; and its external circumstances and inheritance;—and the subject is very far from being exhausted.

The writer has, in time past, endeavoured to study some of the celebrated authors on the Philosophy of the Human Mind; but they, notwithstanding their ability, affording him no instruction in the main point, he ceased to study them. Let the reader judge whether anything comprehensible and practicable is to be found in the following Essay. One remark he would further make, which is, that he thinks the truth, which undoubtedly exists in Phrenology, will one day be found to be in perfect agreement with the "Philosophy of Human Perfection and Happiness."

THAT man was made to enjoy happiness, is presumable from our experience of pleasure and pain. We are conscious of having a natural capacity for both, and we are equally conscious of almost instinctively avoiding the one, and seeking the means of securing the other. This is not from Revelation or the discoveries of science, but from feeling, and almost without reflection. To pursue pleasure and avoid pain—to ensure happiness and shun misery—appear to be the two great employments of man.

If we look to the volume of inspiration, we shall see the whole Gospel scheme predicated upon the assumption that we are miserable by nature; not by creation, but in consequence of the fall and corruption of our nature, so that we naturally do the things that lead to misery, and are naturally ignorant of the way of securing happiness, and averse to following it, even if we knew it. And the professed object of the Gospel is, to lead the human race out of this natural state of misery, which may be called accidental and temporary, into a permanent state of happiness, from which no accidents will ever be permitted to lead us astray. And it is sufficient here to state thus much without at all entering upon Theological disquisitions.

If we look abroad upon the world, we shall find this the one great absorbing question of all, namely: "What shall we do to be happy?" or, "What courses shall we pursue to ensure prosperity and the enjoyments of life?" This is what men are busied about, for at this time all principles are discarded from the schemes of government, but those of finance. All questions are resolvable into this one: How shall we make the most money? or, How shall we secure the greatest measure of enjoyment in this world? For it must be remembered that all questions touching the truth of God as such, and given by Revelation, are systematically excluded from all popular legislation, as if nations owe Him no duty; and every thing of the kind is left to the choice of the individual.

But we may also see, in looking abroad upon the world, that it has never witnessed a time of such commotions as the present. Not that there has not frequently been an equal amount of actual disturbance, but that the character of the present is diverse from all others. There is vast wealth, and vast inequality in wealth, and many, very many, poor, and a great cry for remuneration of labour, or a cry for the means of subsis-

tence on easy terms. There is an equal cry against all privileges which lie above the control of the masses. In all such, men see but so many impediments to happiness, and the universal effort now is, to remove all hindrances, and for every one to seize whatever means of happiness he may. The actors in this great enterprise invariably assume that prosperity and happiness must follow, as things of course, whenever they shall have changed the old order of things by the prevalence of their principles; and indeed there seems to be but one principle insisted on, which is, that the simple will of the majority shall be the only rule of law. It is assumed that from that will, in free exercise, will spontaneously flow the polity and the expedients needful for the time being, as time shall roll on, and new necessities arise.

Now, happiness is certainly an end. All industry, all activity, all labour and pains-taking, say so, for they are all means to an end which all men recognize to be unattainable without them. Men labour that they may procure enjoyment, and they pursue such means as promise to be most productive, and soonest lead to happiness. This is the concurrent testimony of all men acting from a common feeling of nature, the unavoidable preference of happiness to misery. Man was made capable of suffering, but suffering was not the end of his creation. There is in him a natural buoyancy tending to a continual effort to rise above suffering—a continual striving to be happy. And as this unceasing effort of our nature is but a form of the testimony of Him who made us, we find the Book of Revelation continually asserting the same from beginning to end. The burden of the Gospel is, the special work of Jesus Christ in our flesh, which explains why the name of Saviour was given Him. But the salvation of Christ, considered merely as the taking away of sin, is not an end in itself. Great as it is in this sense, it is merely a means to a greater end, and that is, human happiness in the largest sense. God so loved the world, that He sent His only begotten Son to save it. The incarnation is not in itself an end, but a means to an end, the greatest conceivable, even the uniting of man in one body with God in glory everlasting.

It is evident to all men that there are various means to the end of happiness, for, being alike susceptible of pleasure and pain, we must be qualified for ensuring the one, and avoiding the other, in our condition and pursuits. We all have a clear and definite idea of the difference between ignorance and knowledge, perfection and imperfection. We look upon knowledge and perfection (whatever be our standard) as indispensable means to complete happiness. There is perfection in knowledge, and perfection in goodness. (Moral goodness is here meant, and not mere physical fitness and meetness.) Our perfection in knowledge would stand in knowing all that God designs we should know—our perfection in goodness, in our moral condition of likeness to the goodness of God. Perfection in wisdom, or the right use of all means, might here be added. But to complete the idea of human perfection, we must add that of an education or training suited to what man is in his creation, parts and faculties, so that he should have the complete command of himself in all parts of his conduct, and always be able to do what he ought under all circumstances.

That man was made to become perfect, is presumable from this, that he is always seeking in some way to better himself. It seems as if we cannot say, I have enough: I will seek no more. We love to contemplate perfection in the ideal; and we are always striving after it in the various productions of art and otherwise. This is proof of another assumption, which is, that there is in man's natural constitution, a complete capacity for that perfection after which he is continually striving. Without such a spring within him, it is hard to conceive how he could ever improve his condition. Brutes, by instinct, do certain things; and they are all equally good workmen in their way. Their first attempt is as successful as their last, and they are incapable of improvement. But conjecture in regard to man, is silenced when we hear God saying; "Be ye perfect: for I am perfect." And in so saying, he requires that we be perfect *because* He is perfect, while He makes his perfection the measure of ours. And there is reason in this, which we can readily understand. God has taken us into union with Himself, for ever, that He may "dwell in the habitable part of His earth, and have His delights with the sons of men." Those who cannot agree together cannot enjoy mutual happiness. Happiness in each other, being a final end, that end is unattainable, unless mutual agreement be a means to it. But God in Himself is unchangeable, and cannot vary from what He is: and hence it follows that unless we become one with Him, in mutual likeness and agreement, we cannot dwell with Him at all—He cannot take His delights with us. We must love Him with all our heart and mind, because of all His perfections in goodness and truth. But if He finds nothing in us, corresponding to His own likeness, how can He make us his companions, and take pleasure in us? This word, "Be ye perfect," is to us a word of love and encourage-

ment; for we think too well of Him to imagine that He would command us to do things impossible. He does not come reaping where he had not first sown: and he cannot require us to be perfect unless He has first given us a natural capacity for becoming so, and also provided a positive means for our growing into that condition.

Now man in his creation state, which if we like we may call a blank, capable of being filled up either with good or evil—trained for God's pleasure or against it—is made up of four parts, each one of which is essential to the completeness of the other three; and they so stand together, that one is not afore nor after the other, in time or action; but must all act together, in a certain way, in order to the perfection of any action. Man is compounded of Will, Imagination, Intellect, and Affections: and though this is not a complete enumeration of all man's faculties in their out-branchings, they are all comprehended under these four heads. One of sound mind, and perfect self-possession, must know how to rule them all, without being swayed by any of them, and must have them so adjusted and balanced together against each other, that no one of them shall have an undue preponderance, or work to the injury of any of the others. And here in the natural constitution of the individual, lies deeply imbedded that rudimental principle of BALANCE OF POWER, after which statesmen have so much laboured. They have seen in it, the proper and necessary balancing of one vital energetic part, against another such part in the same body, so that no one should overbear and oppress another, and in so doing, overbear and oppress itself. For they have regarded a state, as made up of different parts, each having its own sphere of duties, and peculiarities, but also having them, and under obligation to exercise them, for all the rest as well as for themselves, so as to produce a common action for common good, in the common weal. On this ground, if any one estate of a realm, should attempt to swallow up the others, and supply their place, it would attempt the destruction of the whole state, in which itself also would be involved. For the parts of a constituted state are comparable to the parts of a man, all of which suffer, by taking away one of them.

In this enumeration of the parts of a man, the Will stands first, as the head and ruler of them all, fully and absolutely. It is the sovereign Director of all, as it were the Executive Department of the man, whose chief business is, to stand in readiness for the doing of every action, at the time, and in the manner determined on by other faculties. The will in itself is not rational; yet its action is needful to every rational action. But we must conceive of it as itself under direction and guidance; and this we are obliged to say, when we say that in itself it is irrational. We must also remember, that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and that we are handling a subject, which is in many points involved in the profoundest mystery. For there seems to be, an I Myself, the master and possessor of all that we can recognize, yet hidden away behind them, out of sight, and veiled in impenetrable darkness; one in whom all the faculties centre; from whom they orignate and spring, and back to whom they continually return, but who never shows himself, so that we can see and know him. Perhaps it is the human spirit itself.

Next comes the Imagination. It is the Provider in the midst of the man, as the will is the director. It needs continually to be restrained, and its processes examined by that which is rational, before they are acted upon. It is in itself void of reason, as may be seen in dreams, when the will and reason appear to be asleep and inactive; but yet its action is necessary to all rational conduct. It is very active in invention, discovering, and acquisition; and is continually out foraging and finding, and bringing up all ideal things to be tested and selected by another faculty. This is matter of common experience, for we all know the necessity of examining closely into things before we commit ourselves to them.

In the third place comes the Intellect. It seems to be an organ (so to call it) made up of many others—a great region within the bounds of humanity, containing many precious things. It has the power of knowing, remembering, reflecting, comparing, reasoning, judging, determining; and in order to any right action it should be able to point out the end, the means, time when, and how. Prudence, wisdom, discretion, caution, and and such like, seem to find their place in the intellect; and the importance of its functions to the constitution of a "sound mind" is readily appreciated.

Lastly, come up the Affections, a system in themselves. They are the region of feeling, desiring, wishing, preferring, disliking, avoiding. Love, hatred, envy, jealousy, revenge, and such like, seem to have their home in the affections, as they all spring from feeling. They have much to do with the conscience, with joy, sorrow, repentance, remorse, and all the forms of suffering, whether pleasant or painful. Yet are they irrational in themselves, and stand in continual need of being watched over by other faculties, lest they lead us continually to play the fool. Of the truth of this we are at once convinced when we

reflect that no man should act simply because he feels, for we must judge first whether the action which would spring from spontaneous feeling be right or wrong. The affections are the prompter in the man, and incite him to action, for without a feeling favorable towards doing a thing, one could never do it; and even if, in one sense, a thing is contrary to one's feelings, he cannot do it unless a contrary feeling drives him on. In this case an overcoming sense or feeling of duty may cause us to do very unpleasant things. It is thus a Christian bears his cross.

In everything a man does the joint operation of all these four parts of him is necessary, though but one of them may be more prominently employed. The thing to be done may require the leading activity of this or that faculty, or this or that one of the four; but yet all the others must be doing their part, or the matter goes wrong. A man cannot do a thing without all the time holding it in his will, and willing something about it; nor without exercising his imagination on it, or on things connected with it; nor without reasoning or judging or reflecting concerning it; nor without having his feelings sufficiently interested in it to ensure perseverance.

