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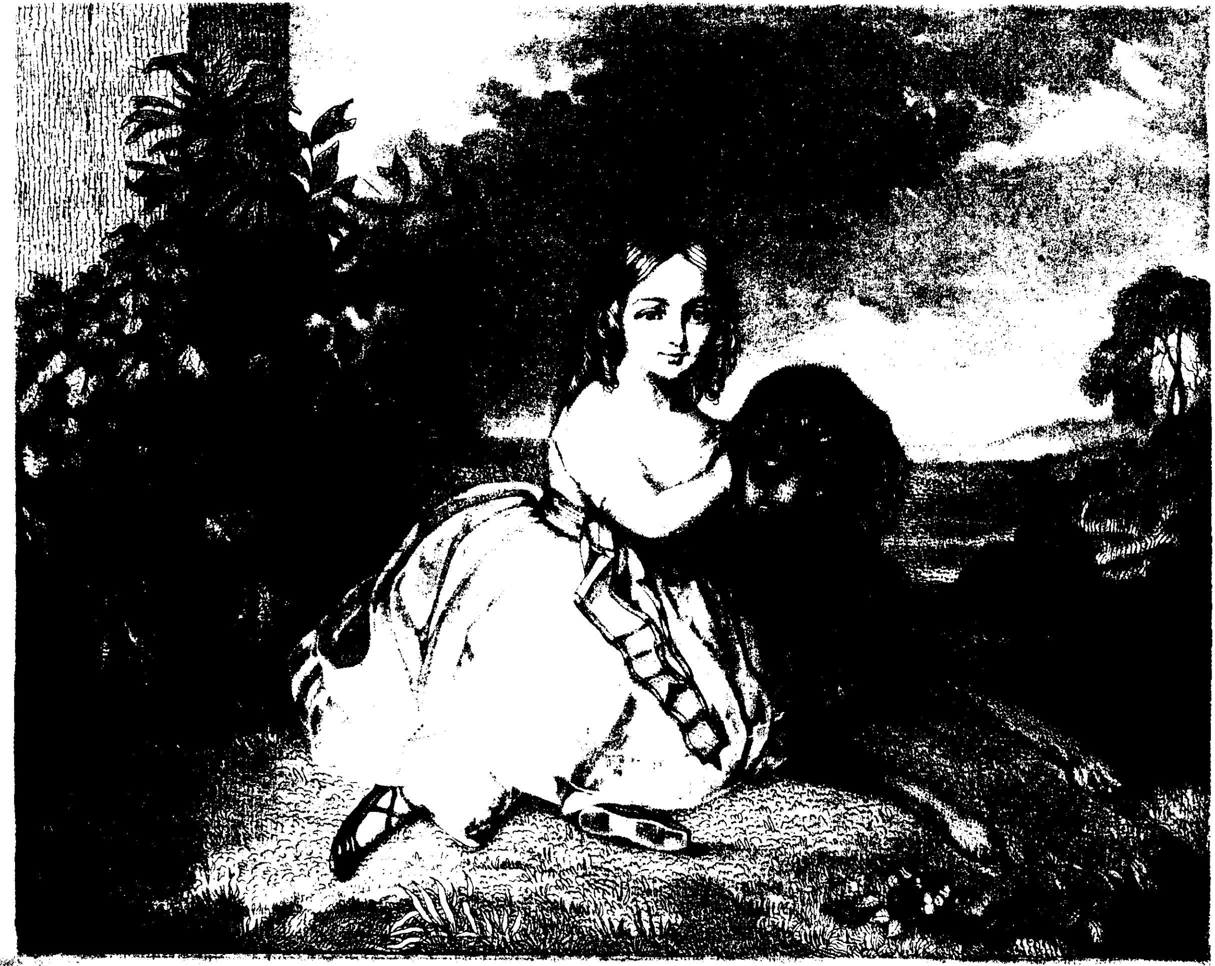

THE FIRST FRIEND.

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1846. No. 12.

THE SQUATTER.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HALLS OF THE NORTH," ETC. ETC.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"I had na' ridden a mile, a mile;
A mile but barely ten,"

When I found the roads getting worse, instead of better, as I had fondly hoped. I had now got into a more thickly settled part of the country, and the natural consequence, I thought, would have been that the roads would have been better broken—instead of which, they were now deeply drifted up, owing to the winds having a less obstructed sweep through the large and frequent clearings that now succeeded each other more rapidly, as I drove along, or rather waded through the deep snow.

This was the last day of my leave of absence, and I more than feared I should not reach my home that night. My horse, in every succeeding drift he floundered through, manifested stronger and more unequivocal symptoms of failing strength, till at length he absolutely stuck fast, and was so exhausted he could not make a single effort more to extricate himself, and I really thought my gallant grey would die.

I need not longer dwell upon that tedious journey, than to state that it was the following night before I reached the end of it.

My first enquiry was naturally after my man McPhaul. He had not been heard of since he left with me more than a week before. I became seriously alarmed at this intelligence, as it immediately led me to suspect that he had gone back to the Squatter's hut—and then, I shuddered as I thought and feared what the poor man's fate might be. I determined, however, to find it out, and to this end, I meant to return to the cottage much sooner than I'd promised, and to get my young friend Henry Wrottesly to aid me in the search,—a scheme, I thought, that no power on earth could possibly have thwarted, or prevented me from carrying out. But, alas! I never saw that lovely cottage since, and most likely never shall again. And yet—but I'm again anticipating.

The next enquiry was after my men. They had been guilty, I found, of all sorts of irregularities and misconduct; and some busy body, more ready to attend to other people's affairs than to his own, had complained of them at head-quarters; and, in consequence of this complaint, as I had the further mortification of learning, my superior officer had come up to the post to investigate the matter. And, what was worst of all, I found he had arrived the day before.

I anticipated an awkward meeting with him on the morrow, and I was certainly not mistaken.

"Why," he said, after a bitter cold "Good morning, Sir?" "Why were you not at your post the day before yesterday, when your leave expired?"

I told him.

"Ha!" he replied, with a supercilious and contemptuous smile; "I am then to infer that the same snow-storm did not extend to the road I came that day."

"Perhaps it did not," I replied; "storms in this country are often very local. Or, if it did, you must recollect you came through a thickly peopled district, where the inhabitants are obliged by law to turn out after every storm, and break the roads."

"Then I would ask, Sir," he continued, in the blandest tones of extreme politeness, "whether or not, it was prudent in you, with this important charge upon your hands, to go beyond the reach of those laws."

"I go where I please, Sir, when I've leave of absence," was my too quick rejoinder.

"And come back, *when* you please, it appears too," he added, with a sneer, and an emphasis upon the "when."

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*Continued from page 159.

I was provoked beyond all endurance, and spoke to him in a disrespectful manner.

He immediately ordered me under arrest, and directed me to report myself at head-quarters the next morning, at nine o'clock.

With all his assumption of coolness, he was in a towering passion too, and forgot himself for a moment, as much as I had done. He said, as I bowed, and was retiring—"Remember New Year's Eve!"—and this expression saved me.

"Well!" I said to myself, "this is indeed a sad mess I've got into. Under arrest—to report myself fifty miles off in the morning, and now nearly night—and weary and worn out with fatigue to begin with."

Luckily I'd another horse, and was on the road in half an hour.

I was tried by a court martial, about a month afterwards. The trial lasted three weeks more, partly owing to the difficulty in getting down one of my principal witnesses from Carillon, on account of the bad state of the roads. The winter was just then breaking up.

The examination of this witness completed my defence. He was a smart clever fellow. He repeated to the court all that had passed between us, and did not omit to lay a proper stress upon the tone and manner; especially the triumphant tone in which he said "Remember New Year's Eve!"

I must here explain, that some one at the mess on that evening, alluded to a certain individual, who was living in a state of open and shameless immorality; upon which, I made some strong general remark, expressive of my abhorrence of such conduct. He was unfortunately guilty of the same crime, but of this I was ignorant, and he knew it, yet, notwithstanding, he took what I said, to himself, and was now, as the court perceived, determined to be revenged upon me.

I was not acquitted—that, I did not expect, nor was I punished beyond a simple reprimand. This, under all the circumstances, instead of a disgrace, was a great triumph to me.

By this time, the navigation was open, and we were ordered down to Quebec, to embark for the West Indies, and not for the East or Australia, as we anticipated.

My persecutor would have had no cause to regret the failure of his scheme of revenge, had he known how keenly and how bitterly I felt its effects. All my plans of revisiting the far-off cottage by the lake were thereby frustrated; and my Mary! When should I see her again! and my poor servant, too! What had become of him?

I wrote to Henry Wrottesly, requesting him to go to the Squatter's hut, and try to ascertain McPhaul's fate. I also requested him to take charge of my couteau de chasse, which I missed soon after I had left the house, and thought I must have left it there.

I of course gave him a particular account of all the untoward circumstances that had occurred, which would satisfactorily account for my not returning according to my promise.

I concluded my letter, by requesting him to give a song that I enclosed, to his sister, and I ventured to express a hope that they would all like it, and that when they sung it, they would remember me.

This letter never reached its destination.

Glencoin* where the cottage stood, the name the Wrottesly had given to that lovely vale, after that its very prototype in which their home in "Merrie Englande" had been, was some twenty miles away from the nearest post office, from which their letters were transmitted by private, and sometimes careless hands, and thus most likely mine was lost.

After waiting anxiously for a couple of months, I wrote again. But months and months flew by, and still no answer came; at length, when a full half year or more had passed and gone, I wrote a long letter to Mr. Wrottesly himself. I told him frankly how I loved his daughter, and that I had reason to believe, at the moment I left his hospitable roof, or thought I had, that my suit for her fair hand might, under her father's sanction, be successful. To obtain this if possible, I intended to have returned to Glencoin in a week or two, had not certain difficulties arisen to prevent me. I then went on to say, how anxiously desirous I had been to establish a friendly correspondence with his son, in order, in the first place, to inform him of these difficulties, so as to account for my broken promise, and then that I might thus become a little longer, if not better known, than a week's sojourn in the house had made me, before I presumed to address myself to him thus formally, upon a subject of such deep importance as his daughter's future destiny through life. I also stated, that although I feared the worst from his son's long and apparently determined silence, I yet would deem it a most particular favour, if he would write, if it were only to inform me that my fears were too well founded, as it would at least relieve me from all further suspense and doubt.

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* "Glencoin," a romantic valley on the banks of Ullswater, that most beautiful of all the Lakes in Westmorland and Cumberland, with the exception perhaps of Windermere, which may have more attractions for those who had rather be pleased than astonished, while to the deeply contemplative mind, solitude seems to have placed her throne on the mountains of Ullswater; if indeed, we may call it solitude to range amid the magnificence of Nature, and "hold high converse with her charms:"—

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely, been.

After this letter was dispatched, I waited many a long and weary day—but no! they would not write to me, and I was doomed to wait in vain. "Hope deferred," it hath been said, "maketh the heart sick," and mine was certainly sick enough.

I thought at last, that my letters had none of them ever reached their destination; and I determinedthat my fate through life should no longer be dependent on the whims and caprices of supercilious tyranny, nor yet upon so slight an accident as the miscarriage of a letter through twenty miles of the all but trackless wilderness.

To this end, I asked for six months leave, but through the instrumentality of my persecutor, was refused. I therefore retired upon half-pay. I had lately got my company; besides I had suf*ficient private means of my own, to render me* perfectly independent.

On my way back to Canada, I had to touch at Halifax,—a circumstance I was not sorry for, as I had a great many friends and acquaintances in that hospitable place, having been stationed there, as the reader knows, some years before.

I landed in the morning, and before dinner, my table was covered with cards and notes of invitation. One was to the government house, to a grand state ball, given in honour of some great court event at home, the nature of which I do not now remember.

There was a regular crush, as is usual on such occasions; and the tide had apparently reached its height, when I, and the party with which I had been dining, arrived. A quadrille was just commencing; my eye wandered carelessly over the crowd, and then turned to the dancers, and there, to my utter astonishment and confusion, I saw my lovely little Mary—it must be her! I could not be mistaken. She was certainly much altered from what she was, when last I saw her. The fire in her *laughter-loving eye was quenched*—the rosy tint upon her cheek was gone; and yet, there still remained a little spot—a hectic flush, too well defined to be mistaken for aught else than for some cankering worm that was gnawing at her heart-strings, and bringing her to the grave. Yet still it was my Mary—now, however, I feared—no longer mine.

I wormed my way through the crowd, to where she stood, to get a fairer and a fuller view. When I reached the spot, or rather within a very short distance of it, I could observe her every motion. She was standing in the attitude of one eagerly listening to some deeply interesting communication; her lips were slightly parted, and her eyes intently fixed upon the speaker: when the music struck up, and the mazy dance began. Again she stopped, and again she listened as before. The speaker was her partner.

"Confound the fellow!" I said to myself, "he surely cannot be making love to her."

When the dance was done, and he was leading her to a seat, she turned her eyes to where I stood, and evidently from her flushed cheek and altered mien, had recognized me. On approaching her intended seat, upon a couch, she said something to another young lady, when they left the room together, and I saw her not again that night.

Shortly after this, I heard a carriage roll rapidly away.

Just at that moment, a busy bustling body came up to me, exclaiming, "Ah! Captain M————, glad to see you. Safe out of that scrape, eh! dreadful affair—three shots—I hate *duelling—narrow escape, too, in coming in,* this morning. I saw it all; it was touch and go with you—rode it out nobly though, and disappointed us all—nothing romantic in holding on, when we were all expecting to see you driven upon the rocks, and dashed to pieces. Aye! that would have been a sight worth seeing; but we did not know you were on board—some people you know cannot be drowned. You recollect the old proverb."

I laughed and thanked him for the implied compliment, and took advantage of a slight pause, to ask him if he knew that officer in the ordnance uniform, pointing out at the same time Mary's late partner to him. "O, yes! to be sure, I do: an intimate friend of mine; here he comes, and I'll introduce you."

He did so, and then ran off to rattle away, at the same rate, to some other victim.

Mr. Lacy, such was the officer's name, and I, on comparing notes, soon discovered that we had met before, and began to talk of all the various scenes through which we'd passed since then.

In the course of conversation, I asked him, with as indifferent an air as I could possibly assume, who that lady was he'd just been dancing with.

"Ha! ha!" he archly, and interrogatively said, looking me full in the face, when I suppose a blush discovered my conscious guilt—"You've met before, and know each other well. I've been already the dupe of one of you to-night," he continued, "and you'd fain make me that of both."

"So far from that," I replied, without considering how irrelevant the observation was to any thing, except to my own wayward and foolish thoughts, and partly perhaps to get rid of an awkward question. "So far from that, you and the lady in question appeared so deeply engaged in conversation during the pauses in the mazy dance that she surely must be in love with you;—she listened to all you said, with such an eager earnestness as must have convinced the most casual observer, that you were anything but indifferent to each other."

"So far from that! so far from what!" he said, with a laughing leer in his eye, which shewed me that my secret was disclosed. "I, in love with Miss Bamborough!"

"Miss Bamborough!" I exclaimed, "who's Miss Bamborough?"

But without heeding my parenthetical interruption, he continued to follow the current of his own thoughts, warming with his subject as he did so.

"Miss Bamborough the affianced bride of Captain M———! Yes, yes!" he went on, "I see it all now!" she did indeed listen to all I said, with an interest so thrilling and absorbing that I thought she would have fainted—the changing colour in her cheek, I could not help but notice, as I told my story. "And what thinkest thou?" he continued in mock solemnity, "thou monster of green-eyed jealousy! what thinkest thou, was the burden of my song?"

I could not even guess.

"Then I will tell thee," he continued, in the same bantering tone: "'Twas about a certain fearful duel—a certain fearful and very narrow escape from shipwreck, in which a certain Captain, now the lion of the day in this good town of Halifax, figured most conspicuously—and when my tale was done, and the heroine thereof, (I did not in my innocent simplicity know at the time there was one,) caught a glimpse of this said doughty Captain, she was ushered forth into some tiring room, and anon her father's carriage wheels were heard to whirl her off into some fairy region far away, beyond the reach of all such gross, profane and earthly subjects, as your humble servant, Monsieur le Capitaine!"

I was utterly bewildered. In all this farrago of nonsense there was certainly enough to prove to me, that I still occupied a place in Mary's heart, notwithstanding her strange and unaccountable conduct, when she saw me.

"About the duel?" I said, "I supposed it was a secret, hid from all the world; and yet, before I'd been more than a few short hours in Halifax, I have heard allusions made to it more than once. Pray, tell me," I continued, "for I long to hear what sort of strange embellishments the simple story must have gathered round it, in its rapid flight across the sea, thus so deeply to have interested the feelings of that lovely stranger."

"Not here," he said, "our conversation will be overheard, if it has not been already, but come and breakfast with me, to-morrow morning, when we can talk about Miss Bamborough, or anything else, without remark or observation from this idle and heartless multitude."

I agreed to do so, and we parted; he to join in the dizzy waltz, and I to seek my own quiet room, to brood over the strangely altered current of my thoughts, alone.

The next morning, when we met, I repeated what I'd said about the duel. My friend replied:

"You must blame me for its publicity; I got a minute and circumstantial account of it, in a letter from the scene of action, which reached me by the same vessel that brought you here, and I unfortunately mentioned it to our talkative friend, from whom you first heard of it. He was in my room when I read the letter. I did not think of it at the moment, or it would have occurred to me, that I might as well have advertised it in the Halifax *Times*. Nor did I dream of seeing you here at the same time. And as to the other incident, in my tale of your adventures—the risk you ran in coming into port—all the world was there to see it. But, come now," he said, in a half-mocking, half-condoling tone, "make me your confidante; I think I deserve it, after putting such a feather in your cap, as to communicate to your "ladye love" so much of your romantic history—and tell me how you became acquainted—and how you fell in love with *Mary* Bamborough. You see I know her Christian name, and this slight circumstance, perhaps, will give me a stronger claim upon your confidence."

"But the duel! do tell me what your friend has said about it."

"Just exactly what I said to Miss B." he replied, and continued, in pity to my anxious look, to tell me what that was; "I told her, you were not to blame. She asked me what the quarrel was about; this I could not tell exactly. My correspondent did not seem to know himself. He said, it was one of long standing, something about your going out a-hunting in the back woods of Canada, years ago. I told her this."

"Did your friend say there were three shots fired?" I asked somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, no! no such thing, that's an embellishment of our prating friend's own making. I told her, that you received your adversary's fire, and then discharged your pistol in the air, and that then your seconds interfered, and would not let him have another shot at you—much as he wished to do so."

After a short pause, in which my mind reverted to the painful circumstances, 'thus vividly brought before it; I emphatically said, referring to my own thoughts; "I hate duelling."

"So," he interposed, "does Mary Bamborough."

Without heeding his interruption, I continued, "Its a detestable custom."

"And criminal, too?" he interrogatively added.

"Yes!" I replied, "and criminal too—highly criminal."

"How odd!" he said, "Miss Bamborough's very words."

"Miss Bamborough!" I impatiently exclaimed; "who's Miss Bamborough. I know no such person?"

"Well, well!" he said, "I see you won't make me your confidante, and, I dare say," he laughingly continued, "you'd better not, for very likely I should go and tell your secrets (I hate secrets,) to our friend W. when all the town would know them in an hour."

"In answer to your question about Miss Bamborough, I can only say, she is the daughter of a gentleman of birth and fortune, a post Captain in the navy, at the present moment off on a cruize to Canada,—to steal a term from his vocabulary,—but daily expected back."

"By-the-bye," he abruptly said; "you dine to-day, at H——'s?

"I've received an invitation!" I replied.

"Miss Bamborough's to be there," he continued, I learnt that last night, after you left."

"But seriously!" I said, getting absolutely wearied with his nonsense. "Miss Bamborough is a perfect stranger to me; I never even heard her name before. There is certainly a likeness, a very striking likeness between her and a young lady of my acquaintance—so striking indeed, that I took her for that lady, when first I saw her last night. But, tell me," I continued, "are we to meet ladies there to-night?"

"Not at dinner," he replied; "but there's to be a select musical party of them afterwards, to give you an opportunity, I suppose, of shewing off your fine voice. Heigho! I wish I could sing!" and he sighed again, as if his heart would break.

The day by this time was wearing late; I therefore left my friend, pretending to have some calls to make, while in reality I wished to be alone, to think and ruminate upon all he'd told me.

"If it was not Mary Wrottesly I saw law last night," I said to myself, "why should her living likeness have felt any interest in my adventures, and why should she have left the room, the moment she saw me?"

But then again, her name was Bamborough, and my friend seemed to know the family well, if not intimately. Perhaps this was all pretence. She might have been staying a long time with the Bamboroughs—so long, perhaps, that Lacy took it for granted, she was one of the family. This, I determined instantly to ascertain. For this purpose I sallied forth into the street, and from the directions I obtained from the bar-keeper at the hotel where I was staying, I was soon at Captain Bamborough's door. I rung the bell—the door was instantly opened.

I asked for Miss Wrottesly.

"Not at home!" was the instant reply. An answer I supposed he'd been told to give to any one that called that day. I gave him my card with a beating heart, highly delighted at the happy thought that brought me there. The man hesitated for a moment, as he stupidly looked at it, and then said, "There's no lady of that name as lives here, Sir!"

