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MONICA; OR, WITCHCRAFT.*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XIX.

"CONGRATULATE me, my lord!" cried Walter Fenwick, bursting suddenly upon his patron's privacy, with the red blood glowing upon his cheek; "I have just received news of the death of my worst enemy."

"Thou art a fortunate man, Wat, an thou can'st so easily get rid of thy foes. Most heartily I wish thee joy, and for once, wish that I stood in thy shoes. But who is this enemy, whose death gives thee such pleasure?"

"The husband of my mistress—the most perverse and beautiful woman upon earth."

"Not comparable to my lady Amy?"

"Comparisons, between gems of equal value, would be odious to their possessors. But I tell you, my lord, that Dame Monica Brandon need not veil her face before the proudest beauty on earth."

"Bravely, entolized, Sir Walter; nor do I blame your zeal. Love is blind, and to the blind the Ethiop may seem fair. But how came it, that a handsome gallant like thee suffered the grave, puritanical son of Brandon to carry off this brilliant jewel?"

"Because, as your lordship has just averred, Love is blind; and the fair maid of Conway preferred the austere anchorite, to her faithful suitor."

"In which she showed her inexperience and lack of taste," said the earl. "But what good will the death of her husband do thee?"

"Is she not free to make a second choice?"

"True; but that choice may not fall on Sir Walter Fenwick. I have ever remarked, that the lover, who proved distasteful to the maid, seldom succeeded with the widow. Is she rich?"

"So, so! Brandon received from her hand a thousand broad acres of freehold land," returned

Fenwick, musing; "and then he had his uncle's patrimony, a pretty estate adjoining the good town of Leicester."

"Out of which, of course, he has jointured his widow," said the earl, laughing. "Well, well, I see that even in a worldly point of view, thy mistress is not to be despised. But how wilt thou contrive to force thyself upon her notice?"

"By paying respect to the dead. Your lordship must allow me to absent myself for a few days, until the funeral is over. I will appear among the chief mourners."

"Not a bad thought that, Wat! Thine may truly be termed the joy of grief. But go, and if thou winnest thy bride, by this novel method of wooing, I will stand the expense of the wedding feast."

"Ah! if this should fail to move her heart, I know of a scheme which must win her to my purpose. Yes!" he cried, exultingly, as he sprang upon his horse, "she is in my power, or Brandon died in vain."

It was late in the evening of that day, when the same strong roadster, covered with foam, stopped at the fence which separated the basket-maker's cottage from the lane. The rider rose up in his stirrups, and looked cautiously over the pales, to see whether the coast was clear. The door of the hut was open; a bright fire was burning upon the hearth, and the being whom he sought was seated beside it, spinning upon the short wheel, and singing as she spun:

"I wish I were a gay lady,
And clad in silk attire;
But I must wear the hoddie green,
And tend the kitchen fire.

"Oh! bravely shines the hall to-night,
Red glows the taper's ray:—
I must to bed by dim twilight,
And rise by break of day.

*Continued from page 106.

"Tis vain that gallants call me fair,
Life's but a weary course;—
I have no pearls to deck my hair,—
No gold to fill my purse.

"I should not lack a joe this eve,
Were I but rich and great;
But I must sit alone and grieve,
No lover seeks the gate."

"Hollo! Mistress Dolly. Here is a brave wooer to give the lie to your ditty," shouted Fenwick, springing from his horse.

"Ah! well-a-day!" cried Dolly, returning his hearty salute; "it is a long time since we met."

"You see I have not forgotten you," said Fenwick; "and I have brought you a silk mantle cloak, and some pearls for your hair. So never let me hear you abuse your good fortune, by singing such a despairing ditty again. Why, Dolly!" he continued, chucking her under the chin, "you look handsomer than ever. But where are your father and brothers to-night?"

"They are gone to a town some ten miles off, to attend the fair to-morrow, with a load of baskets. Goodness knows, I have worked my fingers sore, in making fine ware for ladies' work; and father has been so cross, and these two imps have tormented me out of my life. A weary time I've had of it, since you went away to Court."

"Well! I am back once more, sweet Doll, so give over this whining. Your father is absent, you say, at a fair, and will not be home until to-morrow night, which is most opportune, as I can lodge with thee. Wilt give me houseroom, sweetheart?"

"Welcome! An' thou canst couch thy dainty body on such a bed!" said Dolly.

"I am easily contented, my pretty vixen!—but for my horse?"

"I will take care of him," said Dolly, laying hold of the bridle. "I do always curry father's mare, when she be off a long journey. Father will not trust her to the boys."

"Shew me the stable; I always prefer being my own groom," returned Fenwick.

"Stable! quotha! That shed, with its back to the north, is the best lair we have for old Jenny."

"Bad's the best, then," said Sir Walter, glancing at the rude shed, covered in with furze, which was the domicile of the basket-maker's nag. "But my noble chestnut, like his master, has been used to rough treatment." So saying, he unsaddled and unbridled his fine steed; rubbed him well down with a wisp of dry straw, and having supplied him with hay and water, followed Mistress Dolly into the house.

"Well, this is comfortable," he cried, flinging off his riding cloak, and spreading out his hands to the cheerful fire. "What hast thou for supper?"

"Enough, an' it were worth eating," said Dolly, spreading a cloth upon the table. "Canst eat brown bread, eggs, and smoked bacon?"

"Yes, and, with the best appetite in the world, will consider them a dainty."

While Dolly was busy preparing the supper, Fenwick was casting about in his mind how he could introduce a subject on which he much wished to speak. "Dolly," he said, carelessly. "Is there any news stirring?"

"None, since the death of good Master Brandon. The funeral will be to-morrow; it will be a grand sight, for Sir Miles will himself walk at the head of the corpse; and Dame Brandon, with the little baby, will follow as chief mourners."

"Does she grieve much for the death of her husband?"

"Ah, lack-a-day! She do take on terribly. She have never tasted food since he got his summons; and is well nigh blind with weeping. The kitchen wench told me to day, that she is sure if it were not for the baby, she would die, too."

"He came by his end suddenly, did he not?" said Fenwick, poking the fire with a long stick that lay on the hearth for that purpose.

"To be sure he did. Why he was attacked in our lane; and would have been killed outright if it had not been for father."

Sir Walter affected profound ignorance, while Dolly entered into the most minute particulars of the assault, which, she concluded, was in order to rob Master Brandon of his money.

"Did your father discover who the ruffians were?" asked Sir Walter.

"No; it was a dark, rainy night, and he could not see their faces. He thought he had heard the voices of both before."

"It is strange," said Fenwick, musing. "What if his wife had a hand in it?"

"His wife! Good lack! What makes you think so?" said Dolly, dropping the gridiron in her surprise. "His wife, who is nigh dying of grief for his loss?"

"Grief is easily feigned," said Walter. "She is a strange woman. Did you never hear, Dolly, that she had dealings with Satan?"

"Phoo! phoo! I have heard tell of some frolic of hers, when a maiden; how she appeared to Laurence Wilde, in the form of a bear, in the park. Dost think it were true?"

"I have no doubt of 'it," returned Fenwick, mysteriously. "Between ourselves, Dorothy, I am sure that she has bewitched me."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Dolly. "In what way?"

"In the mad love I bear her. Although I hate her, I am compelled to follow her to my ruin."

Dorothy looked very sulky, and twitched her apron string without answering a word.

"Nay, do not look so sulky, Dolly. I love her against my will: you by choice. Now you could help me, if you had a mind, to get rid of this tormenting passion, for whilst Dame Brandon lives, I tell you candidly, I never can make you my wife."

"I wish she were dead!" muttered Dolly, and her brow contracted, and her cheek grew very white. "But I hope you don't mean me to kill her?"

"Kill her! Oh no; that would be too bad. But, hark ye, Dolly! you know that she gained, by that mad frolic in the park, the reputation of a witch. I want you to strengthen that impression. Could you not feign sickness, and occasionally fall into fits?—pretend to vomit toads and frogs, bits of bloody straw, pins, and such like trash? It would not be very difficult to deceive your father and brothers; and ever and anon, when the devil comes strongly to your aid, call out, 'Dame Brandon! Dame Brandon! Take away the witch; she torments me in this flame!'"

"An excellent joke!" quoth Dorothy, clapping her hands; "and one that I could play off to the life. But how would it work against Dame Brandon?"

"It would raise such a hue and cry against her, that she would be obliged to quit the country, which would break the spell which she hath thrown over me."

"I see, I see," cried Dorothy, who hated the innocent Monica for the passion which her charms had inspired in Fenwick, and who would have felt no scruple in murdering her, could she have perpetrated the deed without the fear of detection. "When shall I begin the farce?"

"Not yet," returned her tempter. "Wait patiently until the early days of her widowhood are past. The public would feel too much sympathy with her at present."

"And what is to be my reward?" asked Dolly, "if I bring this about to suit your humour?"

"A holiday suit of rich silk."

Dolly shook her head.

"What would be the use of a dress which I could not wear, without betraying myself. I trow, my father would soon thrust it behind the fire, and the wearer out of doors. Give me a title to wear the silk, and I will take the bribe."

"Trust to my honour, Doll, and you shall not lack a rich reward."

"This will not satisfy me," said the girl. "I have proved, to my cost, what truth there is in a rich man's vows. Nothing less than a solemn covenant to make me your wife, will win me to work your will in this matter."

"Then I must seek another agent," returned Walter, coldly, for the idea of promising to wed such a degraded being was revolting to him.

"Please yourself, Sir Knight," said Dolly, tauntingly. "You have armed me with powerful weapons; take care that I use them not against yourself."

Sir Walter started, his lip quivered, and the working of the muscles of his face expressed considerable alarm.

"You think to deceive me," continued Dolly, "but I am just as crafty as you are. If I had an end to answer, I would not let it out as easily as you have done. This story of Dame Monica having bewitched you is all a sham. She is no more a witch than I am. But you love her, and always did love her, more than ever you loved me, and I vow to be revenged upon you both, or my name is not Dorothy!"

"Dorothy! dear Dorothy!" exclaimed the astonished knight, sinking on his knees before her; "why act in this perverse manner? have I not given you a thousand proofs of my affection? and if any were yet wanting—look here my love;" and he dexterously displayed the rich silk fringed mantua cloak, and a small string of pearls clasped with a gold sprig.

The sight of these gewgaws so completely dazzled the eyes of the avaricious, vain girl, that in order to possess treasures of which she had only dared to dream, she pretended to be appeased, and throwing the mantua round her shoulders, and winding the pearls in her flaxen hair, she stood smiling before her perplexed lover, and putting on a thousand affected airs. Her vanity would have afforded him amusement at any other time; but he now looked upon her with a sort of loathing, for he felt keenly that he had committed himself, and was in her power; and he knew not how far such power, lodged in the hands of a wicked, malicious, revengeful woman, might operate against himself. The finery and the person that it adorned were so ill suited to each other that he thought she looked marvellously like a mess of beans and bacon in a silver dish. But in the degraded position in which he stood, he was obliged to have recourse to flattery.

"Thy ornaments become thee bravely, Dolly, or rather thou becomest them. Our Queen would give half the wealth of the realm could she look like thee."

"Is she like another woman?" asked Dolly, opening her eyes very wide.

"Why, what should she be like?"

"I thought she was a great beauty, dressed in silver and gold, and covered all over with diamonds and rubies, and sitting upon a throne of

gold as high as our church steeple," said Dolly, gasping for breath at the grandeur of her own ideas.

"That would be rather too elevated a station," said the Knight, laughing, and right glad to turn the conversation from Dame Monica and Dolly's jealous reproaches. "The Queen is a thin, gaunt woman, with a long pale face—broad at the forehead and peaked at the chin. Her eyes are small and brown, with a very cross, vixenish expression; and her hair is red. Poets and courtiers call her beautiful, but her beauty is all romance. Had she been born a village maid she would have remained one, for no man would have sought her company."

"But fine feathers make fine birds," said Dolly. "Is she not very grand?"

"All the jewels in the world would never make her fair or amiable," returned Fenwick. "To me she is as ugly as a witch. But my neck would scarcely escape a halter if she heard me say so. She hates every woman that is handsomer than herself, and every honest man who cannot stoop to flatter her."

CHAPTER XV.

The dull heavy gray dawn of a November day, spread slowly over the wooded dingles of Conway Park, without dispersing the fog which hung in the low bushes; and a soft drizzly rain fell silently upon the collecting leaves, which discharged the moisture collected upon their surface, in large heavy drops, which glittered like pending diamonds from every spray.

It was a chill, comfortless morning, in which thoughts of mortality and decay would intrude themselves into the gayest heart, and damp the lightest spirits. To add a deeper gloom to surrounding objects, the heavy toll of the death bell struck painfully upon the ear—that sullen chime which to the living appears to link time and eternity into one.

The sound of that bell roused the poor mourner from the heavy lethargy into which she had fallen. It told her that the hour of separation from the beloved had arrived; and that she had a sad duty to perform. Anticipating the anguish of that last glance at the dead, Sir Miles, during her brief slumber, had ordered the coffin to be fastened and removed to a lower apartment, and thus spared the poor widow the vainly coveted, but severe trial. Master Hubert Vincent, too, was there, to offer the consolations of religion to the bereaved. Strengthened by his pious exhortations and prayers, Monica at last gained courage to make one in that mournful procession. Every eye was turned upon her and her babe, with kindly sympathy;

and those of the women were moist with tears. Alena, clad in deep mourning, carried the son of Brandon, and Sir Miles himself, deeply affected, supported on his arm the slight bending figure of Monica. The path to the old gothic church was lined with spectators, from the town and neighbouring parishes. The men stood with uncovered heads, as the melancholy procession moved slowly past. There was but one woman among that crowd, whose heart was untouched by the sight of that young mourner and her orphan babe. With a scowl of malicious satisfaction, Dolly Snell regarded Monica. Her face, it is true, was concealed by her lawn handkerchief from her rival's envious gaze; but she saw that the eyes of her lover, who had fallen in among the train of mourners, were fixed upon her elegant form; and she cursed her in her heart, and secretly devoted herself to work her ruin.