No one of these four should be out of place. None should be allowed to usurp the place, or attempt to discharge the office of another, or seek to do without it, for they all are parts, one of another, and should work together to a common end, as the parts of a machinery which can do nothing alone, or even if one part is wanting.

But there is such a thing as abuse or misuse. The abuse of the will runs into lawlessness, selfishness, violence, disorder, confusion, and all injustice. Excess in the imagination tends to fanaticism, and the unreason seen in madness. The intellect is liable to waste itself in idle speculation and useless theories, even though it be the seat of reason and judgment. The uncontrolled and ungovernable affections will run into sensuality, and their indulgence tends toward the loss of shame, and the searing of the conscience, which is kept alive by the fear of God. The abuse of one tends directly to the abuse of all, for they cannot be separated, and must operate together for good or evil. The temptation of a man of strong affections will be to indulge them in a violent, ungovernable will; and, unregulated, the whole four tend to mutual disorder and injury. Loss, deficiency, or suspension, in any of these, would result in idiotcy, a condition below that of the instinct of brutes. Though man has instincts, they serve him not in place of the reasoning powers, and cannot be trusted to for guidance. The brute does, by instinct, what is right for him to do; but man to do right must do it in the exercise of higher and nobler faculties.

Righteousness and holiness go together. He that is not holy cannot be righteous, because righteous conduct proceeds from holiness of disposition. But righteous conduct also stands in doing what ought to be done, irrespectively of wishes or inclination. Righteous conduct may then depend upon condition, qualification, and ability. Righteousness and holiness of condition and action depend upon these four parts of manhood being so properly adjusted and balanced together in a man that he should have the complete mastery of every one of them, and so be able to behave himself wisely, discreetly, prudently, and virtuously, under all circumstances. The righteousness of an action consists in its rightness, or being what it ought to be. The righteousness of a person, under one view, stands in the righteousness or holiness of his disposition, and willingness to do what is right; while, under another view, should be added his ability to do at all times what he ought to do. Under this should be included, knowledge and power, and we have the true idea of human perfection, and the complete qualification in the individual for the enjoyment of happiness—for all qualification must be regarded as means to an end. It is easy to conceive of a person so qualified, because God has given us the example of One who ever stands as the pattern for all others to copy after. It is also easy to conceive of a man advanced far towards perfection in wickedness, using, in perfect selfishness, all his faculties with the consummate wisdom and art of the serpent. But as the fear of the Lord is alone the beginning of wisdom, and as that fear must, in one sense, be the basis and support of all wisdom, such perverted examples only shew us the extremes of folly.

We all know that no measure of human perfection is a mere creation, or instantaneously arrived at. Beginning from nothing, and by gradual "going on to perfection," is what we are all acquainted with. All schools and schemes of education bear living and continual witness to the fact; and hence it is that the child Jesus increased as others do, in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man. This of itself is quite sufficient to establish the principle. Progress and development, and coming to the maturity of perfection, as an individual, are clearly to be traced in Him. He was not a priest on earth, (Heb. viii. 4,) and so performed no priestly act till He was perfected in full maturity of age and qualification as the second Man: having ascended and received from the Father that measure of increment which made Him in all respects perfect

in all the fulness of God. He showed Himself the perfect One in the character of Baptiser with the Holy Ghost, as on the Day of Pentecost. Then was it made manifest that ALL power in heaven and earth were given unto Him.

Here I would call attention to that wicked lie of Satan, which is embodied in, and put forth under the claims of Mesmerism. Its advocates, in their exceeding folly and blindness, assert that this demoniac power in men is only a heretofore undiscovered human faculty, by which, when a person under its power is made totally unconscious, as if he were dead, he is yet enabled in this state to do things of which he knows nothing, and with a consummateness of excellence wholly unattainable by the mere human artist; but of which the person, on coming to himself again, is found in his original ignorance and incapacity. But a man having a very little of Christian knowledge, and belief in the word and works of God, can readily see through all such lying wonders of the enemy.

But it is abundantly manifest that a man furnished for and walking in all righteousness must have received an education suited to this fourfoldness in his nature, and being so suited it must have been adapted to, and have reached, and modified, and trained each part so as to have perfected it in unison with all the others. And as He who made man is alone competent to provide for all his necessities, (for He who alone knows what is in man can know man's deeds,) it is clear that He alone is able to provide and fill with power a system of education fitted to address and train man rightly in this fourfoldness of his being. This consideration alone, without any lengthened argument to prove it, is quite sufficient for the utter condemnation of all the infidel schemes of education that men have ever invented—of all those modern schemes under state patronage or popular favour, which professedly give nothing but a literary education, and leave religion to accident or individual choice. For not only must God Himself arrange a proper system to educate the individual, but furnish it with exclusive principles, yea, and fill it with his own power also. Our Lord said that all power in heaven and on earth is committed unto Him. This of necessity includes the power and right of educating and training all persons. If He came to save them from their sins, to wit, their various deficiencies as well as the corruption of their nature, and its evil fruits, it were strange indeed if He could allow of their being educated and fitted for the happiness He prepares for them without His making provision for it, and Himself being the efficient agent in their preparation for it; and if this be so, indeed, it follows that no merely human education can, in any measure whatever, prepare men for the enjoyment of the pleasures that are at God's right hand. If all are to be "taught of God," it must be so. The ignorance of the savage in all his coarse brutality is just as high and holy a qualification as the polished science and profound wisdom of the learned and wise of this world; and one in itself is quite as acceptable to God, and makes men as like His Son as the other: for the world by its wisdom knows no more of God than it does by its savage ignorance, and one brings a man just as near the Kingdom of Heaven as the other. But all the facts of revelation—God's command that we be holy and perfect—man's moral, rational and social capacities and condition—alike imperatively and imploringly, demand, that such a divine means of education be provided for him. And so it is. God who condecends to dwell with men, cannot dwell with sin—cannot take pleasure in imperfection. He seeks companions, not slaves. The beasts, and the elements, and the unclean spirits, may be His slaves; but man was made in His image, and dominion and lordship were given him in the day that God created him; and though lost by the fall, they were renewed to him in the covenant of redemption, but yet never to be holden except in the strictest obedience to and dependence upon Himself. Hence, in giving gifts unto men, that by them men might be fitted for His dwelling among them, and taking pleasure in them, He suited the gifts by which they were to be perfected and qualified for such high honour, to that fourfoldness in the human constitution of which we have been discoursing. He provided that the individual to be perfected under His hand should be addressed, and instructed, and modified, under the joint operation of a fourfold ministry—fourfold in its adaptation to the fourfoldness which is in man by creation. The end of man is his happiness in the likeness and favour of God forever, under His protection and in His companionship; and so the means of man's perfection, and the perfection itself, are but means to this great end. And after the Lord ascended, leading captivity captive, and thus removing the hindrances to His work, He gave gifts unto men: and He gave some, Apostles; and some, Prophets; and some, Evangelists; and some, Pastors and teachers—these four, for the perfection of the Saints, for the work of the Ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.

(To be continued.)

WILD WOOD LIFE.*

BY NED CALDWELL.

HOW CHARLEY STANTON AND I HAD A BEAR HUNT, AND WENT TO MRS. JOB STINSON'S TEA PARTY AFTERWARDS.

CHAPTER II.

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MRS. JOB STINSON'S TEA SHINE.

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"OH Ned, what *shall* I do? look at my face! and my unlucky arm is as stiff as one of Aunt Letty's bows. How on earth can I go to the party to-night such a figure?"

Such were the words that, in sad complaining tones, greeted my ears next morning, from the opposite side of our chamber, where hung suspended by a gilded ring from a nail in the wall, the mirror, that on ordinary occasions, enabled Squire Tibbits to perform his tonsorial duties in comfort, and his buxom dame to adjust her cap with matronly neatness and decorum, but which, for the honour of the house, had been allotted to "the Judge" and his town friend. Charley was reviewing, with a rueful glance, an ugly stripe down one of his cheeks, and still more unbecoming mark across his handsome nose,—his nose, that, when he thought on such subjects at all, he considered the handsomest feature in his face—and endeavouring, screwing up his countenance at the pain the effort cost him, to raise his left arm to his throat to button his shirt collar.

"What does a mark or two signify, man, when we've killed two four year olds?—the girls will like you the better for them to-night?"

"By the lord Harry," said Charley, (somewhat consoled though, evidently,) "that's a very small consolation for losing a quarter of a yard of one's natural covering. You don't catch me deer hunting to-day, that's certain."

"Nor me, for that matter," said I, "for my rifle stock's smashed, so what say you to going over and seeing the raising?"

"I think that would be capital," said Ned; "and besides the fun, we shall see Abel Wilson, who wants me to help him in some scheme about Sally."

So we settled there should be no deer hunting that day, and that Abel's plan should be aided and abetted to the best of our abilities.

"Breakfast, boys," calls the Squire,—"the old woman swears the cakes will be spoiled if you aint down in less than no time."

Down we went to breakfast accordingly, and a breakfast we made that would have shamed the appetite of the Islington devourer of raw beef steaks. *Such* red hot buckwheat cakes, *such* delicious fresh butter, *such* hung beef, *such* smoked venison, *such* Johnny-cake, and *such* apple sa'ace, never were placed before two hungry hunters before, and no two other omnivorous animals could have done them greater justice.

But it will not do for us to go on in this way; we will never get to the tea-shine—so, without expatiating on our parting with the jolly Squire and his kind wife; describing the "raising bee," which, for the information of the uninitiated reader, we may state, was a friendly assemblage of Job's neighbours, to assist him in erecting the frame-work of a new outbuilding—or, relating master Abel Wilson's plans, which will be developed in due time, we will adjourn at once to Mrs. Job's hospitable *ré-union*, far back in the fertile semi-wilderness, north of Lake Ontario, some two hundred miles from this good city, where, as will be seen, are to be found, nearly as plentifully as here, the same pride—jealousy—love of ostentation—vanity—the same feelings, passions, failings and follies that abound in our carpeted and mirrored drawing rooms, with this only distinction, that their manner of developing themselves is somewhat different.

Mr. Job Stinson's house was one of the "secondary" productions of the settlers in the woods. The primary edifices are small one-roomed log shanties; the secondary, large roomy houses of wood, or when stone is plentiful, of rubble stone. Mrs. Stinson's mansion was of the former class, a large, square, barn-like looking building, with a most unconscionable number of windows. Half the lower part formed in one the sitting room, dining room, kitchen and all, with the staircase in one corner—the other half was divided into two, which were usually bed-rooms, but on this festive occasion, one had been transformed into a tea room, the other into a "fixin' room for the gals," as we were informed by one of the junior Stinson's, a sturdy youngster, who, I presume, had not "come out," as the want of a coat exhibited his striped shirt sleeves to great per-

* Continued from page 42.

fection, and a pair of Job's boots rendered his peripatetic evolutions rather deliberate, from the danger of dropping them off upon any exhibition of his activity.

"How are ye, Judge? How are ye, boys?" said the bluff voice of old Job, from the huge fire place—"come along here and warm up—Cre-e-ation, Judge! what's the matter with yer face! who's ben a scrapin' it up that way?"