"Miss Wrottesly?" I repeated. The man shook his head, and said, as he handed me back my card:

"You must have mistaken the house, Sir!"

"Captain Bamborough's?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes! but there's no lady of that name as lives here, Sir," he repeated.

Oh! how harshly the fellow's jargon grated in my ear! I turned, and went away utterly confounded. My last hope had failed me, and I knew not what to think.

I began to doubt the evidence of my senses, and to suppose that, after all, I must have been mistaken. I determined to avail myself of the opportunity that night was likely to afford, to see my Mary's mysterious second-self once more; and then, if any doubt remained, to start for Canada—for Glencoin, and that would clear up all.

The dinner hour came at last; Lacy called for me, and we went together. The dinner was rather a dull affair, so at least it seemed to me, and I was glad when it was over. My heart and my affections were in the drawing-room, especially when a sweet strain of music every now and then fell upon my ear. At length, after the wine had gone round the table once or twice, and my friend Lacy saw I passed it, (I never drink,) he pushed back his chair, and gave me a look I instantly understood, and we left the room together.

"I saw," he whispered, as we went towards the drawing room, "I saw you were sitting upon thorns, and wanted to be off to see the lady that you do not know."

"Oh! do stop that nonsense, my dear fellow! to-night at least," I said imploringly.

"I will! I will!" he rejoined, for he saw that it annoyed me.

I knew one or two of the ladies, that we found there; and Mrs. H—— introduced me to the rest. Only five or six had yet arrived, and Mary was not among the number. The music and singing had not commenced—and there seemed to be some difficulty in deciding who should break the ice—the cold embarrassing pause that is sometimes, and not unfrequently, felt to intervene between the first meeting of such a party, and the accomplishment of the object—the only object for which they meet. No one likes to put themselves forward to be the first to sing. It was in reference to this difficulty that Mrs. H. exclaimed, when she saw us enter.

"Oh! gentlemen, I'm glad you're come to our relief—its so good of you; and Capt. M——, I know, will sing to us at once, and let these naughty girls see that we can do without them."

"I will sing you a song," I said, "with pleasure, although I much doubt if it will be attended with the effect you anticipate."

The lady who had been amusing herself with running her fingers over the keys of the piano, had just left it, and I at once took her seat, and commenced the following song:

"There is a tone, a melody, that falls upon my ear,
Like music heard at even-tide, o'er waters soft and clear:
There is a voice remembered still, that breath'd in other days
The song my infant lips first learn'd to warble and to praise—
And even now, though years have passed, affection firm and strong,
Still brings to mind, the music of ——."

Here I was interrupted by some alarming confusion in the hall. All the ladies ran out of the room, and I was left alone with my friend Lacy. Just as I commenced my song, there was a ring at the door, announcing the arrival of some of the still expected guests, and among the number, as subsequently appeared, was the lady I had seen the night before, and took for Mary Wrottesly. The door was opened as soon as possible, yet was there necessarily a moment's delay, and by the time she had reached the part of the hall, opposite the open door, into the drawing room, I was just commencing the fifth line of the first stanza of my song—

And even now, though years have passed, &c.

When she paused to listen for a moment, and then whispered to her companion to run to the door and stop the carriage.

"I want it to take me back, and you must make what excuse you can to Mrs. H. You may tell her," she continued, "that my head ached so much, I thought it better to go home again."

The circumstance was shortly afterwards communicated to all the little party in the room, when my friend Lacy turned upon me such a searching and scrutinizing glance, as induced me to say to him in a hurried whisper, the first chance I had:

"Come and take your coffee with me to-morrow morning, and I will tell you all I know of this mysterious apparition, that haunts me wheresoever I go."

Other guests came pouring in, and Mary Bamborough and her sudden illness were alike forgotten by that gay and giddy throng, from which I shortly after stole away unnoticed.

The reader must here remember that when first I set my foot upon the gallery of the cottage in Glencoin, I heard sweet strains of music, and the fragment of a song, and that when I asked my Mary to sing it once again, she said, "I'll sing you something else; but that's a song I never sing, except when I'm alone, or when my dear father is the only listener." I had heard enough, however, to know what song it was, and that was the song I sung.

The last lingering doubt was now dispelled, and the lady I had seen the night before was certainly Mary Wrottesly.

"The plot thickens," my friend exclaimed, as he entered my room the next morning, "but the mystery will all now be unravelled, I suppose."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," I replied; "but sit down and get your breakfast; and then I'll tell you all without reserve,---all I know about this strange affair."

When I had done so, he sat for a moment, leaning his head upon his hand, in much astonishment. At length, he said:

"This is indeed—"

Here we were interrupted by my servant, who at that moment entered the room, and told me there was a gentleman below, who wished to speak to me, at the same time handing me his card.

I looked at it, and then at my friend, and threw it across the table to him, and turning to my man, directed him to request Captain Bamborough to walk up stairs.

On opening the door, to do as he was told, a tall and portly-looking man walked in—and Mary's father stood before me.

To say that I was astonished and delighted would but ill express my feelings—I was thunderstruck.

At first I hailed his visit as the harbinger of hope and joy, and then again my fears suggested that he had only called to pronounce my doom. Like a statue, for a moment, I stood utterly confounded; but before that moment was lengthened out into an observable and awkward pause, I introduced him to my friend Lacy, who looked at me, and then at him, in some bewilderment. He thought, as he subsequently told me, *we both were mad.*

They bowed to each other with the air and manner of old acquaintanceship, and Mr. Wrottesly observed that they had met before.

Lacey looked at his watch, politely pretending to have some engagement at that particular moment, and left the room.

After some apologetic remark about driving my friend away, (I didn't at all like this cold commencement, Mr. Wrottesly said:

"My object in calling this morning was, to explain to you, on the earliest opportunity in my power, why your letters to my son, and the one you did me the honour to address to myself, have never yet been answered.

"By some extraordinary mistakes and strange mischances," he continued, "they never reached their destination, till about a week ago.—— Pardon me," he said, as he saw I was about to interrupt him. "No matter now, about the cause, such is the fact. So much for the letter, and now for my answer to it. I have so much confidence in my daughter's sense and judgment, as to leave her perfectly at liberty to decide upon her own *destiny. As to your letters to my son,*" he added as he rose to leave me, "he will doubtless answer them himself, as soon as possible."

I now rose to open the door for him, and asked him as I did so if I might infer from what he said, that I had his permission to call upon his daughter.

"She is *sole mistress of the house,*" he replied, "and admits what guests she pleases."

I heard the hall door open and shut, and thought he had left the house, and called to my servant, whom I knew to be within hearing, and told him to request Captain Bamborough to walk up stairs.

And presently Mr. Wrottesly, who had not gone out as I supposed, came back with an enquiring look which I could not but understand, and I instantly replied to it, "that my servant had mistaken him for Captain Bamborough, who was waiting to see me."

"Well?" he said, and hesitated, then turned upon his heel, and added with a smile, the first I'd seen upon his face, "I see! I see!"

I now called my servant to me in order to give *him directions* that he could not again misunderstand. He told me that Captain Bamborough had just gone out.

When left alone, I sat and ruminated upon this strange interview, with feelings I shall not attempt to describe. Hope and doubt and fear, by turns prevailed, and ended in despair; all my fondly *cherished dreams* had fled, and then I thought—I don't know what I thought—at last, I determined to make one effort more to see her. I could but fail again.

I started off unreasonably early as it was, I never thought of that, and was soon at Captain Bamborough's door. I was still convinced she must be there. I rang the bell. A servant answered it, not the stupid fellow I'd seen before.

Miss Wrottesly was at home. So the man *said, but with such a pursed-up mouth, and mysterious air and manner,* as led me to infer that he also had like his fellow servant, made some strange mistake, and was about to give some sage and important reason for it. But no! Miss Wrottesly, whose name I again repeated, *was* at home. I was ushered into a room, at the further end of which a lady was seated on a couch. She rose to receive me, and offered me her hand.—*—*—

I ought perhaps to have entered into a full detail of all the circumstances that occurred on this occasion, and to have told the gentle reader why she so anxiously avoided me, and so precipitately left the room when first I saw her as well as, when I called upon her, at her father's house, why she denied herself to me, and would not let me see her.

All this I would have done and more, perhaps, had this my simple tale, been nothing better than a fiction fancy formed. I should have told how that hand shook as I took it in my own, as I clasped the little trembler to my heart. How the big and welling tear in her dark blue eye burst and broke and fell upon her pale and lovely cheek; *and how that tears of joy are soon dried up;* but such would be, in this my true, and real history, a profane and blasphemous desecration of those holy ties that now unite us; for Mary is my wife—the happy mother of my little prattlers—the pledges of our mutual love—the zest of connubial bliss, that laughs to scorn the fictions of romance, and bids defiance to the poet's dream, to comprehend, imagine or pourtray.

Some little explanation is however, notwithstanding, necessary.

We had met, accidentally met in a secluded spot in the wild and far off wilderness of woods, "away from the busy haunts of men"—away from all the influence of the fashionable world in which we both had moved and played our brief ephemeral part. She had left it, and so might I have done, and both alike have been forgotten.

It appeared, that shortly after my first and only visit to Glencoin, Mr. Wrottesly had received letters from England which induced him to go home and to take all his family with him. These letters conveyed to him the joyful intelligence that a distant relative of his mother's, lately deceased, had bequeathed to him the *whole of his* landed property, worth between two and three thousand pounds a year. This rich old relative had had some quarrel with his nephew, of Bamborough Castle, his nearest kinsman and natural heir; at some election, I think it was; when he made his will in favour of my friend as I have stated, on the condition, however, that he should take his name. The condition was of course complied with.

Mr. Wrottesley, or Bamborough, as I must call him now, after arranging his affairs, applied for, and obtained his promotion and became a Post Captain.

He was passionately fond of his profession, and yearned to be afloat again. The ship to the command of which he was appointed, belonged to the North American squadron. His eldest son, who had finished his middy's time and passed, was one of his lieutenants, and his two younger ones he took on board as midshipmen; and Mary, who almost wished herself a boy that she might have a berth with the rest of them—she could not well be left alone, and so her father brought her also out along with him. All this could not of course but occupy a little time, and they only had reached Halifax a month or two before my own arrival there.

Of all these extraordinary changes in the circumstances of the family, I was totally ignorant, I knew no one in that arm of the service to which my friend belonged, and took no interest in it. And if it had been otherwise, I should not have certainly heeded Lieutenant Bamborough's promotion.

When I left their lovely cottage by the lake in the wild back-woods of Canada, that was so like my own romantic home on Mardale Green, I almost fancied it the same,* I promised to return,—in less than one short month, and visit them again.

But that month passed away, and another and the next, while many an anxious look was bent upon the path, that should have led me to my "ladye's bower," and yet the wanderer came not back.

'Twas but a fleeting dream of love, that maiden thought at last, which had passed away like other dreams, and been forgotten.

"If he *could* not again have come as he had promised, why not have written,—at least to Henry? But, no!" she continued thus to commune with her heart, "in mingling again witht he gay and giddy throng, he has forgotten all—all that wild and passionate romance of love in which we parted, never, oh! never to meet again."

My arrival at Halifax was an event soon known in the circle in which she moved; and consequently reached her ears before I saw her.

As to the object of my visit there at that particular juncture, just after their return from England and in such altered circumstances, strange and suspicious doubts were naturally entertained, not by herself, but by her brother Henry. My calling upon her as Miss Wrottesly was thought by him a mere pretence, which strengthened and confirmed them, while Mary, in meek and sorrowful resignation, submitted to be guided by his advice in her conduct and behaviour towards me, at least until her father should return. Hence her refusal to receive me as a visiter at her house or elsewhere to meet me.

When her father visited his former residence, Glencoin, he found all my letters there. The first only had miscarried, or partially so, for it did arrive at last, but not before the family had sailed for England.

He left orders, with the man to whom he had let his farm, to keep all his letters until he should receive instructions where to send them to.

But Mr. Wrottesly, or rather Captain Bamborough, as I *must* in future learn to call him, was so unsettled and uncertain in his movements that such instructions were never given, and thus my letters never reached their destination till after his return from England.

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* Mardale Green is a fertile and beautiful spot in the valley of Mardale, distant about a mile and a half from the Lake of Haweswater, in Westmorland. It is surrounded by lofty mountains, whose sides, near their base, at least, are covered with woods.

The wild scenery of this locality, as well as that of Glencoin, is very similar, in its picturesque and diversified magnificence, to that of the interior of the mountainous region away back from the left bank of the Grande or Ottawa River,—the principal scene of my story.

Travellers, in ascending that noble river, so little known above its junction with the St. Lawrence, may here and there descry some towering mountain top, "rearing its beetling brow" above the hills before it; or catch a glimpse, through some deep and broken chasm, far as the eye can reach, into the dark interior beyond them.

This mountain range, extending from the Coast of Labrador to Lake Superior, and far, for aught I know, beyond that inland sea, sometimes approaches to the very waters of the Ottawa, as they sleeping lie, or calmly flow along its base, and then trends off so far away to the northward, that their lofty peaks are hardly distinguishable from the clouds in the distant sky.

At Bytown, a hundred and twenty miles from Montreal, a branch of this mountain range, if not the range itself, crosses the river, dams it up, and forms the great Falls of the Chaudière. These Falls, I need not—indeed, I cannot even attempt—to describe. But there is a little Fall from no mean tributary to this majestic river, which I must at least mention, as it constitutes one of the most extraordinary and picturesque features in the splendid scene that here bursts upon the view—I allude to the beautiful and regular Fall of the Rideau, truly like a curtain, whose delicate drapery hangs apparently so quietly and motionless over the troubled waters of the Ottawa, hissing and foaming on their hurried way, from the boiling cauldron above.

And although when they were received, they *tended much to weaken and remove the impressions I have mentioned*; yet, it being a long time since the last was written, they did not know, they could not tell, what my feelings then might be, or rather might have been towards that simple, dowerless mountain maiden, I once pretended to have loved so dearly.

Hence the cold and ceremonious behaviour of her *father when he called upon me.*

My pretended ignorance of his change of name and of his altered fortune, as it was supposed by him as well as by his son to be, was still what made against me, more heavily than all else beside.

Under this impression he wished to acknowledge the receipt of my letters in writing, leaving *him fully free in his delicate position, to act,* in so *important an affair* as his *daughter's future destiny* through life, as subsequent circumstances, in his judgment and discretion, might suggest.

This was the course he would have taken, had he been left alone to choose it for himself, but Mary insisted that he should call upon me, or rather I ought perhaps to say, that he saw, or thought he saw, that such *was his daughter's wish, and* he *had no objection to be guided by it.*

"She was sure," she said, "that if he did so, he could easily ascertain whether my ignorance of their change of name and circumstances were real or pretended," and he certainly did do so: first from my introducing him to my guest, as Mr. Wrottesly, and then by my directing my servant to request Captain Bamborough to walk up stairs—*a direction which he heard, and knew was never meant to meet* his ear.

In short, there were a thousand other incidents to be explained, few of which would hardly, I fear, be sufficiently interesting to the reader, to be particularly adverted to, but one must be, in order to complete my story; and this one is that which refers to the fate of poor McPhaul, *or rather to the mystery in which it was involved, the dark and fearful mystery* in which, most probably, it will remain forever.

I had told the whole of his sad story to the family, and it happened that they had come to a conclusion, from their superior knowledge of the Irish character, very different from that which had apparently so easily satisfied *myself. I say apparently, for I was not quite satisfied after all; in fact,* if the *truth* must be told, I did not like to leave my comfortable quarters, especially in such weather; and go wading off through the snow so far, and on such an uncertain errand. Besides I still clung to the hope, doubtful though it was, that he had gone home again. I knew also, but too well that if he had gone back to the Squatter's hut that night, to seek an interview with its *fearful inmate, a dreadful collision must, of necessity, from the circumstances of the case, have* inevitably ensued before any interference on my part could possibly have interposed to save both or either of the victims thus manifestly destined to be sacrificed to the manes of the murdered man.

And therefore, as if, on my return, I should not *find McPhaul, I could easily retrace my steps, and this would be a good excuse for doing so* immediately, and I could search as well for him the following week as then.

I have entered into the detail of these particulars thus minutely for the sake of saving myself from the imputation of inconsistency, in professing so warm an interest in the poor man's fate *while I apparently thus coldly left it to be developed as it might, on some far off future day.*

I have already stated, not only that I had never returned to that wild wilderness of woods, and rocks and lakes where first I met my Mary, but that I probably never should do so. This again is not to be considered as any proof of my indifference to McPhaul's memory; inasmuch as I had *received all the information respecting them, meagre as it was, from Captain Bamborough on his* arrival at Halifax from his last visit to Glencoin, which I could possibly have obtained had I been on the spot myself.

On seeing my letter to his son, which he found at the cottage, he hesitated not to break the seal, contrary as it was to his usual practice, because *he thought it might refer to matters connected with that locality. He found in it accordingly a* reference particularly to the mysterious disappearing of my servant from his house on the night of my arrival there.

Indeed it appeared, from what he told me now, that he had felt much more deeply interested in the story I had told him than I myself had done *about McPhaul, because he felt convinced that a collision must have taken place between him and* that fearful and formidable squatter: and if he was right in his conjectures, whatever doubt there might be as to the result of such a collision, there could be none as to it object and design.

I had mentioned in my letter to Henry Wrottesly that I had missed a couteau de chasse, or *rather a long bowie knife, to call it by its proper name,* which I doubted *not* he would find in my room, and I begged him to take care of it till I saw him again.

The thing was in itself of little value—a few dollars would easily have replaced it, if even it had been of any use to me; it was simply a heavy blade, about ten inches long, with a double edge about half its length towards the point. The handle was of some hard tropical wood, rather richly inlaid with silver, with a steel cross, as a guard at its insertion into it.

I did however esteem it of more importance than its intrinsic value would have warranted, owing to certain rather romantic associations connected with its history.

It was the identical weapon successfully used against a knife of a similar kind with a handle richly embossed with gold, in a fearful and fatal duel fought by two Americans in the Far West, in a room totally dark. A doctor Somebody, if I recollect right, was the unsuccessful combatant.

Captain Bamborough, although he knew nothing of its history, nor of the value I consequently put upon the missing weapon, thought that its abduction was not altogether so accidental as I had thought it to be, especially as he did not recollect its ever having been seen by any one at the cottage after my departure.

This circumstance not only brought back to his memory the whole of McPhaul's history as vividly as if it had been told but yesterday, but it also tended to confirm the suspicions he had entertained at the time, and he determined not to leave the place without a most searching investigation.

As his stay was very limited he had no time to lose. He accordingly set about it immediately.

The morning after his arrival he desired his farmer to accompany him to the Squatter's hut, the only place to which his enquiries could be directed with any likelihood of a successful result.

"The Squatter's hut, Sir!" the man exclaimed on being made acquainted with the object of their excursion as they started off from the cottage. "Why! it was burnt the night before the great snow storm, last winter was a twelmonth, and the squatter himself has never since been seen, in these parts at least"—and the man hesitated, but on his master's turning an enquiring look upon him, he continued, "I mean the man's living self has never been seen since that awful night the poor young man got bewitched by him, and went away to see him, as he was of course obligated to do."

Captain Bamborough's look of enquiry was now turned into one of astonishment, and the man went on with the explanation.

"You knew the man, Sir; we all knew him well enough to know that he had the fearful gift of the evil eye, and he cast it upon the poor unfortunate; it was a wonder he did not turn it upon his brave young master too, but his time I suppose hadn't then come, or perhaps there was some other reasons, or may be none at all; they take strange whims into their wicked heads sometimes, these wizards do. The poor man, however, had to go, there was no help for that, and it struck us all at the time, that he never would come back."

"Why, if you knew so well all about his leaving the house that night," asked Captain Bamborough, "why didn't you tell me, or some of the family, the next morning at least, when we were all so much alarmed about him?"

"We didn't know," the man replied. "He could not—must not tell us, and that was a part of the fearful spell upon him—but he could tell his horse, and his dog, and the poor dumb brutes appeared to understand him. The man, I suppose," he continued, "had never thought of his telling it to them, or may be he could not hinder him. The Evil One might not have given him power over them; perhaps he never thought of that, and yet he's cunning too."

"If he told it at all," his master said immediately, and was about to ask some question founded upon this fact, when it struck him that he would get much more information from the man, by allowing him to proceed in his own way: he therefore broke off with, "but never mind—go on with your story."

The man did so.

"Well, as I was saying, he told to the dumb brutes what he was not permitted to tell to a Christian."

"'Poor Eustache!' he said, as he gave him his oats the night he left. "I was in the stable at the time, and exclaimed, 'What a queer name for a horse!' when he told me it was given him for some, 'storical 'sociation, with a fight his master was in, at a place of that name, somewhere in Canada.

"'Poor Eustache! Aye ye may call to me,' the horse stood on one side, and winnied, 'it may be the last feed I shall ever give you.' And as he stroked his neck, and adjusted his blanket, he actually bade him good night, and I thought I saw a tear in his eye, as the dim light from the lantern fell upon his face.

"And then his dog Sneezer! it was a sorrowful sight to see how he whined and whimpered, almost like a child, and licked his face as he stooped to tie him in the next stall.

"And as he went out of the door he said, apparently quite down-hearted like, 'I do feel more distressed in parting with that horse and dog, than anything else in this world.'