The pealing tones of the organ, as the requiem for the dead floated through the pillared isles of the church, and the solemn and holy service, which was followed by an eloquent funeral sermon, pronounced by Master Vincent, produced a salutary effect upon the young widow. When he dwelt upon the character of the deceased—his blameless life, his unaffected piety, his extensive charities, and the holy faith which had supported him through his last painful illness, Monica's tear-swollen eyes were raised to the preacher's face, and lighted up with an expression of pious gratitude and resignation. It was not until the first clouds sounded upon Brandon's coffin, that her fortitude gave way, and with a low convulsive sigh, she sank insensible into the arms of Sir Miles, and was carried in that state to the Hall.

Sir Walter, after making many enquiries about Dame Brandon of Sir Miles, and expressing the deepest sympathy in her grief, which he hoped would be conveyed to her, left the church, greatly dissatisfied that no glance of recognition had passed between him and her, for whom his visit had been especially intended: and unable to bear the cutting sarcasms of the vulgar Dolly, he saddled his horse and returned to London, determined never to visit Leicester again, until he came in the character of a wooer for the hand of the widow.

We will pass over a period of eighteen months. Monica's first deep anguish had softened down into a calm and sacred sorrow, cherished but too fondly in secret, but bearing an outward semblance of cheerfulness, when superintending her household, and attending to the wants of her little son. Visitors were never admitted to the house, and she was never seen in company. This reserve, at first tolerated on account of her desolate situation, at length gave offence, and that

was attributed to pride, which in reality, sprang from timidity and grief. Some whispered, that she had returned to her old faith, and meant to retire into a convent and take the veil, and that her young son was to be brought up as a Catholic priest. Others said that her plain dress and simple mode of living arose out of avarice; that she was anxious to save a fortune for her child; but this did not well accord with her extensive charities to the poor. In the dwellings of the sick and destitute she was no stranger; and the little children of the village blessed the bountiful lady, as, in her black dress, her lofty figure silently glided past. Many a bunch of wild flowers was proffered for her acceptance, by small sun-burned hands; and many a rosy face was lifted up, for the gentle kiss which the young mother bestowed upon the simple children of nature. An embroidered velvet sash, which hung from her girdle, always contained a store of cakes and confectionary for her little pensioners; and the signal given by one of the arch rogues, that Dame Brandon was coming, collected a crowd of merry urchins along the road, to receive her bounty, and see her pass.

One would have imagined, that one whose life was so quiet and blameless, would have escaped the snares of the wicked; but well has the preacher said, "Who can stand against envy?"

Sir Walter Fenwick had been absent on a secret mission abroad, for his patron the Earl of Leicester, which had detained him in the Low Countries for twelve months; and Dorothy Snell, having received notice by one of the Earl's groom, of her paramour's return, and dreading the influence which the love he bore for Monica would have over him, in destroying his connection with her, thought it high time to bring into active operation, the plan which Fenwick had proposed, in order to secure the hand of Monica, but which the false and cruel girl meant to pursue to her destruction.

It will be asked, "What could Sir Walter gain, by thus bringing a foul aspersion against the character of his mistress?" Like most shallow people he expected, by this act of treachery, to secure the possession of her person, which he so much coveted. His power with the Earl of Leicester was very great, as he had wormed himself into his confidence, by being a successful pander to his passions. He knew that whatever favour he asked, the Earl could obtain from the Queen, even to the pardoning of a criminal. But when Fenwick proposed to Dolly, that she should accuse Dame Brandon of witchcraft, he never intended it to go further, than to give rise to a slander upon her of sufficient magnitude to make her amenable to the laws which, in her case, he

never imagined would be put in force. This would give him the opportunity of offering himself as a generous and devoted lover, whose passion was above being influenced by the low calumnies and prejudices of the world. If she still madly persisted in her refusal, he could show her that her life was in his power; and use it as a threat, to intimidate her into compliance with his wishes. Dorothy Snell, with the malice of an envious woman, had planned a far wider scheme of vengeance than his narrow policy had devised.

It was just in the lovely spring time of the year that this wicked and crafty girl pretended to fall very sick of ague; and, what with living a few weeks upon scanty diet, leaving her face unwashed and her hair uncombed, she did look very squalid and miserable, while a long course of vice had greatly destroyed the beauty for which she had once been famed.

Dame Brandon, who considered herself under everlasting obligations to Snell, for the service which he had rendered her husband, no sooner heard of his daughter's illness, than she hastened to the cottage, taking with her some celebrated nostrum for the complaint, under which it was supposed that she was laboring. Dolly started and shivered when she approached her bed-side, and manifested the utmost repugnance that she should come near her.

Two poor women, who were sitting beside her, severely reproved her for not thanking Dame Brandon for her kindness, in coming to visit her.

"Take her away! take her away! I want none of her!" shrieked the girl, tossing her arms wildly about; "she comes here to torment me!"

"The medicine will do you good, if you will but compose yourself and take it," said Monica, gently bending over her, and smoothing her pillow.

"Oh! do listen to the lady, Dolly," said one of the women. "She cured my little girl last spring; she was so wasted, that I thought the little maid would die; but thank goodness and my lady, she be quite well and strong now!"

"I will not take any of her hellish draughts," cried Dolly, her eyes flashing fire; and the foam gathering upon her mouth.

"The poor girl is mornged," said Monica. "Her father had better send for the leech."

"She is a wilful, bad girl," whispered the other woman to Monica; "I do not think there is much the matter with her."

"She has no fever," replied Monica, laying her hand upon her pulse. The moment she touched the girl's arm, Dolly sprang up with a loud shrill cry, and pretended to fall back in a fit.

"The Lord save us!" said the first woman.

"What can ail the girl. Did you ever, neighbor, see the like?"

"I have seen many sick folk in my time, but she beats them all," returned her companion.

"I cannot think that she is really ill," said Monica, sternly. "Her skin is cool, her tongue clear, and her eye bright. Her pulse is perfectly regular, even at this moment, when she appears to be in a dead faint. I do not understand the nature of her complaint. But I will send Master Lucas, my own leech, to look to her." So saying she departed.

Directly the two women were left alone, they looked very knowingly at each other, and then at the insensible Dorothy.

"Well neighbour," said the first woman. "What do you think of this?"

"That Dolly's a cheat," said her friend, with whom the basket-maker's daughter was no favourite.

"No, no," returned the other, "she could not act that. Why she lies like one dead."

"Dead people have no colour in their cheeks," was the reply.

"That's the more surprising," said the first speaker. "I tell you, neighbour Brod, that 'tis no human sickness. The girl is bewitched."

At this moment, Dorothy opened her eyes; and raising herself with difficulty in the bed, fell a-vomiting, and several bloody pins, and pieces of straw, besides a small live frog, were ejected from her mouth. The horror of the women knew no bounds; and shortly after this exhibition, which would have done honour to an Indian juggler, Mistress Dorothy declared herself considerably better.

"Is she gone?" she cried, looking eagerly about her. "That horrible witch! This is all her doings. When I passed her the other day, in the lane, she cast her evil eye upon me, and muttered some strange words, and I have never been well since. To-morrow, I will get father to nail a horse-shoe upon the sill of the door which will prevent her from coming into the house."

Gammer Brod, who happened to be a sensible, shrewd woman, now took Dolly severely to task, for uttering such falsehoods against a dear, kind lady, who spent her whole time in going about doing good. She told her that she had better hold her tongue, lest her own evil practices should come to light, for she supposed that she could hardly accuse Dame Brandon of being the cause of them. The girl still continuing vehemently to affirm that Dame Brandon had bewitched her, and that she could prove her to be a sorceress, the woman left the house in a great passion, declaring that she would inform that lady of her

wickedness. The other woman, who happened to be weak and credulous, believed every thing that she had heard and seen, while she repented it with a thousand exaggerations, as facts, through the village. It was just at this period of my true history, that Sir Walter Fenwick was called, by the death of his mother, to this part of the country, to settle his affairs. Well pleased was he, at the tale which met him at every turn. But he pretended to deny the possibility of its truth. Monica had sent her physician to visit the sick girl, and his report had been, that nothing was the matter with her, and he believed her to be an impudent, lying impostor. Strange as it may appear, this opinion rather strengthened than diminished the belief that the unfortunate girl was bewitched. Monica had received from Mistress Brod, some hint of these foul calumnies, but confident in her innocence, she treated them with contempt. She was sitting in an arbor, in her garden, with her young son upon her knee, sadly ruminating over the past, when the gipsy, Azubah, suddenly stood before her. She had never seen her since the memorable night when she had conversed with her in the park; and the sight of her recalled many painful recollections, while the sad story which she had heard related of her by Master Vincent, had created for this strange girl an overpowering interest in her fate.

"Sorrow has touched thee since we last met," said the Oriental, in her low melodious voice. "The shadow of the world is upon thy brow; and it will darken and deepen till the blackness of death effaces it for ever."

"Ah! leave this mysterious way of speaking, Azubah," said Monica, motioning her to take a seat beside her. "If you have anything which you wish to communicate to me, speak boldly out. I am not afraid to hear the truth, if you are indeed able to reveal it to me."

"My petty arts are too superficial to deceive you," returned her companion. "Yet believe one whom necessity alone has made a deceiver, that if I did not feel interested in your welfare, I should not have again ventured into the neighbourhood of one who has made me, by his unjust suspicions, what I am."

"I have heard the tale of your wrongs, Azubah, from his own lips, and I cannot convey to you in words, how deeply I sympathize in your forlorn history."

"The world is full of such atrocious records of injustice," returned Azubah. "Ah! could we read the hearts of the beings who surround us—could we see at one glance, the great catalogue of human woe, we should be tempted to follow the advice of Job's wife, 'curse God and die!'

But is it possible that you, a woman and a Christian, can feel any compassion for the lost, miserable Azubah?"

The Gipsy cast down her lustrous eyes, to conceal the tears which dimmed them; but the quivering of the muscles round her mouth, and the palor that spread over her cheeks, showed how deep was the emotion which shook her frame.

"Azubah," said Monica, taking her slight sunburnt hand between her own, which trembled in her grasp; "why dost thou think that women lack pity, and Christians benevolence?"

"I have found no mercy from the one—no compassion from the other," returned Azubah, sorrowfully. "My love has been degraded, my feelings outraged. I have been despised, stigmatized, and scorned, by the man who took me from among mine own people, under the pretence of converting me to Christianity. Yes! he imagined that he did God a service—his God,—by driving me out alone and friendless upon the world. I tell thee, Monica Conway, that my feet have wandered through every foot-path of this broad island, and I have been forced to satisfy the calls of hunger by practising the very art, which, but for his unjust suspicions, I should have treated with scorn. I am not a witch. But I have tried to be one. I have invoked the powers of darkness; but they came not to my call: neither angel nor devil answered my mad incantations. The worst spirit which I roused into action was the malignant spirit of man. In my course of ill, I have done much injury to others; and even meditated selling your peace of mind for paltry gold. But there is a majesty in virtue, which silently and surely gains the ascendancy over vice, and the awe with which it inspires the wicked, proves that it is of God. I felt that you were my superior, and instead of envying that which was so far above me, I respected and loved you. I am now here, though at the peril of my own life, to warn you of impending danger."

"In what shape?" asked Monica, in some surprise. "I have done injury to no one. I have no enemies, and wherefore should I fear?"

"Much, much!" returned the Gipsy, shaking her head. "You have every thing to dread from the malice of an envious, revengeful woman. And think not that you are devoid of enemies: the good, the talented, the beautiful, have always enemies. It is only the worthless flatterer, who lives upon the world and by the world, that is the general favourite with the world. Even your own creed, Monica Brandon, should teach you that melancholy truth—that 'friendship with the world, is enmity to God.'"

"And who is this woman, whose envy I have

aroused?—these unknown enemies of whom you hint so darkly?" said Monica, sternly, for a suspicion that Azubah was attempting to work upon her fears, flashed upon her mind.

The Gipsy seemed to read her thoughts, and she replied quickly.

"You suspect me, Monica Brandon. You think that I am playing you false. Did you never hear the rumour which has long been in circulation against you?"

"What rumour?" returned Monica pettishly. "I do not understand you."

"That you are an adept in the black art! In short, that you are a witch!"

Monica sprang to her feet, and clasped her child tightly in her arms, as if to protect him from some unseen, but dreaded influence.

"Woman!" she said, "do you come here to insult me, by repeating the low gossip invented by ignorance and folly? Or do you imagine that Monica Brandon's character is so fallen, that she needs quail at such false calumnies? I tell you that I hold all such idle reports and those who repeat them to me, in scorn. If this is the communication you have to make to me, your errand is indeed vain. Now leave me. You rouse up feelings which, as a Christian, I cannot entertain without sin."

"I will not quit your presence, until I have convinced you that there is danger in that which you hold so lightly. Deep, imminent danger, which, if not averted in time, will crush you."

"I will not listen to you," said Monica, greatly displeased, and turning to go.

"If you will not hear me for your own sake, Dame Brandon," said Azubah, with equal pride and sternness; "yet for the sake of that child, the son of your love, listen patiently to the tale I have to tell. Why will you, by this obstinacy, rob him of his inheritance, and cover his name with infamy?"

"No conduct of mine shall ever do that," returned Monica, resenting herself, and Azubah, drawing near to her, said, in a low voice:

"You know that girl, Dorothy Snell, whom you visited the other day?"

"Well!" exclaimed Monica impatiently.

"She pretends that you have bewitched her."

"Who will credit her assertion?"

"All the fools are not dead in the world, and as the majority are of that class, it is most generally believed."

"Let the tenor of my life answer these foul slanders," said Monica. "Which do you think is likely to gain the most credit, even in the eyes of the wicked?—the lenon of such a man as Walter Fenwick, or Richard Brandon's virtuous wife?"

"The public have already given their opinion," returned Azubah. "and it is against you. Ah! believe me, dear lady, the evil is much greater than you imagine. You must try and save yourself while there is yet time.

"What would you have me do?" said Monica; "though really, I cannot see the least cause for alarm."

"Go to this girl. Show her the cruelty and wickedness of her conduct. Perhaps, she will listen to you. She is avaricious—her silence may be bribed by gold."

"I cannot consent to either of these plans," said Monica. "The more I think about the subject, the more preposterous it appears. Let them say what they please—the nine days wonder will soon be over, and the whole affair will be forgotten. To take any notice of it would be to implicate myself."