"Why, an old bear took a fancy to hug me last night, Job," said Charley, "and before I put my knife into her, she marked me a little."

"Great Cæsar! a bar grip, and that all the harm it done ye! And did ye use up the black varmint?"

"Yes, Ned and I bagged two four year olds at Squire Tibbit's last night," said Charley.

"Two on 'em! Jee-hoshaphat!" (Old Job was very fond of expletives, and his selection was curious)—"But you'll tell us the spree by'm-bye.—Take a horn and then be off with ye, the gals are a waitin' up stairs—and there goes the band."

We declined the "horn," however, and made our way to the tea room. This had evidently been the focus in which had been concentrated all Mrs. Job's skill and labour, and she must have regarded with no small pride of heart, the piles of "nut cakes," the huge plumb cakes, the innumerable apple pies, flanked by large lumps of her best cheese—the great glass dish of honey that decked the centre, and the raspberry, strawberry, brambleberry, pumpkin, squash, and other conserves, that filled profusely every spare spot upon the table. Tea and coffee were arranged at different ends of the table, each dispensed by a presiding divinity,—the honours of the tea being done by Mrs. Job herself, a thin, pinched up, prim looking old woman, with a most egregious cap on, and a fussy, half important, half bashful sort of face, but with a good humoured look about the eyes, that showed she could be a very merry sociable sort of a woman if her best cap and black silk gown were but in their accustomed resting places. The good old lady had deputed the management of the coffee to the most fashionable and most universally detested young lady in the settlement, one who had been to Toronto, if not to Montreal, and who considered the position a favourable one for the commencement of her evening's operations, inasmuch as, in dispensing the coffee there was much room for fascinating smiles, and soft speeches, which she promised herself should prove prolific of partners during the evening. Miss Araminta (pronounced Airyminty) Stone, for such was the appellation in which she rejoiced, a young lady, verging upon the age of desperation, was dressed in dark plaid, the prominent colours in which were red, black and brown. Her dress fitted closely to her figure, which was strikingly like an old geranium, very tall, very thin, and very crooked—a white satin ribbon, with long ends, adorned her waist, and her arms were "swathed" in huge puffed out sleeves of white muslin and lace,—around her forehead she wore a string of large jet beads, and a long white ribbon hung down from her back hair, floating behind her, when she moved, like the tail of a kite. Such was the fair Airyminty, universally acknowledged to be the only really fashionably dressed woman in the room, and as such, at once imitated and envied. The opinion in which she was held by the gentlemen may be summed up in the words of a young man of *ton*, dressed in a frock coat, cravat and collar *a la Byron*, cow hide boots, and white cotton gloves, who was gazing admiringly at her, from a recess near the stove, and who graphically remarked to me that "she'd a ben a tearin' fine gal ef she'd only growed a little straighter."

At one side of the table, Mrs. Ellice had taken up her position. She was the only person in the settlement whose *dictum* would weigh down that of Miss Airyminty Stone, for she was generally believed, from the vague and meaning hints she herself sometimes dropped, to have been one of those persons "who have seen better days." Not that she was now poor—far from it—she had a life interest in an excellent farm in the neighbourhood, and was likely to be comfortably off as long as she lived, but some relics of former grandeur, in the shape of a real velvet gown, a gold ring with a large stone in it, which she asserted was a real pearl, and her assumption of importance, founded upon the fact of her late husband having seen service "under Government," led her simple neighbours to suppose that she really had been a "ginuine" lady,—and her airs were great in consequence. She was the mother of Sally, Abel's sweetheart, the prettiest and best girl in the Township, who now sat beside her pursy fat mother like a rose bud beside a sunflower—and she had set her mind upon Sally's marrying a gentleman. None of your country boors for her! Her father had been a gentleman before her, and the young men of the place were not fit associates or fit matches for *his* and *her* daughter. Abel's attentions, consequently, though favourably received by Sally, were disdainfully scouted by the old lady, and the youthful lovers had long been attempting to soften down her pride, which was one serious obstacle in the way of the consummation of their

hopes. Another difficulty had manifested itself in old Wilson, who had taken a mighty fancy to have the fair Airyminty for a daughter-in-law, principally, as was supposed, on account of a certain lot of land to her appertaining—and who swore lustily that if Abel married any one else, he would leave every farthing of property he had, to his nephew, and cut him off with a shilling. The old man prided himself upon two things—one was the inviolability of his word, and the other, an inveterate enmity to new fashions and manners. He could never be prevailed upon to join in any of the festivities of the neighbourhood, because they had "gin up the old hops, and sneaked about a dancin' what they called cowdrills. He'd heerd tell of somethin' they called waltzin', and he 'sposed they'd be a doin' that soon." If one of his characteristics rendered disobeying him dangerous, the other shewed a faint gleam of hope that he might be made to revoke his decision, and upon these eccentricities of the two old people we had framed our plans for circumventing them. Job, who was in the plot, had persuaded old Wilson to come to his "raisin' bee," and we hoped to bring the old folks to reason before we left the house that night.

Having partaken of some coffee from the fair hands of Airyminty, and given her a compliment in exchange for it that elicited a "Why, Mister Caldwell, how you talk," I deferentially took Mrs. Ellice up stairs towards the ball-room, led by a crash of music from the "band," which consisted of a violin, a tambourine, and a triangle. Forcing our way through the crowd of gentlemen who were in the passage and doorway, making up their minds for a simultaneous demonstration in the dancing way, we entered the ball-room, a long, low room, comprising the front half of the upper story of Job's house, with a couple of dozen muttons, six to the pound, stuck in tin reflectors on the walls, and a row of damsels seated upon wooden benches along the sides of the room, waiting impatiently for the bashful youths who hovered in the passage, and lingered on the stairs. Our entrance, however,—I, with the fat Mrs. Ellice in the van, Charley with sweet Sally next, and Abel bringing up the rear with his great detestation, Airyminty, on his arm,—changed the aspect of things. The "band" struck up louder than ever; the recreant ones in the passage followed us in, and the ice broken, had their partners up in a twinkling, and in five minutes we were slashing away through a series of eight reels, with a degree of activity and perseverance that warmed old Wilson's heart amazingly. Then came a Scotch reel, then a French four, then an opera reel, and so on, dance following dance without a moment's cessation, until after they had all got into the spirit of the thing, they thought they might venture to try a quadrille. This was what we wanted. Of *course* Sally did not dance it, and by mere *accident* found herself near her dear Abel's father when it commenced. Great was the contempt with which he looked upon the "cowdrill," as he called it, and Airyminty lost a good deal of ground in his estimation by dancing it, which I took care she should do. This was the preparation we wanted for our master stroke, and, as soon as it was over, Charley solicited the honour of Miss Airyminty's hand for a waltz, which she had learnt to perform after a fashion in some of her peregrinations, and glad of an opportunity for exhibiting her accomplishments to the wondering gaze of her country friends, she graciously gave it him. The fiddler, with a little instruction, managed to play the air of a song he knew, that was in triple time, fast enough for waltzing, and as they stood exactly in front of old Wilson, Charley slipped his arm round his partner's waist, and went off, whirling the fair Airyminty round the room in the most approved style.

The old fellow stared in astonishment.

Wal, if them two aint impident. Thar they go a huggin' each other, right afore the whull of us. What on airth be they a spinnin' about that ar way for ?"

"That's waltzing, Mr. Wilson," said Sally, very demurely.

"I jest thought so. I'm darned ef I did'nt jest think so. Waltzin'! Wal, ef ever I see sich a show afore. Thar they be a goin' backerds. Pity thar aint a snag in the track. Here they come. Jest see, Sally, how shamed Airyminty 'el look arter all that."

Just at this moment they stopped at the place where their gyrations had commenced—and old Wilson deprecatingly addressed my mischievous friend, in a low tone, unheard by his partner,

"Now, judge, don't you be a misleadin' that unfortnat gal that a way. You must a had an' almighty work to persuade her into it; now jest let her set down, for I'm sure she must want to."

"Why, you aint tired already—be you, Mr. Stanton?" said the unconscious Airyminty.

Charley looked expressively at the old man, as much as to say, "You see," and off they went again, spinning away round the room at a great rate.

"Wal, consarn me ef ever I see or heerd tell of the like of that afore. Look here, Abel, ef you ever go spookin' about with that ar Airy-

minty that you've ben a talkin' up to, by the etarnal log I'll have my will made right off." Abel promised faithfully, of course, he'd give her up, whatever it might cost him. "I'm darned ef I stay here any longer," continued the old man, rising,—"ef Job Stinson lets them town fellers cut up their shines in his house, he may; but I aint goin' to stay whar thar's any sich doin's." He was not fated, however, to escape so easily. As the fair Airyminty passed him in one of her turns, her elbow administered a violent blow to his ribs, almost taking away his breath. This redoubled his disgust, and he delivered a most violent *tirade* down stairs to old Job against the depravity of modern days, stating his deliberate determination to get a new padlock for his stable—for he felt quite convinced that any man that was shameless enough to "go a huggin' a gal about, round the room that a way, would think mighty little of walkin' off with his bay colt."

So far, our enterprise was prosperous; but the most delicate part of it had yet to be managed. Mrs. Ellice had just administered a rebuke to her daughter for having three times danced with poor Abel; and, if we failed with her, his case was hopeless, for Sally would never do anything contrary to her mother's wishes. However, the time was come for action, and our operations commenced.

"God save all here," said a loud, rough voice, at the door. "Where's Masther Charles Stanton?"

"Here I am," said Charley,—"What the deuce do you want with me?"

"I have a letther for yer honour, from yer uncle, in Munthreall," said a stout, rough-looking, and badly-dressed man, somewhat past the middle age, walking up to Charley, and giving him a letter.

Charley took the letter, and calling the man aside, as it were, walked off with him towards a light, under which, with an air of ineffable majesty, the fat Mrs. Ellice was sitting, turning up her nose at the plebeians about her, and complacently watching the motions of her lovely little daughter.

I followed them, and saw the rubicund face of the old lady, perceptibly pale, as she caught a glance of our new friend, and she instantly turned away her head.

"Phew! be all that's holy! but I'm glad to see ye, misthress Ellice! To think of meetin' ah ould friend in this outlandish place! Sure, ye recollect Ned Morgan?"

"Sir!" stammered the lady; "you have the advantage of me, sir."

"Sowl! but I have, for y'ere grown mighty fat—but what odds! Sure ye can see, can't ye? Don't ye remimber whin yer father kept the tavern below, and the divil a betther hand there was in the counthry than yerself, for mixing a right good naggin of punch; many's the wan, be the same token, ye made for me."

"I really don't recollect. I don't feel very well," gasped the unfortunate old woman—her grandeur thus rapidly ebbing.

"Oh! but ye don't get off from me that way. Don't ye remimber when I boorded in the house, how ye used to bring up my boots an' my hot wather of a Sunday mornin', and how we used—"

"Sir!" said the lady, making a desperate effort to resume her dignity; "I don't know you at all. My husband was an officer, and if he was alive, he would not see me abused this way."