"'But why,' I asked, "it's only for the night, you'll see them both again in the morning.'

"'I'm not so sure of that,' he said, and paused for a minute or two, then muttered something to himself about the holy prophets having truly said 'Cursed is he that stayeth his hand from *blood.*'

"'And that curse,' he added wildly, 'will rest upon my father's son, if he this very night,—but no matter.'

"My hand by this time was on the latch of the kitchen door, and he said not another word. I should have thought no more about the matter had he not been missing in the morning."

"But how came you to imagine he had gone to the Squatter's hut?" Captain Bamborough enquired with great earnestness.

"Because," he replied, "Nancy told us she'd heard some of you say at dinner that the man had cast an evil eye upon him, and we knew then at once that he was doomed."

Although Captain Bamborough was no believer in witchcraft, and had no faith in the power of the evil eye, yet did he reflect so silently and seriously upon what he'd heard as they threaded their weary way through the tangled forest towards the Squatter's clearing, that his companion began to think that he had really become a convert to his own favorite creed.

Although there was no definite information in the man's story, yet were there hints from which he could gather enough to strengthen, if not to confirm, his worst suspicions.

On reaching the sequestered spot they were in search of, nothing was to be seen but weeds and briars, and wild desolation.

Of the hut itself there was not so much as a remnant left to guide them to the place where once it stood. Not one at least to be seen above the thick foliage of the luxuriant growth of brushwood round it.

When they did find it, there were indeed some blackened brands and ashes, which proved at least what its fate had been. And among them they saw one or two burnt remnants of bones, but whether or not they belonged to the human species, there was so little of them left, they could not tell.

On turning over one of the half-burnt logs a discovery was made which proved at least that McPhaul had paid a visit to the Squatter, and led to still more strange suspicions, as to what the fate of one or both had been.

They found there the blade of the knife I'd missed and thought I'd left behind me on my departure from the cottage.

Captain Bamborough thought at least it must have been the same, and brought it with him. It was much disfigured with fire and rust, and the handle gone, yet I recognised it at first sight.

These circumstances, coupled with McPhaul's extraordinary conduct and demeanor on the night of my arrival at the cottage in Glencoin, together with the burning of the hut before the next morning dawned, left little doubt as to what his fate had been.

But what became of the Squatter? This was a question long and often canvassed by our new formed family circle.

McPhaul's errand to the hut could not for a moment be mistaken.

A fight, there must have been—a fearful fight—a mortal combat—for life itself, a stake, even to the most wretched and remorseless villain, of priceless value, when compared to anything, or all on earth besides, and which he could not be supposed to yield without a struggle, even to the vengeance of his murdered victim's son.

But whether one or both were buried beneath the ruins of the burning hut, or whatever else had been their fate, must still remain a mystery.

SCRAPS FOR THE GARLAND.

SCRAP THE FOURTH.

In the still hour of night when the fair moon is keeping
Her bright lonely watch o'er the tremulous sea,
And the cold selfish world in her soft light is sleeping,
O! then, dearest Lizzy, my soul is with thee—

For then the soft zephyrs that float o'er the bowers,
Are gathering fragrance from herb and from tree;
And the rich perfume wafted from all lovely flowers,
But bears to my senses sweet mem'ries of thee.

O, could we but find in the wide waste of waters,
Some dear little island regarded by none;
And knowing no language save such as love taught us,
There mingle our spirits and melt into one.

At evening how sweet amid blossoming roses,
And buds which the sea-breezes wantonly kiss,
To dwell on the charms each new moment discloses,
To live on thy smiles and to linger in bliss.

And when the rude winds had awakened the billow,
And old ocean foamed in his anger and pride,
Thy fair fragile form on my bosom to pillow,
And lull thee to rest till the storm should subside.

Oh! thus, when all nature around me is sleeping,
Bright fancy still pictures some spot to my soul,
Where far from the cold world, its cares and its weeping,
Thy spirit gives light, life and love to the whole.

But while with such visions my fancy is teeming,
I start as some night-bird too near me has flown—
And wake but to weep, that I have but been dreaming,
That still by the moonlight I wander—alone.

CHARLES MILNER.

I have heard of a young man who, when about eighteen years of age, became the object of the friendship and protection of an elderly gentleman, whose name was Hatfield. This young gentleman was, I think, called Charles Milner. It is told of him that he obtained the respect of mankind, though destitute of wealth; and that, though without the advantages of an elaborate education, he acquired knowledge, and cultivated good taste.

Now, though these things are not altogether uncommon, yet the character they exhibited deserves to be recorded, that the toil of unfostered genius may be encouraged, and the indolence of cultivated faculties abashed: that every individual may recollect that, whatever advantages or difficulties fortune may throw in our way, yet our advancement depends chiefly on ourselves: that there are few efforts of her malice, or hardships of her neglect, which it is not in our power to overcome; nor any favours she can bestow that we may not render useless.

But this is not the only praise of Charles Milner: talents, science, and the lesser accomplishments, however various in name and nature, have but one object, and that is virtue. Happily no study is incapable of this *application;* and, if it is pursued without such a bias, the deepest researches are but toil mispent.

Of all the virtues, no one seems more essential to society, than inflexible integrity, or a strict adherence to truth and honesty. Some virtues may be expected of us as gratuitous; they may adorn ourselves, and solace others: but integrity is claimed from us, not as a favour, but as a right. Yet as this virtue sometimes requires considerable exertion in the practice, and a manifest desertion of our immediate interests, every example in which the practice of it is exhibited should be held up to mankind; it will not be looked on unadmired, and we are apt to imitate that which we admire.

It is for a remarkable instance of this virtue that Charles Milner is more especially remembered; the circumstances of which I am about to relate.

Mr. Hatfield, of whom I have spoken, had no relation, except a nephew, whom he had educated at much expense; and this young man now entered the world, not, indeed, to captivate the discerning with his abilities, nor inform society by his knowledge; but, as Mr. Hatfield hoped, to maintain a character, if not so splendid, full as honorable, that of an honest man. Mr. Hatfield was much disappointed and chagrined, to find the intellects of his nephew beneath the ordinary level: in the ascent of wisdom, he never could rise above the clouds of cunning; and of justice he could not conceive that it goes beyond plain retribution, and embraces generosity. He lamented this character in his nephew, for he knew that fools are generally vain; and that vanity, though of flippant mien, stupifies its victim, like the touch of the torpedo. Rendered incapable of admiring anything but itself, every affection of the heart is annihilated, for it sees nothing to love; and, seeing nothing to love, neither is there any thing to imitate. Thus a fatal stop is put to all improvement of the faculties, and all acquisition of real graces: for the source of all improvement is our ardent admiration of excellence which we conscious is not in ourselves, and which our love for it induces us to copy; as, when wandering in fields, or tracing the beauties of a garden, we anxiously transplant into our own parterre every little flower that delights us.

The younger Hatfield had but just mingled in society, before his conduct gave considerable displeasure to his uncle. Repeated acts of meanness, and some instances of behaviour, which, though tolerably fashionable, are but little removed from fraud and villainy, so incensed Mr. Hatfield that he resolved to revoke the will he had made in his favour, and to bestow his estate upon Milner, reserving for his relation only a legacy of £500.

Milner being apprised of his intention, used every argument to dissuade him from his purpose.

It is not to be supposed, but that Milner was as willing as any one else to become the possessor of a splendid fortune; but an innate sense of propriety dictated the suggestions which he imparted to Mr. Hatfield. He reminded him of the censure of the world that would probably attach itself both to the giver and receiver of the treasure, which, in the natural, course of things, should devolve upon his nephew; and he encouraged *him to hope that, whatever errors his* inexperience might have suffered him to fall into, time would do away with the memory of them, and teach him more honorable conduct for the future.

"You mistake," said Mr. Hatfield, "but I suspect that you mistake wilfully, and I commend your motive. You surely know that my nephew's errors are not of that sort for which youth is an apology. Inexperience does not cause or encourage knavery, unless you mean the *inexperience of punishment*; the errors of youth—those at least, for which inexperience is an apology—are either an improvident exercise of the virtues, or an incautious pursuit of pleasure: pleasure that strews her way with flowers; and we forgive the hasty rambler, who, unacquainted with the end of the chace, *pursues the seeming* charms that attract his senses. But there are no flowers, no appearances that delight in the paths of the selfish and the mean. There *are* errors, continued Mr. Hatfield, "into which our very virtues may lead us. The generous may become prodigal, good nature may be duped, and confidence betrayed. There are these, and a thousand other failings; and the errors that result from them we forgive, not for themselves, but their motives. But these errors are not my nephew's errors."

Mr. Hatfield persisted in his resolution. He communicated his final determination to Milner, and gave him a duplicate of the will he had executed, who could not but receive with gratitude a boon so valuable.

The younger Hatfield no sooner obtained information of this transaction, than he directed the whole scope of his invention towards the means of recovering his uncle's favour, and what was of infinitely more importance to him, his uncle's estate.

For these purposes, he suddenly assumed a character diametrically opposite to his natural and usual deportment. He did not think it consistent with true policy to throw himself immediately in the way of his offended relation; but he contrived to act *his part in such places and on such* occasions as would ensure their report to his uncle. In the mean time, parasites, who were unsuspectedly admitted by that gentleman to his conversation, and who were won by the expectation of reward, laboured incessantly to remove the odium which they found attached to the nephew's character in the good man's mind, and to magnify and on occasions to invent, the honourable actions of the reformed, and repentant outcast.

Persuaded at length, by the circumstances that were thrown in his way by such conversation, and by the reports of the interested, Mr. Hatfield forgave the behaviour of his nephew; and, taking an opportunity, when Milner was saying something in his behalf, acknowledged to the latter his intention of reversing the bequests of his will. *Reflecting at the same time, that this alteration* in the expected fortunes of Milner was a serious injury, he resolved to supply him during his life with means of procuring an income, which, if not equal to his wishes, might be, at least, superior to his wants.

As it has not hitherto been essential to the business of my story, I have not till now informed my reader that Charles Milner had, some time before he became acquainted with Mr. Hatfield, known and loved a young lady, of some fortune, in the neighbourhood, and if an historian may presume to tell such a thing to everybody, the young lady returned his love. With respect to personal and mental accomplishments, there was an equality which rendered them worthy of each other; but in point of wealth the advantage was greatly, nay, entirely, on the side of Isabel.

Affairs had been much altered during the period of their acquaintance. Milner was known to be the adopted heir of Mr. Hatfield, whose property would have set him far above the family of Isabel, in its most flourishing state; but, unfortunately, *the parents of Isabel were, in the interim,* by various untoward events, reduced to a small competency and a sequestered cottage. Misfortunes increase affection: love, begun in perfect happiness and splendour, is too nearly admiration to touch the heart, or to endure. Milner was then, in the scale of property, considerably above Isabel, and he felt new pleasure in evincing the same disregard of mercenary views which she had at first displayed. The alteration of the will, however, was another material event, that reduced Milner to his original situation; but the generosity of Mr. Hatfield enabled him to make use of those inclinations which enabled him to pursue with avidity the plans laid down for the acquisition of fortune.

The tedious days of expectation were to have an end; and the time was *appointed* when Isabel might display, as a bride, and as a wife, that amiable character which no one doubted she would always, as hitherto, deserve. This event was, however, delayed by the death of Mr. Hatfield.

This lamented circumstance was scarcely known before the nephew took possession of the premises, and finding that Milner was somewhat indebted to the estate, he demanded in a peremptory manner, complete and immediate payment.

Milner knew that when Mr. Hatfield made his last will in favour of his nephew, he had given him a legacy of two thousand pounds. Surprised, therefore, at being asked for a sum that did not amount to half that sum, he did not prepare to discharge the loan, but waited on the new squire, whom he found in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious sorrow. The mourner suppressed every emotion of the hatred he bore towards Milner, that no opposite passion might interfere with a due exhibition of his grief. After the preliminary ceremonials were passed, and Mr. Hatfield had given loose to expressions of his woe and detached descriptions of his afflictions, and its effect on his appetite, his sleep and his nerves—for he would talk of nerves—and had introduced by way of interlude we may presume, little entertaining narratives of the circumstances attendant on the demise of his relation, Milner said that he had intruded on the decent privacy of his retirement, in consequence of Mr. Hatfield's having applied to him for the discharge of his debt to the estate. Mr. Hatfield, observant of every etiquette, interrupted him with lamentations of haste which, he feared, would appear indecorous. Milner confessed himself surprised at the application, because he had believed himself obliged to the generosity of his friend for a legacy the amount of which exceeded that of the debt in question.

Hatfield changed colour at this intimation, but replied with as much quickness as his confusion would permit, that it could not be so; for his uncle had left no will—and immediately subjoined, "I myself have no other right than that of heir-at-law—that, you know, is sufficient."

The manner in which Hatfield spoke these words, his having seen the will but lately, and, above all, his confidence in his late patron, left no doubt in the mind of Milner, that the assertion was untrue, and that it was known to Hatfield to be so.

Milner asked, in reply, if Mr. Hatfield had looked in a particular drawer, where, he said, he had last seen the will? Hatfield's alarm increased, and, notwithstanding his endeavours to conceal it, he became every moment more embarrassed. He requested Milner to assist him in making a new search for the supposed testament, which, of course, proved fruitless; and he then triumphed over his opponent, who he considered as completely chagrined and disappointed.

Milner, however, interrupted the volubility of Mr. Hatfield's tongue, by acknowledging his mistake as to the place where the will might be deposited; but at the same time informed him, that as this could not be found, he had another at home, which he would now bring forward.

Overcome by this new alarm, Hatfield was in an instant deprived of the fluency of language that had hitherto borne him through his difficulty, and he stammered out his doubts as to the authenticity of the instrument. Milner, on the contrary, asserted that no doubt could arise on that subject; nor could anything invalidate its contents, except the discovery of the will for which they had just searched in vain. Milner immediately went to produce the will in his possession, and left Hatfield motionless in all the confusion and agony of guilt. For the truth is, that finding his uncle's will in his study, he could not bear to part with the two thousand pounds bequeathed to Milner; and as the devise of the estate was not necessary to secure his own title to it, being as he was, in right of kindred, the heir, he imagined that an easy method to avoid the payment presented itself, and he committed the paper to the flames.

The confusion of the culprit at that moment may be imagined.

He endeavoured, however, to compose his spirits; and had it not been for the constant apprehension of detection, which insures misery to the evil doer, he might have found consolation in the belief that matters stood but as they did; that all that remained to be done, on his part, was to persist in pretending total ignorance of any will, and, on the production of that in Milner's possession, to admit the justice of his claim in the handsomest manner, and pay the legacy.

This, he flattered himself, would be the termination of the affair, for he supposed the other will to be a copy of that which he had burnt; and, consequently, with the deduction of two thousand pounds bequeathed to Milner, the whole estate was still his own. He flattered himself... Alas! the numbering of the dew drops, and the measuring of the ocean, were tasks of easy practice, compared with the calculation of the effects of a single crime!

The reader will remember that the will in Milner's possession was made by Mr Hatfield at the time when the conduct of his nephew had determined him to deprive that young man of the estate. The will which he had fraudulently destroyed had given him that estate, and taken from it only two thousand pounds. Hatfield little dreamed of this essential difference, and, when Milner brought it to his sight, he exclaimed in the forgetfulness of his rage:—"Sir, my uncle signed a will after that, in which he made me heir to the estate!"

"I know he did," returned Milner; "but, as that paper cannot be found, this must of course be regarded as his *last* will. The law will suppose that as the other is not discoverable, the deceased altered his intention a second time; and destroying the will you allude to, left this in full force, as his real wish. Nay, he must have done so, unless there has been some knavery in the business—and that cannot be; for you say that no one has had the keys, excepting yourself."

"Me, sir!" interrupted Hatfield. "Do you call me a knave? What do you suppose I have done with the will?"

"Nothing, of course; for you say that you have never seen it. The will, therefore, in my possession is in force, by authority of which the estate is mine; you are to have five hundred pounds which shall be immediately paid you."

To this sentence Hatfield was compelled to submit; and thus, by avarice and fraud, deprived himself of the very object they were employed to maintain. What would he not have given to have procured again that paper his own hands had destroyed! Few of my readers will be placed in situations exactly similar: nor is this necessary to render my story serviceable to them. Of all the instances of good and bad behaviour with which history or fiction has furnished us with examples, few indeed will present themselves to our practice or avoidance: yet it is not uselessly that we glow with transport at the records of virtue; that we act, in imagination, the great parts which heroes have performed, or poets feigned; it is not uselessly that we shudder at the representation of vice, and vow eternal enmity to its name, and eternal estrangement from its ways.—No there is analogy between things remote in their appearance—there is a sameness in the principle, though there is a variety in the object. Thus without confining our disapprobation and our improvement to the mere act of destroying a will, or extending the consideration to crimes of a higher nature only, we may apply it to those little circumstances that may fall within the sphere of every one.

It is difficult to imagine a more agonizing situation than that of Hatfield. What torture to reflect that he was poor, and that he was poor in consequence of his crime! With the poet he might exclaim—that he was "poor *indeed!*" With what distraction has the murderer viewed the body to which no prayers, no art, could restore life!

Crimes are committed in an instant: their effects are lasting. To do a bad action for the sake of acquiring some good, is a most stupid speculation. The consequences of all our actions are uncertain. Our wisdom often injures us; and:

——"oft our indiscretion serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail."——

If then, after all our contrivance, we are uncertain whether good or ill will result from it, it is surely of the first importance to take care that, in our misfortunes, we have nothing wherewith to upbraid ourselves.

Milner took possession of the estates; and Hatfield, who had deprived himself of his property by his own wickedness, was forced to submit in silence, ashamed even to trust a confidant with the story of his loss.

With whatever show of earnestness Milner entered upon the premises of his late patron, it was far from his intention to persist in a tenure to which he had no just, though a legal claim. The laws of society are formed for the usual course of events. No code can meet all unexpected cases; and no judge penetrate into the real circumstances that might justify his departure from general law. It is not, therefore, to be charged upon governments and their laws, if, however just their intention, they sometimes protect crimes, and turn the force of their useful severity on innocent heads. Private vice can frequently circumvent the justice of public statutes; and the power of individual virtue is often necessary to direct a due execution of even virtuous laws. No member of society is, therefore, to imagine that he is at full liberty to practise whatever of fraud or vice the legislature cannot punish. Yet so strange and so mechanical are our notions of virtue, that we every day see men who esteem themselves ,and are esteemed by others, to be honest men, practicing acts of injustice which, in point of principle, and frequently, of extent, are equally reprehensible with those for the perpetrators of which the whipping-post and the gibbet are erected. Nay, even in speculation, men are apt to seek the criteri of right and wrong not in their hearts, but in law-books, and penal statutes.

Such, however, was not the character of Milner; he could not think himself justified in robbery, because the Courts could not force the booty from him. He despised the character of a knave too heartily, to think of acting one himself. He was determined to assert the right he possessed; but he seemed to be indebted to fortuitous circumstances for the perversion of what he knew to have been Mr. Hatfield's will. Having paid, therefore, the debts of the deceased, and subtracted his own legacy from the sum of his personal property, he returned the titles to Hatfield.

Abashed, yet resentful, this man felt the justice of the punishment; but he cursed the hand that inflicted it. He received the estate with the eagerness of avarice: he triumphed in the return of his good fortune, and exulted in his security, But there is no security for the unjust, no rock for his feet. no shelter for his head.

The publicity of this affair had drawn forth from obscurity and poverty, a nearer relation of the late Mr. Hatfield. He urged his claim, and he established it; and the estate devolved upon him. This gentleman's name was Wilmot. He was a man of worth: he pitied Hatfield. and he bestowed on him a yearly allowance which was more than sufficient for his comfortable support.

It may be imagined that the ill success of Hatfield's attempts at villainy secured him from further danger, by discouraging him from its practice. It was not so. He was detected in private robbery where he pretended friendship—and, to escape punishment, *fled his country*, and exiled himself for ever.

Meanwhile Milner and Isabel were married, and lived respected and beloved. From the usual tranquillity of rural occupations, Milner passed to the more splendid paths of public virtue, and public talents, and Isabel was all good sense, a good disposition, and good education could make her.

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

BY MR. S. JONES.

I AM by nature a dark and passionate man. born with a stubborn and indomitable pride. I have never once acknowledged an error, or forgotten an injury! Through a long and chequered life my breast has been a volcano, racked by fierce and contending passions; and my heart rendered obdurate by hatred and neglect. Though I have long since passed my sixtieth year, I have never experienced the joys of generous or ennobling friendship, or tasted the sweets of connubial felicity. No faithful friend ever grasped me warmly by the hand, or joyful mother whispered to her prattling babe the name of her returning father. Ah! no! my life has been an awful succession of rage and repentance, of rejected favors and exquisite, though bloodless, revenge. *Deformed by nature, and repulsive in aspect, I am now* left to devour my own soul in solitude and contempt! and though hitherto I have not borne the branded curse of Cain upon my brow, I have always attributed it to the following simple and *melancholy incident.*

* * * * * * * * *

"I had quarrelled with my little brother Willy, who had not quite passed his sixth year. I was two years his senior, and he was the only being I ever loved. Willy was a frail and affectionate little fellow, not meant to struggle long through this dark and weary existence. The little golden locks fell upon his slender and beautiful neck, and his large blue eyes wore a soft and confiding expression, which called forth irresistibly your love and protection!——I went to the corner of the garden, and continued building a house we had begun together. The evening was fast coming on, and I still required about a dozen bricks to finish it. I therefore stalked up to one which, after great trouble, he had just completed, and pulled down part of the walls for that purpose. The little fellow could not bear it, and snatched them back from me; I in a rage struck him violently on the breast, and he fell to the ground.