"Another plan has struck me," said the Gipsy, quickly: "Go to the Queen. Inform her of the slander that is raised against you, and implore her protection. She is a strong-minded woman and will judge for herself. Secure her good-will, and you may defy your worst enemies."

"When I stand in need of such powerful aid," replied Monica with a smile, "I will seek it. But it amuses me to see a woman of your sense tremble at a mere chimera, which has its existence in the brain of a crazy, ignorant girl, who cannot be an enemy of mine, seeing that I have never injured her."

"Ah! when we think ourselves so strong, then are we most weak," returned Azubah. "You have stood between this girl and her ambition; and she is one of those human fiends, who appear incarnate agents of the power of evil."

"And what is she—who dares thus accuse another," said a stern voice, and Master Vincent entered the arbor. "Monica, I came to seek you on a matter of importance; but did not expect to find you in close conversation with that base woman."

"You must convince me that she deserves that character," said Monica, "before I cease to regard her with Christian benevolence."

"I do deserve it," returned Azubah, folding her arms sadly across her breast. "But I did not deserve it when he thrust me from him. I was innocent then. As innocent of the crime he laid to my charge as the child you hold in your arms. But I am foul and polluted now, and deserve the scorn of all good people. But it is he whom I have to thank, for my far wanderings in the path of evil."

"Agnes," said the minister; "abandon your wicked practices, and meekly receive instruction in the true faith; and I will be your friend still."

"Call me not by that name, which only brings to mind the days of youth and innocence," said Azubah. "You betrayed my friendship once; I can no longer trust you. And your faith can never be mine, while its professors differ so widely in practice from their creed."

"Unhappy being!—you are here for no good," returned Master Vincent. "I tremble lest you should infect my young friend with your sorceries. To save her it will become an act of duty to denounce thee."

"That will put the finishing stroke to your fatherly care," said the poor girl; "but however unjust, it will be an act of mercy. If my death could save one hair of that angel's head from injury, I could forgive you with my last breath."

"Can you hear this, Master Vincent, and believe her guilty?" asked Monica.

"Monica, I do believe her guilty; I know her to be guilty," returned Iubert with a frown. "Satan, when he seeks to gain his purpose, can transform himself into an angel of light. I have sought to reclaim her, but she scorns our most holy faith, and tramples openly upon the cross of Christ."

"Bear with her yet awhile," said Monica. "My best friend, think how our blessed Lord bore with his enemies. Oh! cast her not away, until you have made another effort to save her. If you once loved her, love her still; and think that the salvation of her soul cannot be purchased at too great a price."

"Agnes," said the minister turning towards her, and extending his hand; but the being he sought had disappeared. "She is irreclaimable," he sighed, as he sank down upon the bench, and covered his face with his hands. Both remained silent for some time—a painful silence which at last was broken by Monica.

"My friend, I think you said that you came hither on business to me?"

"I did so," returned the minister, rousing himself. "An old friend wished much to exchange a few words with you in private. I promised to obtain this interview, and shall feel obliged to you, if you will grant my request."

"Certainly," said Monica rising. "Who is the person?"

"He will speak for himself," returned Master Vincent; "and waits for you in the house."

To the house therefore Monica and her companion bent their steps.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

No. VI.

GILFILLAN'S SKETCHES OF MODERN LITERATURE AND EMINENT LITERARY MEN.

BY VALENTINE SLYBOOTS.

The intellectual character of the age is pre-eminently critical. Creations of brilliant genius, productions of far-reaching thought, are few; but there are abundant indications of the diffusion of that spirit, which seeks to estimate the claims of every aspirant to intellectual supremacy, to measure the mental calibre of our time, and contemplate the literary features it presents. The press teems with sketches, reviews, essays, pen-and-ink portraits, and other forms of critical composition; nor is it more than justice to say, that in this department of the literary field are enlisted the most acute intellects, and some of the greatest spirits of the day. The public mind, active and excited on other subjects in an extraordinary degree, appears to take a pleasure in the calm contemplation of "the procession of Genius to the temple of Immortality," and the fruitless attempts of such daring interlopers as seek, unwarranted, to mingle with the chosen throng.

The work before us professes to be "a Gallery of Literary Portraits," and comprises sketches of some of the most distinguished Poets, Orators and Literati of the nineteenth century. The author has manifestly many qualifications for the task he has undertaken. We trace in his pages a copious acquaintance with modern English literature, a power to discriminate the characteristic features of great minds, a sympathy with all fine feeling, an appreciation of all lofty genius. His general style is elegant and correct, and he has written some passages of exceeding beauty and elegance. Occasionally, indeed, he strains an image beyond the limits of propriety—a fault which time will cure. We cannot approve, for instance, the taste which dictated the following climax to an elaborate description of one of the ancient Prophets of Israel.

"He was a trumpet filled with the voice of God—a chariot of fire carrying blazing tidings—a meteor kindled at the eye, and blown on the breath, of the Eternal!"

Mr. Gilfillan draws his portraits *con amore*. He professes himself a "Hero-worshipper," and having chosen for his sketches those who are, "in his judgment, the leading lights of their age," has given full scope to his admiration. In-

deed, he is too apt to dwell on the finer features of his favorites, and keep out of view blemishes which would mar the beauty of the images he holds up. In his enthusiasm he forgets the shading, and forfeits, to some extent, the fidelity of his portraits. There is no disparagement of genius with him; on the contrary, with the exception of Robert Pollok, Macaulay, and John Gibson Lockhart, every sketch will probably appear to the sober-minded reader more or less overdrawn. A generous appreciation of literary merit is the glory of a critic, but that species of idolatry in which many indulge with reference to a favourite author, is no criticism at all. The following is a fair example:

"Coleridge was a poet, a philosopher, a talker, and, (incredible as it may seem!) a man. His poems are fragments of an undiscovered orb of song, fallen down from the sky—snatches of superhuman melody dropping from the clouds—touches on a key which more than mortal hands were required to sustain—ecstasies filched before the time from the treasured glories of futurity, gay or serious, mild or mystic, placid or Promethean—voices from a loftier climate." Above almost all the poets of the day, he answers to our idea of a bard, a Vates, clad now with the beaming robe, and now with the "deep-furrowed garment of trembling," which the prophet wears: less an author wielding his pen to write down his thought, than a pen seized and guided by the strong and sudden, or slow and solemn hand of overhanging and invisible power."

And again:

"Coleridge reminds us of one of those gigantic fossil forms from which geology has drawn her daring conclusions, in every thing but their ugliness. Some of these compound in one strange structure the properties of sea, land, and air animals; so to his universal genius, the populous earth, the ocean, and the air, are equally familiar. The depths of the one his intellect loves to explore; the second seems to sound in the varied melodies of his verse; and, of the air, he is as much an emperor as the authors of the Faust and the Hesperus themselves. His thought is shadowy as an evening battlement of clouds; yet, even as the mirror of 'cloudland, gorgeous land,' seems to reflect the forms of the mountains over which it rests, though exaggerated and enlarged, so Coleridge's ideas are never mere dreams, but bear a certain resemblance to earthly shapes."

In like manner his panegyric of Dr. Andrew Thompson, in allusion to the emancipation cause and the Apocryptic controversy, even touches the verge of impiety:

"He died, and died in a moment, but not till he had made himself a name imperishable as the fresco of the negro, and glorious as the unadulterated book of God!"

Our author's weakness is certainly an amiable one. It is the exaggeration of merit, the excess of sympathy with genius, and of sensibility to the influence of intellectual power. He does not mince approbation, but rather touches the opposite extreme. He crowns the heads of his favorites with laurels, and sheds around them a flood of light, and gazes on the portraits he has drawn, with an enthusiasm that the reader soon finds to be contagious. His *forte* lies not in rapid graphic strokes of delineation, but rather in the elaborate display of characteristic features, the exhibition of distinctive mental peculiarities, and the comparison of those minds that have occupied prominent positions in the literary world.

But we must allow Mr. Gilfillan to speak for himself. The following is a fair specimen of the 'sketches':

"Our sketch, at present, is of a very extraordinary man; the wise, the witty, the warm-hearted, the eloquent Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University,—John Wilson, to his familiars; Wilson, to his foes; Professor Wilson, to his students; Christopher North, to all Europe!

"We know not at what corner of this many-sided man to commence our rapid review. John Wilson is a host, he is a continent in himself. Like Leviathan, he lies floating many a rood. Whether we view him as the generous, copious, acute, and ardent critic,—as the pathetic and most eloquent lecturer,—as the tender poet,—as the popular and powerful tale-writer,—as the fervid politician,—as the kindly man;—we have before us one of the most remarkable, and, next to Brougham, the *cleverest* man of the nineteenth century. It is probable, indeed, that the very variety and versatility of Wilson's powers have done him an injury in the estimation of many. They can hardly believe that an actor, who can play so many parts, is perfect in all. Because he is, confessedly, one of the most eloquent of men, it is doubted if he can be profound: because he is a fine poet, he must be a shallow metaphysician;—because he is the editor of *Blackwood*, he must be an inefficient professor. There are 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy.' There is such a thing on this round earth, though not, perhaps, within the categories of their limited and false theories, as diffusion along with depth, as the versatile and vigorous mind of a man of genius mastering a multitude of topics, while they are blunderingly acquiring one,—as a man 'multiplying himself among mankind, the Proteus of their talents,' and proving that the Voltairian activity of brain

has been severed, in one splendid instance at least, from the Voltairian sneer, and the Voltairian shallowness. Such an instance as that of our illustrious Professor, who is ready for every tack,—who can, at one time, scorch a poetaster to a cinder; at another, cast illumination into the 'dark deep holds' of a moral question, by a glance of his genius;—at one time dash off the picture of a Highland glen, with the force of a *Salvator*; at another, lay bare the anatomy of a passion, with the precision and the power of an *Angelo*,—with, now, the sweetest verse, and now the most energetic prose,—now let slip, from his spirit, a single star, like the 'evening cloud,' and now unfurl a *Noctes* upon the wondering world,—now point Avarice till his audience are dying with laughter; and now Emulation and Sympathy, till they are choked with tears,—write now 'The Elder's Deathbed,' and now the 'Address to a Wild Deer,'—he equally at home in describing the sufferings of an orphan girl, and the undressing of a dead Quaker, by a congregation of ravens, 'under the brow of Heivellyn.

"Professor Wilson, as a lecturer and professor, has great and peculiar merit. Inferior to Dugald Stewart in the elegance and refinement of metaphysical criticism,—to Thomas Brown, in original and daring speculation,—in the combination of subtlety, depth, and beauty, which distinguished that prince of Scottish philosophers,—to Chalmers in the intensity of his mind, and the contagious fury of his manner, he is inferior to none in the richness of his fancy, and in that singular vein of pathetic and original eloquence which gives such a charm to his spoken style. Chalmers rouses, Wilson melts. Chalmers has, now at least, but slender command over the sources of tears—Wilson touches them at his pleasure. Chalmers has a strong but monotonous fancy—Wilson has the rich and glowing, and fertile and forgetive imagination of a poet. Chalmers has a style of much energy but limited resources—Wilson is copious to a fault. Chalmers speaks with more rapidity—is more fluent—carries you more triumphantly away at the moment; Wilson does not strike you as so eloquent at the time, but there is a slow and solemn music in his voice, which fills at once the ear and the soul: he plants stings within you which can be plucked out only with the last bleeding fibres of the heart; his very tones linger in your ear—the very glances of his eye, years after, haunt your memory—the magic of his eloquence makes you its slave for life. Never shall we forget the manner in which he pronounced the final words of Thomson, 'the melancholy main,' with deep lingering accents, as if his soul were swelling forth on the sound, while his look seemed to mirror 'the great bright eye' of old Ocean. And who that has heard him describe *Cæsar* weeping at the tomb of Alexander, can cease to remember the very tremor of the voice, which brought out so finely his conception of that noble scene? The tones in which he uttered the words, 'sading youth,' will be with us to our dying day. They involved in them a world of sentiment and pathos. In recitation of poetry, he is altogether unrivalled. His whole man, eye, lip, chest, arms, voice, become surcharged and overflowing with the spirit of the particular composition. He reads it as the poet's own soul would wish it read. And you say, as you listen, now what an actor, and

now what a preacher, would he have made. The main current, indeed, of his nature is rapt and religious. In proof of this we have heard, that on one occasion he was crossing the hills from St. Mary's Loch to Moffatt. It was a misty morning; but, as he ascended, the mist began to break into columns before the radiant faguer of the rising sun. Wilson's feelings became too much excited for silence, and he began to speak, and, from speaking, began to pray; and prayed aloud and alone, for thirty miles together in the misty morn. We can conceive what a prayer it would be, and with what awe some passing shepherd may have heard the incarnate voice, "sounding on its dim and perilous way."

The sketches of the reviewers and professed critics of the day are admirable throughout, and comprise the names of Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Lamb, Macaulay, and Lockhart. There is sound sense and correct discrimination in the following passage from his estimate of Hazlitt. Vindicating that author's claims to imaginative power, he proceeds:—

"But though we have heard him charged, by those who knew nothing about him, with a superabundance of this very quality, his great strength lay neither in imagination, nor—to take the word in the German sense,—in reason, but in acute and discriminating understanding. Unable to reach the aerial heights of poetry,—to grapple with the greater passions of the human soul, or to catch, on immortal canvass, either the features of the human face, the lineaments of nature, or the eloquent passages of history,—he has become, nevertheless, through his blended discrimination and enthusiasm, one of our best critics on poetry; and, his enemies themselves being judges, a first rate, if not unrivalled connoisseur of painting. Add to this, his knowledge of human nature—his deep dissections of life, in all its varieties, his ingenious but imperfect metaphysical aspirations—his memorable points, jutting out in vigorous projection from every page,—the boldness of his paradoxes,—the allusions to his past history, which, like flowers on 'mirk and haggard rocks,' flash on you where you expect them not,—his imagery, chiefly culled from his own experience or from the pages of the early English dramatists,—his delicious gossip—his passionate panegyrics, bursting out so obviously from the heart,—his criticisms upon the drama, the fancy, and every department of the fine arts,—his frequent and vigorous irruptions into more abstruse regions of thought, such as the principles of human action, the Malthusian theory, legislation, pulpit eloquence, and criminal law; and his style, with its point, its terseness, its brilliance, its resistless charm of playful ease, alternating with fierce earnestness, and its rich profusion of poetical quotation,—take all this together, and we have a faint view of the sunny side of his literary character. His faults are,—an occasional ambition to shine—to sparkle, to dazzle,—a fondness for paradox, pushed to a passion,—a lack of simplicity in his more elaborate, and of dignity in his more conversational passages,—a delight in sudden breaks, marks of admiration, and other convulsive spasms, which we hate, even in a giant,—a play of strong prejudices, too plainly inter-

fering with the dictates of his better judgment,—a taste keen and sensitive, but capricious,—a habit of quoting favourite authors, carried so far as to interfere with the unity, freedom, and force of his own style,—occasional bursts of sheer fustina, like the bright sores of leprosy,—frequent, though petty pillerings from other authors; and, akin to this, a sad trick of stealing from himself, by perpetually repeating the same quotation, the same image, the same thought, or even the same long and laboured passage."