"Begad! he was," said Morgan; "and a divilish cute officer he was, as ever had the letther A. on his collar. Sure it was the Shuperintendent's wife that gev you that velvet gound ye hev on this minit."

This was the finishing stroke. She fairly gave in.

"Oh! Ned!" said she "how *can* you talk so?" and her wounded pride found vent in a flood of tears.

Now was Abel's time.

"I don't believe a word of all this stuff," said he. "How dare you come here, you ugly Irish thief, with your all-fired lies agin a decent lady. Jest come down stairs, and I'll whip the life out of ye. I'll walk right through you, you ill-looking furrener, I will."

"Sorrow a bit o' me's afraid ov the best of ye," said Ned Morgan, and down the apparent belligerents rushed, to settle the dispute in the open air.

"By the Lord Harry!" said Charley, looking out of the window, into the moonlit night, a minute after, as the widow sat sobbing, in the middle of a wondering crowd. "Abel is polishing that fellow off at a great rate—egad! the fellow has actually taken to his heels."

"The brute!" sobbed Mrs. Ellice.

"Never mind, mother!" whispered Sally. "Get Abel to speak to Mr. Charley, to send him back to Montreal at once. The judge will do anything for him, and he'll speak to him if you ask him."

Just then, Abel, breathless, came in, and in the most respectful manner, suggested to poor Mrs. Ellice that it would do her good to "take sumthin' after being insulted by the lying villain, whom he had laid the rough side of his hand upon in the yard."

Glad to escape from the questionings of the company, who had gathered round her, wonder-

ing what was the matter, for nobody had heard the short dialogue but ourselves, she gratefully accepted his arm, and casting an imploring look at us, as she went off, which we very well understood, she waddled down stairs to the tea room, with her would-be son-in-law.

He had not dared to tell Sally of the trick that was to be played upon her mother, and she thought the arrival of Ned Morgan, whom Abel had accidentally met with on his last trip to Toronto, and brought out specially for the occasion, was purely accidental, and the elated look of Abel, as he led her mother out, and Charley's and my own very apparent enjoyment of some unknown joke, caused her no small surprise. However, that was no time for thought, and she was very soon winding her way up the lines of the country dance with the greatest *abandon* and most gleeful enjoyment.

Abel's suit prospered. He soothed the vain old lady's injured pride—mixed her some delicious port wine negus—expatiated upon the "smashing" he had given Ned Morgan—declared that he would cause the judge to send the lying ruffian back to Montreal—assured her that we were too indignant at the fabrication ever to mention it, especially as he intended to request us, as a favor to himself, not to talk of the foul falsehood—and having restored her to her former equanimity, he broached the subject of his suit.

Poor Mrs. Ellice was fairly "cornered." She thought of his gallantry in taking her part—his attentions to her so respectful and kind—his influence over us in keeping that horrid tale quiet—and last, though not least, the thriving homestead that would one day be his, and that would make her darling daughter so comfortable —and yielded.

"If Sally and his father were agreeable," she said, "she would make no further objection."

At this eventful moment, Charley approached the tea room, with Sally on his arm, glowing with her late exertions, and not suspecting that any one was there, he abruptly opened the door.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Sally; "if that Abel isn't kissing mother!"

"By the lord Harry!" said Charley, "he's done it," and good naturedly shutting Sally into the room with her enraptured lover, and her consenting mamma, he ran up stairs to communicate to me the joyful news. The trio made their appearance shortly after, and I rather suspected, from Miss Sally's looks, that Abel had had the good taste to extend his osculation beyond the fat mamma.

It was now past the small hours, and I regret to be compelled to say, that that wild fellow, Charley, was becoming rather excited with old Job's numerous "horns." I heard his voice in loud measured tones down stairs, and descending, found him standing on a chair, extolling the virtues of some unknown person to the very skies. Just as we expected, "The Duke," or "Prince Albert," he gave a respectable looking individual, with spectacles, a thump on the back, that knocked them off his nose, and exclaimed with a solemnity becoming his *soubriquet:*

"This is the distinguished individual to whom I allude."

Then filling his glass, and drinking his health, he commenced, "For he's a jolly good fellow," beating time to the music, on the distinguished individual's back. The worthy yeoman, whom the villain had really never before seen, and who turned out to be a deacon of the church, and an occasional lecturer on tee-totalism, was, horror-struck at this unexpected attack, and fairly rushed from the house to get rid of his tormentor. Up stairs then went the judge, determined to have another waltz, and soliciting Airyminty's hand, with much gravity, off they went again, as he himself expressed it, like the "fastest new patent locomotive steam engine." Two other couples, inspired by his example, attempted it also; one of them turned, and turned, most industriously in one spot, vainly endeavoring to accomplish the circuit of the room, and at length, in the phrase of one of Charley's allies, "gin it up, beat all to shavins." Dire was the catastrophe caused by the other ambitious pair. As they were deliberately wheeling round each other, with their arms extended like a finger post, "doing the step," most accurately, Charley's gyrations brought him and his partner to the spot, going over the ground at racing speed. The finger post struck Airyminty just at the junction of the long white ribbon with her queenly head. The effect was tremendous; her best comb was knocked to smithereens, as Ned Morgan would have said. The circlet of jet fell scattered upon the floor, and the white tail floated gracefully to the far end of the room. Dire were the screams, loud the expostulations, and lamentable the regrets, over the damaged finery; but as daylight was now making the muttons look rather shy, and Jim had been sometime waiting with the horses, we smuggled ourselves out, mounted, and dashed off homewards—the judge vociferating as we galloped on in the clear, fresh, frosty air of the morning:

"By the lord Harry, Ned! wasn't it glorious!"

So ended Mrs. Job Stinson's tea-shine.

NED CALDWELL.

Montreal, December, 1848.

THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S.*

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

CHAPTER III.

Herald, save thy labour,
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herald.
SHAKSPEARE.

The arrival of some fishermen at the Fort, on the following morning, confirmed the intelligence given to the page by Father Gilbert—the name by which the priest who succeeded Father Ambrose, had announced himself at the Fort. They had eluded the enemy by night, keeping close within shore, in their light barks, and reported that several vessels lay becalmed in the Bay of Fundy. Though they had not ventured near enough to ascertain with certainty, no doubt could be entertained that it was the little fleet of M. La Tour, returning with the expected supplies.

The holy character and mission of Father Gilbert was a passport in every place; and as his duty often called him to remote parts of the settlement, and among every description of people, it was no marvel that he should obtain information of passing events before it reached the ears of the garrison. The mysterious manner in which he had communicated his intelligence on the preceding evening, occasioned some surprise; but Madame de la Tour, in listening to the relation, made due allowance for the exaggeration of an excited fancy, and she was also aware that the Catholic missionaries were fond of assuming an ambiguous air, which inspired the more ignorant people with reverence, and doubtless increased their influence over them.

Till within a few days, Father Gilbert had never entered the Fort; but he was well known to the poor inhabitants without, by continued acts of charity and kindness, though he sedulously shunned all social intercourse, and was remarked for the austere discipline and rigid self-denial to which he subjected himself.

The spirits of the garrison revived with the expectation of relief, now, no longer considered a matter of uncertainty. While in the fulness of these renovated hopes, and the confidence inspired by them, a boat from Mons. d'Aulney was suffered to approach the Fort, with an officer bearing a flag of truce. He was received with becoming courtesy, and shewn into the presence of Madame de la Tour.

In spite of his contempt for female authority, and his apathy to female charms, a feeling of respectful admiration softened the harshness of his features, as the sturdy veteran bent before her, with the involuntary homage, and almost forgotten gallantry of earlier years.

At that period of life, when the graces of youth have just ripened into maturity, the lady of La Tour was as highly distinguished for her personal attractions, as for the strength and energy of her mind. Her majestic figure displayed the utmost harmony of proportion, and the expresson of her regular and striking features, united in a high degree, the sweetest sensibilities of woman, with the more bold and lofty attributes of man. At times an air of hauteur shaded the openness of her brow, but it well became her novel situation, and the singular command she had of late assumed.

Madame de la Tour received the messenger of M. d'Aulney with stately courtesy, and her cold, proud composure, at once convinced him that he had undertaken a difficult, if not hopeless embassy. For an instant his experienced eye drooped beneath her piercing glance; and with a woman's quick perception, perceiving her advantage, she was the first to break the silence.

"What message from my Lord of d'Aulney," she asked, "procures me the honour of this interview? Or is it too bold for a woman's ear, that you remain thus silent? I have but brief time to waste in words, and would quickly learn what brave service he now demands of me."

"My Lord of d'Aulney," replied the officer, "bids me tell you that he wars not with women; that he respects your weakness, and forgives the injuries you have essayed against him."

"Forgives!" said the lady, with a contemptuous smile; "thy lord is gracious, and merciful—aye—merciful to himself perchance, and wary of his poor vessels, which but yesterday trembled beneath our cannon! Is this all?"

"He requires of you, Lady of la Tour," resumed the officer, piqued by her scornful manner, "the restoration of those rights which thy lord hath unjustly usurped; he demands the submission of this garrison, and the surrender of this Fort with all its munitions, and pledges his word, on

* Continued from page 39.

those conditions, to preserve inviolate the life and liberty of every individual within it, and the country round."

"Thy lord is most just and reasonable in his demands!" returned the lady, with bitter irony; "but hath he no threats in reserve--no terrors wherewith to enforce compliance?"

"He bids me tell you," said the excited messenger, "that if you reject his offered clemency you do it at your peril, and the blood of the innocent will be required at your hands. He knows the weakness of your resources, the poverty of your numbers, and he will come with power to shake these frail walls to their foundations, and to make the stoutest heart within them tremble with dismay."

"And bid him come!" said the undaunted lady, every feature glowing with indignant feeling and high resolve. "Bid him come, and we will teach him to respect the rights which he has dared to infringe, to acknowledge the authority he has presumed to insult, and to withdraw the claims he has arrogantly proffered. Tell M. d'Aulney that I am resolved to sustain the honour of my absent lord, to defend his just cause to the last extremity, and to preserve inviolate the possessions which his king entrusted to his keeping.

"Return and tell your lord, that though a woman, my heart is fearless as his own; say, that I spurn his offered mercy, I defy his threatened vengeance, and to God, the defender of the innocent, I look for succor in the hour of danger and of strife."

So saying, she turned from him with a courteous gesture, though her manner convinced him that any further parley would be useless, and seeking to hide his chagrin by an air of studied civility, the discomfited messenger was reconducted to his boat.

The vessels of M. d'Aulney soon after left their anchorage before the Fort, but it was reported that they still lay near the mouth of the river, probably waiting to intercept La Tour on his return.

Another day passed away and M. de la Tour did not arrive, nor were any tidings received from him. Madame de la Tour's extreme anxiety was remarked by her page, and hoping to obtain the earliest information, and to be himself the first bearer of good tidings to the Fort, he passed the gates at twilight, attended only by a faithful Newfoundland dog, which was his constant companion whenever he ventured beyond the walls.