In a short time he recovered his breath, and said.

"Jamie, tell Annie to come and carry me in. I *cannot walk; my breast is very, very sore.*"

I slunk quietly in at the back of the house. In a few moments I heard a low and mournful whisper go through the dwelling: my little Willy had broken a blood vessel. The next evening about sunset I went to the door of the room where he lay, and as I looked in he beckoned me to him. The setting sun fell full upon his golden hair, and as he reclined upon his snowy pillow, methought he seemed like a little angel floating on a fleecy cloud!

I crept up slowly to the side of his bed, and held the little hand which lay upon the coverlid within mine own.

"Jamie," said he, "Jamie, I am going to die."

I hid my face beneath the bed clothes, and *sobbed aloud.*

"Don't cry," said the little fellow, "you know I love you dearly; come, Jamie, let me play with your hand again, as I used to when we sat together on the little grass plot in the warm bright sunshine, and don't cry, my dear little brother Jamie, You will be kind to my little Pussy, when I am gone, and fill her saucer with new milk, won't you, brother?"

Pussy lifted up her head, as she heard her name, and purring, smoothed her sleek and glossy coat against the pallid face of the young sufferer, as though to thank him for his kind remembrance.

"I am going to Heaven," he continued, "and that is a happy place, you know, for God our Father whom we say our prayers to every night, *lives there, and you know how often* we have wanted to see him, Jamie; and there is Jesus whom we love so much, and who loves little children too so dearly; he will be there, and he will carry me to his father, for he will be like a big brother, and take care of me, you know, Jamie! And then there is little Harry Bently, he is gone to Heaven too, and I shall see him there, and we will have two little wings, and a little golden music book between us, but we will leave a corner for you, Jamie, so that when you come, we will all bow down together before the throne of God our Father, and sing His glory for ever and ever."

The little fellow lifted up his bright blue eye to heaven, and his countenance seemed to grow brighter and brighter; I gazed upon his face for some minutes in silent anguish; but as I gazed his face appeared to wax brighter, and yet more bright; a smile still lingered upon his parted lips, and his little soul winged its flight to a sure and glorious eternity.

And now, when the hurricane of riotous and irresistible passion sweeps over my soul, tearing down all distinctions of right and wrong, and *dethroning reason, their cherub voices seem to* come, wafted on the gale, and as these too little angel forms, with their little golden music book, and my empty and unmerited corner, rise up, as it were in a vision before me, my passion vanishes, my frame shudders, and I burst into tears.

Here the old man paused and drawing his travelling cap slowly over his eyes, relapsed into a moody silence for the remainder of the journey.

Bedford, (E. T.) Nov. 1846.

THE PALACE OF LOVE.

BY P. J. ALLAN.

Oh where shall I find the Palace of Love !
Sink into the maze of the sombre mine,
Roam over the hills where groweth the vine,
Or seek the cool *shade of yon orange grove*,
Away to the town all teeming with life,
And e'en to the grave where endeth all strife;

Then turn to the wide expanse of the sea,
Where the billows roar, or the morning surge
Of departed joys seems chaunting the dirge,
Where the rippling waves are dancing with glee,
Then plunge to the nethermost coral cave
And question the wonders those waters lave;

Now soar on the wings of the roving wind,
Hie away to the East to meet the Sun,
Or to where he rests when his course is run—
Still onward ! and leaving this earth behind,
Explore ev'ry world *below and above.*—
The boundless space is the Palace of Love.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A REAL LIVE LADY OF MONTREAL.

Accept, fair Lucy, these my lays,
Nor deem it flattery when I praise
Your lovely person, cautious mind,
Where sense and beauty are combined;
To heighten the lovely charms I view,
So sweetly centred all in you,
But brighter would those charms appear,
Oh Lucy! If you did not *swear.*

W. W.

PASSAGES FROM SHAKSPEARE,

APPLICABLE TO THE LADIES OF MONTREAL.

[The ingenious reader must apply them.]

Who sees the heavenly Rosalind,
That like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and strucken blind,

Kisses the ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majesty?

Love's Labour lost.

Miss ——

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She in so self-endeared

* * * * * * *

———————— I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister:
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If sparkling, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block, movéd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Much ado about Nothing.

Miss ——

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

Romeo and

Miss ——

There's language in her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her *foot speaks*; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
Oh! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To ev'ry ticklish reader!

Troilus and Cressida.

Miss ——

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Hamlet.

IMMORTALITY.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

> "The soldier,
> Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
> Seeking the bubble, reputation,
> Even in the cannon's mouth."

THE surpassing delusion of this most comical and delusive world of ours, is certainly that which inspires man with the most ardent desire, the haughtiest hopes, the most intense longing after immortality—the immortality of Fame. It is a mere vision, less substantial than even the fleecy clouds that whiten the blue sky of a summer day, and yet with what passionate ardour are the breasts of the best, and the bravest, and the noblest, animated at view of the deceptive *mirage*! The most that can be said by any living being, or that could have been, by any one now numbered with the dead, whilst living, is, that he had the proud satisfaction of knowing that *the letters of his name* would be famous so long as letters descended to posterity, and that his features would be familiar to the million, so long as wood-cuts and photographic likenesses meet not the usual wreck of matter. They who built the Pyramids, were doubtless quite sure of immortality: but who were they? The pyramids survive as yet, the sand of the Desert has not yet been lifted by the winds as high as they—we see them, and the chief wonder is, what could have possessed the builders, but as to projectors and architects, who were they?

How few amongst us English, comparatively speaking, know much, if anything, of the great names of Continental Europe. Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, have brilliant names, which, to the great majority, who speak our Anglican language, are literally the "Great Unknown" The scholar knows them, so do the *litterateurs*, but the multitude have not even heard of their existence. If that be true of European names, what shall be said of Asiatic! Hafiz and Sadi, for example, are *renowned*. They were both Persians, and appear to have been the most distinguished, as poets; but there were Arabs scarcely less so. Of these, Sir William Jones, the great oriental scholar, has said, that, until he tasted the poetry of the Arabs, and Persians, he thought nothing could be more sublime than the Odes of Pindar, nothing sweeter than Anacreon; nothing more polished or elegant than the golden remains of Sappho, Archilochus, Alcæus and Simonides,—and yet, in what a state of blissful ignorance are the most of us of their *immortal* verse! How few among us have even heard of their *immortal* names!

They who spoke the Sanscrit, who were they? Where the boundaries of the Great Nation!—They, and all knowledge of them, or of their whereabout, or of the "immortal" deeds, or "immortal" verse of poet, warrior, sage, patriot or philosopher, are in the deep bosom of oblivion buried! Nought survives but the language, (if to survive, can be said of a dead language), a language, whose antiquity, the most profound philologer cannot pronounce,—"of a wonderful structure, more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either?" Such is immortality!

Let us glance at the Hero—Men of earth!—Napoleon, now, immersed in thought, within the splendid chambers of the Capetian dynasty, had good right to the conviction, that, for a thousand or two of centuries, if the destruction of the world holds off so long, his name would be familiar as a household word to millions and billions yet unborn, just as the names of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Hannibal, or Attila, in this present year of the Christian era, have been and are familiar to the millions of Europe, (we restrict ourselves to Europe, for as to the millions of Africa, and Asia, and America, and what the French call Oceanic, they have been all along as unconcious of the *distingué* names just written, as of that ornithological hero, Cock Robin,) he, the imperious and imperial, he had good right to that proud conviction, and doubtless, his piercing eyes shot forth the fearful gleamings of a highly gratified, and gorged ambition, as he felt the conviction glowing in his remorseless heart, and acting as quicksilver in the chambers of his o'er-mastering intellect; but, after all, what does the immortality of those Heroes of Conquest and destruction, amount to?—and what does the immortality of far greater than they amount to—of Homer, Virgil, Aristotle, Socrates!—More than half this world of ours have never heard the whisper of their names, and all that the other half knows of them (for any good it can be to them, or their shades on the further side of the Styx,) might as well be unknown. Homer, Virgil, Aristotle, and Socrates have done the world good service, it is true, but what good has the world done them, or can it do? They have done the world great good, for the noble numbers of the former have inspired to heroism or fired with patriotism; their melodious verse has attuned *to goodness and to gentleness*; the logic of Aristotle reigns in the schools, and Socrates drew philosophy down from heaven upon the earth. But of what use to the living, or to the generations that have existed between the present and the three memorable days, when the banks of the Granicus, the Rubicon, and of Thrasymene, rung and reverberated to the tremendous cheering of Legion and Phalanx, have been Cesar, and *Hannibal*, and *Alexander*?—It would puzzle any one to say, unless, "to point a moral or adorn a tale."—Fame, got by blood, is, of no value; (in Common Sense's court, 'twould be called infamy,) whilst that of the Bard, the Philosopher, and the Lawgiver, is esteemed a treasure, compared with which all the gold and silver of the earth are as nothing: but what does even that immortality amount to?—What exists of the great Mantuan, but his name, his heroic numbers, his silver verse? What of the Ionian? It is even doubtful he ever existed! The Iliad is ascribed to one whose name is supposed to have comprised the letters which make up the magic name of Homer, and that—Reader—is all of Homer's immortality that survives!—It is a glorious guerdon, is it not, for the furnace-heat of the poetic soul, that consumes and converts to cinder, heart, brain, and fibre, of the hapless being gifted with Promethean fire?

But, nevertheless, such Immortality as that it is, which the noblest amongst us thirst for, as never thirsted traveller of the desert for draught of gushing fountain! Thousands and thousands would gladly defy the most cruel agony, or rush delighted to the grave, for such immortality as *that* whose bubble emptiness has been just described! For such as that, said we? Why, there can be no doubt, many and many a gallant fellow whose life-blood, but a few months ago, saturated the fields of Moodkee, Ferozepore, Aliwal and Sobraon, smiled, even at the instant the soul was flitting to the spheres, at the thought of the possible appearance of their names in the *London Gazette*—of their being spoken and pronounced in the halls and the homesteads of Old England, as the names of men, who had upheld the British colors, amid tempests of shot and shell, on fields made slippery with human blood! Such the influence of the mere dream of Immortality,—for dream it is—and nothing but a dream! 'Twas that dream which caused the "immortal Nelson" to shout forth to his ardent followers, as he sprang on board the San Josef, at St. Vincent's conflict,—"Westminster Abbey, or a glorious victory!" 'Twas that dream, which led column after column of doomed and devoted men into the fiery gulfs of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, to perish 'mid scorching flame and spouting blood,—their inspiring loud huzzas, rising high above the stunning thunder of those most fearful conflicts. That dream has even led to crime, as witness the example of the "aspiring youth, who fired the Ephesian dome." How powerful the delusion!—Let us glance at the Poet, whose glorious, glowing aspirations, light up the realms of mind, as the brilliant Aurora Borealis lights up the darkened heavens,—whose burning thoughts rush in *a flaming volume, like a flood of lava, from his* intellectual elevation to the world beneath—whose verse teems with the richness and luxuriance and abundance of the most fertile vales of Ceres,—betimes rivalling the melody of the spheres—betimes resembling the live thunder leaping—betimes, sweet to the senses, as perfume from the lap of Flora—betimes, burning as passion from the lips of Venus. Take him, the Poet--(such as Shakspeare, Byron;) surely, if mortal could win the jewel, Immortality,—'tis he! And yet, when the glorious spirit has left its fragile, feeble tenement of clay, what derision—how ludicrous--all the hopes of immortal fame that once filled the palace of the soul with an almost sublime rapture! His verse lives, but the man dies; the worm makes his repast, the bones moulder, and in a few brief years (except the mere letters of his name,) he is, as if he never had been!

And yet, the passionate, soul-engrossing, longing after immortality, though, as we have shown, a mere imaginary creation—baseless as a vision—has a most salutary influence. It deters from vice, and encourages to virtue. The ambitious desire to impress even posterity with the stamp of their superiority. The desperate soldier courts danger and death with ardor, more passionate than impatient lover the embrace of mistress; the poet casts from him scornfully and even loathingly, the golden bribe to forsake the

Muse, wondering the while at the meanness that could conceive the thought of such an exchange as that of undying fame for filthy lucre! The haughty and the proud, they seek to perpetuate the entrenchments that protect their state, and cause to rise the marble column, or the gorgeous mausoleum, that passers-by, may know, *the dust* beneath is not *the common!* The rich—they found an hospital for the poor they never succoured—or a college for the encouragement of learning they never patronized—to bear their honored names; or a tablet of vanity (inserted conspicuously in the walls of the House of God!) tells of their respectability—their peculiar, or particular elevation, on the social ladder. All! it may be said—all, are desirous of being remembered after death—and certainly, the man never yet breathed, who sought not to avoid a memory of shame! And so it chances, as but just remarked—the dream of Immortality has a most salutary influence.

The Christian's belief in, and his hopes of, Immortality, (it will have been perceived,) have not been considered in these observations. The Immortality he looks forward to, is to live near the footstool of his Maker! the Immortality consequent on a well-spent life; that which has been had in view, in this article, is Immortality in its worldly sense, distinguished as Fame; a hope and aspiration emanating from human vanity, pride, self-esteem, ambition. These observations show it to be, a mere Jack o'Lanthorn. The Immortality the Christian expects is a totally different matter; it is a subject not to be approached, save with religious reverence. The Immortality of the warrior and the poet, is a mockery and a delusion,—that of the Christian, a devout belief. The soul's immortality, indeed, cannot be questioned. It is *felt*, and by none so acutely as by the highest intellects; the loftiest discern it the most distinctly. In the words of Addison—

> "It must be so—
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality?
> Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
> Of falling into nought?
> 'Tis the divinity which stirs within us;
> 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
> And intimates eternity to man.
> The soul secure in her existence, smiles
> At the drawn dagger, and defies its point!
> The stars shall fade away; the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

A GALE ON THE ATLANTIC.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

In a late newspaper we find the following description of the terrible hurricane experienced by the beautiful Steamer named above. It is so well written, and at the same time so deeply interesting, that we think it worthy of being placed on record in our pages. The spirit which animated the passengers in the hour of danger and despair cannot but be admired. What a scene that must have been when to such a multitude of souls, believing themselves on the brink of eternity, the solemn sacrament was administered. It was a lesson never to be forgotten by those who assisted in the deeply affecting ceremony, and even to the casual reader it may not be unproductive of good.

The Steamer left Liverpool on the 12th September with one hundred and twenty-six passengers and a crew of eighty-five. The description of what followed we give as we find it written by one who shared in the dangers of the gale:—

The storm commenced on the evening of Saturday, the 19th. On Sunday, the sea rose frightfully, the sails were split, and the vessel was running under bare poles. At eleven o'clock that forenoon a heavy sea broke over the fore part of the larboard wheel-house, or paddle-box, which started the ice-house and large iron life-boat from their fastenings, and washed them to leeward, and with much difficulty they were temporarily secured. The ice-house contained some seven or eight tons of ice, and was fastened by cleets and staunchcons. Let the reader imagine the force of the sea and the height of the wave which, rising over the paddle-box, struck the ice-house and the large iron life-boat above it, twisted them from their fastenings, breaking the ice-house into two parts, ripping off the planks, crushing the starboard companion way, and was only prevented from making a clear breach in the sides of the ship by a sudden lurch to port. Meantime the wind howled most frightfully through the rigging. At half-past eleven the square sails blew away from the yards. The lee quarter boats were torn from the davits by a heavy lee lurch of the ship, bending the davits, tearing out the ringbolts from their stems and sterns. At noon, storm and sea raging in all their fury, sea still breaking over the ship, a heavy sea struck the larboard paddle-box and smashed it to atoms; sprung the spring beam, breaking the under half; shattered the parts of the ship attached thereto. A splinter struck the captain on the head while standing on the poop, and the force of the blow, together with the sea, carried him over the lee quarter, and he was only saved by the nettings. After this sea had passed over, the water gained on the pumps; the wind appeared to lull a little and the ship easier, but still blowing a storm. All the hatches, except those made use of for passing into the engine-room, were battened down, and the skylights partially covered. The weather continued the same until midnight, at which time it lulled for half an hour. Again the storm rose. The wind howled, roared, and bellowed, like the constant mutterings of the thunder clouds. Huge waves, of tremendous height and volume, rose in mad display around the ship, threatening every moment to break over her amidships and crush the vessel. Sea after sea striking her with terrific noise, caused the ship to stop for an instant, tremble and shake in every timber from her stem to her sternpost, reeling and lurching; tossed to and fro, again would she gather fresh strength, and with her wheels half hid in the wild waters, again and again receive the thundering blows of an element that seemed armed for destruction. The sails on the yards, strongly secured by ropes and gaskets, were blown from their furls and streamed out to leeward in ribbons. But all this was as nothing. About one P. M. whilst most of the passengers were seated in agonising suspense in the lower cabin, holding fast by the tables and settees, a sea struck the vessel, and a tremendous crash was heard on deck. Instantly the cabin was darkened, and torrents of water came pouring down through the skylights. Scarcely had the water reached the floor, when all in the cabins and state-rooms sprang to their feet, and simultaneously, as if by concert, the ladies uttered a scream of agony, so painful, so fearful, and so despairing, the sound of it will never be forgotten. Several fainted—others clasped their hands in mute despair, whilst many called aloud upon their Creator. The crash to which the writer alludes was caused by the tearing up of the benches and other wood-work on the quarter-deck. These were hurled with violence against the skylights by the same sea which broke the windows of the saloon, drenching the berths on the larboard side, driving out their affrighted occupants, whilst it smashed by its weight the glass over the main cabin, and thus forced its way below. This was a period of intense emotion. So violent were the shocks of the vessel, although firmly braced, it was with great difficulty the passengers could prevent themselves being hurled from their seats, and dashed with such violence against some part of the vessel as to endanger life or limb. Many received severe contusions and bruises, notwithstanding all their efforts. It was an awful hour. The most thoughtless cowered in their heart before a danger which none but a fool or a brute would have mocked, and all therefore accepted the invitation to meet in the cabin for prayer. Rev. Mr. Marsh read the 107th Psalm. Rev. Dr. Smucker prayed. Rev. Dr. Beecher made a few solemn remarks. Rev. Dr. Balch repeated the words of our Saviour "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me,"—commenting briefly on their consoling import, and then invited all present to join with him in the Lord's prayer; after which he pronounced the Apostolic benediction. The wind, far from abating, was on the increase, the lulls in the storm being less frequent, and the squalls if anything, more terrific. The whole ocean was one sea of foam, lashed up into terrible waves, wild and angry, whilst the spray and wind seemed driven through the rigging and over the ship, as if with demoniacal power. As darkness came, clustered together in the cabin, the passengers all thought and reflected on their fate. Most, if not all of them, had given themselves up for lost. For what with the heavy labouring of the ship, the terrible noise and howling of the wind, the continued frequent thumpings of the sea, the quivering and shaking of the groaning timbers, the carrying away of so many portions of the vessel's upper works, and the knowledge that they were perhaps for another night to be exposed to the full power of a raging hurricane, left little to hope for. In the evening, about nine o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Balch, at the request of several passengers, administered the Holy Communion in the cabin, to upwards of sixty persons—many of whom received it there for the first time in their lives.

"Monday, 21st, 12 30, continues the log; the storm commenced raging again in all its fury, and the sea a perfect foam, until eight A.M. at which time the clouds began to break, and the squalls less furious. Got the ship's head to the N.W. and hauled the yards round, the sea still raging as before, and nearly a-head, curling and breaking over the ship in every direction. At noon the storm ceased; but the sea continued more violent till two P.M. at which time it ceased gradually with the wind, having lasted about thirty-six hours, during which time it gives me much pleasure to state my officers and crew conducted themselves with great coolness and presence of mind."