The other two classes of Literati, chiefly portrayed in this work are the Orators and Poets of the Age. Under the former name, we enrol Robert Hall, Dr. Chalmers, Lord Brougham, Edward Irving, and other Preachers of the day; under the latter, we place Campbell, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Pollok, Cunningham, Elliott, Keats and Southey.

The impressions produced by the pulpit efforts of Hall and Chalmers are well contrasted thus:

"The rapidity of Hall's delivery, the ease with which finished sentences succeeded each other like a shower of pearls; the elevation of the sentiment, the purity of the composition, the earnestness of the manner, the piercing convulsions of the eye,—all these taken together, produced the effect of thrilling every bosom, and enlivening every countenance. But there lacked the struggle and the agony, the prophetic fury, the *insana vis*, the wild and mystic glance, 'seeing the invisible,' and (when the highest point of his oratory was reached) the 'torrent rapture' of our countryman. 'taking the reason prisoner,' and hurrying the whole being as before a whirlwind. In listening to Hall, you felt as under the influence of the 'cup which cheers but not inebriates,' Hearing Chalmers was like tasting of the 'insane root.' Hall's oratory might be compared to a low but thrilling air; Chalmers' to a loud and barbaric melody. Hall's excitement was fitful, varying with the state of his health and feelings; that of Chalmers was constant and screwed up to a prodigious pitch, as if by the force of frenzy. Hall's inspiration was elegant and Grecian; you said of Chalmers, 'he hath a demon, if he be not full of the God.'"

We cannot resist the temptation of quoting two passages from the sketch of Robert Hall, the one descriptive of his style and intellectual character, the other of that most melancholy passage in his history, the cloud of temporary derangement:

"He rarely writes without some model in his eye; but his style is matchless. Less easy than Addison's, it is at once more nervous and more polished. Less rolling and rhythmical than Johnson's, it is chaster, terser, and feerer from mannerism. Not so varied, copious, unexpected, and conversational as Burke's, it is more careful, less capricious and unequal, nearly as eloquent, and entirely free from his frequent coarseness and Irish rant. Less elaborate than Junius, it is less laconic, less formal, less coolly fustian, than the style of that 'Spartan dog.' It is beautiful, without ever descending to the pretty; elegant,

without approaching the neat; simple, but never weak; sublime, but never inflated; strong, without being harsh; terse, but never curt; clear and brilliant as crystal, it approaches the line which 'trembles' on perfection. 'It has,' says Dugald Stewart, 'all the beauties of Addison, Johnson, and Burke, without their imperfections.' Frequently imitated, it is the most unapproachable of styles. While it presents not a single point to the caricaturist, it drives the imitator to despair. If it has any faults, they lie in a lack of ease,—in a tone of majesty too uniformly sustained,—in a slight and occasional mannerism in the construction of his sentences,—in an apparent ignorance of the charm which airy negligence, if it avoid affectation, can give to diction, as well as to the motion of a birch waving in the wind, and to the wandering tresses of female beauty,—and in the consequent want of some of those endless graces which delight us in Hume and Goldsmith. His imagination, again, is cast in a medium between the gorgeous and the tame. It is more that of the orator than the poet. Even its darings are rather those of the excited speaker, than of the wild-eyed bard. It is not a teeming and exhaustless faculty, like that of Jeremy Taylor, Burke, Carran, and Wilson. Nor is it a profound, though limited power, like that of Wordsworth, Chalmers, and Foster. Nor is it a turbid, earthy, but fertile source, like that of Warburton and Andrew Thomson. It is a high, pure, and cultivated energy, equal to the demands of his intellect, and nothing more; illustrative rather than combinative; epical, rather than dramatic; refined, rather than rich; select, not copious. It is an imagination resembling that of Thomas Campbell, or Lord Jeffrey, more than any other eminent man of the day.

"The partition which, in his case, Nature had made thin between genius and derangement, at length burst asunder. The majestic orb of his intellect liberated, wandered, wandered, went utterly out of its course, and 'yet the light that led astray, was light from heaven.' Hall's was no vulgar frenzy, no grinning, howling, and cursing mania; it was cometary in its character, meteorous, sublime. It brought out his faculties into a broader and more vigorous play. The burning hand of madness laid on his brain, did not sear up, but kindled his powers into lurid life. In the language of Lamb, applied to 'Lear,' 'the storm of frenzy turned up, and laid bare that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches.' He thought incessantly; all that he had read or knew, came back streaming, rushing, like a tempest through his soul. The sun of his judgment, in health so vigorous and clear, was in eclipse; but, in its stead, 'glared the crested hydra' of imagination round the sultry solitudes of his soul. He jested bitterly, as we have seen; declaimed powerfully. He preached magnificent sermons,—would they had been caught from his foaming lips! He prayed fervent, unearthly prayers; and we can conceive no sight more affecting or more awfully grand, than that of this lofty spirit conversing with God through the cloud of madness; amid the eclipse of reason, still groping toward heaven; praying, shall we say, as an angel would pray, were his glorious faculties unblinded, by gazing too nearly and too ardently at the Shechinah! And if even a poor

creature, like Christopher Smart, 'who, indeed,' says Johnson, 'went to the tavern, but was always carried home again,' could, in an asylum, and with a key on the wall, write poetry almost as grand as Job or David; if Nat. Lee soured into sublimity, as he wrote his insane tragedies by the light of the moon; if every clown be a Shakspeare in his dreams; if the speeches of ordinary men, in the brief and bright frenzy preceding the darkness of death, have far exceeded their capabilities in the day of health; if dramatists, and poets, and novelists, have dug some of their richest gems out of the mine of madness, and made their Lears and Ophelias, and Cleopatras, and Eastace Grays, talk an eloquence which has hardly a parallel in the written language of men; how vivid must have been the impressions, and how eloquent the ravings, in such circumstances, of such a being as Hall! It is a subject for the noblest painting or poetry; it is a subject for solemn reflection, for humble seneschalings of heart, for pity, and for tears. In the supposed necessary nearness of 'great wit' to madness, we do not believe; but much less can we subscribe to Elia's paper on the 'sanity' of true genius. The truth lies between. Frequently, we are afraid, frenzy lurks in the neighbourhood of a lofty mind, like a lion near a fountain, waiting the moment for its fell spring. But that the workings of noble faculties always near the abhorred brink of insanity; that the towering sons of men are most apt to be crowned and 'maned' with the fire of madness,—we shrink from supposing. Still less do we think that, in Hall's case, it was designed as a thorn in the flesh to humble his pride. This is a mere assumption, intolerable in worms. Who told them to cry out 'a judgment, a thorn?' Let us check our unbridled speculations, stifle our senseless curiosity, be humble, and look at home. Hall himself continued to look back upon this period with a certain melancholy and regretful interest. His mind then, he averred, had exhausted itself. Obligated to keep up with his fire-winged frenzy, how could it but be crippled? His memory had been overstrained. His imagination, especially, had suffered. He had come out from the cloud, not with face shining, but with locks shorn. Much of his strength had departed, if he had not become weak as other men.—Others said that, on the contrary, he was bettered by the affliction, and that his preaching improved in beauty and unction, if the power and splendour of his ancient manner were forever gone."

The sketch of Dr. Chalmers opens with some apposite remarks on the untiring energy so characteristic of some of the master minds of this age.

"We have somewhere heard the indolence of true genius deplored. But certainly the charge does not apply to men of genius in our day. In an age distinguished above all others for fervid excitement and unrelaxing energy, it was to be expected that the brighter and loftier spirits should share in the general activity. And so verily it is. There is scarcely such a being nowadays as your sluggish and slumbering literateur, reposing under the petty shadow of his laurels, dreaming of immortality, and soothing his soul with the pleasing idea that, because he

is the stare of a coterie, he is the 'observed of all observers;' and that every body else is as intensely conscious of his minute merits as a happy vanity has rendered himself. Nor are there, on the other hand, many specimens, now-a-days, of a still sadder species of illusion,—a man of fancied genius, dividing his days between the study and the tavern, enacting the part of Savage and Dermody, without a ray of their talent. This disgusting kind of absurdity is dead and buried, Genius, in our time, is up and doing, 'working while it is day.' The most vigorous are now also the most active, and may we not say, the most virtuous of minds.

"And were we to name one quality amid the assemblage of peculiarities distinguishing the subject of this sketch, as more than another his, it would be that of activity; of restless, burning, unappassable activity. Some necessity of action seems laid upon him. Some invisible scourge seems suspended over his head, urging him onwards. We see this quality as strong on him at this hour, when the gray hairs of age are beginning, like a crown of glory, to gather round his head, as it was in his fiery youth. A great river, in its ordinary state, is equal to a small one when swollen into a torrent. So the aged and ordinary state of Dr. Chalmers' feelings is equal to the extremes, the paroxysms, the juvenile raptures of less energetic minds. What others shrink from as the very brink of insanity, is his starting point,—the first step of his aspiring spirit.

The extract which follows, displays the powers of our Author to much advantage; both in critical discernment, and eloquent amplification:

"Demosthenes, every body knows, had immense energy, but his *Deinotes* was broken, interrupted, and had rarely the rushing fluency we mean to ascribe to Chalmers. Cicero is ornate and elaborate; he is a river cut through an artificial bed, rather than a mountain torrent. Jeremy Taylor's stream meanders, 'gliding at its own sweet will,' rather than sweeps right onward to the sea of its object. Barrow, to vary the figure, takes sometimes the gallop in grand style, but his eye never gets red in the race, nor do his nostrils breathe fire, or spring blood. Howe makes every now and then a noble leap, and then subsides into a quiet and deliberate pace. Burke is next him in this quality. Curran, Grattan, Sheil, and Phillips, frequently exhibit this rapid and involuntary movement of mind and style; but it is marred in the first by diffusion; in the two next by a certain irregular and starting motion, springing from their continual antithesis; and in the last by the enormous degree in which he possesses his country's diseases, of intellectual incontinence, and *diabetes verborum*. Hall occasionally rises to this style; but is too fastidious and careful of minute elegancies to sustain it long or reach it often. Irving shines in brief and passionate bursts, but never indines in long and strong sweeps through the gulfs of ether. But with Chalmers such perilous movement is a mere necessity of his mind; his works read like one great sentence; a unique enthusiasm inspires with one deep glow all his sermons, and all his volumes; and, so far from needing to lash, or sting himself into this rapid rate, he must pursue a break-neck pace, or come to a full stop. Ani-

mation is a poor word for describing either his style or manner. Excitement, convulsion, are fit, yet feeble terms for his appearance, either at the desk or the pulpit. And yet, what painter has ever ventured to draw him preaching? And hence the dullness and paltriness of almost all the prints; they show the slybl off the stool, the eye dim and meaningless, not shot with excitement, and glaring at vacancy; the lion sleeping, not the mane-shaking, tail-tossing, and sand-spurning lord of the desert. In repose, neither his face nor form are much better than an unstrung bow, or an unlighted lustre.

"After all that Chalmers has written, the 'Astronomical Discourses' are, as we have stated already, in our opinion, his best and greatest work. They owe not a little, it is true, to their subject—Astronomy, that 'star-eyed science,' which, of all others, most denotes the grandeur of our destiny, and plumes our wing for the researches and the flights of unembodied existence; which, even in its infancy, has set a crown upon the head of man, worthy of an angelic brow—a crown of stars; which has recently made such marvellous revelations of the firmaments scattered throughout immensity, their multitude, their strange shapes, and the obscure laws which seem to regulate their motions, and explain their forms; of the double stars and their supposed *Annus Magnus* of revolution round each other, a period which dwarfs even the Chinese chronologies into insignificance; of those changes which appear to be going on above, on a scale so amazing, by which sheeted heavens are seemingly split or splitting up into individualized portions, suns torn away by handfuls from an abyss or ocean of kindred orbs, other chaoses curling into existence, old stars extinguished by a power of which we cannot even conceive, and others hurried to and fro, at a rate so swift, and on a stream of energy so prodigious, as to bewilder and appal us; of the Milky Way, that unbanked river of stars; of the Nebulae, and their unutterable revelations as to the growth of the universe, and the dim light they cast on its past and future history; of the Sun, and that faint train of zodiacal light which he carries as a finger pointing back to the mode of his creation, and how wonderful it is that he has retained so many thousands of years the heat which he received from the one Breath, which bade him Be—he bright, he warm, and shine till time be no more; of the Telescope, that angel-eye, by which man converses with the 'loftiest star of unascended heaven,' of Comets, those nondescript births of our system; of the probable size of the Creation, a size so stupendous, as to justify the figure of the poet, who compares all we see of it, even through the telescope, to 'a drop of dew, filling in the morning new, some eyed flower, whose young leaves waken on an unimagined world.'—Astronomy, which is advancing at a ratio of speed and splendour that promises results of which gravitation was only the germ, and even the discoveries of Herschell, like the May blade to the September corn; which, even as we write, is telling us, through the approximate solution of the problem of the Stellar Parallax, of suns which are going faster than their own light, and of others, so distant from us, that the distance betwixt the earth and Sirius is but one unit in the awful sum of their surpassing and ineffable

remoteness; which, grasping in its giant hand the telescope of Lord Rosse, is about to sound the heavens with a far more powerful plummet than was, twenty years ago even imagined; to *thaw down the most obstinate Nebule into heavens and 'heavens of heavens.'* and to see objects in the moon no larger than an ordinary church; and which, uniting itself with daring chemical science, is venturing to conjecture that all those majestic masses owe their light and heat to mutual and incessant friction, star impinging upon star, as it pursues its eternal way. All this opens up a field so vast and magnificent, that it was impossible for a mind like that of Dr. Chalmers altogether to fail in its exposition. And, so far as the Newtonian astronomy goes, the poetry, as well as the religion of the sky, never found before such a worthy and enthusiastic expounder. Kindling his soul at those 'street-lamps in the city of God,' he descends upon creation in a style of glowing and unaffected ardour. He sets the 'Principia' to music. He leaves earth behind him, and now drifts across the red light of Mars; now rests his foot upon the bright bosom of Sirius; now bespeaks the wild comet; and now rushes in to spike the guns of that battery against the Bible, which the bold hands of skeptical speculators have planted upon the stars. But it was reserved for Professor Nichol, as the Aaron to Hirschell, the Moses of the science, to meet us at the place where Chalmers left us, and lift us up on subtler and softer pinions into far loftier regions, where imagination reels and breathes hard, as it is met by the chill, clear air of infinity, and sees the universe below it as 'one plain, the spaces between its orbs appearing no more than the interstices between grains of dust or sand.'