For some time the page walked slowly along the bank of the river, expecting to meet the fishermen who usually returned from their labour at the close of day, and who were likely to have gathered tidings of La Tour, if, as all believed, he was near at hand with his expected succors. The gloom of evening, which had deepened around him, was gradually dispersed by the light of the rising moon; and as he stood alone in that solitary place, the recollection of his interview with the strange priest, on the preceding evening, recurred to his imagination with a pertinacity which he vainly endeavoured to resist. He looked wistfully around, almost expecting to see the tall, ghost-like figure of the holy Father again beside him; but no object met his eye; there was no sound abroad except the sighing of the wind and waves, and the shadows of the trees lay unbroken on the velvet turf.

From this unquiet musing, so foreign to his light and careless disposition, the page was at length agreeably aroused by the quick dash of oars, and in a moment he perceived a small bark canoe, guided by a single individual, bounding swiftly over the waves. As it approached near the place where he stood, Hector concealed himself in a tuft of evergreens, from whence he could, unseen, observe the person who drew near. He had reason to congratulate himself on this precaution, as the boat shortly neared the spot which he had just quitted, and in the occupant he discerned the dark features of a young Indian, who had apparently been engaged in the occupation of fishing.

Not caring to disclose himself to the savage, the page shrunk behind the trunk of a large pine tree, while the dog crouched quietly at his feet, equally intent on observing the stranger's motions,--his shaggy ears bent to the ground, and his intelligent eyes turned often enquiringly to his master's face, as if to consult his wishes and intentions.

The Indian leaped from his canoe the instant it touched the strand, and carefully secured it by a rope which he fastened around the trunk of an uprooted tree. From his appearance he belonged to one of those native tribes, who, from constant intercourse and traffic with the French Acadians, had imbibed some of the habits and ideas of civilized life. His dress was partly European, but the embroidered moccasins, the cloak of deer-skin, and plume of scarlet feathers, showed that he had not altogether abandoned the customs and finery of his own people. His figure was less tall and athletic than the generality of Indian youth, and his finely formed features were animated by an expression of vivacity and careless good humour, very different from the usual gravity of his nation.

While the page stood in his concealment, regarding him with great attention, the Indian

had secured his canoe, and as he stooped to take something from it, he began to hum in a low voice, and presently, to the great surprise of Hector, broke into a lively French air, the words and tune of which were perfectly familiar to his ear. The dog also seemed to recognize it,—he started on his feet, listened attentively, and then with a joyful bark, bounded to the stranger, and began to fawn around him and lick his hands with every demonstration of sincere pleasure.

"By Our Lady! you are a brave fellow, my faithful Hero," said the Indian, in very pure French, as he fondly caressed the sagacious animal; then casting a searching glance around, he continued, addressing him; "but how came you here, and alone, to greet your master after his long absence?"

The page could scarcely repress an exclamation, as he listened to the well-remembered voice; but drawing his cloak more closely around him, and pulling the tartan bonnet across his brow, he advanced nearer, though still unseen, and said in a disguised tone:

"Methinks thou art but a sorry actor to be thrown off thy guard by the barking of a dog; if I had a tongue so little used to keep its own counsel, I would choose a mask which it would not so readily betray."

"Thou art right, by all the saints!" he replied; "and be thou friend or foe, I will see to whom I am indebted for this sage reproof."

So saying, he darted towards the place where the page was concealed, and Hector, quite unmoved, shaded his features, and bowed with an air of profound respect, before him.

"Ha! whom have we here!" he exclaimed, surveying the page with much surprise and curiosity.

"The page of my Lady de la Tour," returned Hector, "his laughing eye drooping beneath the inquisitorial gaze."

"A pretty popinjay, brought out for my lady's amusement!" said the stranger, smiling; "you make rare sport with your antic tricks, at the fort yonder, I doubt not, boy."

"I am but a poor substitute for my lord's lieutenant, whose wit is as far-famed as his courage," returned the page gravely.

"Thou art a saucy knave!" said the other quickly; but, checking himself, he added, "and how fares it with your lady, in the absence of her lord?"

"She is well, thank Heaven, but ——"

"But what?" interrupted the other quickly; "is any one—has any misfortune reached her?"

"None which she has not had the courage to resist," he answered proudly; "the baffled foe can tell you a tale of constancy and firmness, which the bravest soldier might be proud to emulate."

"Bravely spoken, my little page! And your lady doubtless found an able assistant and counsellor in you! Ha! how fared it with you when the din of battle sounded in your ears?"

"Indifferently well," said the page, with a suppressed smile. "I am but a novice in the art of war. But have you learned aught that has befallen us, of late?"

"A rumour only, has reached me; but I hope soon to obtain more satisfactory information."

"You will not gain admittance to the fort, in that harlequin dress," said the page; "and I can save you the trouble of attempting it, by answering all the enquiries you may wish to make."

"Can you?" asked the other, with an incredulous smile, and a very significant shrug.

"You doubt me!" said the page; "but, you will soon be convinced that the knowledge you wish to gain, is as well known to me as to any one whom you hope to find there."

"You speak enigmas, boy," said the other sharply; "tell me, quickly, to whom and to what you allude?"

"Go, ask my lady," said the page, with provoking coolness. "I may not betray the secrets of her household!"

"You!" said the other scornfully; "a pretty stripling truly, to receive the confidence of your lady!"

"The *young* lady," said the page archly, "perhaps has less discretion in her choice of confidants."

"Ha!" said the stranger starting, and changing colour, in spite of his tawny disguise. "What say you of her? Speak, and speak truly, for I shall soon know all, from her own lips."

"*Her* lips will never contradict *my* words," returned the page; "but go—take the password, and enter the fort—you will not find her there!"

"Not find her there!" he repeated, in astonishment; then suddenly grasping the page's arm, he added, in no gentle tone,

"Now, by my faith, boy, you test my patience beyond endurance; if I thought you were deceiving me ——"

He stopped abruptly, and withdrew his hand, as a laugh which could no longer be repressed, burst from the lips of Hector, and, at the same moment, the heavy cloak fell from his shoulders to the ground.

"What mountebank trick is this?" demanded the stranger angrily; but, as his eye met that of

the page, his countenance rapidly changed, and in a softer tone he exclaimed,

"By the holy rood! you are ——"

"Hush!" interrupted the other hastily; and pressing his finger on his lips, while he pointed to Father Gilbert, who, at that moment, was seen approaching them. As the young man turned to look at the priest, Hector hastily gathered his cloak around him, and, before they were aware of his intention, fled from the spot, and was soon safe within the walls of the fort. The stranger would have pursued when he perceived the page's flight, but his steps were arrested by the nervous grasp of the priest.

"Loose your hold, sirrah!" he exclaimed impatiently; but, instantly recollecting himself, he added, with a gesture of respect, "Pardon me, holy father, my mind was chafed by its own thoughts, or I should not have forgotten the reverence due to your character and office."

"Know you that boy?" asked the priest, in a tremulous voice, and without appearing to notice his apology.

"I once knew him well," returned the other, looking at the monk in surprise; "a few months since we were companions in the Fort of St. John's. But why do you question me thus?"

"Ask me not," returned the priest, resuming his habitual calmness; "but, as well might you pursue the wind, as seek to overtake that light-footed page."

"You have kept me till it is too late to make the attempt," murmured the other in an under tone; and his thoughts reverting to the scene just enacted, he continued to himself: "A pretty page truly! And who but a fool, or a madman like myself, could have looked at those eyes once, and not know them again?"

"You look disturbed, young man!" said the priest, regarding him attentively, "and that disguise, for whatever purpose assumed, seems to sit but ill upon you."

"You speak most truly, good father! but I hope to doff these tawdry garments before morning, if the saints prosper my undertaking."

"Time is waning, my son, and that which you have to do, do quickly; the dawn of day must not find you here, if your safety and honor are dear to you."

"You know me!" said the young man, surprised; "but I have no remembrance of having ever met with you before!"

"I am not sought by the gay and fortunate," replied the priest; "but we may meet again. Yonder is your path," pointing to the fort—"mine leads to retirement and solitude. Peace be with thee!"

With these words he turned from him, and the young man, with hasty steps, pursued his way to the Fort of St. Johns.

CHAPTER IV.

I am sick of these protracted
And hesitating counsels.

LORD BYRON.

LEAVING the Fort of St. Johns, for a brief space, it is necessary to retrace our story, which leads us again to the old city of the Massachusetts settlement. The unexpected appearance of M. de la Tour, at Boston, as already described, became a subject of serious enquiry and discussion to the inhabitants of that place. Time had rather increased than mitigated the religious prejudices which separated them from the parent country, and the approach of every stranger was viewed with distrust and jealousy.

Though calling himself a Hugonot, there was reason to believe La Tour assumed the sentiments of that party, from motives of policy, to facilitate his treaty with the New Englanders; and it was rumoured that he entertained Romish priests in his fort, and permitted them to celebrate the rites of their religion. He had, however, always shown himself friendly to the English colonists; while M. d'Aulney, who was openly a papist, had many times intercepted their trading vessels, and treated the crews in a most unjustifiable manner. He had also wrested a trading house at Penobscot, from the New Plymouth colonists, and established his own fort there, unjustly alleging that it came within the limits of Acadia. His conduct rendered him extremely obnoxious, particularly to the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay; but his vicinity to them gave him so many opportunities of annoyance, that they dreaded to increase his animosity by appearing to favor a rival.

Under these circumstances, and with the most discordant views, and widely differing feelings, a council was convened, at the governor's request, to consult on the expediency of yielding to La Tour the assistance he desired in his present emergency. After much discussion, it was at length decided, that they could not, consistently with a treaty lately ratified with the neighboring colonies, render him any assistance in their public capacity; neither did they feel authorized to prevent any private individuals from enlisting in his service, either on his offer of reward, or from more disinterested motives.

Thus sanctioned by public opinion, many volunteers were found among the young and enter-

prising, ready to engage in the cause; and Arthur Stanhope gladly accepted the command of a vessel, well armed and equipped, which M. de la Tour had chartered for his service. Three, of smaller size, the whole manned by about eighty volunteers, completed the armament. Thus successful, M. de la Tour sailed from Boston, with renewed hope, expressing the utmost respect and gratitude to the friendly citizens, for the aid they had generously granted him.

The little fleet made a gallant show, spreading its white sails to woo the summer breeze, and boldly ploughing the deep waters of the bay. A parting salute rolled heavily along the adjacent shores, and was succeeded by the sprightly notes of a French horn, which floated merrily over the waves. The town and its green environs shortly receded, the distant hills faded in the horizon, and the emerald islands of the bay lay like specks on the bosom of the ocean. Soon the blended sky and water were the only objects on which the eye of the mariner could rest; and Arthur Stanhope felt his spirits rise as he again launched forth on the changeful element which he had loved from childhood.

Nothing occurred to retard their passage, which seemed favored by winds and waves, till they had advanced far up the Bay of Fundy, when the wind suddenly died away, and left them becalmed within a few hours sail of the St. Johns. This accident was a seasonable warning to M. d'Aulney, who then lay near the mouth of the river, waiting to intercept La Tour on his return; but being apprized of his reinforcement, he prudently retreated from the unequal conflict. With the caution of experience, he skilfully avoided La Tour's track; and the latter, who already felt certain of his prey, had at last the vexation to discover the enemy at a safe distance, and when the strong tide of the bay setting in, rendered the pursuit impossible; a thick fog soon entirely separated them, and approaching night rendered it expedient to anchor until the return of day.