At half past five o'clock on Monday morning the passengers were in the greatest possible danger. Mr. Stevens, one of the passengers, who was an eye witness, says of it—"A peculiar lifting of the haze in the east, with the appearance of an amber-coloured belt of light, low down on the horison, warned us of an approaching blow. Presently it came, a perfect tornado, driving before it clouds of spray, and, as it neared us, fairly lifting the crests from the waves, like a shower of rain. As the squall struck us, the ship careered over, and buried her gunwales in the ocean, and lay for a few moments stricken powerless, and apparently at the mercy of the savage waves that threatened to engulf us. This was the trial, the last round fought between the elements and our gallant vessel; at this critical moment, the engine was true to her duty. Still went on its revolutions, and round and round thundered her iron water wings. Gradually recovering her upright position, the good ship, with head quartering the sea, came up to her course, and all was well. It was the climax of the storm. The last great effort of the whirlwind king, to send us to the sea-giant's cave below." On Monday, about twelve o'clock, the storm had abated sufficiently to admit of standing on the upper step of the companion way with safety. It was a sublime, but an awful spectacle. The ocean still laboured under the effects of the hurricane. The wind veered ten points in thirty-six hours. It is impossible to imagine or describe the wild and tangled confusion of the waves. Rising to a height apparently greater than that of the main-mast, they leaped and roared around the ship as if hungry and maddened at the loss of their prey. At times the Great Western seemed as if lowered by unseen spirits into her watery grave; and every moment it was expected to be filled in, and her requiem sung by the winds, amidst the wilderness of waters. But the danger was past, and, with grateful hearts, on Tuesday morning all assembled in the cabin, to render an act of common prayer and thanksgiving. The Rev. Dr. Smucker read a Psalm and made some appropriate introductory remarks, and the Rev. Dr. Beecher addressed the passengers at length, and with much force, on the mercy they had experienced, and prayer was offered. After the religious services were ended, in which the passengers expressed their thankfulness to Almighty God for their deliverance, they drew up a complimentary address to the captain and officers of the ship. They subscribed a sum of £200 for the captain, officers and crew, and presented the money in two beautiful purses, worked by two of the female passengers. They also opened a liberal contribution, with the view of creating a fund for the relief of families whose heads and supporters have been lost at sea, and in compliment to the ship, as well as in commemoration of the signal mercy they had experienced in her, it is to be called the "Great Western Fund." When the danger had all passed the captain said—"Thrice on deck I thought destruction inevitable. Each time a sea of such magnitude and power came at the ship, that I thought it was all over with us. But unexpectedly each broke just at the side of the ship. Sir, the hand of the Lord was in it." And the writer of this narrative adds: "Yes, the hand of the Lord was in it; may we never forget it was the hand of the Lord."

EVENING IN THE WOODS.

BY M. A. M.

The soft grey shades of evening
Are falling o'er the earth,
And never might a twilight hour
To gentler thought give birth.

For a scene of quiet loveliness
Spreads fair before mine eye;
A forest dark, and pleasant fields,
And a cloudless evening sky.

Already have the trees assumed
That rich autumnal dress
Which gives to these far northern woods
Their gorgeous loveliness.

Hush'd are the sounds of husbandry
Which all day long were heard,
And nought disturbs the stillness
Save some far-off forest bird.

There's a world of tranquil beauty
In those still and solemn woods,
Within whose far untrodden depths,
The lonely night-bird broods.

There's beauty in the glimmering stars
Which one by one appear;
And in the thin blue mist which wreathes
The landscape far and near.

O'er Nature's gentle slumbers
There's a veil of beauty cast,
Yet my heart is sad for the lovely land,
Where its sweet spring-time was past.

How many things remind me
That 'tis a foreign land—
Yon tall primeval forest
Like some dark encircling band—

The firefly's pigmy splendour,
Floats through the gathering gloom,
And the Whip-poor-will screams sadly,
As though 'twere from the tomb.

But chief I miss the loving ones
In that distant land and dear,
And the dear voices that had power
This wayward heart to cheer.

St. William, Sept. 1846.

LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. F.

"You are sad," said Justin to him when they had returned to the Count's apartments, "shall I amuse you by repeating some of the tales which at times have given you pleasure? I remember one which particularly pleased you."

"What is it about?" asked the Count, indifferently.

"Sir, it is the history of a loving young girl."

"Does she live now?" asked the Count with more interest.

"She is no more," replied Justin, "she disappeared from the earth without obtaining a single tear, and all her happiness consists in hovering around him she loved. She was a tender virgin; she one day saw a *chef d'œuvre* of nature, he entered the gates of her heart, she adored him, he cared not for her, he did not even perceive her deep affection, and he broke this loving heart, and gradually she went towards the tomb. To her last moment she blessed him; one day she said to him, "I love thee."

"Well, Justin! what said he?" cried the Count eagerly.

"Sir," he said, "'Try to be happy without me,' and she was happy without him."

"How?"

"She looked unceasingly upon him from the heavens, she scattered flowers over his path, she drew the thorns from the roses——"

"Justin," said Abel, "I love thy story more than all the brilliant music of the soirée, but tell me is it true, or dost thou compose it for the occasion?"

"No sir, if you wish I will continue it, and you will see."

"No, no, it moves me too much."

Justin was silent, with that air of gentle submission, which pleases so much; he looked at his master with deep interest, and Abel's face expressed unhappiness.

"If it had been you she had loved," said he at last trembling, "I imagine she would not have been so unhappy, would she, Sir?"

"Yes," replied Abel. "But oh! I desire that my homage may reach from earth to heaven, and console her."

In saying this Abel felt as if he was acquitting himself of a debt to Catherine.

"Ah! sir, if your soul could send a gaze of love to the heavens, will you not give it on the earth? Behold me at your knees, place upon my forehead the kiss of love, and the spirit of the poor unfortunate one will tremble with joy. I knew her, and my evening prayer will carry the kiss to the throne of God."

"Justin! are you crazy?" asked the young Count, but at the same moment he stooped and kissed the forehead of the young man.

Tambroni retired from the saloon without speaking to the Countess, he contented himself with looking at her, but she was piqued at what she considered a species of disdain, and if it would have been possible to have looked into the very soul of Jenny, one would have found in it the commencement of a new love.

After the guests had departed she sought out Abel, and was much piqued to find him so much moved and interested by his conversation with Justin; she spoke bitterly and harshly to him. The Count perceived and felt keenly the change in her manner.

Day by day Abel become more and more disgusted with the world, and he began to regret the happiness of his youth; the remembrance of his father's precepts came often to his mind, and the wish that he had lived and died in the cottage began to take root in his mind. "Catherine," said he to himself, "would always have passed her life with me in the cottage; she would have been always the same, she would have been happy away from the city. But, alas! she is dead, dead to me, ah! what has been done to make me happy? I grow pale over my books."

One morning when he had been dwelling on these thoughts, he came to the conclusion that such an existence as his father led was the only happy one, and he resolved to ask the Countess to abandon the world and its pomp, and return with him to his cottage home.

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*Continued from page 500.—Conclusion.

Jenny would certainly in the first moments of her love for Abel have been capable of this sacrifice, but now society had an invincible attraction for her; the presence of Tambroni had brought her a new harvest of sensations and pleasures. She had not a thought of betraying her husband whom she still adored, but her love was not unselfish enough to induce her to sacrifice a pleasure so fascinating as the idolatry offered to her by so celebrated a man as Tambroni. She was like the young girl the ancient Mythology tells us of, who descended to the regions of death, and reposing on the banks of the Lethe wished to bathe her delicate feet in the waters, without being willing to perish in it—or still more like her who broke off the fated apple intending only to feel and smell of it, without tasting.

Thus the Countess stood on the very brink of danger, without being at all aware of it, and her refusal to Abel's romantic project of life in the cottage was most decided. He reproached her tenderly with a diminution of her love; she replied that he had not hesitated to contradict and refuse her requests, and though she answered playfully, it was evident that in this little dispute that first love had lost its fervour—and the discussion ended with this expression; "Catherine would never have refused me anything."

Justin come in at this moment; the mind and heart of Catherine must have been in him for he never looked so happy; he had evidently heard the last words, and he blushed as deeply as would Catherine herself. By a natural propensity impressed upon the human mind, a propensity which has exhibited itself since the first thing was forbidden to man, Abel found the world now a thousand times more insipid, since the idea of a more perfect happiness in the country had entered his mind, far from the mocking laugh of those who had more learning than himself, without his beautiful soul. He finished by being perfectly weary, and fell into a profound melancholy.

He shunned balls, fêtes, spectacles, and all society, and often Comte Osterwalde was in his own apartments while his beautiful wife was presiding in the brilliant assemblage where Tambroni was the centre of attraction. Abel resembled Charles the VI. whom the little Queen Odette consoled, while Isabelle of Bavaria danced with the Duke of Orleans, within the very palace where her husband was suffering so much. Justin, thoughtful and affectionate as a female, displayed a friendship which won all the avenues to the heart of Abel, and when the young Count was morose, and seemed to hate all men, Justin came to him like David to Saul, lavished upon him all the riches of consolation, and often drew the smile to the lips of his master. The young Countess, too, tried every art to draw Abel from his misanthropy, and Abel appreciated her tenderness, and felt comparatively happy in the faith that no one in the world could ravish from him the treasure of her affection; a suggestion to the contrary would have disturbed his happiness, and perhaps his reason; Jenny too seemed to enjoy the having no rival in his affection, but the shade of Catherine which seemed ever to hover around Abel. But she knew not the precipice over which she hung.

CONCLUSION.

THE CHEMIST PROVED RIGHT.

In the environs of Leith, in Scotland, is a cottage situated on the border of a pretty streamlet; poplars wave their bright green branches over the rustic hut, and little river.

Early in the autumn of 181–, the inhabitants of this village saw a beautiful young girl guiding the steps of a young man, with all the devotion of love. He had evidently lost his reason, for she watched every movement with intense anxiety, and her eye roved round about to see that no painful object should come before him. If he escaped from her for an instant, she recalled him with a gentle tone of voice, and seated him by her on the green banks. If he was silent, she was also silent, only caressing him gently, playing with his long black hair, and soothing him with woman's fondness. When he spoke she listened with respectful attention, though his words were wandering and unconnected. The poor young man's mind was like a fine toned organ, played on by the unskilful fingers of a child, the notes were sweet, but no harmony. She watched his looks as if she thought the tranquillity with which she had surrounded him would bring back to the unfortunate one, his primitive expression, and that the light of intellect would once more illume his face.

She was beautiful, and one could see that her companion had been so too, for his large dark eyes were magnificent, and the contour of the face was fine, yet grief had destroyed all the traces of intellectual beauty. The poor unfortunate looked at the heavens with indifference, received the attentions of his friend carelessly, and looked into her sweet face without a thought.

After their long walks and wanderings by the streamlet's brink, she would lead him back to their cottage where a repast was prepared for them, by an old man, who seemed to have very little more sense than his master. All his ideas were concentrated on watering the garden, which furnished the fruits and vegetables for their frugal feasts; the poor old man had hardly strength to dig the ground or gather the fruits.

The young man was subject to paroxysms of phrenzy, which alarmed the young girl exceedingly. She feared when they came on he would lose his life from the violence of his emotions; often her tears and caresses soothed and prevented them. She would reason with him, and try to bring back his wondering thoughts.

"Look at me, dear Abel; I have no longer black hair to disguise me, I do not lisp; now I am not Justin, I am Catherine.—call me Catherine."

"Catherine!" repeated he mechanically. "Catherine!" then he repeated the name in a thousand changing intonations. Sometimes she would shew him the jet necklace she had carefully preserved. The unfortunate would take it into his bosom, kiss it, weep, and murmur, "She is dead! She is dead."

"No, she is not dead: she wished to persuade thee so, that thou might keep Justin with thee always; but she lives, and lives for thee. Her betrothed has renounced her, and she is thine, she has been sad, but she lives, and loves thee."

"No," he sadly replied, "She is dead!"

Then the old man would come to him, "I am Caliban, do you not know me, Abel?" But Abel shook his head, and wept without speaking.

In vain Catherine desired to know all the circumstances which had plunged her friend into this state; there was a mystery about it she could not fathom, and the least allusion to it brought on one of his horrible spasms. When in the height of his agony, his broken words and exclamations threw a feeble light upon the events that had so tortured him—the name of Tambroni, the "Fairy of Pearls," or Countess of Sommerset, brought on a paroxysm. But chance willed that Catherine should know all.

One evening Abel was calm; he leaned confidingly upon his companion; some glimmerings of who she really was seemed dawning upon his mind. They were seated upon a green bank by the poplar-shaded brook; the heavens were cloudless, and all nature was tranquil, the only sad thing, the poor young man, whose pale face and care-worn expression were most touching. Catherine was full of hope; for two days, Abel had appeared to revive, and she trusted for a return of reason. Suddenly from a distance came the sound of a hautboy. Abel listened, his eye sparkled, he shook his hair like a lion who is making himself ready for a combat; the hautboy drew near, and Abel recognized the celebrated romance which Tambroni had sung the first night he appeared at the house of the Countess Osterwalde. The fury of Abel increased till it reached a horrible height; he cried out "Justin! Justin!" His voice became hoarse and his breathing heavy.

"Do you hear that air? *He* composed it for her. They complained this noble genius forgot the care of his glory while he was in Paris; an invincible passion conquered him. Do you hear, Justin?" He seized Catherine's trembling hand, and pressed it violently. Again the hautboy commenced the air. Abel sprang up.

"Oh, Justin! judge of my misery; I owe this man my life; the strong resentment which an injury that death only could wash out, made me choose the most murderous of all duels; one pistol alone was loaded; chance placed it in his hands, we were placed breast to breast; we ought to have fired at the same time. My adversary let me fire alone, and then discharged his pistol in the air.

"'Count!' said he to me, 'unjustly suspected by you, I am happy in giving you your life; believe me if I were guilty of what you suppose, I should have been too happy to have risked my life without defence.' Thou seest, continued Abel, that my wretchedness is without relief. He has fled with her; I wish to find them, not to see her again, but to immolate them to my rage."

Abel stopped; they descended the hill slowly; his paroxysm had covered him with a cold sweat; he crossed his arms, seated himself on a bank, and remained plunged in deep thought. Suddenly he rolled upon the earth, uttering inarticulate cries. Catherine called to some peasants, and they carried him to his house.

It was on a spring morning when nature seemed to be born again, that happiness was once more restored to these loving and tried hearts. Catherine and Caliban had brought Abel back to the cottage of his father; the same order reigned there as before. Catherine seated on the old worm-eaten chair, held Abel's head, which rested on her bosom; Caliban gazed at them, and prayed that reason might be restored to the poor young man.

Suddenly Abel, whose eyes had for some days indicated more reason, looked fixedly at Catherine; he contemplated her for some time attentively. At last he cried, "It is Catherine!" One long kiss followed this recognition, which, for Catherine, opened anew all the joys of earth.

ON A WASPISH FEMALE.

Vespa has such a captious sense,
At every word she takes offence;
But what more lamentable makes it,
Gives it still oftener than she takes it.

THE PEASANT OF PORTUGAL.

The French had already made rapid strides into Spain and Portugal, under the command of Marshals Soult and Junot, and so ably did they perform their mission of death, that they left one grand line of desolation to mark to the reinforcements constantly sent by Napoleon, where they might join the main body of the army. Fire and smoke, and groans of anguish and execration, were their welcome and their guide wheresoever they directed their steps. Sounds and sights of war, sufficiently terrible to those who are accustomed to them, broke in upon the repose of a delicious little village near Thomar, where part of the French army had suddenly encamped: inspiring horror so much the more overwhelming, as their presence was altogether unexpected. A regiment of cuirassiers was sent to invest the place; and while the trampling of their horses sounded yet in the distance but as a low, deep murmur of the wave or wind, Juan Taxillo, the happiest of peasants, was clasping to his breast, with the fervour of true and passionate love, his beautiful and newly-wed bride, Marguerita. There were circumstances attending this marriage which made it an universal festival.

Juan, when an infant, had been left at the gate of a neighbouring monastery, wrapped in a military cloak, richly embroidered, which, together with a sword, whose blade was of exquisite edge and temper, and sheath and hilt of matchless workmanship, were all the appurtenances with which this child of misfortune or guilt was attended. The inference drawn by Juan Taxillo, one of the monks, who afterwards gave his name and protection to the child, from these accompaniments, was, that his father must have been both a soldier and a gentleman; and he resolved that the education bestowed on the young intruder should be commensurate rather with his supposed birth than with his probable fortunes. Vain were such resolutions; a taste for fun and frolic early manifested itself in the young foundling; his long black lashes could scarcely conceal the roguery that lived in his dark bright eye, and playful mischief was the predominant expression of his sweet but furtive smile. As for books, he hated them; study and penance were two ideas inseparably connected in his mind; for in doing his best to avoid the one evil he constantly fell in with the other; till the monastic rule, habits and manners, became so thoroughly hateful to him, that he resolved to abandon his protectors and their gloomy abode altogether.

Before he left ——, however, linked as it was to him by a thousand pleasing and painful associations, and scarcely less dear at the moment of parting for the latter than the former, he visited a friendly peasant, whose cottage was not only the best-conditioned, but whose daughter and heiress was the pride, boast, and beauty of the whole village. Juan fancied that a tear brightened Marguerita's eye, and the farewell faltered on her tongue, as she prayed for the welfare and success of the handsome adventurer. Mingled joy and fear for an instant kept him silent; but he was of a nature to meet obstacles and overcome them; accordingly he poured forth his soul at the feet of the beautiful maiden, and received in return a gentle pressure of the hand, which, though almost imperceptible to the most watchful and minute observer, ran like wildfire through his veins, and kindled in his heart a flame that was to be unquenchable, even in the blood of a hundred victims.

"Marguerita," said he, "you love me,—you will be mine,—from my soul I thank you; but you are a prize of inestimable value, and I must do something to deserve you. I should not be content to have won from so many rivals,—it may be my superiors in some respects,—so matchless a being, without having performed one single deed to make me worthy such supreme happiness. I will challenge every youth of this and the neighbouring village to feats of prowess, skill and agility; and when I have vanquished the last of my competitors, then shall I claim my bride with something like a feeling that I have deserved her,—till then, farewell."

The grey-beards thought Juan very presumptuous and fool-hardy; the young men were impatient to engage with him; all believed it impossible that he should verify his idle boast; but the calculations of the wise and the foolish are equally set at nought by circumstance. A very few weeks proved Juan an unrivalled wrestler, swordsman, and swimmer; the fleetest of foot, and strongest of arm of all his youthful competitors. With infinite good-humour did the vanquished retire from the contest, and with one voice confess his superiority. A young nobleman having chanced to see him wrestling on one of these occasions, was so struck with his figure of gigantic height, and extraordinary muscular power, combined with exquisite grace and agility, that the informed himself of his story and character, and offered to secure to him such an income as would, with his bride's dower, render him independent of all future caprices of fortune.

"You are well born," said the Marquis de Marialva; "there can be no doubt of it: allow me the merit of restoring you to your proper station in society."

"My lord, you must not think me the less grateful for your intention because I reject your favours. I am very proud in my own particular manner. I would not condescend to be one of a body who might hold themselves disgraced by my admission into their circle; I should hurl back on them, all, and more than all, the contempt they would lavish upon me. But I have energies within me that shall not perish by feeding on themselves—thoughts and feelings that shall nerve me to exertion. The time may come that my country will need an undaunted soul, when one fearless and determined spirit may change the fortune of a day;—then will I make a name for the nameless, and I shall ask no prouder title, than the Peasant of Portugal. You may smile, my lord; but I would rather be the one who should have saved or died for his country—rather dignify the general denomination of half a people—than be lord of the largest territory and most ancient name in the civilized world."

When with flushed cheek and burning brow Juan thus gave expression to an inward sense of power not yet modified into distinct form and nature, he little imagined that the danger was already at hand which, in the spirit of sad prophecy, he thus anticipated; but the suddenness of the demand for his exertions only gave them added force and vigour. Although so lately a happy bridegroom, he prepared to leave his lovely wife without a murmur; and Marguerita, heedless of the danger that threatened from without, tenderly reproached her husband for quitting her on their bridal day. He was already on the threshold, but he returned to kiss the tear from the cheek of his beloved, and to assure her that the desire of fame, and the wish to distinguish himself, originated in his anxiety to prove himself worthy of her; and he said truly. One great passion in its mighty flow had aroused every dormant faculty of his being, and that with such rapidity as to seem to give birth to the powers it merely called into action. With perfect presence of mind, and an air of calm decision, did he give orders for the defence of the village; and they were the most skilful and judicious that could have been conceived and executed upon the spur of the moment. Then unsheathing his father's sword,—the rude pillow of his infancy,—he conjured the assembled villagers, all vigorous and robust men, to fight to the death for their homes, their wives, and their children.

"We shall live—we will live, my friends, to press once more to our bosoms those dear ones, who will be all the dearer for the danger they will have incurred. But should we fall, we will make an impassable barrier with our bodies, which the most hardened profligate shall tremble to violate;—we will purchase, by our deaths, the right of honourable treatment for our wives and daughters."

All hailed the enthusiasm of the young speaker as the herald of success; and never was a French regiment, instinctively brave as they are, met with more determined hostility, or a stronger spirit of resistance. Provoked that a handful of Portuguese peasants should dispute the event with a regiment high in favour with Napoleon, and decked with numerous marks of distinction,—hard-earned pre-eminence,—the commanding officer gave his men permission to put the village to fire and sword, and pillage and massacre, at their own unlicensed will, its unfortunate inhabitants. But the peasantry were fighting at their own thresholds for the olives and vineyards that formed their little store of wealth; they were no hirelings, paid so much a day for shedding their blood in a cause they neither felt nor understood. They were a simple people and knew little of the pitiful ambition of rulers, born of weakness, yet powerful in its consequences; like a lighted brand in the forest, which, borne on the wings of the wind, compels the loftiest trees to yield their green honours to swell the flame,—the food and fuel to its pride and glory. They were men urged to desperation; and what had their enemies to oppose to its influence? They had numbers—increasing numbers; and good discipline, and able commanders; and more than all this, they had revenge; which urged them to wreak upon the helpless and unresisting, when the strong had fallen, the deaths of their companions in arms. It would have been mercy,—a mercy little understood by a ferocious soldiery,—had they only stabbed their victims to the heart; but brutal lust and burning vengeance were not to be so satiated; they dishonoured, ere they destroyed, to deprive death of all consolation—of every mitigation in its bitterness.