The portraits of Edward Irving, Dr. Andrew Thompson, and other preachers of the day, we have no space to introduce to our readers. Lord Brougham, however must not be passed by, and Mr. Gillman has sketched him with dexterity and success. His oratorical powers are most vividly depicted.

"As an orator, he speaks with a tone of authority. An eloquent dogmatism breathes in his every sentence. You feel that this man sees his subject through and through; has mastered all its bearings; has rolled it over in his strong mind as a pebble in the ocean." His general speech is on a conversational key. He talks; but it is in a style to which inferior men can only rise by convulsive effort, or in circumstances of extreme excitement. "Half his strength he puts not forth, but stays his thunder in mid valley." Like a giant, his mere movement is equal to the spasms and races, and 'torrent ruptures' of other men. You wonder what he could do were he fully roused. It is this bridled power, this restrained fury, this lion energy, on the leash, which ever rivets your interest and your wonder in the oratory of Brougham. You deem him fit for the most august and thrilling crises of eloquent; for the impeachment of some Colossus of crime, who might be entitled the enemy of the human race; for the defence of a Britus, were he at the bar for tyrannicide; for a cause in which all the nations of the earth were interested, and for the decision of which superior beings

were waiting with tremulous expectation. And as you watch him rending asunder complicated webs of sophistry with his little finger; playing with every string of the human heart at pleasure; withering mailed men with a touch; you say, were this son of Anak in right earnest, and pricked up to his full power, what labours might he not accomplish, what heroes subdue! Nor does the knowledge that this masterly ease is the result of early and patient toil, of invincible perseverance, more than of inspired genius, much detract from the effect—an effect increased by the inscrutability of his features, which, though sharp and angular, conceal more meaning than they enunciate; the unkindled lightnings of his eye; the iron massiveness of his forehead; the saturnine swarthiness of his complexion; the meaning twitch of his cheek; and the clearness, flexibility, and power of a voice, over which his command is supreme, and which runs parallel with every movement of his sentences, and echoes every passion of his soul. And those who have seen him in his 'loftier mood,' not now calmly bestriding, but fairly caught in the wind of his spirit—his face brightened into full and fierce fire—his eye shining like a sunken pit of fire suddenly disclosed—his arms vibrating like sharp tongues of flame in the blast—his brow darkening like iron in the shade—his form dilating to his dilating soul—his voice now exalted to a harrowing shriek, and now sunk to a rasping and terrible whisper—those (and their number is now comparatively few) can alone tell how the promise of his calmer moments is amply fulfilled, and the word "orator" seems (like a transparency fluctuating in the breeze) to flame around his every look and gesture, word and movement. His power, too, is greater, inasmuch as it is based on a superstructure of intellect; as it is kept in severe reserve; and as, like the forces of Nature, it never comes into play but on great occasions, and is then entirely irresistible. Hazlitt has, in the 'Spirit of the Age,' treated Brougham as the representative of the Scottish school of oratory, and drawn a very ingenious parallel between it and the Irish, giving the preference to the latter. It appears to us that he is rather a composite of the English and the Scottish, and unites the passion and boldness of John Bull to Sawney's carefulness, plodding perseverance, intense practicality, and instinctive common sense. He has little of the Irishman about him, except his irritable and impetuous temper; little of his bursting, bungling humour; less of his wild pathos; and less still of his fervid fancy. His wit is apt to darken into sarcasm, or to kindle into invective; his pathos is the feeblest of his powers; and his imagination, though vivid and strong to the verge of insanity, is never rich, and seldom poetical. Inflamed intellect is the brief and comprehensive description of his oratory. His sarcastic vein is as deep and dark a channel as ever the gulf of a proud and powerful spirit found for itself. His sarcasm is equally compounded of irony and invective.

Like two dark serpents tangled in the dust,
That on the paths of men their mingling poison thrust.

His irony is not cold and stern, but fierce and hot. His invective is slow, measured, winding, indirect, accumulating gradually round its hapless victim. The garment he wraps round his enemy is of amplest drapery, and most voluminous

folds; but it is the shirt of Nessus. Like a lion constrictor, he rolls himself slowly round his prey; first covers it from head to foot; administers then a fearful warmth; then bestowers it with portentous flattery; then gradually crushes in its sides; and then, with a fiendish ease and glee, devours it.

But we must hear Mr. Gillfillan on the Poets; and first let us have the Bard of Hope, the one man in our time of whom it can be said, that "whatever he does is in its own line the best."

Campbell's great power is enthusiasm—subdued. His tempest moves on gracefully, and as to the sound of music. His muse keeps the step at the same time that she shakes the wilderness. You see him arranging the dishevelled and streaming hair, smoothing the furrowed forehead, compressing the full and thrilling lips of inspiration. He can arrest the fury of his turbulent vein by stretching forth the calm hand of taste, as an escaped lunatic is abated in a moment by the whisper of his keeper, or by his more terrible tap of quiet, imperious command. There is a perpetual alternation going on in his mind. He is this moment possessed by his imagination; the next, he masters and tames it, to walk meekly in the harness of his purpose; or, to use its own fine image, while his genius is flaming above, his taste below, "like the dial's silent power,"

Measures inspiration's hour,
And tells its height in heaven.

He is inferior thus to the very first class of poets, whose taste and art are unconscious. His are at once conscious to himself and visible to others. Their works, like Nature's, arrange themselves into elegance and order, amid their impetuous and ecstatic motion; their apparent extravagancies obey a law of their own, and create a taste for their appreciation; their hair, shed on the whirlwind, falls abroad, through its own divine instinct, in lines of waving beauty; their flashing eye enriches the day; their wild, uncontrollable step, "brings from the dust the sound of liberty." But if Campbell be too measured, and timid, and self-watchful, to appertain to those demi-urgi of poetry, he is far less to be classed with the imitative and the cold—the schools of Boileau and Pope. He not only belongs to no school; but in short, deep gushes of genuine genius—in single thoughts, where you do not know whether more to admire the felicity of the conception, or the delicate and tremulous finish of the expression—in *drops of spirit-stirring or melting song*—and in a general manliness and chastity of manner, Campbell is perhaps the finest ARTIST living. His mind has the refinement of the female intellect, united to the energy of the classic man. His taste is not of the Gothic order, neither is it of the Roman; it is that of a Greek, neither grotesque nor finically fastidious. His imagery is select, not abundant; out of a multitude of figures which throng on his mind, he has the resolution to choose only the one which, by pre-established harmony, seems destined to enshrine the idea. His sentiment is sweet, without being mawkish, and *recherché* without being affected. Here, indeed, is Campbell's fine distinction. He never becomes metaphysical in discriminating the various shades, nor morbid in painting the darker moods of sentiment. He preserves continually

the line of demarcation between sentiment and passion. With the latter, in its turbulence—its selfish engrossment—the unvaried, but gorgeous colouring which it flings across all objects—the flames of speech which break out from its white lips, he rarely meddles. But of that quieter and nobler feeling, which may be called, from its stillness, its subdued tone, its whispered accents, its shade of pensiveness, the moonshine of the mind, he is pre-eminently the poet."

The sketch of Shelley—that highly gifted but lamentably perverted spirit, is able and elaborate, though we should perhaps scruple to subscribe to all the sentiments it contains. Many fine passages we might quote. To the following, who does not respond?

"As it is, we deplore the atheism of such a spirit, with humility and bitterness of heart; and 'wonder at it with a great admiration,' that a being of such richly endowed intellect, and warm quick-heating heart—who was no profligate, no worldling, tinged with no selfish or sinister motives, but a sincere, shy, and lofty enthusiast—standing up in a creation so infinitely full of testimonies to the existence of a Great Spirit; where there is not a flower that blossoms in the garden but preaches that there is a God, nor a leaf that twinkles in the sunbeam, nor a cloud that passes over the moon, nor an insect, which flutters in the breath of the gale, or creates a tiny tempest on the waves of the pool, but repeats and re-echoes the testimony that there is a God; where the lion roars it out amid his native wilds, and the humming-bird says it in every colour of her plumage, and every vulture of her wing; where the eagle screams up the tidings to the sun, and the sun, in reply, writes them round the burning iris of the eagle's eye; where the thunder, like a funeral bell hung aloft in the clouds, tolls out there is a Deity, and the earthquake mutters and stammers the same great truth below; where snow in its silence and storm in its turmoil; summer in its beauty and winter in its wrath; the blossoms of spring and the golden glories of autumn, alike testify to a God; where the ten thousand orators of Nature, the thunderbolts, the hailstones, the rain-drops, the winds, the ocean waves, the flashing and the falling foliage of the woods, the lightnings of the sky, and the catenacts of the wilderness, are all crashing out, blazing out, thundering out, whispering out, and murmuring out, true and solemn tidings about the Being who made them all; who gave the torrents

Their strength, their fury, and their Joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam;

who clothed the woods; who scooped out the bed of the sea; who brizgled the wind out of his treasuries, and maketh a path for the lightning of the thunder!" "That such a being, placed in the centre of so sublime a circle of witnesses, should say, 'I doubt, I deny, I cannot believe that there is a God'; nay, that he should have realized, in his imaginary experience, the tremendous dream of Jean Paul—have lifted himself up through the starry splendours of the universe, but found no God—have risen above their remotest suns, but found no God—have descended to the lowest limits of space—have looked down into the abyss,

and heard the rain-drops descending; and the everlasting storm raging, but found no God; should have come back from an empty heaven to a fatherless world, and said, 'We are all orphans: neither I nor you have any God,—is, in truth, a profound, and awful, and inscrutable mystery.'

What a mind was Shelley's, to be so blinded to the palpable manifestations of the being and providence of God! His natural powers were undoubtedly of a high if not the highest order:

"His admiration of nature and of the great works of man, is a fine and noble delirium. The ardour which some poets affect, and which others can only sustain through short and occasional flights, is in him the mere motion of the mind. There is no resting, no dallying delay, no sleeping upon the wing, no looking round upon the spectators. It is an uninterrupted kindling flight as if for existence. A lyrical poet sustains with difficulty his maddening rapture through a flight of some fifty or a hundred lines, and at the close sinks exhausted and panting on the ground; but few, save Shelley, could support the transport of the ode, throughout twelve books of Spenserian verse. Here, indeed, is the grand fault of his poetry. It is not a majestic walk, nor even a rapid race; it is a long and stormy dance, in which few can keep up with the exhilarated and transported bard. As another feature akin to this, you observe traces of soul-felt and blood-felt earnestness. 'The terns bard, and inspired,' says Macaulay, 'which seem so cold and unaffected when applied to others, were perfectly applicable to him.' He was not a versifier, but a bard: his poetry was not an art, but an inspiration. You remark, too, in all his writings, the complete and despotic predominance of the imaginative power, as in all truly great poets, from Homer to Scott: you see that over all his faculties and attainments, over his intellect, his erudition, his pomp and profusion of language, the great light of genius holds sway, like the still sun, compelling his planets to obedience by a principle inherent in their own natures. He combines imagination, fresh as that of childhood, and strong as that of madness, with the powers of a manly understanding, and the accomplishments of finished scholarship. You are amazed at the quantity of his images. Like sparks from a conflagration, brilliant and thick amid the smoke of his mysticism, flashes out incessantly a stream, a storm, or whirlwind of images. Such is the 'Cloud,' that fine tissue of poetical stardust, and the 'Witch of Atlas,' which is throughout composed of the sparkling bubbles of fancy;—the Witch herself being a combination of Puck and Shakespeare's Mab, full of aerial wuggery. You notice, too, the unearthly character of his images. They are culled from the rarest, the loftiest, and the wildest scenes of Nature; from the grandest idealisms of Art; from the most secret and singular chambers of the human soul; from the foam of hidden cataracts; from the ravines of lonely mountains; from snows untouched by the foot of man; from the 'hiss of homeless streams;' from the heart of sad and solitary woods; from the moan of midnight forests; from the thousand harmonious sounds which Nature creates in her solitudes; from the thrones of the thunder and the mansions of the dead; from Rome with

its flowery ruins of gigantic death-smiles of Art; from sculpture and from painting; from the dim philosophy of Plato, and the tragic fancies and fervours of Eschylus. From all these he has gathered colours which are not of the earth: flowers of 'arroyo odour,' and figures of colossal magnitude and magnificence. He, and he alone, of the English poets in our age, has united the peculiarities of the Grecian and Gothic schools."

This strange being, died a sudden death.

"During all the time he spent in Leghorn, he was in brilliant spirits,—to him ever a sure prognostic of coming evil. On his return to his home and family, his skill was overtaken by a fearful hurricane, and all on board perished. His body, when found, was in a state unfit for removal. It was, therefore, under the auspices of Byron and Hunt, burned on the sea shore, all but the heart, which would not consume. To a gentleman who, at the time, was with a glass surveying the sea, the scene of his drowning assumed a very striking appearance. 'A great many vessels were visible, and among them one small skiff,' which attracted his particular attention. Suddenly a dreadful storm, attended by thunder and columns of lightning, swept over the sea, and eclipsed the prospect. When it had passed, he looked again. The larger vessels were all safe, riding upon the swell, the skiff only had gone down for ever. And in that skiff was Alastor! Here he met his fate. Wert thou, oh 'religious sea,' only avenging on his head the cause of thy denied and insulted Deity? Were ye, ye elements, in your courses, commissioned to destroy him? Ah! there is no reply. The surge is silent. The elements have no voice. In the eternal Councils the secret is hid of the reason of this man's death. And there, too, rests the still more tremendous secret of the character of his destiny! Let us shut the book, and clasp the clasp!"