A report of M. d'Aulney's menaced attack on the Fort of St. Johns had reached La Tour, through the fishermen of the bay, though it was too confused to convey much accurate information, or to relieve his extreme anxiety respecting the state of the garrison. But he endured the suspense far better than his lieutenant, De Valette, who made no attempt to conceal his vexation at the unavoidable delay. After pacing the deck long in silence, he suddenly exclaimed to La Tour:

"It is tedious beyond measure, lying here all night, becalmed almost within sight of the fort! and then so little reliance can be placed on the flying reports which we have heard. I wish, as nothing can, at any rate, be done to-night, you would allow me to push off in a boat by myself, and reconnoitre with my own eyes?"

"And leave me to meet the enemy, without you, in the morning? Is that your intention?" asked La Tour, pettishly.

"You do not ask that question seriously, I presume?" said De Valette.

"Why, not exactly, Eustace," he replied; "though I confess I think it rather a strange request to make at this time."

"Why so?" asked De Valette; "I would only borrow a few hours from repose, and my plan may be accomplished with ease; nor shall you have reason to complain that I am tardy at the call of duty."

"I understand you now, my brave nephew and lieutenant!" said La Tour, smiling; "you would play the lover on this moon-light night, and serenade the lady of your heart, to apprise her of your safe return."

"There was not quite so much romance in my plan," replied De Valette; "but if you permit me to execute it, I pledge myself to return before midnight; and though you are not a lover, I am sure you are far from being indifferent to the intelligence I may bring you."

"Go, then, if you can, in safety," said La Tour; "though, could your impatience brook the delay of a few hours, it would be well,—well for yourself, perhaps; for, if I remember right, you could ill bear a look of coldness, and Lucie is not always lavish of her smiles."

"I fear it not," returned De Valette; "she would not greet me coldly after so long an absence; and, though you smile at my folly, I am not ashamed to confess my impatience to see her."

"She already knows her power over you but too well," said La Tour. "Shew her that you are indifferent—disdainful if you like—and trust me, she will learn to prize the love which she now pretends to slight."

"The heart of woman must be wayward indeed," said De Valette, "if such is its nature or artifice; but my hopes are not desperate yet, and if my memory serve me truly, I have more smiles than frowns on record."

With these words, De Valette threw himself into a small boat, and rowed swiftly to the nearest shore. He entered the hut of a half civilized Indian, and to avoid recognition, should he chance to meet any of d'Aulney's people, borrowed the bark canoe and savage attire, and in that disguise proceeded to the fort, near which he met the page of Madame La Tour, as has been already related.

We pass over the subsequent events of that

evening; but, true to his engagement, and punctual to the promised hour, De Valette returned in safety to his ship. With the first dawn of day, the vessels were all put in readiness to weigh anchor, and sail at a moment's warning. M. La Tour was burning with impatience to overtake the enemy, and surprise him by a sudden attack; but in the midst of those preparations, great was his annoyance to find his plans well nigh frustrated by the stubbornness of his New England allies. Alleging that they were not bound by their engagement to support his quarrels with M. d'Aulney, but merely to convey him safely to the Fort of St. Johns; many of the most scrupulous resolutely declined committing any act of aggression, or aiding in any attack which might be considered beyond the limits of their treaty.

Much time was thus lost in useless and angry discussion, but it was at last amicably decided, that those who hesitated to depart from the strict letter of their agreement, were at liberty to withdraw from the contest, and sail directly with La Tour, in the three English vessels to St. Johns.

Many, however, spurned the idea of a compromise, and cheerfully adhered to Stanhope, who remained firm in his resolution to assist La Tour in any honourable service he might require of him. That young officer, with M. De Valette, were accordingly left in command of the two largest ships, both well manned and armed, with discretionary powers, to employ them as circumstances might render expedient.

The delay which those arrangements necessarily occasioned, had been improved to the utmost by M. d'Aulney. Perfectly informed of La Tour's movements, and convinced that he was unable to cope with the superior force opposed to him, he took advantage of a favourable wind, and at early dawn crowded sail for his fort at Penobscot.

De Valette and Stanhope pursued him, hoping, by superior seamanship, to make amends for loss of time; but the light vessels of the enemy flitted before them at a safe distance, like sea-birds on the wave, often loitering, as if in defiance, in their open sight, then scudding on, with graceful swiftness, secure in the very frailty which so admirably fitted them for the windings of those streams and bays. Night at length terminated the fruitless chase, and the pursuers were again obliged to anchor, when daylight no longer served to direct their course in the unknown and difficult waters they were navigating.

Morning shone brightly on the wild shores of the Penobscot, within whose ample basin the vessels of De Valette and Stanhope, rode securely at anchor. The waves broke gently around them, and the beautiful islands which adorn the Bay, garlanded with bloom and verdure, seemed rejoicing in the brief, but beautiful summer which had burst upon them. Dark forests of evergreens, intermingled with the lighter foliage of the oak, the maple, and other deciduous trees, fringed the borders of the noble Penobscot, which rolled its silver tide from the interior lakes, to mingle with the waters of the ocean.

The footsteps of civilized man seemed scarcely to have pressed the soil, which the hardy native had for ages enjoyed as his birthright; and the axe and ploughshare had yet rarely invaded the hunting grounds where his savage race pursued the wild deer, and roused the wolf from his lair.

Mons. d'Aulney had erected his fort on a point of land jutting into the broad mouth of the river, and around it were gathered a few French settlers, who had there built and planted; and these were the only marks of cultivation that disturbed the vast wilderness which spread around them.

The local advantages of this situation, rendered it a place of some consequence, and its possession had already been severely contested. As a military fort, on the verge of the English colonies, its retention was important to the French interest in Acadia; and the extensive commerce it opened with the natives in the interior, through the navigable streams which emptied into the bay, was a source of private emolument, which M. d'Aulney was anxious to secure for his own particular benefit.

Though brave, even to rashness, M. d'Aulney wished to avoid an open engagement with La Tour, whose strength, augmented by his allies, rendered him at that time, a formidable opponent. With this design he retired to his Fort, after the successful retreat from St. John's; and to preserve his small naval force from destruction, ran the vessels into shallow water, where the enemy's heavier ships could not follow.

His plan was accomplished during the night, while De Valette and Stanhope still lay at anchor in the bay, and when they sent a boat to reconnoitre at early dawn, great was their surprise to learn that d'Aulney had drawn his men on shore, and thrown up entrenchments to defend the landing-place.

Not discouraged by this disappointment, and impatient to make a more successful attempt, after a brief consultation, De Valette and Stanhope resolved to make a direct attack, while the morning mist rising from the bay, still obscured their movements, and the enemy were yet busy at their defensive works. With this intention, they selected a sufficient number of men, well armed

and faithful, and launching their boats, committed themselves to the perilous enterprise. Cautiously, and with muffled oars, they passed up the narrow channel, to the north of the Peninsula, and landing without observation, led on their small, but spirited force, to attack M. d'Aulney in the rear of his entrenchments.

The attack was so sudden and determined, that every obstacle yielded to its impetuosity, and the bold courage of the victors. M. d'Aulney in vain endeavoured to rally his soldiers, and restore them to discipline and order. They fled in confusion to the shelter of the Fort, leaving several of their number dead and wounded in the trenches. Persuaded that it would be rashness to pursue them, as the Fort was well manned, and capable of strong resistance, the young officers drew off their men in good order, and returned to the vessels without the loss of an individual.

De Valette and Stanhope remained in the bay of Penobscot several days, but finding nothing more could be effected at that time, they thought it advisable to return to the Fort of St. John's. Night was closing in as the vessels drew near the mouth of the river, every sail was set, and a stiff breeze bore them swiftly onward. A bright streak still lingered in the western horizon, and a few stars began to glimmer through the hazy atmosphere. The watch lights of the Fort at length broke cheerfully on the gloom, and strongly contrasted with the dark line of forest, which frowned on the opposite shore. The boding notes of the screech-owl, and the howling of the wild beasts, which came from their deep recesses, unheeded, as the animating strains of martial music rose on the still air, and enlivened the solitary scene.

They anchored before the walls, and the friendly signal of De Valette was quickly answered by the sentinel on duty. With light footsteps the young Frenchman sprang on shore, and, followed by Arthur Stanhope, passed the gateway which led to the interior of the Fort.

"Methinks the garrison have retired early to-night," said De Valette; there is scarcely a face to be seen, except a few of our long-favoured Protestants;—it is a Catholic holiday too, and our people are not wont to let such pass by without a merry-making. Ho! Ronald!" he continued, addressing the guard, "what is in the wind now, my honest fellow? Are you all dead, or asleep, within here?"

"Neither, please your honour," he answered, with a dolorous accent; "but, what is worse, they have all gone astray, and are even now looking with sinful eyes upon the wicked ceremonies of that abominable Church of Rome—the mother of all iniquity!"

"You are warm, good Ronald. But, where is your lord?"

"Even gone with the multitude in this evil matter; and, as our minister, Mr. Broadhead, hath observed, it is a double condemnation for one like him ——"

"Hush, sirrah," interrupted De Valette sharply; "not a word of disrespect to your lord and commander, or I will throw you and your godly minister over the walls of the Fort. Speak at once, man, and tell me what has taken place here?"

"It is a bridal, please your honour, and ——"

"A bridal!" exclaimed De Valette, rapidly changing colour; "and where have you found a bride and bridegroom in this wilderness?"

"My lady's young," Ronald began; but De Valette waited not to hear the conclusion; for at that moment a light streaming from a low building opposite, attracted his attention, and, with nervous impatience, he advanced towards it. It was a low edifice, used for Catholic worship, and the light proceeded from a marriage procession, then just issuing from it.

Two boys walked before the bridal train, wearing loose black garments, with white scarfs thrown across their shoulders, and bearing flaming torches in their hands. Next, came the bride and bridegroom, and then Father Gilbert, with slow, thoughtful steps; and beside him walked De la Tour, with the stern, abstracted countenance of one, who had little concern in the ceremonies which he sanctioned by his presence. The domestics of the household followed, with the Catholic part of the garrison; and, as soon as the door of the chapel closed, a lively air was struck up in honour of the occasion.

"I am a fool," murmured De Valette to himself; "an arrant fool. 'Tis strange that one image must be forever in my mind,—that I should tremble at the very sound of a bridal, lest, perchance, it might be *hers*."

Ashamed of the emotion he had so thoughtlessly betrayed, De Valette turned to look for Stanhope, who remained engrossed by a scene which was amusing from its novelty, and the singularity of time and place where it occurred.

"You must excuse me, Stanhope," he said courteously; "but my curiosity, I confess, exceeded my politeness. It is not often that we marry and give in marriage, in this wilderness,—though I will by and bye shew you a damsel whom kings might sue for."