Marguerita had for some time concealed herself in safety in the luxuriant grove attached to her dwelling. But alas! her security had been of merely temporary duration. This was the scene of her repose from the noontide heat,—and here she had many times held "sweet converse" with her lover. The sun's burning eye in vain sought to penetrate this delicious bower, which, however, wooed the young breeze, and paid it back with the perfume of orange flowers and lemon trees, for the refreshment it loved to bring upon its wing;—and here, where the senses of the lovers had been so often steeped in a delirium of joy, and forgetfulness of all save each other—when the earth's uttermost bounds had seemed to them but as a cold unimaginable distance that had nothing in common with the little world they could encircle with their clasping arms;—here had the two lovers again met—their love sanctified by marriage and the approval of smiling friends—but, great God! how different from all that had preceded it was that terrible meeting! They met in despair the darkest and most direful, shedding tears of blood, and of the heart; for the mental torture which wrung from Marguerita the tears of burning indignation that bathed her face, forced also the red stream that welled from her fair and wounded bosom to a deeper and more rapid flow,—life receding with its gush. Physical pain she felt not. Juan was by her side, leaning on his sword crimsoned to the hilt. He spoke not—he moved not; but seemed rooted by horror to the spot on which he stood—spell-bound, yet retaining a terrible consciousness of his fate. She—his loved one—his bride of the morning—was dying. Sadness and mournful tenderness should then have been the predominant feelings of his heart; but it had no room for either;—and Marguerita's broken words were needless fuel to the one towering and absorbing passion at his soul.

"Do not approach me, Juan; I should die of your touch. Oh! how have I longed to rest upon your bosom, and feel and know that I was the wife of your heart, as I was once its chosen mistress:—how have I longed to tell you of my love—its depth and intensity! The dream is over;—but oh, Madona! what had I done to be so rudely awakened?" A perceptible shudder ran through her exhausted frame as she continued: "I am a lost creature, and it is well that I am dying; but so very young,—and so very happy as I might have been!—Juan, they resisted my struggles, my prayers, my entreaties. I prayed but for death at their hands. Oh why—why was it denied me, when death would indeed have been a boon of mercy?"

Scarcely had she given expression to these words when, casting an imploring look upon her husband, she sank upon the ground in the last brief agony of death. Juan, stung to frenzy by the sight, called on her, as he hung over her lifeless form, to open once more her eyes, that she might carry his vow even to the presence of her God. "Stay thy breath, wronged, insulted Marguerita! thou must not, canst not die, until thou art fully appeased by my oath of vengeance." He knelt as he spoke, and, kissing the hilt of his sword, exclaimed solemnly, "By this weapon, and the red blood it has drank,—by the holy mother, and her holier child,—I swear it shall never leave my side sleeping or waking, until every fiend incarnate of the accursed regiment whose ruffians have perpetrated this deed, hath sunk beneath its stroke. They may implore mercy; but lightly shall their entreaties avail them; for did not she, my beautiful and innocent Marguerita, lift up her voice in vain?—Shall I stanch their wounds, the blood-hounds? They left her weltering in her gore!—Shall the thought of their bereaved wives and children stay my hand? They have torn from me my young and blooming bride!—they have made the queen of my soul their most abject slave!—and, by the eternal God, no imaginable sacrifice can satiate my appetite for vengeance!"

The dreadful conflict of the moment which had given to his beautiful and open countenance an expression almost demoniacal, as he thus denounced the offending and the inoffending to one common ruin, passed away; but in that gigantic, stern, and unbending figure, no one could have discovered a trace of the youthful hilarity that was wont to live in his eye and sport upon his brow in happier days.

On the banks of the Zezere Juan hastened to assemble the poor remnant of the once joyous inhabitants of his devoted village, and before them did he renew his vow. He plunged his weapon into the river, and wiped away the French blood that had so deeply dyed it. "These stains," said he "were honourable ones; they were the life-blood of *men who fought to the last*, and died on the field of battle. True, they were enemies, but they were brave. Ferocity is not courage. We who fought in defence of our country and its rights, deserved other and better treatment than to wear the insignia of dishonour,—its garb of mourning,—and the dark reality in our hearts for the remainder of our lives. The patriotic spirit which formerly animated me has passed away—has been displaced by vengeance—it shall be ample; for every lost friend and dishonoured maid many a soul shall go howling and shrieking to the bottomless abyss. I devote myself to avenge your wrongs and mine own. I leave you now to retire to my future home, a cave in the fastnesses of the mountains near Abrantes. From thence shall an unseen arm extend to Thomar, the camp of our hated foes, and deal out death like the unseen destroyer. I will avail myself of every precaution to secure myself from discovery or death, that my vengeance may be full to overflowing. You may count my pleasurable emotions by the number of my victims." Having thus spoken, he waved his hand in token of farewell; and, folding his dark gray cloak around his gigantic form, he was soon lost in the distance.

On the following morning the whole camp was in commotion, and, indeed, there seemed sufficient cause for consternation. Two sentinels had been found dead at their posts, their heads literally severed from their bodies. In the camp two soldiers had also slept into eternity. They had evidently died without a struggle—murdered in their unresisting sleep. The sentry was doubled, and exhorted to vigilance. Vain, however, was every precaution; they died ere they could raise the alarm. Each succeeding night mantled some dreadful deed; every morning's sun shone on some new made grave. So silently, so surely, and with such extraordinary celerity did death perform its mission, and so unerring was its aim, that the soldiers, panic-struck, declared it was the work of some fiend possessed of supernatural powers, to whom human opposition was as utterly useless as the resistance of a feather to the winds; and that it would only provoke for them more certain and speedy destruction.

The officers alarmed yet more at the consequences of this persuasion getting ground in the minds of their men, than at these nightly executions, however terrible and bloody, sent out spies into the neighbourhood to learn, if possible, the cause of these dreadful outrages. They returned with information that Juan, the Peasant of Portugal, was their author, the one unaided destroyer; his vow and devotion to the cause of vengeance was repeated; and then it was they remarked a circumstance which had hitherto escaped their observation, that the victims were all cuirassiers, and had belonged to the fated regiment. The discovery of the source of an evil leads often to the adoption of a preventive; not so in the present instance. Every pass, every bush, brake and dell of the mountains was explored; the utmost caution and courage availed them nothing. Sometimes a gay soldier fell by an unseen stroke at the side of his companions, his unfinished burst of laughter changed in his throat to the death-rattle. Sometimes the faint exclamation of "My God," breathed by the dying, awoke a sleeping comrade to share his doom.

All this was not effected, however aided by darkness and unwearying skill and energy, but that Juan had been often beheld by the soldiery. Bullets whizzed harmless by his head, unhelmeted but by its massy curls, and rent his gray cloak to tatters, but seemed to glance from him as though he were double-cased in armour bullet-proof. Often pursued, he mocked their utmost swiftness. Sometimes he would suffer one to approach him, then, taking deliberate aim, would shoot him through the heart, and laugh with savage exultation, at the impotent rage of the survivors. The weakness of the human mind, as in all instances of oppression, was his best and most constant assistant: it would have been impossible to have dissuaded the ignorant and superstitious from believing that our unhappy hero held communion with the Evil One; they swore that the musket, sword, and pike, were alike powerless when employed against him; they exaggerated his gigantic figure to an unnatural height; his extraordinary endurance of fatigue: his promptitude, speed, and strength, were not, they declared, of mortal culture,—so that, at length, they refused to employ their arms against him.

The colonel of the fated regiment caused one of his soldiers to be tried and executed for disobedience of orders, by way of example to the rest; but it was unnecessarily multiplying murder. The poor remains of the regiment to a man gave themselves up to punishment, declaring their inability to wage the unequal war. The powers of darkness were not to be vanquished by human means. It had been worse than useless to combat such arguments;—they were placed, therefore, in the centre of the camp, and strict watch was kept throughout. But death can close the eyes of the sleepless and the most vigilant. For months the work of destruction was pursued with unmitigated fury; and, favoured by disguise, fearlessness, and perfect presence of mind, Juan was free as air,—free as the blasting breath of the Simoom that wanders at will, but leaves death behind to tell where it has been.

With sickening soul Colonel Vermont rose one morning from a disturbed slumber, expecting to hear of some new massacre, when his servant placed a letter in his hands, in lieu of communicating the usual information. When he had possessed himself of its contents, he sent for the officers of his regiment, and explained to them its purport.

A poor wretch, a Portuguese of the neighbouring village, had offered to betray Juan in the place of his concealment; stipulating for a certain sum of money, and consenting to leave his person in their hands, as a pledge of his sincerity, until he had accomplished what he had undertaken to perform.

"My good friends," said the commander, a young intrepid spirit, "I waive, in this case, all right to your obedience, but I ask such of you as are either fearless, or, like myself, willing to sacrifice a few years of existence for the purpose of putting an end to this dreadful carnage, to follow me to the cave, where, hitherto, despite our scrutiny, this mistaken man has found such complete security. He has endured irreparable injury at our hands, red and hot as they were with the blood of their victims; severe, indeed, has been the expiation. Not a handful of the brave fellows I brought from their smiling homes are now remaining. By heavens, I care not if I leave my bones to whiten in Portugal, so that I arrest the progress of this infatuated assassin."

His hand was passed across his brow as he said this, and some thought it was to wipe away a tear so honourable to the man, that it could scarce disgrace the soldier. All present unanimously declared they would follow their young commander wheresoever he should lead; all agreed that it would be better to meet death boldly, supposing the chances were against them, than to be sacrificed, one after the other, to the wary vengeance of the sanguinary Juan. There was something so mysteriously dreadful in the unseen stroke that felled to the earth alike the young soldier and the veteran, that all evil which involved action seemed so light in the comparison, that the privates yet spared besought permission to accompany their officers. "We have no right," said they, "to claim exemption from this service, for we are the offending party; and you cannot ask others to assist you in this enterprise, since, in all probability, none would have fallen that did not belong to our regiment, had they not interposed between ourselves and the enemy."

The traitorous wretch who was to betray his countryman obtained from them the poor boon he claimed; but he seemed fearful of approaching the den of the desperate Juan unless numbers should ensure his safety.

It was remarked afterwards, that the colonel, although by no means a melancholy man, nor one likely to presage evil, visited, ere his departure, the most intimate of his friends, and to the care of Captain S——, of the——, consigned the miniature of a beautiful young female, with a curl of his own rich brown hair, to be given to the original of that picture, should he never return from the mountains. His friend jested with him for his sadness, and remarked, that "he seemed rather as though he were on the eve of fighting a desperate battle, than on the point of encountering a single villain; I can understand the superstitious horror that unnerved your men, but you and I laugh at the supernatural. The colonel smiled mournfully: "Well, you will perform my mission should I fall; should I live I will laugh with you at the oppressive feeling which now weighs, I know not why, so heavily upon my heart."

The Portuguese led them by a path that seemed unnecessarily circuitous, so that it was decline of day ere they reached the utmost height of the mountain which overhung Juan's cave. They had been compelled to leave their horses on the outskirts of these hills, so intricate were their fastnesses, from the luxuriance of wood and undergrowth. A rocky point, jutting out to some distance, at length brought them in full view of Juan's retreat; which hung mid-way from the place where they stood and the foot of the mountain, totally unsupported from beneath. With infinite caution they slowly and irregularly followed their guide; yet the steepness of the descent did not seem to incommode or retard the betrayer, who, although encumbered with a ladder and ropes, contrived to make his way with no despicable celerity; sometimes clinging to the roots of a stunted tree, and swinging himself thence to the nearest crag. At length he touched on the projecting point nearest the cave, and over against its mouth or entrance; and here, in deepest silence, he awaited the arrival of his armed friends. The departed sun had left a line of splendour that rendered distinctly visible the dark and rugged brow of the mountain; a few stragglers had almost reached the guide, when he in a low whisper implored them to assist and hasten the descent of their companions, who, as they crawled on their hands and knees down its jagged side, looked like some herd of black mis-shapen animals. He then dexterously threw over one end of the ladder, so that it rested firmly in the mouth of the cave; and securing the other to the strong dwarf-bay that grew by his side, he proceeded to cross, upon this frail bridge, a yawning chasm two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the plain. By this time the whole number had arrived in sight of Juan's fastness. They halted, as which one accord, and gazed on each other speechless, as if one feeling possessed, at the same instant, every mind, and each understood the rest by some common language not communicable by speech; so frightful seemed the abode chosen by the avenger, and so dangerous and almost inaccessible its approach. There was, however, no time, had they felt inclination, for parley. Colonel Vermont set a fearless example to his followers. He was the first to enter the small dark aperture which admitted them into the cave.

There was no loop-hole save the entrance through which a gleam of light could find admission, and the shades of evening had already fallen upon the earth, so that no eye could penetrate its depths; and incertitude had probably, its effect on the imagination in enlarging its extent, and multiplying its dim horrors. They had all reached the interior of the recess, and, astonished at *meeting with no resistance from one whose powers* had appalled the hearts of the strongest and the bravest, they demanded of the guide if it were possible that Juan could have taken the alarm and contrived to make his escape. The Portuguese was not present to reply; but in his stead rose from among them the low deep tones of Juan's voice, and they beheld, opposite the entrance, the tall unbending form of him whom they sought, yet now trembled to approach. In his right hand he held a blazing torch, and while intense and overpowering consternation for a few brief moments rendered the besiegers powerless, he thus addressed them:—"Around you is traced the girdle of death;—this cave contains a train of more than sufficient power to destroy you were your numbers increased a hundred fold. *Advance one step and I will hasten the glorious* illumination that will mock the love-sick moon!" The colonel, apparently unintimidated by this threat, called on his followers to seize the assassin. Juan smiled scornfully as he shook off the rude hold of one of the soldiers, and dashed him senseless to the earth: then, with fierce and outstretched grasp, he seized the ladder from without and threw it down the dread abyss: when it had reached the lowest depths the faint and dull sound it occasioned tolled the death of hope in every manly breast, for it was the single fragile barrier between them and the grave. Again the avenging spirit spoke,—"Ye came in numbers to seize upon one whom you believed would fall an unsuspecting victim, therefore do I rejoice,—your own terrors have ever been the best minis*ters to my* revenge. My undying hate would have scorned a more inglorious sacrifice when it was to be the final one. My prayers have been heard; for every hollow blast, every gentle breeze has been the herald of *His* will, and borne to me the sad lament of my vengeance! Will it be to ye consolatory to *know that my own destruction* is necessarily involved in yours?—No, no! for death is the only blessing left me after revenge; now *that* is ample I ask no richer crown,—myself will light my funeral pile."

His gigantic figure darkened the aperture and rose high above it; the bright yet fitful flame of the pine-torch only increased the gloom in the space beyond its immediate influence, and threw a red gleam over his own handsome animated features, while it served to display the ghastliness of despair which lived in every lineament of the young commander's countenance; his slight and elegant, but somewhat diminutive figure, completing the awfulness of the contrast. The mass of heads beyond were all indistinct, or in obscurity; for the certainty of their impending doom had taken from them the power, as they saw the *inutility, of all opposition. Numbers availed them* nothing, and merely increased the horror by multiplying the sufferers.—The train was fired,—yet, ere the beautiful serpent-flame had wrought the meditated ruin, one dreadful rush was made towards the aperture to attempt that desperate chance of escape. But Juan, merciless and immovable as his own rocky habitation, made himself a barrier of resistance that no union of effort could displace, during the fearful moment that intervened before the cave and its human prey were given to the elements. One mangled and mutilated wretch, hurled to an almost incredible distance by the force of the explosion, survived his companions a few hours to tell the dreadful tale.

A broken fragment, black, and scorched, and burnt, still *marks the spot; and Portuguese* guides, with scarcely suppressed exultation, relate to travellers the fate of the —— regiment of French cuirassiers, and the Peasant of Portugal.

A CHAPTER ON BEARDS.

A PRODUCTION or deed which we deem meritorious, we frequently value in proportion as the world slights it. An author sometimes lavishes his regard on his least valuable production, for the same reason that a mother lavishes her fondness on her deformed or licentious son, because the world neglects or censures him. From this view of human nature results another remark. When we receive ample and reiterated praise for any quality, in the course of time the quality and the praise become less the cause of complacency, and we seek distinction in something which is either trivial, or foreign to our character. Thus a great general will sometimes pride himself more in laying his friends under the table at the bottle, *than in driving his enemies from the shores of* his native land; and a great legislator will sometimes feel more gratification in making a witty pun than in making a wise law. A king who reigned over a mighty empire ordered it to be recorded on his monument—not that he was a renowned warrior, and a mighty prince, but that he was a famous drinker. A lady, a queen who governed a fine kingdom, possessed a long beard, which she alike valued, and with as much hope of impunity you might have cut off a subject of her realm as a hair of her beard.

Contrast and novelty have a powerful effect on the mind. We hang over the beautiful flower *which we meet in the wilderness;* the *traveller* is charmed with the oasis in the midst of the desert; and a great and generous action in a mean and an avaricious man, excites our wonder and approbation. At a carnival in——, a lady danced before a splendid audience, but besides her elegant movements, she was mistress of a dark glossy beard, and the audience were no less surprised and delighted with the spectacle of the one than by the exhibition of the other.

It is asserted by some authors that the Romans wore beards till the introduction of barbers. Now it is a grand question, whether beards were the cause of barbers, or whether barbers were the cause of smooth chins. The question is thus decided by logical argumentation: Beards produced barbers, and barbers produced smooth chins; hence bushy chins are the cause of smooth chins. "So!" said my worthy friend Sir Timothy Standfast, "and this is called logical argumentation." "Yes, replied my learned friend Dr. Bibliopole, "and the question was almost as famous as that of the ass between two bundles of hay"—placing the forefinger of his right hand in the palm of his left, and explaining the matter to the Knight. "Action arises from motives; now if two motives are equal and opposite, the mind or operative principle, like a balance in equilibrium, will remain at rest, and no action will follow. Thus an ass between two bundles of equally savoury and tempting hay, will eye the one and then the other, and, as the motives are equal, it will droop its head and starve." "This is logical reasoning," added Mr. Sneerwell, "but unfortunately for the science, when it was brought to *the proof, the result was always contrary to the* theory, for the ass never failed, if the bundles of hay were not very large, to begin instantly to one, and then make a bellyful of both." "You are disposed," said Mr. Macadam, the Rector, "to make merry with my favourite study. I know not, however, whether to approve or to condemn your ridicule. The present system of metaphysics, in my opinion, may occupy a place by the side of many of those obsolete systems which have passed into oblivion. But the philosophy of mind is the most interesting study to man, and when it commences a new career, and when its usefulness and its importance shall be appreciated, it will be deemed the most sublime of all human pursuits."

Beards, like every thing else, have had their fashions. It was the fashion to entwine gold threads with the beard, which hung over the chin in elegant festoons, and a fine gentleman became attractive not by the lustre of his wit, but by the lustre of his beard. What a ridiculous fashion! Madam, I say with a bow of complacency, it was no such thing, for what is the difference between suspending gold from the hairs of the beard and the lobe of the ear? Nothing but fashion, which is a necromancer that throws its charms over us; and how easily would truth dispossess us of our prejudices, did we not hold them with so firm a grasp.

It was the fashion to shave the upper lip, to curl the beard, and to cut it into one or more points. To this last fashion the ladies made strong objections, and the fashion was abolished. "What could be their objections?" said my worthy friend Sir Timothy. Some ladies who were present smiled, but nobody answered his question.

An object is agreeable or disagreeable according to the ideas or emotions we associate with it. Society is divided into parties, and we are less anxious to arrive at truth than to recede from the party which is in opposition to us. A lady sings a beautiful song, with which I am charmed, but in walking along the streets I hear it bawled by a ballad-singer, and it loses its charm. I have a fashionable cut of my coat which pleases me, but I observe a porter who has got the same cut,—it instantly loses its pleasing associations, and I change it. Such are the courses and doublings of fashion, which is easier run down by vulgarity than reason. In a neighbouring nation, the sober and the learned trimmed their beards with lengthened gravity—and what did the fine gentleman do? They formed and twisted theirs into a thousand fantastic shapes;—and what then did the sober and the learned do? They cut off their beards altogether, and this was the origin in *that kingdom of smooth chins.*

The history of beards is curious, but in this age of shaving it is difficult to handle it; and I say with a grave author, that no investigation is more unsatisfactory than the history of beards.

***

FOREGIVNESS.

When misunderstandings and constrained intercourse arise between friends, or between members of a family, they seldom pass without a crisis, and an explanation; but these are dangerous moments of revolution, and for once that they wrench out the wounding thorn, it happens thrice that they press it in the deeper. Ah, why do we find it so difficult freely to forgive, freely to forget? We nourish our wrong; we meditate upon it, we desire to have some right, some recompense, and thus warm the serpent's egg in our bosoms. Blessed are the peacemakers! Blessed are the good who forget, who forgive, even without thinking, "I forgive!"—*Mary Howitt.*

CURSORY COGITATIONS UPON POETRY.

BY W. S.

> "Poesy, thou sweet'st content,
> That e'er heaven to mortals lent;
> Though they as a trifle leave thee,
> Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee;
> Though thou be to them a scorn,
> That to nought but earth are born;
> Let my life no longer be
> Than I am in Love with thee!"
>
> GEORGE WITHER.