Coleridge is one of Mr. Gillilan's superlatively "leading lights," and receives ample justice at his hands. He has finely contrasted the character of the first murderer in Coleridge's "Wanderings of Cain," with Byron's well-known delineation of the same individual.

"Cain is indeed a most poetical subject. Stained by the first dye of guilt, sealed by the hand of God from the punishment of men, but pursued by the cry of his brother's blood, from which he could no more escape than from himself, which became a part of himself, and which, even as the sound of the sea fills the shell, as pleased it remembers its august abodes, and murmurs as the ocean murmurs there, filled the trembling hollows of his ear; he is an object of profoundly pathetic, as well as tragic interest, fit for the pen which drew Manfred on the Jungfrau, or for that which painted the Mariner in his 'silent sea.' And we cannot but think Coleridge has surpassed Byron in his representation of the first murderer. Byron's Cain is a being elaborately bad; the Cain of Coleridge has only the guilt of a moment upon his conscience. Byron's Cain is a metaphysical murderer; the Cain of Coleridge is the creature of impulse. In Byron the interest of Cain is dwart-

fed, and the fell grandeur of his guilt dwindles beside the lurid beauty and eloquent blasphemy of Lucifer, who becomes the hero of the drama: the Cain of Coleridge appears solitary, bearing his own iniquity like a covering, and scathed by the fire of his own devouring remorse. Byron could not have created that figure of Abel, 'whose feet disturbed not the sands,' nor have written that fearful sentence describing the blasted beauty and might of the pallid murderer, 'whose mighty limbs were wasted as by fire, and whose hair was as the matted locks upon the bison's forehead,' although neither could Coleridge, nor perhaps any being that ever breathed but Byron, have so personified the despair, or talked the sophistry and the eloquence of hell, or carried us up with the grim pair along that sullen, but sublime flight, through the stars, trembling and darkening as the infernal wings swept by, and through the shadowy shapes of former worlds which had arisen, past, and perished, ere the 'infant sun was rolled together, or had tried his beams athwart the gulf profound.'

William Wordsworth appears in imminent danger of being soon as indiscriminately and even fulsomely praised, as he was ever depreciated at the outset of his career. It has become the fashion with a certain school to fall down and worship him. Talfourd's beautiful essay on Wordsworth, for example, is a glowing panegyric, not a criticism. The author of the work before us, however, does not go quite so far. He is a devotee, it is true, but not more so than from his habits of intense admiration, we ought to expect. Wordsworth will find his level in time—a high one, it is true, for we deny him not the visitation of "the loftier mood," the flash of the "finely frenzied eye," but not on the same eminence where stand the shades of Homer, of Dante, of Shakspeare, and of John Milton.

"Wordsworth's mission has been a lofty one, and loftily fulfilled,—to raise the mean, to dignify the obscure, to reveal that natural nobility which lurks under the russet gown and the clouted shoe; to extract poetry from the cottage, and from the turf-fire upon its hearth, and from the solitary shieling, and from the mountain tarn, and from the gray ancestral stone at the door of the deserted mansion, and from the lichens of the rock, and from the furze of the melancholy moor. It is to 'hang a weight of interest'—of brooding, and passionate, and poetical feeling upon the hardest, the remotest, and the simplest objects of nature—it is to unite gorgeousness of imagination with prosaic literality of fact—it is to interweave the deductions of a subtle philosophy with the 'short and simple annals of the poor.' And how to the waste and meaningless parts of creation has he, above all men, given a voice, an intelligence, and a beauty!

"His purpose is to extract what is new, beautiful, and sublime, from his own heart, reflecting its feelings upon the simplest objects of nature, and the most primary emotions of the human soul. And here lies the lock of his strength. It is comparatively easy for any gifted spirit to gather off the poetry creaking upon lofty sub-

jects—to extract the imagination which such topics as heaven, hell, dream-land, fairy-land, Grecian or Swiss scenery, almost involve in their very sounds; but to educe interest out of the every-day incidents of simple life—to make every mood of one's mind a poem—to find an epic in a nest, and a tragedy in a tattered cloak—to hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear—to find 'sermons in stones,' and poetry in every thing—to have 'thoughts too deep for tears,' blown into the soul by the wayside flower.—this is one of the rarest and most enviable of powers."

The poetry of Ebenezer Elliott is full of the vigorous, fearless, manly character of the writer. Force of thought and singleness of purpose are the characteristics of his mind:

"Glancing aesthetically at the inspired iron-monger, you see at once that strength is his principal characteristic; nor do you care to settle the question whether it be strength of intellect, or passion, or imagination, or a triple twist of all three. You are tempted, indeed, while looking at him, to believe that a really strong man is strong all around; and whatever fatal flaw may run through all his faculties, they must all support each other—intellect supplying the material, imagination the light, passion, the flame, of the one conflagration. You snay as you look at him, whether hammering at a steel-yard or a sonnet—hewing his way through nervous verse or rugged prose, here is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed—a Demurgus, like those giant-muscled three in Raffaele's Building the Ark, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, sawing at the massive timbers which are to swim the Deluge and rest on Ararat with a force, a gusto, and a majesty suitable to the tenants of an undrowned world; or, like those Vulcanian three, that in smouldering caverns under Mongibello, wrought in fire—Brontes, and black Steropes, and Pyraemon. So stands, leans, labours, growls and curses at times, not loud but deep, with foot firmly planted, and down-bent flaming eye, this

'Titan of the age of tools.'

You see, too, that he has the true vision of the poet—that mysterious eyesight which sees the spiritual as well as the material shadow which falls from off all things, and which to the hard alone is naked and bare. He thus penetrating and incommunicable glance a blessing or a curse; and, as in the case of the second sight, it is the one or the other, according to the objects presented—being, if a genial temperament show the unseen border of beauty which edges and flowers all things, one of the greatest of blessings; but if accident or position, or a black billions medium—discover the holo of misery which invisibly surrounds every object in this strange world, one of the greatest of curses: he it the one or the other, it has, and for ever, sealed his eye. You regret to perceive, on more narrow inspection, that he has fixed his piercing gaze too much on the dark side of things—that his view is singular, not comprehensive—that passion has given his eye now a portentous squint, and now a ferocious glare—that he has seen through 'shame,' not in the sense of seeing what even they contain of good and true, but seen through them as through empty spaces into the vast, black, hollow, and hideous night.

"You acknowledge, too, the presence of the 'faculty,' as well as the divine vision. His sight is not a struggling, but an open sight. He has found, though a self-educated man, as it is called, fit and noble expression for his burning thought. His language is not rich, fluent, refined, or copious, but knotty, direct, and with a marrowy race and strength about it, which are truly refreshing to those who are tired of reflection after reflection of a great native style, fading gradually away, (like those small faint segments of rain-bows, mimicking the bow of heaven.) till all is gloom. Elliot's language reminds you of the blue red nervous veins of a strong hand, so surcharged are his words with the blood of thought and passion."

We have only two further extracts to make from this interesting work; the one referring to John Foster, the Essayist, the other to Thomas Carlyle.

"John Foster was, unquestionably, an original man. He had as distinct a faculty of seeing every thing through his own medium, as any writer of his day. Were the medium dim, or partly coloured, as it sometimes was, or were it vivid or lustrous, it was always his own. Authors, characters, books, the face of nature, were all seen and shown by him, in a new, strange, and striking light. He read the universe, not by sunlight, not starlight, nor moonlight, but just by the fairy lustre round his own head. His thought had a stamp about it altogether his own. With no air of affected singularity, with no desperate efforts at solving the inscrutable and sounding the fathomless, with little metaphysical verbiage and with few carefully wrapt up commonplaces, his train of thinking ever sought the profound as its natural element. A necessity was laid upon his mind, not to think shallowly, or like other men. And even when he did bring up half truth or whole errors, like sea-weed instead of coral, there was something in its very worthlessness which spoke of the depths, and betrayed the vigour and wind of the diver. He was one of the few writers, in an age of mystification, whose obscurities were entirely involuntary and unassumed, neither formed by the imitations of false models, nor by personal affectation, but by the necessities of his intellect or the peculiarities of a style, which was sometimes an insufficient organ to his thought. His thinking was not that of the mere metaphysician, nor of the mere 'logical grindmill,' nor of the mere poet, nor of the mere theologian; it was that of a mind, at once acute, imaginative, and tintured with a solemn and peculiar piety."

"Carlyle is a Scottish German: he has grafted on an original stock of Scottish earnestness, simplicity, shrewdness, and humour, much of the mysticism, exaggeration, and eccentricity of his adopted country. Even though he had never read a page of the Teutonic grammar, he would have been distinguished as a man of original power, profound sincerity, and indomitable perseverance. But, having studied and swam, for years together, in the sea of German learning, like a levitian, he has become a literary monster, German above and Scottish below. The 'voice is Jacob's, the hands are Esau's.' He is a hybrid. The main tissue of his mind is homely

worsted; but he has dyed it in the strangest colours, derived from Weimar and Bayreuth. Endued by nature with a 'strong in-kneed soul,' and fitted to be a prose Burns, he has become a British Richter. We have sometimes doubted if he did not think in German. Assuredly, he writes in it, uses its idioms, practices its peculiarities of construction; but merely defends, but exemplifies its most daring liberties, and spreads his strong wing over its glaring defects. Although possessed of undoubted originality, he long contented himself with being a gigantic echo cliff to the varied notes of the German lyre, rendering back its harsh discords as well as its soft and soul-like sounds. And here lies at once the source of his defects and merits. One who is unacquainted with German authors, reads Carlyle with the utmost amazement: he is so utterly different from every other writer; his unmeasured sentences; his irregular density; his electric contrasts; his startling asseverations; his endless repetitions; the levity in which his most solemn and serious statements seem to swim; the air of mild, yet decisive scorn, with which he tosses about his thoughts and characters, and the incidents of his story; the unearthly lustre at which he shows his shifting panoramas; his peculiar and patched up dialect; the singular terms and terminations which he uses, in unscrupulous abundance; the far and foreign strain of his allusions and associations; the recondite profundity of his learning; and those bursts of uncontrollable mirth and fuliginous irony,—produce an 'altogetherness' of impression exceedingly startling. But, to one acquainted with German, the mystery is explained. Some, at least, of the peculiarities we have mentioned, are seen to be those of a whole literature, not of a solitary *literateur*; and he who laughs at Carlyle must be prepared to extend his derision to the sum and substance of German genius. Still we doubt, along with Johnson, Foster, and critics of equal name, if any human understanding has a right to form, whether by affectation, or imitation, or translation, a dialect entirely and ostensibly singular. A peculiar diction, it is true, has been considered by some one of the immunities of intellectual sovereignty; but he who adopts an uncommon mode of enunciating his ideas, and still more, he who transplants his style from a foreign country, does it at his peril, subjects himself to ugly and unjust charges, injures his popularity and influence, and must balance the admiration of the initiated few, with the neglect or disgust of the ignorant and malignant many.

The glimpses we have endeavoured to give of these pleasant portraits may convey some idea of the whole. Passages there are in the work, full of exaggeration, and some savouring of the fashionable affectation of German Mysticism; but our object has been not to ridicule or reprehend, but to cull from the garden in which we have been walking, some flowers of critical taste and truth with which to freshen and enrich our Garland. We shall be happy to meet Mr. Gilfillan again, should he, to use his own expression, "gird up his loins for some other more unalike, more solid, and strenuous achievement."

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES.*

BY C.

CHAPTER V.

It was the fifth morning after the chase. Henry, alone in his chamber, paced to and fro with quick uneven steps, now pausing to gaze upon the storm which rioted without, or yet more frequently with half smothered exclamations, upon the messenger which had raised this tempest in his own breast. The unwelcome envoy had come in the shape of a letter, bearing date some few days back; the hand writing he had at once recognized,—it was that of his friend De Rosny. He briefly informed him of the breaking of the brittle truce, the renewal of hostilities, the recapture of Corbeil, and their success at Noyon, which they were then besieging, mentioned the reports as to the overwhelming force, which Philip of Spain was already preparing to place under the command of the Duke of Parma, and concluded by begging of Henry to return to his army, as treason was already busy, and but too successful with his mercenary and faithless troops.

Henry's face was pale and flushed by turns, as he read his trusted friend's letter, and pondered on the troubled course of his own life. From infancy he had inhaled the breath of the battle field—struggle after struggle; he had been forced to contend, even for his personal liberty, with the tyrannic Catherine de Medici, who strove to enslave and debase not only body but soul. But the proud branch for which she had worked so unceasingly, so unscrupulously, was extinct. One by one its healthy boughs had become shrivelled, sapless; had fallen, leaving none to bear its name or diadem. The awful crimes by which she had laboured to consolidate and fix its power, had been met with a retribution as terrific, and now the persecuted Bourbon was heir to the throne of the Valois.

Happy had it been for France, could the seeds which their monarchs' crimes had sown, have been eradicated from her soil, when they had borne their retributive harvest to the guilty authors; but, alas! the offences of the sovereigns were doomed to be heavily visited on the people. The divisions which they had engendered, or nursed, still produced plentiful and bitter fruit.

Henry IV. had succeeded to a realm; where

religion was the mask for crime, and patriotism for selfishness: Ever since his accession to the title of its sovereign, for the sway was not yet accorded him, Henry had been in arms against, perhaps, the strongest portion of his subjects, sustaining himself by the tardy and ill-paid supplies with which the Protestant powers furnished him. The Leaguers were, in the meantime, assisted with hearty good will by Catholic Spain, whose king offered the Infanta's hand, as a prize to the winner of the crown. Yet in spite of difficulties, Henry's courageous and powerful mind, had hitherto succeeded in wresting the advantage to his own party; but now he again saw himself menaced with defeat and ruin, not only from his mercenaries, but also from many of his own subjects, who, regarding France as a wreck, sought only how they might secure to themselves the largest portion of the spoil.