"*My* curiosity is excited now," returned Stanhope; "and if beauty is so rare with you, beware how you lead me into temptation. It is said that love flies from the city, and is most dangerous amidst the simplicity of nature."

"Forewarned, forearmed, remember," said De Valette gaily; "I am a true friend, but I could ill brook a rival."

(To be continued.)

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

How many there are who pass through life without perceiving one half of the beauties the world contains. They do not, in the words of the immortal poet, see "Books in the running streams, sermons in stones, and good in every thing;" but they pass by a magnificent object, without even comprehending the lesson it conveys, and they gaze upon an exquisite landscape, without receiving a single glorious impression. At the creation of the world, the stars "sang together for joy," and so they still continue to sing, to those who will but listen to the heavenly strains. The voice of nature is ever chanting one continued hymn of melody; but the heart of man does not always respond to the universal music.

To cultivate a sincere love of the beautiful, would add much to our happiness in this life, and tend to fit us, in some degree, for the more exquisite enjoyment of the life beyond. It would lend refinement to our characters, elevate our perceptions, and throw a charm over the commonest incidents of life, and enable us to distinguish the good and the true, from whatever is false and unreal, whether in poetry or morals, literature or science. To the ever watchful eye, the world is full of beauty; there is not an event that takes place in the daily routine of domestic life, nor one of the most ordinary occurrences of nature, but what is replete with beauty and meaning. The commonest herb that we tread beneath our foot, is a volume of the richest lore, if we will but understand it; but it requires that we keep the eye of the mind fully awake, our perceptive faculties constantly on the alert,—or we shall go through the world as too many do, without perceiving the rich ore that lies beneath the surface. Every one, we believe, is fond of flowers. It would not be easy to suppose, that any person educated in this Christian country, with the sacred volume in his hand, in which there are so many allusions to the natural creation, but more especially to the simple flowerets of the field, with which it has been said, that even Solomon's costly robes could not compare in beauty, could possibly be destitute of a love for these gentle offsprings of nature. To us they are the most beautiful expressions of God's love to his children. Well do we remember, with what eagerness we used to look forward, at the return of earliest spring, for every tiny leaf and blossom, that grew so abundantly round that spot, sacred to childhood's hallowed memories. There was one garden fairer than all, that ever claimed our warmest admiration, and it was the greatest indulgence that could possibly be granted us, when, through the kindness of its gentle and amiable owner, (peace ever dwell with her blessed memory!) we were allowed to frequent its beautifully fringed walks, and to wander round its graceful beds, and occasionally to gather a choice flower, of rare and exquisite beauty, with which to fill our nosegay. The delight of those flowers has indeed been perennial; they still bloom in everlasting verdure, in the recesses of our hearts, and the breath of Time is ever fanning them into delicious fragrance, as he sweeps over the latent strings. We all know the value of flowers in the sick room; we all feel their worth by the couch of the invalid; they speak to him of beauty, and happiness; they tell him of the bright world without, of gentle faces, and loving friends, and of the fair spirit land above; they speak to him continually, and ever in tones of the sweetest music, and so they ought ever to speak to all of us, for their mission is one of love and peace. They should cheer us in our loneliest moments; in our darkest and most anxious hours, the sight of a beautiful flower should send a throb of delight to our bosoms. Amid a day of laborious toil, or the monotonous routine of domestic drudgery, to look out upon a green tree, or a bed of flowers, or a household plant, should be to any one of us, a sufficient compensation for all the day's weariness. We cannot now recal the name of the traveller, who tells of the rapture he experienced, at meeting in a foreign land with a plant that grew in his native woods; but we can well imagine, that that flower told him a thrilling tale; it spoke to him of his boyhood, of the sunny hours of his youth; it brought back his home and his country; again he stood at his father's knee; again he pressed his mother's hand; once more he heard her voice in tones of affectionate pleading. Ah! yes, that flower did its mission well, it brought peace and comfort to the heart of the lonely traveller, and sent him on his way rejoicing. And now, as the season of storms and darkness approaches, there is to us, at least, an inexpressible beauty, in the caprices of the elements. Can anything be more beautiful than a fall of snow? Dearly do we delight to watch the flakes, as they glide, one by one, so gracefully to the ground, or when a gust of wind rises, and drives them in large masses before the sky, and they whirl and tumble about in the air, at length, in utter weariness, falling in gigantic heaps over our gateways, and round our footpaths. And then, if we look a little later, how entirely the aspect changes, when the moon begins to show herself in the heavens; the clouds scatter themselves so rapidly as she advances, and the snow-flakes all hush

themselves to rest, and everything grows calm and quiet, beneath her solemn light. Common as this is, it is to our eyes a far more beautiful sight than any painting we ever beheld; all that art can do is to imitate nature. She must furnish the model both for sculptor and painter, and their highest attainment is but to give a correct representation of what already exists in the outer world. Those who are not in the habit of early rising, lose one of the most exquisite sights that nature, in her countless variations, affords. Of sunsets, it is so common to speak, that one does not need to be reminded of them; painters have painted and poets have sung of them, and neither painter nor poet wearies of the theme; but the beauty of a sunrise, we imagine, is not quite so universally appreciated. It is one of the peculiarities of our Canadian climate, that the atmosphere is so particularly clear, in the very coldest weather, and if any one would but take the trouble to look out, about half an hour before day-light, on some bright frosty morning, during the months of January or February, he would witness a sight that would well repay him for the unwonted exertion; he would see how remarkably distinct, and well defined, every object stands out against the clear blue sky; and what a splendid fretwork the icicles have made on the roofs of the houses, and the frost on the panes of glass in the casement, has drawn such exquisite groups, so full of beauty and grace, that even a sculptor might look upon with envy. And then, like magic the sun shoots up into the air, almost with the speed of a comet, far differently from what he does on a quiet summer's morning; and how suddenly everything becomes radiant in his beams—the tin roofs of the buildings glitter, like the ornaments on the ancient temples, that we read of in the classics; and the snow lies baked, like a sheet of crystal, in his light. Ah! that heart must be cold indeeed, that can witness such scenes as these without a thrill of emotion, that can turn away from them without feeling that they have been made better and happier by the sight. These are but some of the most ordinary phases of nature, but she is ever revealing herself to the eye of the earnest gazer, in forms of still more exquisite loveliness. Had we time we would yet speak of the Auroras, the thunder-storms, and countless other phenomena, which all of us are constantly in the habit of witnessing; but we hope we have already said enough, to induce those who have not been accustomed to look upon nature, as a written volume, full of grace, and harmony, to make still further researches for themselves, and to watch with a more keen and earnest eye, for every variation of her sublime features, and we feel assured, that they will agree with us in asserting, that there is far more of *beauty* in heaven and earth, than was ever *dreamt of in their philosophy.*

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

WRITTEN, IN INDIA, SOME THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, ON FINISHING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE PERUSAL OF DR. CURRIE'S EDITION OF THE GREAT POET'S WORKS.

BY SCOTIUS.

Scotia! sair may ye mourn your fate!
Your fav'rite Bardie, that sae late
Wi' canty sang made a' elate—
Ah! now nae mair!
Oh! wae's my heart! thy loss how great—
Without repair.

Nae mair the echoin' hills repeat
His wood-notes wild—sae saft and sweet—
While e'en the rockin' wuds—I weet,
Wad seem to hush!
An' wimplin' burnies at his feet,
Mair saftly rush!

While list'nin' birdies wad draw near,
An' flocks be still, and chief appear—
Baith laird and shepherd fain to hear
Th' Orphean lay—
Whether o' luve, or festive cheer,
Or thrillin' wae.

The hills may now repeat the moan
O' tuneless *Coila*,* sad an' lone!
Ye flocks and herds responsive groan!
Birds waefu' cheep!
Ye rowin' fluds roar harsher on—
A' Scotia weep!

For now, I fear, the hour is come,
The hour o' her *last* Bardie's doom!
The Scottish lyre may mournfu' soon,
Or stringless lie!
Now, her "auld fashion'd simple tune,"
Is car'd na by.

O! yet, accept great, Muse, the praise,
That patriot feeling fondly pays,
Sae far frae hame, to thy sweet lays—
Wha's charms sae strang,
Still conjure up past happy days,
Tho' parted lang!

Scotia! thy poet's name revere!
Lang be it to thy children dear;
While roun' thy shores the waters rair—
While light returns—
For aye in prideful mem'ry bear
The name o' BURNS.

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* The river Coil, a name by which Burns also sometimes distinguished his Muse, expressive of the scene of his poetic inspiration.

THE PARENT'S CURSE;

OR, THE ORPHAN OF WINDSOR FOREST.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD,

AUTHORESS OF THE PIRATE'S PROTEGE', MADELINE, AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER I.

DIVERSITY, it would seem to the contemplative mind, is the presiding Goddess of earth. In whichever direction we turn our thoughts, whether to the crowded population of the vast city; to the busy, bustling tenants of the peaceful, tranquil village, or the scattered habitations of those who, either from circumstances or choice, enjoy the unrestrained freedom of country life, 'tis still the same. The widely extended domain, and lordly mansion of the son of affluence, and the lowly and humble abode of the labourer, whose daily toil supplies his family with bread; the proud possessor of countless wealth, and the famishing child of want; the costly robe, and glittering ornaments of the rich, and the tattered garments of poverty, meet the glance, conveying to the mind the fact, that inequality everywhere exists in the pecuniary circumstances of man. And why, we would ask, is it so? Why is humble virtue oft compelled to drudge and toil for the scanty morsel which sustains existence, while vice exults in boundless affluence? So an all-wise Providence has willed the order of things, and doubtless, it is better thus, than if universal equality prevailed.

It was a delightful day in mid-summer. All nature seemed arrayed in her most gorgeous robes, apparently mocking by her resplendent glory, the tinselled mimicry of art. Brilliant were the rays shed by the golden orb of day, upon the far-famed Forest of Windsor, that favorite resort of England's monarchs, to which, when free from the cares of Government, they retire, to enjoy that relaxation from perplexing care, so invigorating to the harrassed mind. Within the deepest recesses of the royal pleasure ground, beneath the almost impenetrable shade of wide spread oaks of gigantic size, whose far-spread arms, intermingling with each other, formed a canopy, which excluded the sun's most potent ray, lay a female, whose emaciated form, and pallid face, seemed the harbingers of approaching dissolution. Her bed was the verdant carpet, spread out by the hand of nature o'er the cold, damp earth; her covering the azure canopy of heaven. No downy pillow suppported her aching head; no hospitable roof sheltered her from the nightly dew, the morning's chilly air, and at times from the pitiless fury of the descending storm. No delicate viands courted her appetite; no, not even the crust of bread, which supports existence. Yes! there within the very domain of royalty; upon the very spot appropriated to a monarch's pastime, lay the victim of want, worn down by toil and woe, while famine lent its willing aid, to make the work of the terrific king complete.

Clustering around that stricken one, and clinging to her tattered garments were three small children: the one a pale, but handsome boy of perhaps nine years of age; the other two were fair and lovely little girls, one apparently older, the other younger than the brother; their tattered garments but poorly screened them from the heat of the noon-tide ray, or the merciless fury of the chilling blast, while meagre want was written in legible characters, on each pale face.