If the hypothesis which has been entertained by the more amiable of the philosophical fraternity, and so ingeniously shadowed forth by N. P. Willis—that in precise proportion as we cultivate the intellectual germ within us in this nether world, will be graduated our sphere of enjoyment in the next,—have any more solid basis for its foundation than mere fanciful speculation, our obligations to the divine art of poetry will be infinite. For, above all other agents that contribute to the intellectual progress of mankind, this is pre-eminent for its connection with mental industry, and with the moral as well as intellectual advancement of our nature. By no other means are we so readily led into habits of reflection, as by the contemplations induced in us by the great poet, of whatever is beautiful and grand, of whatever partakes of the character of the tender, the passionate, and the pure, in the wide *spectacle of nature and of man* which surrounds us; nor can this end in itself, but must needs conduct to the loftiest subjects, and stimulate to the most intense and gravest efforts of meditation.

Untaught by the lessons of the poet, we are scarce regenerate from the earthy *trammels* that impede our intellectual organization in its upward aspirations to loftier spheres of action and of thought—even the wonders of the material world, in their ever-changing variety of aspect, are to us "a sealed book;" the mountain towering in wild sublimity, and the majestic cataract, the deep umbrageous wood, and the ever-flowing river,—all the sights and sounds of nature, under whatever circumstances or in whatever form they may be presented to us by the alternations of the recurring seasons, are but seen with the eye and heard but by the ear—regarded only with reference to the earth-limited wants and desires of our nature.

"The philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught." It is not so with the poet; *he* is indeed, the right popular philosopher; there are none, at all initiated in the "mystery of letters," so unlearned that they cannot understand him, with intellect so darkened that they cannot reflect the light from his glowing page, or with heart so deadened to spiritual existence as to be wholly insensible to his power, whether manifested in the beautiful visions and melodious music he has filled the universe withal, or in the softening influences he insensibly exercises over every phase of social life. In our admiration of this "great gift of God to man," we favour no particular school or *schools of poetry, after the fashion of which certain* classes of our poets may have wooed the muse.

Referring not so far back as to *Homer*, *Spenser*, *Dante*, or *Petrarch*, over whose vivid and burning pages we are even sometimes guilty of a nod, but within a scope which may be indicated from the sublime numbers vibrating to the touch of him whose physical orbs seemed but darkened that his mental gaze might meet undazzled the soul-freed visions which were vouchased to him by the Eternal One, down to the muse of a later day, over which presides the ministering genius of Wordsworth and Coleridge, imparting to it the capacity to attune the human heart to a wider love and benevolence, and to a greater admiration of nature's loveliness, and deeper gratitude for the beneficence of nature's God, than as yet had been sought for or realized for it—and not irreverently omitting in the range of our remarks the name of one, the mightiest of all human intellects, although second only to Milton as a poet—our own glorious Shakspeare! Within such limits, we would observe, will be found comprehended every degree and kind of poetic excellence, requiring no index to enumerate them, or the pointing finger of the ready mentor to indicate them to the ardent student. Nor need we here scarcely inform the reader, that although *verse*, in its numerous kinds, is generally the apparel chosen by the poet wherein to display his inventions, it does dot follow that verse is poetry; it being but an ornament and no cause thereto, since we have many excellent poets who have never versified, and many versifiers who need never answer to the name of poet.

Some of our earliest writers, it may be observed, used the form of verse quite indiscriminately, and applied it to subjects in which can be discovered no trace of the poetical; while in these later times, as in the writings for instance of Bulwer, Dickens, Wilson, D'Israeli, and of many others whom we need not name, we more frequently observe a style of thought highly poetic brought down into a prosaic form. Poetry, therefore, depending in no way upon the accession of verse for its existence, it becomes a question in what is it distinguishable from prose. We acknowledge that prose, in what may be termed the lighter species of literary composition, has much in common with poetry. In the novel as in the poem—properly so characterized,—intellectual pleasure and excitement are the purposes sought to be attained, but the means employed in either towards this end are obviously distinct from each other. In the poem objects are portrayed, reflections are put forth, for their very beauty and tenderness, for the elevation of mind, and even the tumultuous excitement of feeling which they occasion, and not, as is the case with the novel, depending upon continued efforts to keep alive our attention and curiosity, by a regular chain of incidents and events. With the poet we are led forth amid the world of beauty he has created, and, with no prescribed end to our journeying, linger in sportive idleness by the way, now revelling amid objects to which he has lent the fascinating light of his genius, and anon startled into deep meditation by the hue he casts on all things, from the simplest flower growing by the way side, to the play of our deepest passions; our imagination and feelings supplying, as we wander, every grace and charm, and depth of colouring, which his revelations require. With the novelist it is very different; the interest which he excites, whether he employs the narrative or the dramatic form in his compositions, depends principally, if not altogether, upon the power he attains over our feelings of curiosity : the pictures he presents to our minds' eye are not, as is the case with those of the poet, all-sufficient in themselves for our gratification ; we discover, whilst they are successively presented to our gaze, that each forms as it were but *one* of a series, which viewed alone is but a fragment—a part of an intended whole, to compass which we are not suffered to loiter or stray by the way, but are urged onwards, with an impetus from our impatient spirit, precluding that quiescent and meditative state of the fancy, which is an indispensable condition to the enjoyment of poetry. In the poem, however, the same interest which attaches to the novel, arising out of the narrative which it embodies, is frequently to be found, but to the one it is only a subordinate auxiliary, whilst with the other it is usually the sole and ultimate end.

It is the common characteristic of a certain class, learned it may be in the ways of the world, "good men, honest, and true," as the phrase goes, but whose hearts have become encrusted amid the cares and struggles of life, with a sordid and sickly selfishness which holds their minds in thrall, to affect a contempt for poetry and its every adjunct, as if thereby seeking to establish for their "world-prospering" predilections and pursuits, an importance paramount over all beside; and it may be, too, that in many instances this contempt is not merely assumed; for, strange vagary of the human mind, men will frequently in their prejudices persuade themselves that what appears palpable and bodily to their vision does not exist. "Like the bat, though they have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet have so evil eyes that they cannot delight therein." Yet even with such who either have no direct acquaintance with poetry, or who with high pretension affect to despise all manner of rhyme and verse, its influences, in a variety of ways, are neither unfelt nor unknown. From the man of science and of art—from him endowed with the high gift of genius, to him who humbly cons the simple page—from the palace to the cottage—from the solitary glen to the crowded alley—amid all climes and in all tongues—wherever, or upon whom, the light of literature may shed its rays, the benign influences of poetry, whether presented to us under the majestic form of the *epic*—in that of the world-moving *dramatic*—in that of the dignified and pleasing *didactic*—or in the more popularly attractive garb of the *lyric*,—have been and will continue to be felt; and so long as man can admire the beautiful and delight in the good—so long as there is beauty and melody in nature—and wherever, or so long, as she shoots her green and pours her rivers, the spirit which poetry evokes, breathed around with more or less of power and loveliness, will be seen exhilarating the happy, cheering the sad, softening the sullen, and reclaiming the depraved! To what, if not to the humanizing influences of poetry, super-added to which, it may be admitted, other writings of an imaginative description have lent their influence, do we owe those "small sweet courtesies of life," so beautifully apostrophised by *Sterne*, and which are the very essence of that active and cultivated benevolence, occasionally to be found, constituting in itself the main redeeming feature of human life? Those to whom this kind of literature may be repugnant, and who avoid as much as possible all contact with poetry as a thing both useless and vexatious, may not perhaps be aware how much they are indebted to it. Take the miser—that most abject of all human spectacles—can a germ of goodness or loveliness find root and sustenance in his stony heart, like the solitary plant growing in some pent-up suburb of the crowded city, a contrast to all around it? he owes its existence, we have grounds for assuming, to causes which are mainly attributable to the poet. The plodding merchant, with soul intent on gain, one of a class highly honorable when its occupations are legitimately followed—the intriguing politician, and the wrangling man of law; in short all who are engaged in the busy turmoil of existence, in search of wealth, of honor, or of fame, whose hearts in the struggle have not become altogether "of the earth earthy"—these, all these, have they a feeling which neutralizes the heart-indurating process of their pursuits—a feeling which they would not willingly relinquish, as it may be the only one that to them throbs with a sense of pure and genuine happiness, the oasis in the unsatisfying journey of their lives, to which they turn for solace and for rest, when at each point gained on the rough thoroughfare they are forced to exclaim with the Preacher that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit," yes—we hesitate not to declare—they owe that feeling—it has either been originated or fostered by the ideas thrown into general circulation by a succession of poetic teachers.

That "Poetry is the art of substantiating shadows, and lending life to nothing," was an illustration worthy of the analytical genius of *Burke*. Carrying out his definition in some degree, we regard it as the province of the poet to humour the imagination in our perception of things, by mending and perfecting nature when he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together when he describes a fiction. He is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers; for growing indignant at the bondage, at the perpetual toil and servitude, imposed upon all nature, he wills it and she is free. To the elements he assigns a spontaneous movement like that of man. The winds come and go at his bidding. To the course of rivers he gives all the variety of meanders that are most delightful to the imagination, remodelling nature as it were under his hands, giving to her whatsoever charms he pleases, and the true test of his character is that he neither reforms her over-much, or runs into absurdities by endeavouring to excel her. Nor must we quarrel with the rationality of this—what would be regarded as the height of absurdity in the philosopher or the man of science, who are forced in their researches and expositions to adhere to the immutable laws which govern the universe, is perfectly befitting in the poet. It is because this power is peculiarly his that he adds so much, by the force of his imagery and associations, to the pleasure of existence, so much to the refinement of character. It is by the possession of this power he has been enabled to fill the landscape with beauties in fact invisible, save to the mind, but which have become inseparably blended with the visible object. And it is by the possession of this power that he has added so much of loveliness to inanimate nature—scarcely, indeed, can we say it is an *inanimate* creation we look upon, so much of the life and the soul of man—so much of peace and repose—so much of passion and dignity, and of boundless aspiration, has he infused into it. This influence is felt in the simplest landscape—in the tree, the meadow, the stream, wherever, beneath an open sky, the manifestations of nature may be visible. The bland and elevating influence which rural scenes exerts, is a common topic of remark. They do exert this influence, but it is after the poet has been there. The unlettered rustic, who, if having open eyes, and living in the open air were enough, communes perpetually with nature, knows nothing of an influence which, to the educated man, seems to flow so directly from the scene.

To the sentiment of beauty also in its relation to the fair sex, the poet has added in an equally eminent degree. Not that the beauty of woman requires aid from poetic or other literature, for without much meditation of any kind soever, men who see beauty no where else, are capable of descrying it here. But that peculiar refinement attached to female charms, by which the sex acquires so mysterious, so respectful, and so tender a homage—this comes from the poet. He has been busy in all ages, in all countries, in all languages, investing by a thousand delicate associations the form of female beauty with every moral grace—surrounding it with every image pleasing to the fancy or dear to the affections. Nay, has he not carried that form first into the skies, to people his celestial regions with, and then brought it back to earth, endowed with those perfections which in all time thereafter have hallowed its influences upon the destinies of mankind?

But we will no longer "cogitate" upon a theme so easy as the praise of poetry—suffice it if by the considerations which we have thus humbly endeavoured to submit, we have conciliated those who do not intend, whatever we or others may say, to open again their books of poetry: though resolute not to read, they may at least be induced to withhold their unwillingness that such a species of literature should be written and read by others.

Montreal, 1846.

SOCIAL GENEALOGY.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintances can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil. But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, with great satisfaction. Now such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet, might be able to reckon up a series of connecting shakes, to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona.

With some living poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant; and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat a apocryphal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tell us the story from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company,) it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James' time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

In this friendly genealogy we have omitted the numerous side-branches of common friendships. It may be mentioned, however, in order not to omit Spencer, that Davenant resided some time in the family of Lord Brooke, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Spencer's intimacy with Sidney is mentioned by himself in a letter, still extant, to Gabriel Harvey.

We will now give the authorities for our intellectual pedigree. Sheridan is mentioned in Boswell as being admitted to the celebrated club of which Johnson, Goldsmith, and others were members. He had just written the *School for Scandal*, which made him the more welcome. Of Johnson's friendship with Savage (we cannot help beginning the sentence with his favorite leading preposition,) the well-known Life is an interesting record. It is said that in the commencement of their friendship, they sometimes wandered together about London for want of a lodging—more likely for Savage's want of it, and Johnson's fear of offending him by offering a share of his own. But we do not remember how this circumstance is related by Boswell.

Savage's intimacy with Steele is recorded in a pleasant anecdote, which he told Johnson. Sir Richard once desired him, "with an air of the utmost importance," says his biographer, "to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put on the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

"Mr. Savage then imagined that his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for, and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and *composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.*"

Steele's acquaintance with Pope, who wrote some papers for his Guardian, appears in the letters and others works of the wits of that time. Johnson supposes that it was his friendly interference, which attempted to bring Pope and Adson together after a jealous separation. Pope's friendship with Congreve appears also in his letters. He also dedicated the Iliad to Congreve, over the heads of peers and patrons. The dramatist, whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance and wit of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him a universal favorite, had the honour, in his youth, of attracting the respect and regard of Dryden. He was publicly hailed by him as his successor, and affectionately bequeathed the care of his laurels. Dryden did not know who had been looking at him in the coffee-house.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.
But you whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

Congreve did so, with great tenderness.

Dryden is reported to have asked Milton's permission to turn his Paradise Lost into a rhyming tragedy, which he called the *State of Innocence*, or the *Fall of Man;* a work, such as might be expected from such a mode of alteration. The venerable poet is said to have answered, "Ay, young man, you may tag my verses, if you will." Be the connection, however, of Dryden with Milton, or of Milton with Davenant, as it may, Dryden wrote the alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, as it is now perpetrated, in conjunction with Davenant. They were great hands, but they should not have touched the pure grandeur of Shakspeare. The intimacy of Davenant with Hobbes is to be seen by their correspondence prefixed to Gondibert. Hobbes was at one time secretary to Lord Bacon, a singularly illustrious instance of servant and master. Bacon also had Ben Jonson for a retainer in a similar capacity; and Jonson's link with the preceding writers could be easily supplied through the medium of Greville and Sidney, and indeed of many others of his contemporaries. Here then we arrive at Shakspeare, and feel the electric virtue of his hand. Their intimacy, dashed a little, perhaps, with jealousy on the part of Jonson, but maintained to the last by the nobler part of him, and of Shakspeare's irresistible fineness of nature, is a thing as notorious as their fame. *Fuller says:* "*Many were the wit-combats* betwixt (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning: solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, like the English man-of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a happy simile with the exception of what is insinuated about Jonson's greater solidity. But let Jonson show for himself the affection with which he regarded one who did not irritate or trample down rivalry, but rose above it like the sun, and turned emulation to worship.

Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage;
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

* * * * * * *

He was not of an age, but for all time.

TO SWITZERLAND.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Land of cloud-cap't piny mountains,
Where eternal snow-wreaths shine;
Land of glaciers, lakes, and fountains,
Be a poet's blessing thine.

Not for these romantic features,
Be that benison bestow'd;
Servile slaves or savage creatures,
There *might fix their foul* abode.

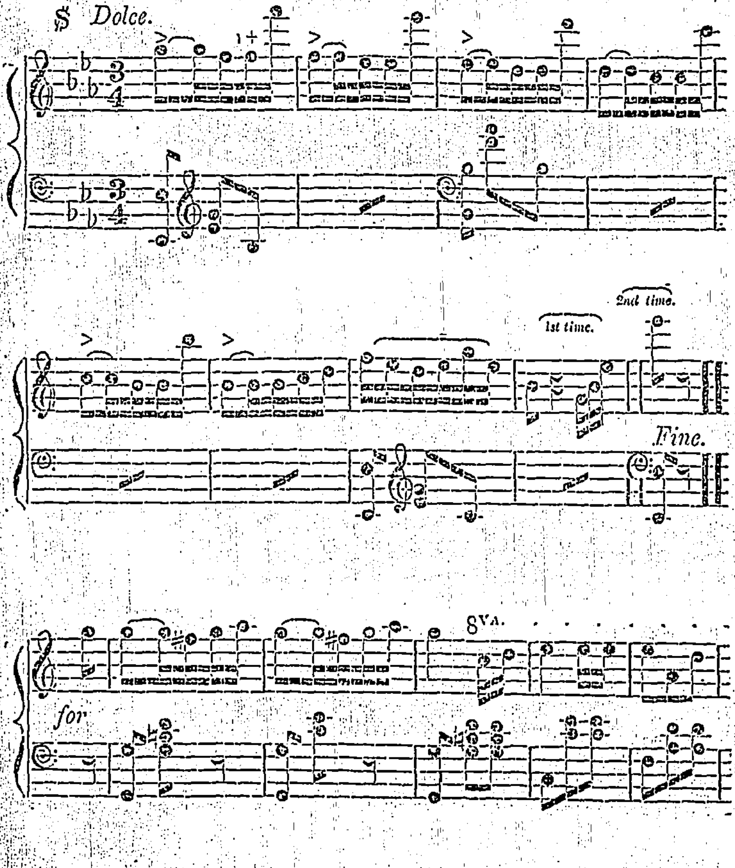
Thine a nobler race inherit,
Nobler inmates 'mid them dwell;
Liberty's unconquer'd spirit
Forms their purest, holiest spell.

Thine is freedom's glorious charter,
Wak'ning thoughts and deeds sublime;
Thine are boons too rich to barter,
Manners of the olden time.

Long be such thy proud possession,
Virtue's pledge and Honour's spell;
Still hold fast thy high profession,
Worthy of the land of Tell.

VALSE—BY SCHUBERT.

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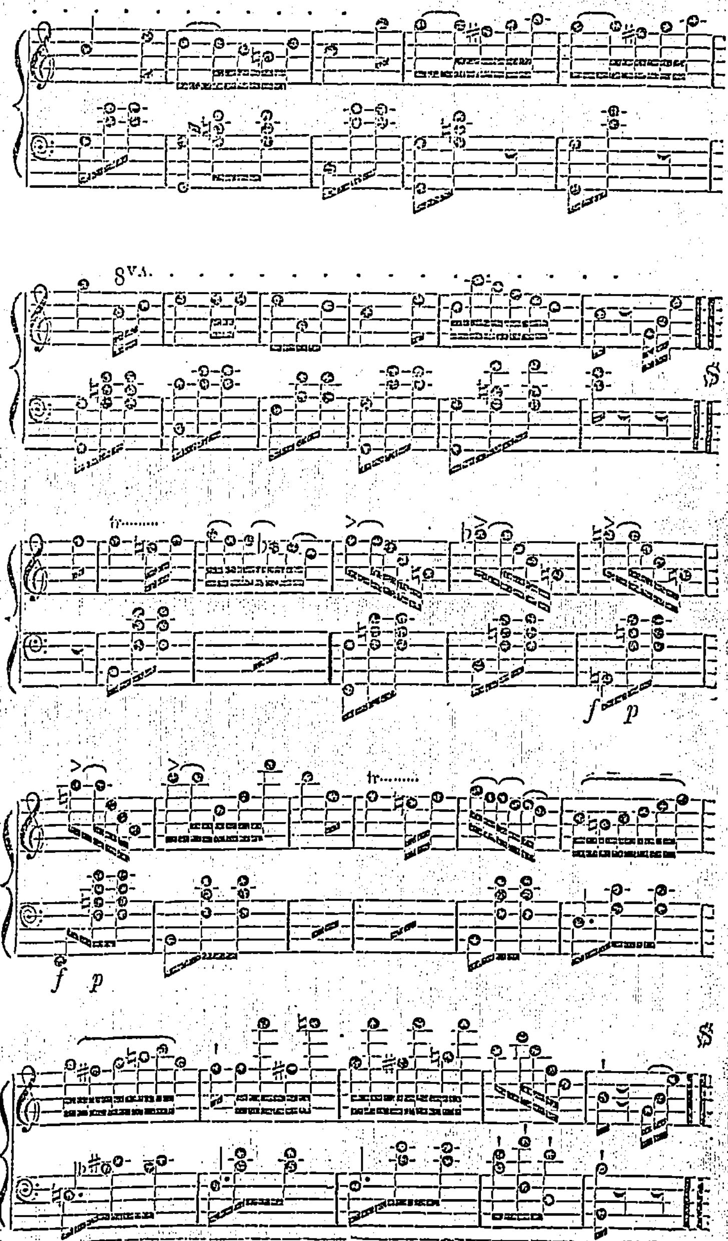
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WINTER.

BY W. S.

WINTER,—old, honest, hoary-visaged Winter, we love thee! What if thy breath is cold, and thine is not the gaudy sheen of Spring, or the mellow gorgeousness of Autumn, yet thine is a beauty which breathes not like theirs of corruption and decay, and in thy robes of spotless white—emblem of a purity that can be but evanescent upon earth; there is a beauty that refines and elevates as well as delights! The old tyrant is fast asserting his periodical sway in this the favorite region of his absolute rule, robing the russet face of nature with his white mantle, and fast weaving his cunning spells o'er our laggard waters. The Sleigh, with its flaunting trappings, and merry sounding bells, is again in requisition, and so are Fur Caps and Great Coats, and other indispensible "means and appliances" for comfort and enjoyment during the sturdy season. Already in anticipation do we enjoy the festive réunions—the quiet rubber during the long nights—the social circle round the monotonously, yet not unpleasantly, murmuring stove—the interesting discussions that will arise upon such occasions—the pleasant sleigh rides—the holiday parties, dinners, and balls—the "cakes and ale," which are as intimately associated with our ideas of Winter, as green fields, shady groves, and running streams, are with the more balmy and adolescent season of Summer.