And now, as Henry gazed back upon the troubled stream of his past life, and stretching forward into the future, saw but an ocean of war and turmoil, his heart sickened, and for the moment, influenced perhaps by some vague dream, he fancied he could willingly resign the throne for a less haughty seat, the paths to which were less rugged, where in quiet, he might escape from this enormity of treachery and selfishness. But not long did these thoughts rest, nor deeply did they sink in the monarch's soul, for even as he sadly muses on the noise and clangour of the battle field, memory has caught the peals of its spirit stirring music, and rouses his soul from this dream of sloth. In action too, only in incessant action, both of body and of mind, he felt he could escape from those feelings which were now giving a new and more sombre colouring to his existence. This very day, he determined to leave the castle. Ah! would he could also leave the feelings which there had birth. Though sad at heart, Henry felt, at least, the happy consciousness of right doing, when he resolved to say "Farewell," with his heart's secret untold, glad that he had not striven to wake a response in that young guileless heart,—that he had planted no thorns there,—grateful that he had resisted the desire of offering a love, which he felt would now be an insult to purity and truth.

When, a short time after the struggle we have partially described, Henry entered the ladies' apartment, his manner was as composed, and in fact more cheerful than had of late been usual. He briefly informed them that private letters just received, informed him that their liege had need of every loyal sword and heart, that he purposed proceeding immediately to join the army; but should Bourlasière wish a longer leave, or the ladies desire his protection till the return of the Marquis, he doubted not, he could readily obtain it. Philippe's face flushed with excitement at these tidings; he could scarce restrain questions which might have betrayed their carefully guarded secret; eagerly, however, he professed his desire to join the king immediately, modestly underrating the advantage of his protection to the ladies, and in fact clearly proving their perfect safety. Gabrielle's face was also glowing at Henry's words, but even had he glanced towards her, which perhaps he did, he would not have perceived it, for as she bent forward, with of late unwonted assiduity, to disentangle the skein with which she was embroidering, her heavy ringlets completely shaded that face, which, as yet, too clearly mirrored her heart. Philippe thought she showed but little feeling to labour thus, when her preserver announced his departure. But the keener eye of the Lady Margaret detected that those small hands trembled so violently that their labour was fruitless, and that for a few moments her breath came short and quick, as though the balmy air were laden with noxious vapours. But soon these outward tokens of feeling were subdued; when she raised her face the flush had passed, its hue was perhaps somewhat less bright than usual; but none, save the watchful eye of love, that had marked from infancy each hue and shade of that face, would have dreamed that the words which told of the Count's departure, spoke more sorrow than those which had said of any other stranger, "Again we are strangers."

Frequently during that short morning, did poor Gabrielle glance towards the dial; and, as swiftly the minutes waxed into hours, her face now glowed with hues that spoke not of the heart's health, or again was pale as marble.

And now the last minute has come, and with strong effort, both Count and Lady will control to silence the emotions which struggle in their breasts, as though they must escape in words. The Count holds the Lady's hand, and amid her adieus she murmurs, she knows not what, of thanks and hopes, and as he held, he thought it trembled; but then he smiled sadly at the fancy, for was it not his own which had lost its nerve? Henry's words, though scarce more audible than Gabrielle's, have met her ear and sunk into

her heart. It was a whispered timid hope, a prayer that she would sometimes think, not unkindly, of Henry d'Albret, while he would strive—the words died away upon his lips.

They are gone, the boy looking forward into a future, which seems all bright, panting for the battle field, as though nought but the laurel ever blossomed there,—no cypress ever sprang from its soil!—happy, for he judges the future by the past, and over that has passed no angry cloud,—fearless in his faith, for as yet, he has had no cause to distrust himself or others. But his companion, now in all the glorious strength of ripened manhood, all his powers in their meridian perfection, heir to a prouder sway than his boyhood's wildest dreams had ever dared to grasp,—he is sad! no flush of excitement on his cheek, no smile of triumph on his lip. For, while his ambition had, in many instances, met with a success, which once might have seemed as the dreams of a visionary, yet those deep feelings of the heart, which not only help to make, but do almost or entirely make happiness, those silent, though profound aspirations, for a more refined and spiritual existence, even here, had all been disappointed—were wrecks. He had been forced, while yet a boy, and with his murdered mother's knell still ringing in his ears, into a marriage with the daughter of their foe, a union from which both shrank with a disgust which they were at no pains to conceal; then, for years, constrained to indolence, a prisoner under the surveillance of Catherine, who fiendishly exposed him to every temptation likely to debase, and finally ruin, a young impetuous soul. Nor had her cares been fruitless; torn from his kingdom, surrounded by spies, who regarded with suspicion each nobler act, while they smoothed and garlanded the paths of vice, unhappy in his domestic relations, Henry had fallen, and for a while sunk in unworthy and degrading indulgence, forgot or smothered each holier sentiment. When he was at last released from the direct action of Catherine's moral poison, it had entered too deeply into his being to be at once eradicated, and Henry had been guilty of actions, which, though almost sanctioned by the lax morality of the times, in moments of calm reflection, appeared to his naturally pure and noble soul, as matter of deep humiliation, alike to man or monarch. Not often in the camp, however, amid the bustle of strife, or the schemes of policy, could reflection be an honoured guest. But now deep thoughts, wakened by memory and nursed in quiet, had long been busy in his soul, inciting it to action, not mere passive dreaming.

That veil had long been torn from Henry's eyes, through which the young see obstacles in

the onward path to virtue and happiness, but as shadows thrown across the landscape, to make the bright and lovely seem yet brighter, yet more lovely—clouds floating for a brief time, in the summer heaven, which the sun will drink, and then beam forth unshaded. To this first bright fancy of youth, had succeeded that truer vision, which reveals even on the remote shore, which the dim distance would make appear all smooth and verdant, the parched and withered grass, the shivered tree, the rugged path, and the stern barren rock, with only here and there a fertile patch or a gleam of sunshine. Thus that shore which to the boy seemed so smooth and flowery, was to the man but another field for the soul's stern strife. Weighed down by such thoughts no wonder his brow was gloomy, his lip smileless.

In that old castle too, were those who peered with tremulous anxiety into the future. When the adieus were said, and Henry had turned from the castle gate, Gabrielle retired to her apartment, in its quiet to think over that past, which seemed fantastic as a dream. A few short days ago, she, in the idleness of a dreamy imaginative soul had sighed, had even wept, that she knew not the joys and sorrows of the poet's theme. Soon, too soon, was she taught that lore, a lesson so easily learned, but never to be forgotten. She blushed, she started, as, in the silence, she felt, heard, the beating of her heart, and remembered that it throbbled for a stranger, one whom she would probably never again behold, who had never whispered to her a word of love, had only gazed upon her with a glance, dark, unfathomable, from which she shrank, yet involuntarily sought again. It was true, he had saved her life, had watched unweariedly till her danger was past; but then, he seemed to avoid her half-uttered thanks, had disavowed all merit, had even said that any one would do the same for any other. Yet there had been at times a mournful earnestness in his tones, and a soft melancholy shade on eye and lip, when he spoke to her, which, joined to those almost inarticulate words he had uttered on parting, served a young heart, whose very buoyancy made wished-for possibilities seem as probabilities, to build a frail bark of Hope, which was now, baptised in tears, and almost hid by clouds, committed to the stream of time.

The good old Lady Margaret, was also busy with hopes and fears, but they were all for her darling Gabrielle. She smiled sadly, and her eyes were dimmed with tears as she plainly read in Gabrielle's looks and tones that old but ever new tale, of love. She thought of her own young hopes, and her lips quivered, the tears started from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

She pressed her hand upon her brow, as if to push back that lava tide of memory. The Lady Margaret had been wed in early youth to one of the younger brothers of the Marquis de Coenvers. All bright and smooth had been their wooing. No objections could be made by scheming relatives to Margaret d'Aumale, the second daughter of a house noble as their own, and bringing with her a proud dowry. But it was not the broad lands, or golden lands, that knit their hearts together; as humbly would he have bowed before his bride, had she been a peasant's daughter, as quickly would her heart have throbbled at his coming, had he been, oh! any thing, in station, were his soul still the same pure ray, that she had chosen as her guiding star. Their marriage then was consummated with due ceremony and splendour. But before one month had passed, letters summoned the young soldier to Paris.

The Lady Margaret would have accompanied her husband, had not the care of his aged and sick mother retained her. Sad was the parting, and yet amid sighs and tears, they smiled at the thought of a speedy reunion. A week passed, and Lady Margaret received a letter luminous with love and hope. In a few weeks, perhaps even in a few days, he would return; he was now in Paris; he could see no very threatening appearance in the political horizon; all parties seemed amicably disposed. Another week passed, and all France was as a house of mourning; the treacherous massacre of St. Bartholomew had been perpetrated; the bride was a widow. Though not a Protestant and therefore not condemned, her husband, her Charles had perished; whether amidst the confusion of the hour, smote by a chance blow, or mistaken for a Protestant noble, whom he strikingly resembled, they knew not. After a long search, his body was found amid the mouldering heaps of slain, but so disfigured, that even the eye of affection would have failed to recognise it, had not papers been found on his person, which established its identity. The blow fell like a thunderbolt upon the Lady Margaret; reason itself tottered, and for months she seemed to hang over the verge of the grave. But time and the soothing kindness of those around, at length restored her. When cheerful words again fell from her lips, and her cheek had resumed somewhat of its roseate hue, there were some who thought the lady, still in the morn of life, might be won to make a second choice. But years passed on, and still no second was, or could be, shrined in her heart; resigned at length to the Providence which had chastened, she patiently awaited the summons which should unite her to her beloved. In active and untiring benevolence to those around, years passed quietly on. But

above all, was Gabrielle the object of her tender solicitude; her resemblance to her lost Charles made her love for her almost a worship.

She had grieved that Gabrielle could not return the affection of the Duke de Bellegarde, for in him she saw nobility of mind united to every grace of person and manner; and now she grieved that she had surrendered her heart's wealth of feeling to one, who might be indifferent to, or trifle with, the gift.

CHAPTER VI.

NEARLY six months had passed, since Henry's romantic visit to the Castle of Cœuvres, most of which had been consumed in fruitless attempts on Rouen, which, sustained by the hope of the Duke of Parma's speedy return, still defied their efforts, and sternly refused all terms of capitulation.

It would seem, that incessant action of body and mind was not required, to erase from Henry's soul the affection with which the beautiful and innocent Gabrielle d'Estrées had inspired him. Marie de Beauvilliers was now the sickle monarch's favourite. She was abbess of the convent of Montmartre; Henry had first seen her during the siege of Paris. Her convent had been dismantled, and in fact nearly demolished, by his soldiery, and to Henry she appealed for redress. Her beauty won a favorable answer to her petition. But here the work stopped; the intentions never became executions. Thus thrown into the world, the gay and beautiful lady seemed in no hurry again to close the convent door upon herself. Chance had once more thrown her in Henry's way, and now for some little time she had appeared to reign with absolute power over the monarch's fancy.

It is night, and in the apartments of the soldier king, is collected a group of some five or six. But they are not grey-haired statesmen and veterans, seated at the council board. No! to-night he banished care! give a laugh for a grave shake of the head, and a gay song for a wise speech; swords drain not now the crimson tide of life, but high the red wine sparkles in the cup. Fortune provides the feast of to-night, the field goddess may hold a fast to-morrow; but take the good the gods provide to-day,—to them belongs to-morrow. Ceremony and courtly rule are resting side by side, in quiet oblivion—no difficult exertion when we remember the familiarity that must ensue under circumstances which forced the royal Bourbon, "to seek in breakfast here, go without a dinner in his pursuit of a supper, and enjoy the luxury of a bed, when it was offered." But to-night, Henry plays the host, and offers rare and goodly cheer to his guests.

Briskly the wine cup circles, gaily the merry laugh and song ring on the clear still air. The revel was at its height, when the Chevalier d'Essarts, with eyes whose brilliancy was in part borrowed from the wine cup, rose and called them to pledge to Marie de Beauvilliers, the fairest woman in France. All but one rose and eagerly accepted the pledge.

"What means this, Bellegarde?" fell simultaneously from the lips of those around.

"Will ye not drink to the beautiful Marie de Beauvilliers, the fairest woman in France?"

"Aye! I will drink to the beautiful Marie de Beauvilliers, but not to her as the fairest woman in France. For that, gallants, ye must fill a second cup."

"And to whom shall we pledge it, Bellegarde?" said Henry, in a gay unconcerned tone, though the expression of his eye was more anxious. "To which of our court beauties will the Duke de Bellegarde drain that cup?"

"To none of these garden flowers, Sire! it is to a wild flower, that glowing with beauty still hides herself in the depth of her forest home."

"What pretty rustic, Bellegarde, hath turned thy philosophic brain, and filled thee with poetry and flowers?" cried d'Essarts.

"Of whom do you speak?" said Henry, in a tone whose very calmness made Bellegarde start.

"I speak, Sire, of Gabrielle d'Estrées, a younger daughter of the Marquis de Cœuvres, and I affirm that he, who hath not beheld the fair Gabrielle, hath yet to see all beauty."

There was a pause of an instant, for Henry's reply. His eyes were cast down, the whole expression of his face was changed, from gaiety, to one of seriousness, even sternness. All noted this; inquiring glances were exchanged; could it be anger, that any one should dare dispute his favorite's precedence? Again d'Essarts, spoke:

"A bold assertion—whence comes the confirmation! So bold a challenge should not rest here. How shall it be decided? who shall be the empires?"

Bellegarde turned upon the noisy d'Essarts a glance full of bitterness, but excited, as d'Essarts was, with wine, this only provoked him to pursue the subject. In a tone of laughing railery, he continued:

"So weighty an affair may not rest, even on your testimony; most noble Bellegarde. You may have drank of some enchanted spring in that same wood where blooms this wondrous flower; under its influence these pretty conceits and this daring spirit, may have been nursed. Another must try his fortune in the wood, and steadfastly refusing all enchanted draughts, he must pursue

his way till he reach the spot, where glows this wondrous flower, and with eyes undazzled by necromancy, if so it may happily be, he will resolve this weighty question. But what gallant Knight shall we appoint to this perilous adventure ?

"The King! the King!" said several voices ; "to his decision we will bow."