Oh! bitter was the anguish which rent that mother's heart, as her eye, so soon to be closed by the icy touch of death, rested on the little group. Deep, deep and fearful the agony of her soul as she listened to their mingled cry of woe: Ah! well she knew that soon, too soon, they would be left to feel in all its bitterness, the orphan's lonely doom; to pass, wretched and friendless o'er the rough path of life; perhaps driven by want, or led by the example of the vicious, to deeds of sin and shame, until the picture became too painful, and clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, she murmured a fervent prayer to the Father of the fatherless, and besought for her hapless babes, the protection of the orphan's friend. And who will for a moment doubt that the fervent appeal was registered on high? Who will say, that He, whose ear is open to the cry of his humblest creature, listened not to that mother's ardent supplication, as with holy confidence she rendered back to Him, the precious charge committed by Him to her care. None, surely, who know that He de-

lighteth in mercy, and rejoiceth to do his needy creatures good.

Again she opened her eyes, and gazed long and intensely down a narrow pathway, that led to her retreat in the forest; but no moving object met her gaze, and no sound broke the silence which reigned around. Long she listened and looked in vain, and again closing her aching eyes, she murmured: "Will, oh! will he not come?" and again in prayer the departing spirit held sweet communion with its heavenly supporter; and she felt that her trust was not in vain.

The sound of approaching footsteps broke the stillness of the scene; a lovely girl of perhaps twelve years, bounded lightly up the path, and threw her arms around that dying one in fond embrace. She also was robed in the tattered vestments of poverty, but even in the arrangement of those symbols of destitution, shone forth conspicuous that correctness of taste, which bespeaks the well formed mind. Her dark hair was parted with precision over her snowy forehead, and fell in a rich profusion of natural ringlets, shading her fair neck and shoulders from the scorching rays of the sun. She was followed by one, whose appearance bespoke one in the better ranks of society; he wore a hunting dress, wholly unornamented, and rode a noble dark bay hunter, which stood impatiently champing the rein which restrained him. Upon the fine open features of the stranger were written that generous benevolence, which wins at once the heart, and the most careless observer could not fail to mark him at a glance, as one in whom the wretched would ever find a friend. He paused as he came near that scene of wretchedness and death, and dismounting, stood leaning against a gigantic oak, while with moistened eye he surveyed the group before him.

"Mother!" exclaimed the fair young girl, as she clung to her; "dear mother, I have not lingered in the town, but sought long and diligently for the minister; and when I found him, although I told him you lay dying beneath the green-wood shade, and could not die in peace without his holy benediction—although on my knees, I besought him to bring his book and follow me, he utterly refused to come, and sternly bade me begone. Then although my tears were almost blinding me, I ran back to come again to you. I had nearly reached you, when I met this good gentleman, who inquired so kindly why I wept, that I told all; and he has come,"—and the eyes of both mother and child, turned to the stranger. As their appealing glance met his gaze, he stepped forward, and bending over the dying, he addressed her in tones so kindly, that she felt at once that she had found a friend, in whom she might confide, and after listening for a time to his consoling words, as he spoke of the eternal joys which await those who patiently endure the trials of life, she drew from her bosom a sealed paper, and presenting it to him, said; "Keep this I pray you, and never make known its contents, unless the happiness or welfare of my children requires it."

"I will," he said, as he took it from her hand, "And in me those helpless ones shall ever find a friend, a guardian, and protector."

"Thanks, thanks to you," she murmured. "And thanks to Him who sent you," and as she spoke, the stranger beheld the livid hue of death steal over her face, and falling on his knees beside her, he said in a voice so soft and gentle, that its tone scarce broke the silence of the scene: "My sister, let us pray." Fervent was his petition that the departing spirit might pass in peace to its mansion of rest; and earnestly he besought the God of Mercy, to comfort the grief-wrung hearts of that orphan band; whom he had pledged himself to protect, and who now clung to him, as to their only friend.

Suddenly the trampling of many feet was heard; the sound of many voices rang on the air; and in a moment they were surrounded by a numerous train of well mounted sportsmen, who for a moment looked with wild surprise on the strange scene before them, and then each man, dismounting in silence, knelt beside their companion, who, during the chase had been parted from them.

Oh! it was a wholesome sight for human pride! there knelt the nation's hope, the heir presumptive to England's throne; there too knelt the noble, the generous, the beloved Frederick of York, William of Clarence, and the princely Edward of Kent, whom a kind and indulgent parent had permitted to attend him to the field; there too was bowed within that spacious temple, the lordly duke, the noble earl, the haughty baron, the proud soldier, and the hero of many a well-fought battle, together with numerous scions of many ancient and noble houses, who on this glad day, accompanied their noble companions to the fair forest of Windsor; and in the very centre of that proud circle, bending over the corpse of that dead pauper, and whispering words of consolation to her weeping children, knelt the illustrious but pious George the Third, —a monarch, on whose dominions the sun never set—thus descending from his kingly dignity, to perform the office of a humble minister of the Gospel of that Power whose hand he acknowledged in every event of his life; to whose pro-

tection he ever trusted, knowing that the goodness of the Creator is over all his works.

What a diversified scene did that death-bed present! The bed itself, the damp, cold ground, with no covering but the wide spread arch of heaven, and the mingled shade of noble oaks: the victim, one of poverty's lowliest children: the attending friends, four wretched, ragged children: the spectators, a nation's nobles, while royalty itself bent over the dying, and besought a happy exit for the departing soul.

Need we say, that the remains received honorable burial? Need we say that they were followed to their last low resting place by a goodly throng? and need we say that the promise made by the monarch to that dying mother, was faithfully performed? A few days after the funeral of the mother, the children were placed in a respectable school in the fair town of Windsor, and all things requisite for their comfort duly provided. But only a few weeks passed, ere the fair pale boy went down to an early tomb, the victim of a rapid decline, engendered by the fearful exposure to storm and cold, to which he had been long subjected; and before another autumn had passed away, another mound arose beside the two already there, marking the last home of the youngest of the lonely orphans. Two only now remained; and their royal protector mourned the loss of his forest blossoms, as he ever termed them, with real sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

More than a year had passed since the death of the mother of the orphans: once more the autumn had touched the verdant forest with its chilling breath, and its glory had assumed a russet hue; no longer the bright sweet flowers sprang forth to beautify the landscape, and fill the air with fragrance. It was near the close of one of October's richest days, when two young men, whose bearing proclaimed them nobly descended, left the royal palace of Windsor, and sauntered listlessly along, until they reached the fine old church, a noble Gothic edifice, which told of by-gone days, and its wide spread yard, which marked the abode of the departed. For a moment they paused, and then, with a hesitating step, entered the enclosure. The one was apparently some years older than his companion; his form noble, dignified, and commanding; his face, though not so handsome as that of his friend, wore a gentle smile, which diffused over it an expression, which found its way at once to the heart. The other was somewhat the smaller of the two, and few could boast more symmetry of form, or beauty of face. They walked for some time with gentle steps, over the mouldering ashes of the dead. Suddenly they paused beside three humble mounds, on each of which a leafless rose-tree now waved gently in the evening breeze, while a few pale violets hung their drooping heads, as frail memorials placed by the hand of affection upon the grave of a beloved one, gone down into its silent chamber.

"Do you know, Lord Frederick," asked the elder of the two, "who rests beneath these humble hillocks?"

"No, I do not," answered his lordship; "I only know 'tis those whose memory is cherished by surviving friends,—oh! how I love such symbols of the heart's affection; to me the blushing rose and drooping violet, are dearer, far dearer, testimonies of remembrance, than the noble monument, which seems to say, Pride inspired affection to rear me."

"Here rests that wretched pauper, whose death scene we witnessed in yonder forest, and here beside her, repose two of the lovely orphans, whom my gracious father took under his own especial protection." He was about proceeding in his narrative, when his young friend grasped his arm convulsively, and with a face on which was depicted deep and agonizing emotion, exclaimed—"Not the eldest!—that beautiful girl—no! she was far too beautiful to die!"

The prince looked at him for a moment in amazement, and then said with provoking composure—

"Nonsense; know ye not that death delights to cull the fairest blossoms? But come," he added, as he drew the arm of his companion through his,—"we may be thought by yonder sable figures, intruders on sacred ground;" and he directed the attention of the young lord to two young girls clad in the garb of mourning, who were slowly approaching.

A few steps brought them to a place where, screened by the shade of a clump of small trees, they might, without fear of detection, observe the new comers, and it was with deep emotion Lord Frederick saw them approach, with slow and hesitating steps, the humble spot which they but a moment before had left. The elder of the two had nearly completed her fourteenth year, and the young nobleman thought as he again looked on that sylph-like form, and lovely face, that every hour had added new beauty to a being he had thought possessed of more than earthly loveliness. The younger had passed her twelfth birth day, and though far less beautiful than her sister, she was one, who being once seen, would not be soon forgotten. The calm of heaven rested on each fair feature, a pensive sweetness diffused

Exp

Rose!

me? O! y

thee, My love - ly Rose, my charm - ing Rose, my

8va

8va

Adlib.

own dear Ham-let Rose.

tr

SECOND VERSE.

When fancy, on her sportive wing,
Conveys thy smile to me,

My soul is wrapt in thee

OUR TABLE.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES II.*

PERHAPS no announcement has for many years created in the literary world, a greater interest and excitement than that of Macaulay's History of England. The noble intellect of this truly magnificent writer has already won for him a proud place among the great names of the old world, and expectation has therefore been high with reference to this, by far the most important achievement he has yet attempted. His success seems already to have been secured. On all hands, his work is spoken of in terms with which even the most enthusiastic of his admirers will be satisfied. The first volume only has reached us, and that so lately, that we have had time only to glance at its contents, looking at random over a page or two wherever the eye might happen to alight. We are not therefore in a position to give our own impressions of it, although we are disposed to agree with much that we have read regarding it. It is undoubtedly a most valuable addition to the standard literature of England, and will take a high rank in all historical libraries. Macaulay is a strong political partizan, and his writings are naturally imbued with the views to which he has so long adhered, and in the volume before us, we can see the bias of his mind. With a vast number of his countrymen, this will be no blemish upon his work, and those who oppose him will overlook it in consideration of the grandeur of intellect, and grasp of mind, which pervade all the productions of his pen. He says:—

"I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the house of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their Parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

"Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, and great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that even what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that, in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained, indeed, a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England."

Such is the purpose with which the work was undertaken—of the manner of its accomplishment we shall probably take occasion to speak more at length, when we have had an opportunity to form an opinion of our own upon the subject, and if it come up to our expectations, it will be good indeed.

A typographical error in the Poem, entitled "Nebuchadnezzar's Vision of the Tree," in our January number, requires correction. In the line

"Looked up and laboured but t'exhaust his head,"

for "*exhaust*," read "*exalt*."

* New York: Harper & Brother. For sale in Montreal, by R. W. Lay, St. Francois Xavier Street.—10s. per vol.