The love of change is an inherent principle in man, and none brings to him such pleasant feelings as that of the revolving seasons, from the accession of gentle Spring, with its fresh flowers and bright skies, to the cold yet not unkindly season which we are now entering upon—the advent of each, however marked the alternation, has for every mind its peculiar associations and enjoyments, and is to all burthened with interesting reminiscences, and pregnant with new-born hopes, awakening, Phœnix-like, into existence from the decay of the past, and perilling a new venture with as eager confidence as if the wreck of the former had not borne assurances the most certain of its utter futility. But there is no season around which clings so many fond recollections, that possesses such social interest, or that teems with such solemn matter for reflection, as that of Winter. To whom among us does its recurrence not bring pleasant memories of the past—of the happy time of childhood, when the Christmas and New Year's holidays were ushered in with a delight that has left an impression on our minds, little inferior to the happy family réunions which characterized their return in our later years, and which the sorrows or vissicitudes of after life have failed to erase from our minds? Who that has lived in Canada, and has known the hearty enjoyments of its merry winters, does not, as it approaches, call to mind the roystering times—the pleasant moonlight drives with laughter-loving girls—the half-purposely perpetrated "spills" that sent them pell-mell, buffalo robes and all, over amid the soft deep snow, there to lie and roll until their convulsive laughter would subside and admit of their regaining their feet?—who does not remember these, and a hundred other enjoyments incidental to the season besides, in which they must have had a happy share? And who, with whom life has worn on apace, as they look forward to the season from which they date these pleasant reminiscences, (alas! with feelings how different from those that actuate them then!) do not sigh as its recurrence reminds them of those whom time or circumstances have estranged, or numbered with the absent or the dead, with whom those memories are mournfully associated, and with such suggestions as they cannot fail to suggest, are not forcibly reminded of the words of the Preacher—that

> "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

But time speeds onward—the various pursuits of life alternately interest and engage—the passions urge—the thirst for power, for fame, for wealth, engross in turn the human mind, while Spring succeeds Winter, and it anon gives way to Summer, which in its turn is succeeded by Autumn, and then old Winter reigns again. And, so on roll the seasons in never-changing order, but the lessons which they inculcate are unheeded or forgotten, their revolving course adding to our years with slow but certain progress, and we arrive at the winter of our age, *which knows no Spring*; with the hopes and desires, which had been the main-spring of our actions, frustrated and unaccomplished, and with the consciousness that our objects in life have not perhaps been more really definite than was ours, gentle reader, when with willing spirit and ready pen we sat down to welcome the advent of the coming season, with much the same uncertainty with regard to what our efforts might produce as experienced the poet, *Burns*, when in similar circumstances, he exclaims:

> "Perhaps it may turn out a sang—
> Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Montreal, November, 1846.

OUR TABLE.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON, ETC. ETC.—BY CHARLES DICKENS.

What's in a Name!

This work reminds us of a story we remember having heard "long, long ago," about a celebrated blacksmith, and a horse-shoe he and his man were making. The master after having *pointed* a piece of the best *blister* into the toe of the said shoe, returned it again into the glowing coals, and then, after it had acquired the welding heat, brought it out hissing and sparkling upon the anvil. His man jumped round from the bellows to the other side of the stithy, seized the heavy sledge, and swinging it over his head, brought it down with a heavy thud upon the bright and burning steel to secure it in its place; but instead of accomplishing his object, off flew the steel to the farthest end of the shop. The journeyman dropped his hammer on the floor and looked enquiringly at his master, as much as to say, "Do you see that?"

The master replied "Never mind it; our name's up—fire away!"

So it seems to be with the author of "Nicholas Nickelby," the "Old Curiosity Shop," &c. The sparkling wit—the glowing fervour, and the deep pathos, with all the bright poetic fire of his pen, may be wanting, still he may write away—"his name's up."

What's in a name! Why, a great deal more than people think—a great deal more than we are willing to admit—but we do admit it all, and our mouths are wide agape for more. No matter what nonsense he may write, "his name's up" and we buy his works and read them too; aye, and what's better still, at least for Charles Dickens, we also pay for them; and thus a fortune, an independent fortune is secured, and that's what's in a name.

And yet, although we know not how it is or whence it comes, there is a powerful charm that throws a strange mysterious spell upon us as we read, and nothing can dispel or break it. A dozen or two pages of tiresome twaddle is not enough to disenchant us. On and on we read, and would not skip a line—no not for worlds, lest we should lose a single sparkling thought that flashes out so often with such startling effect, because it comes upon us when we least expect it. It is here indeed the secret of his power lies concealed, hid as it were in the strange admixture, strange because apparently, though not in reality, without plan or method, of the solemn and the absurd, the grave and gay, together with the tragi-comic, and sudden transition from the pathetic to the ludicrous, that sometimes starts a tear, and then creates a laugh perhaps before it falls.

This is indeed a charm of rare and priceless value. And yet there is another and a greater still, and that consists in the minutiæ of his incidents and characters, the filling up, as it were, of the broad outline of his pictures, with a thousand numberless little lights and shadows so true to nature that one cannot help mistaking his airy fictions "fancy formed" for the stern realities of life. They constitute indeed, a host of circumstantial evidence to elicit and confirm the truth.

As to the famous Blacksmith we have mentioned—and he was a real character in more respects, in his humble line of life, than as regards his own identity, there was no man in all the country round, steel or no steel, would shoe a horse with him. "His name was up," and so is that of Charles Dickens—up—up—up far, far above the reach of any puny critic like ourselves to alter or derange a single leaf, or add another to the wreath that decks his brow.

And yet after all, on second thoughts, this may be mock humility. We fain would hope that our opinion, in this little world around us here, at least, is something worth. But here, again, we're in a sad quandary, for, as to the work before us, we hardly yet can tell, ourselves, what our opinion is; in proof of this, if further proof than saying so be requisite—our beginning was in condemnation—our end in praise. The fact is, the little trifle before us is the first and opening number of a new work, and we have determined to leave ourselves free and untrammelled, to give our opinion *ex-cathedrâ*, (our readers must pardon our assumption of such authority) when the work is completed.

The following are specimens extracted from the work, which may be considered illustrative of some of the above remarks.

Dombey's sister's friend, Miss Tox, brings a nurse for Dombey's son, and the nurse's family with her.

Running down stairs again as fast as she had run up, Miss Tox got the party out of the hackney coach, and soon returned with it under convoy.

It then appeared that she had used the word, not in its legal or business acceptation, when it merely expresses an individual, but as a noun of multitude, or signifying many: for Miss Tox escorted a plump rosy-cheeked wholesome apple-faced young woman, with an infant in her arms; a younger woman not so plump, but apple-faced also, who led a plump and apple-faced child in each hand; another plump and also apple-faced boy who walked by himself; and finally, a plump and apple-faced man, who carried in his arms another plump and apple-faced boy, whom he stood down on the floor, and admonished, in a whisper, to "kitch hold of his brother Johnny."

"My dear Louisa," said Miss Tox, "knowing your great anxiety, and wishing to relieve it, I posted off myself to the Queen Charlotte's Royal Married Females, which you had forgot, and put the question, Was there anybody there that they thought would suit? No, they said there was not. When they gave me that answer, I do assure you, my dear, I was almost driven to despair on your account. But it did so happen, that one of the Royal Married Females, hearing the inquiry, reminded the matron of another who had gone to her own home, and who, she said, would in all likelihood be most satisfactory. The moment I heard this, and had it corroborated by the matron—excellent references and unimpeachable character—I got the address, my dear, and posted off again."

"Like the dear good Tox you are!" said Louisa.

"Not at all," returned Miss Tox. "Don't say so. Arriving at the house (the cleanest place, my dear! You might eat your dinner off the floor,) I found the whole family sitting at table; and feeling that no account of them could be half so comfortable to you and Mr. Dombey as the sight of them all together, I brought them all away. This gentleman," said Miss Tox, pointing out the apple-faced man, "is the father. Will you have the goodness to come a little forward, Sir?"

The apple-faced man having sheepishly complied with this request, stood chuckling and grinning in the front row.

"This is his wife, of course," said Miss Tox, singling out the young woman with a baby. "How do you do, Polly?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, Ma'am," said Polly.

By the way of bringing her out dexterously, Miss Tox had made the inquiry as in condescension to an old acquaintance whom she hadn't seen for a fortnight or so.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Miss Tox. "The other young woman is her unmarried sister who lives with them, and would take care of her children. Her name's Jemima. How do you do, Jemima?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, Ma'am," returned Jemima.

"I'm very glad indeed to hear it," said Miss Tox. "I hope you'll keep so. Five children. Youngest six weeks. The fine little boy with the blister on his nose is the eldest. The blister, I believe," said Miss Tox, looking round upon the family, "is not constitutional?"

The apple-faced man was understood to growl, "Flat iron."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Miss Tox, "did you—?"

"Flat iron," he repeated.

"Oh yes," said Miss Tox. "Yes! quite true, I forgot. The little creature, in his mother's absence, smelt a warm flat iron. You're quite right, Sir. You were going to have the goodness to inform me, when we arrived at the door, that you were by trade, a—"

"Stoker," said the man.

"A choker," said Miss Tox, quite aghast.

"Stoker," said the man. "Steam ingine."

"Oh-h! Yes!" returned Miss Tox, looking thoughtfully at him, and seeming still to have but a very imperfect understanding of his meaning.

"And how do you like it, Sir?"

"Which, Mum?" said the man.

"That," replied Miss Tox, "your trade."

"Oh! Pretty well, Mum. The ashes sometimes get in here," touching his chest; "and makes a man speak gruff, as at the present time. But it *is* ashes, Mum, not crustiness."

Dombey's wife died in giving birth to this son, and hence the necessity of a nurse—but there was a poor little neglected daughter, born some six or eight years before, but whom Dombey, wrapt up in the thought only of the Firm of Dombey and Son, as it existed in his father's lifetime, and which he hoped now to be revived in due time, had looked upon with indifference if not with total disregard. *The following* is the death scene of the mother, with her poor neglected and now forsaken little daughter's participation in it:

The two medical attendants exchanged a look across the bed; and the Physician, stooping down, whispered in the child's ear. Not having understood the purport of his whisper, the little creature turned her perfectly colorless face, and deep dark eyes, towards him; but without loosening her hold in the least.

The whisper was repeated.

"Mama!" said the child.

The little voice, familiar and dearly loved, awakened some show of consciousness, even at that ebb. For a moment, the closed eye-lids trembled, and the nostril quivered, and the faintest shadow of a smile was seen.

"Mama!" cried the child sobbing aloud. "Oh dear Mama! oh dear Mama!"

The Doctor gently brushed the scattered ringlets of the child, aside *from the face and* mouth of the mother. Alas! how calm they lay there; how little breath there was to stir them!

Thus, clinging fast to that slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world.

The poor little forsaken girl finds a friend in her little brother's nurse, with whom she obtains an interview by stealth, when the following affecting colloquy concerning her deceased mother ensues; and this must form our last extract:

"Is that my brother?" asked the child, pointing to the Baby.

"Yes, my pretty," answered Richards. "Come and kiss him."

But the child, instead of advancing, looked her earnestly in the face, and said:

"What have you done with my Mama?"

"Lord bless the little creeter!" cried Richards, "what a sad question! I done? Nothing Miss."

"What have *they* done with my Mama?" inquired the child.

"I never saw such a melting thing in all my life!" said Richards, who naturally substituted for this child one of her own, inquiring for herself in like circumstances. "Come nearer here, my dear Miss! Don't be afraid of me."

"I am not afraid of you," said the child, drawing nearer. "But I want to know what they have done with my Mama."

"My darling," said Richards, "you wear that pretty black frock in remembrance of your Mama."

"I can remember my Mama," returned the child, with tears springing to her eyes, "in any frock."

"But people put on black to remember people when they're gone."

"Where gone?" asked the child.

"Come and sit down by me," said Richards, "and I'll tell you a story."

With a quick perception that it was intended to relate what she had asked, little Florence laid aside the bonnet she had held in her hand until now, and sat down on a stool at the Nurse's feet, looking up into her face.

"Once upon a time," said Richards, "there was a lady—a very good lady, and her little daughter dearly loved her."

"A very good lady, and her little daughter dearly loved her," repeated the child.

"Who, when God thought it right that it should be so, was taken ill and died."

The child shuddered.

"Died, never to be seen again by any one on earth, and was buried in the ground where the trees grow."

"The cold ground," said the child, shuddering again.

"No! the warm ground," returned Polly, seizing her advantage, "where the ugly little seeds turn into beautiful flowers, and into grass, and corn, and I don't know what all besides. Where good people turn into bright angels, and fly away to Heaven!"

The child, who had drooped her head, raised it again, and sat looking at her intently.

"So; let me see," said Polly, not a little flurried between this earnest scrutiny, her desire to comfort the child, her sudden success, and her very slight confidence in her own powers. "So, when this lady died, wherever they took her, or wherever they put her, she went to GOD! and she prayed to Him, this lady did," said Polly affected herself beyond measure; being heartily in earnest, "to teach her little daughter to be sure of that in her heart: and to know that she was happy there and loved her still: and to hope and try—Oh all her life—to meet her there one day, never, never, never to part any more."

"It was my Mama!" exclaimed the child, springing up, and clasping her round the neck.

"And the child's heart," said Polly, drawing her to her breast; "the little daughter's heart was so full of the truth of this, that even when she heard it from a strange nurse that couldn't tell it right, but was a poor mother herself, and that was all, she found a comfort in it—didn't feel so lonely—sobbed and cried upon her bosom—took kindly to the baby lying in her lap—and—there, there, there!" said Polly, smoothing the child's curls and dropping tears upon them. "There, poor dear!"

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES.

We have now completed another long and laborious year,—the eighth of our existence. When our bantling first saw the light, it was so puny and small—it was not sickly though,—that we trembled for its fate. Besides, we were morbidly sensitive in this point—we mean the bantling's living through the many diseases common to infancy—in consequence of the fearful mortality we had then so recently witnessed among nurslings so much resembling our own. They burst into existence under much more favorable circumstances—one of them was actually born with a silver spoon in its mouth,—but the end of their brief history was—like that of the long life of Methusaleh—they died; while our poor hirplin' brat—born positively with a wooden leg and crutch—he was not sickly though—except from the physic we dosed him with for fear he should be so, and follow the fate of his predecessors—stood out the cutting of his teeth—the chicken-pox and measles, like a man—we took good care to have him vaccinated, lest the small-pox should spoil his beauty.

But to drop this metaphorical nonsense, we did really and truly commence our arduous undertaking in fear and trembling; and it was an arduous undertaking; we feared it *might* fail like its predecessors, one of which had a powerful and influential portion of the community—aye, and the most intellectual portion too,—pledged for its support. Another—but no matter now about them or their ephemeral existence, and untimely end; it is of ourselves alone we would now speak.

How different—how widely different—"far as the poles asunder,"—was the humble attitude we then assumed when compared with the proud and lofty eminence from which we can now look down and back upon it.

The current of our self-gratulation, like that of love, may perhaps be said never to run smooth. That is to say, it may also have some little ingredient of bitterness and disappointment mingled with it—to ruffle its otherwise even flow or dam its course, or even turn it into channels where sad and sorrowful obstructions may impede its progress.

We have unfortunately been condemned to feel that such has in some measure been our lot. The Literary Garland, or The Canadian Magazine—the latter designation will shortly, perhaps, become our only title—we like it best,—has not received that extensive patronage from the very highest classes in this little world of ours to which it is entitled; and this we think we can demonstrate to be neither a flagrant nor vain assumption of a right that is not justly due to us.

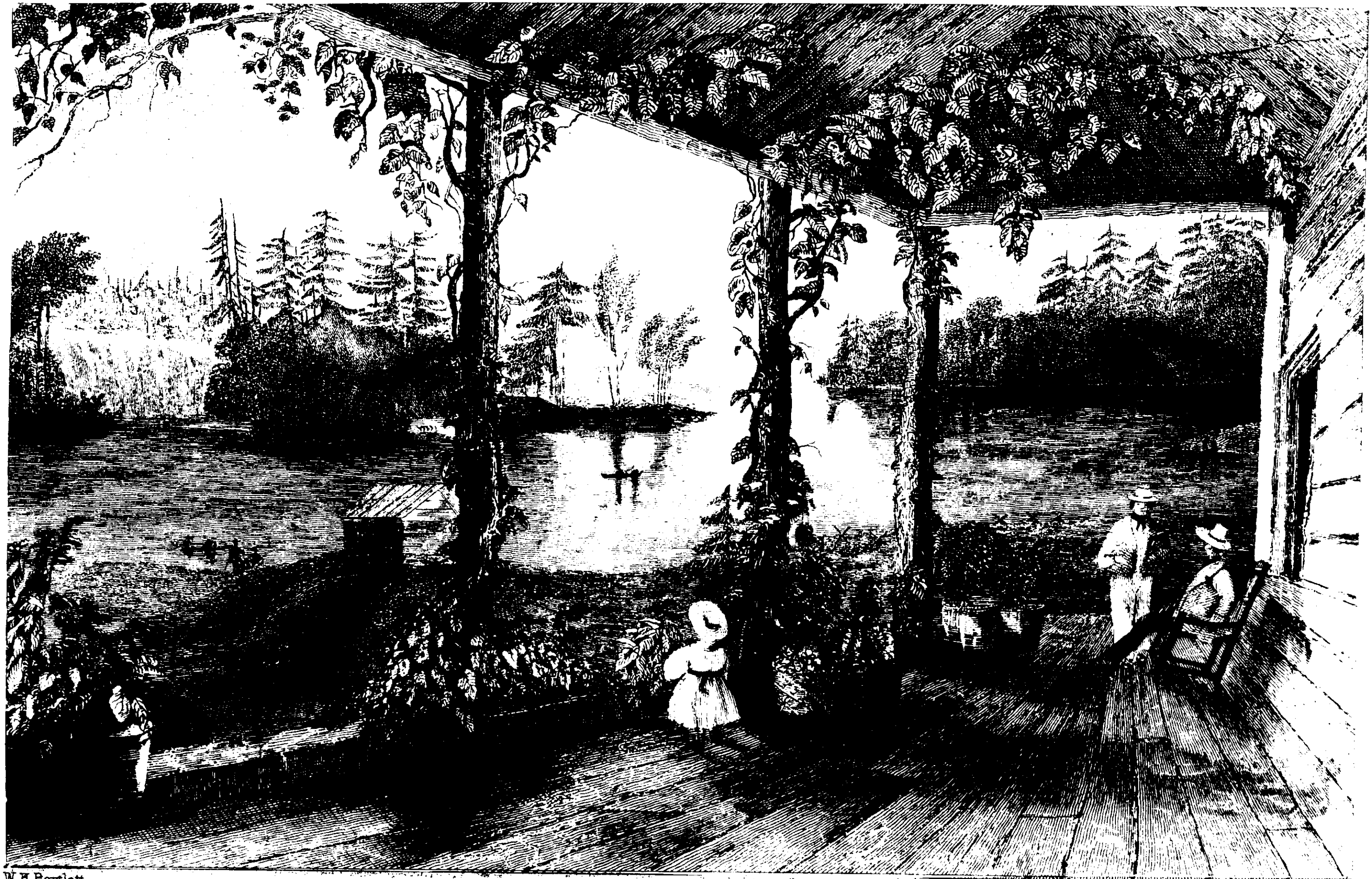
Is it not a truism in every body's mouth, that this colony is in its infancy as regards its political, fiscal, commercial and agricultural resources, and is it less so in its literary character and existence? Surely not. Emigration is the foundation stone on which we build all our hopes of future greatness. But who ever comes among us, with a mind stored with literary treasures, in the hope and expectation of making his fortune with his pen? Hence the difficulty of obtaining original contributions of a higher and more literary character for our pages than some of those that hitherto have filled them.

We set out, it must be remembered, upon the determination—and it is of great importance here to bear this in mind, that we have uniformly and perseveringly adhered to it,—of filling a very large proportion of our Miscellany with original matter. And if that matter has not been of a character to suit their tastes, whose fault is it—where does the blame lie? Surely not at our door!

If the Canadian Magazine has not yet risen so high as to come up to that standard of literary eminence they have, in our opinion, so inconsiderately erected—let them mend it—let them write for it—let them send us contributions better suited to their taste. Or else let them allow us to pursue unmolested, "the even tenor of our way."

If they read our pages they have an undoubted right to praise or blame—all that we ask of them is that they should not denounce what they have not read.

In our early labours when we were struggling into existence, the slightest breath of an adverse wind would have at once extinguished our lamp of life. Then would we have given worlds for their smiles and patronage, "and so would we yet," But be it known unto all men by these presents, that we have lived and breathed and grown up from helpless infancy to vigorous boyhood, and from thence we *can* grow on to stout and stalwart manhood, without their help.


W. H. Bartlett

A. L. Dick

View from the house of R. Shirreff, Esq.

Ottawa R