With forced gaiety Henry now joined in the conversation. The flush of excitement had passed from Bellegarde's face; he was now pale, even his lips were bloodless. All this could not pass unnoticed, and the apparently unwarrantable anxiety felt by both parties in such an affair, incited the others to carry it out. It was arranged that the Duke de Bellegarde, accompanied by Henry and three of the nobles then present, should proceed to Creuvres as soon as possible, but that their decision should be unrevealed till the same company were again assembled. Soon after these arrangements were concluded, Bellegarde, pleading the necessity of making some preparations for this unexpected enterprise, retired. When once released from the now irksome society of his companions, Bellegarde gave way to his excited feelings. He almost ran till he reached his quarters; entering he gave orders to be denied to all.

"A curse on my folly!" said he, as he closed and bolted his door, "ay, and a thousand curses will follow it. Fool! to betray my rare and beautiful bird into the net of the fowler, and then to dream or hope of mercy. But she is so good, so pure. Fool, madman! will the innocence and gentleness of the bird save her from the serpent's wife, or the hawk's strength?" and in his passionate frenzy he ground his teeth, and smote his brow with his clenched fist.

With feelings scarcely less excited and bitter, did Henry pace his chamber that night. As willingly as Bellegarde would Henry have avoided this adventure, which had been almost forced upon him. A word of his might even now prevent its being farther pursued, and yet, he resolved that that word should remain unsaid. Henry did indeed cherish an affection for Gabrielle, so deep and holy, that for her he was now prepared to immolate his own feelings. He well knew that if for him Gabrielle had ever cherished a warmer feeling than that of grateful friendship, his appearance in his real character must be its death blow. And dear though that hope was and had been,—for his passion for Marie de Beauvilliers was but a phantom which he had invoked, to drive away the only true love that ever warmed his breast,—how ineffectual the attempt had been, his own heart could best answer, dear though it was—he now determined not only to go with Bellegarde, but more, to advance by every means in his power his rival's interest. That Bellegarde was worthy

of the most ardent affection, he knew; and Henry wrought himself to believe that his dearest happiness would be in promoting Gabrielle's real felicity, even though, by so doing, he effectually shut her heart to himself. O, man! strong and generous in your impulses and theories, too often weak and selfish in practice!

Some three or four days after the event we have related, Henry, accompanied by Bellegarde and three other nobles, all in disguise, left the camp, on what, at best, was but a hair-brained expedition. To the incentives before given for its prosecution, we may add the charm of danger. To Henry, who always seemed to delight in placing himself in situations calculated rather to display his tenacity than his wisdom, this was more particularly a stimulating motive. Not but that there was a nobler one, but danger was as much an element that ministered to and was necessary to his existence, as was the air he breathed. The almost inaction of a tedious siege, made him willing to throw himself into anything that promised exciting adventure. Nor must we forget to mention that the ostensible reason for this secret journey, was the securing a body of German cavalry.

Bellegarde still regarded the affair in the same gloomy light; yet he had hopes that something might happen to prevent its full execution. Reports were continually reaching them of the Duke of Parma's movements, and the news of his entering France was now daily and even hourly expected. Again, though Bellegarde did not really wish that they should be discovered, he would have been very willing that their danger should be so great as to deter even Henry. These, however, were but hopes, faint ones too. He knew Henry too well to imagine that his projects would be easily turned aside, and the publicly avowed, and, indeed, one of the real reasons for the expedition, was the securing valuable and necessary aid.

The journey was indeed a perilous one, so perilous that all entreated Henry, that he, at least, would return to quarters, where the danger was not so imminent. As they advanced further into the country, they were frequently obliged to halt or turn from the highway, to avoid detachments of Mayenne's army, which was now concentrating about Ronen. It was in vain that every argument was adduced to dissuade Henry from his purpose of proceeding. It was evident the enemy had resolved upon decisive measures, and with those measures his own scrutiny would best acquaint him. They followed close in the wake of these detachments, and from the flying rumours Henry was enabled to form some notion of the enemy's intentions. He felt convinced that there

would be ample time for them to return to Rouen before the Duke could have effected a junction with Mayenne; and time would be saved if he now secured the German cavalry. Though the visit to the Lady Gabrielle now formed but an unimportant object of their journey, yet the danger which Bellegarde dreaded, seemed in no way lessened. The Castle of Cœuvres was almost on the direct route; at all events it afforded the safest and most convenient resting place. It was the afternoon of the sixth day from their quitting Rouen, that the cavalcade, travel-soiled and worn, presenting any appearance rather than that of a company of knights engaged in an exploit of romantic gallantry, reached the little village before described, as lying in the valley below the Castle of Cœuvres. There their vanity bade them halt for a time, that they might, in some measure, recover from the fatigues of the journey, and array themselves in a mode better suited for entering a courtly hall, or lady's bower. And now that Bellegarde despaired, his prayers were answered, yet in a manner that could hardly diminish his sorrow. While they yet tarried in the village, they received the doleful intelligence that the good and noble Lady Margaret had that morning closed her eyes on earth and its sorrows. Delicacy of feeling, or even common courtesy, forbade them intruding at such a season.

With noble generosity, Henry dispensed with Bellegarde's services during the remainder of the journey, that he might share, and attempt to lighten, the sorrows of his betrothed. A tear which did not sully though it dimmed, started to Bellegarde's eye, as Henry announced his kindly purpose. He could have wept in his remorse and gratitude, that he had so mistrusted and harshly judged his noble master. Henry observed his emotion, and as he wrung his hand in parting, said:

"Perchance it is for the weal of France that we are not now permitted to behold the Lady Gabrielle; even though her beauty did not make the monarch a slave, it might draw from their allegiance hearts, with whose service France and her king could now but ill dispense."

CHAPTER VII.

WITHOUT entering into the details of a campaign, in which the object of the party of the League was to retard, and that of Henry, who could with difficulty hold together his mercenary and mutinous troops, to expedite, we pass an interval of some weeks. The king, designing to entrap the Duke of Parma, had disbanded his whole army, and dispersed them over the country. His own quarters were fixed at Louviers. It was at this

time, while waiting an opportunity to strike a decisive blow, that Henry, whose vigilance could be satisfied with nothing short of personal investigation, was at Mautes.

The day had been passed in a vexatious council, the members of which seemed to have but one fixed design, and that was in every way to thwart the plans and intentions of the king. Protestants and Catholics, French and Foreigners, though at variance on every other point, seemed united in this. Sick at heart, indignant that he should be obliged to make disgraceful and disadvantageous concessions, where he should have issued commands, Henry retired from their noise and clamour. His head ached with excitement and vexation, and the blood rolled like fire through his veins. It was now the twilight hour, and Henry, hoping that he might, in some measure, escape from thought, and calm his excited soul, determined to walk forth. That he might escape observation, which in his present mood he could ill brook, he wrapped a loose cloak about his person, whose ample folds fully attained their object, and drawing his cap down so as to effectually conceal his features, sallied forth. As he walked on in his haste, jostling and jostled, now by a beggar, now by a fit bourgeois, now by one of his own noisy and selfish counsellors, now by a private soldier, alike unheeded by all, Henry thought of fortune, and its gifts, of fortune, and its changes. In this musing mood, oblivious of all around, he proceeded till he found himself without the city, and beneath the walls of a venerable chateau. From its gardens the sweet scents of a thousand summer flowers were borne on the gentle gale. The last streak of daylight had faded from the west; already the moon, with her attendant train, had risen from the bosom of the silvery Rhine. Her beams lay, a bridge of quivering light, upon its waters. It was one of those scenes and hours of quiet beauty, which might well win from the contemplation of self and its sorrows, and fill the soul with high and holy meditation. But Henry's mind and eye were now alike blind to beauty. Careless or thoughtless of consequences, he entered the grounds belonging to the chateau. He wondered on till he reached the forest, through whose thickly interwoven branches the moonlight fell at intervals, in faint, straggling, melancholy rays. The gloom was congenial, and seating himself on a moss-grown stone, he buried his head in his mantle, and resigned himself to indignant thought. He might have remained an hour in this position, when he was roused from his reverie, by a voice whose tones he could never forget. It was indeed Gabrielle, and she sang that same hymn which before had awakened such deep emotion in Henry's

breast. If, before, it seemed a more than mortal melody, now it was the song of a newly enfranchised spirit. Love and sorrow had commenced their work. The Promethean spark was kindled in her breast; the soul had found its life. The first stanzas told of sorrow, and the singer's voice dwelt and sighed upon the notes as the wind on the chords of an Eolian harp; and now they tell of hope and joy, and she broke forth into strains so harmonious and impassioned, that it seemed as though her soul, bursting from its bonds, would float upward and away, on the tide of its own heavenly melody. There was soul in every note, and Henry listened with a delight that was almost awe. Again and again she sang; now the notes were bursts of joy, and now the low complaints of woe. In this capriciousness Henry fancied he could trace the heart's sickness. The dream which before had floated through his soul once more rested there. He felt how fruitless had been his efforts to forget. He had mounded and controlled his actions, not his feelings. He listened till the sounds had ceased, yet without being able to discover from precisely what quarter they proceeded. There was a light in this end of the château to indicate which chamber she occupied; and the clearness of the evening rendered it impossible that he could reconnoitre, without discovering himself.

The next day, and the next, saw Henry a lingerer in Mantes, and each evening found him an unsuccessful watcher in the gardens of the château. But on the third evening, as he listened for that well known voice, and watched the lights that glanced from window to window, he saw the Lady Gabrielle issue from a door immediately in front of him. She was dressed in robes of the deepest mourning, and leaned on the arm of one, whom Henry too quickly recognised. It was the Duke de Bellegarde, the rival whose interest, Henry had calmly and solemnly vowed he would in every way promote. A thrill of jealous agony shot through his veins, as he heard Gabrielle's soft low tones as she replied to her companion. He retreated into the shade of the wood. They reached the spot, where a moment before he had stood. He heard Gabrielle say, that when she looked a moment before, she thought she saw the figure of a man, leaning against the tree. Bellegarde answered, that he too thought so, but it was probably only the shadow cast from some neighboring object. They paused to gaze upon the scene beneath. On Gabrielle's face were the traces of recent illness, but they had given it the expression of a seraph; she seemed wearied even now, and prepared to seat herself upon the turf. Bellegarde spread his mantle on the ground. For another moment he

lingered and listened, as the young man spoke of the beauty of the scene in tones which showed that it was happiness which made all so lovely to him. Honour forbade his lingering any longer, and he cautiously turned to depart. But his step, light and practised though it was, met the quick ear of Bellegarde; he started up, and gazed around.

"It is caught," said Gabrielle "but some timorous squirrel, which we have disturbed: or perchance it is Fidèle: he followed us out."

"To me," said Bellegarde, "it sounds like a cautious step."

"Your ear is too acute," said Gabrielle, laughingly. "I can assure you, that you need fear no ambuscade here. This is my territory, and none dare intrude here, without their sovereign's leave."

Most opportunely, to support Gabrielle's assertions, remove Bellegarde's doubts, and Henry's difficulties, the little hound of which Gabrielle had spoken, just then came bounding from the wood. Henry had learned, what he so much wished to know. Here he might hope to meet the lady alone.

The next day, when Henry sought the wood, he discovered an arbour which in the uncertain moonlight he had not before noticed. To form this sylvan bower, lofty elms were left standing in nearly a complete circle; their boughs so interlaced by nature, assisted by art, as to form a roof through which neither sun nor a mere summer shower could penetrate. For its tapestry, the wild vine and ivy, interspersed with various flowering creepers, were taught to mingle in harmonious confusion. How dull and poor the richest products of the loom, heavy with gold and embroidery, to this airy fabric fresh from Nature's hand, swaying to and fro in the gentle breeze, its hues varying with the shifting light, and pouring on the air its unseen incense. The carpet spread by nature's hand, glowed with her rich enamelling of flowers, whilst through its centre, contrasting charmingly with the vivid green of the turf which sloped gradually to its margin, purred a brook tiny and bright as a silver thread. The sunshine piercing the trellised wall sported with its bubbles, with playful alchemy transmuting them to diamonds, which glanced along, swift and bright as the hours of youth, when coloured by Love and wafted onward by Hope.

Outside the bower, Henry awaited the lady's coming. His patience was not long tried; ere many minutes had passed, he saw Gabrielle approaching with slow and languid steps. She looked even paler and more sorrow-worn by day, than she had done the previous evening; perhaps it was that the bright sunny ringlets, which had

escaped from their confinement and fell in rich luxuriance about her face and shoulders, made her wanness more striking. She seated herself on a mound by the margin of the brook, and opening a volume which she carried in her hand, bent her eyes upon the page. Minutes passed, her eye rested there, but the page was still unturned, and the lady's reverie still unbroken. Now was waged in Henry's mind, the fierce conflict between duty and inclination. As he gazed on Gabrielle, so young, so fair, and yet with the marks of deep grief in every lineament; the generous and noble impulse struggled hard for the mastery of his soul; should he strive to mingle with the bitterness of sorrow, the sting of remorse? For a few moments, the contest seemed doubtful, but the impulse was vanquished, it could not stand the test of temptation. He cheated himself with the belief that only this once, would he seek her presence, that he had not infringed, and would not, the spirit of his vow. Easier is it to close the ear to the Syren's spell, than to flee from it.

He advanced from his concealment, and stood beside the lady. Absorbed in her own thoughts, she did not perceive him, till Henry, in gentle tones, inquired if he were indeed so unfortunate as to be entirely forgotten by the Lady Gabrielle. At the sound of that unexpected, but well remembered voice, Gabrielle shrieked, and would have fallen had not Henry caught her. That the object of her thoughts should stand before her, as though he had sprung from the ground, was too great and joyful a surprise for her drooping frame, and for a few moments she remained insensible. When she unclosed her eyes, and beheld Henry kneeling by her side, and chafing her temples, she pressed her hand upon her eyes, as if to convince herself of being really awake—that this was no vision. With the conviction of its reality, a burning blush spread over her pale cheek. In tones of pleading earnestness, Henry begged forgiveness for having thus intruded upon her solitude.

"Chance acquainted me that you were in Mantes," said he, and he recounted to her his adventure on the first evening. "I knew that it must be an angel, or the Lady Gabrielle, that sang, and since then I have lingered here, in the almost vain hope of seeing you. Can you, will you, forgive me for thus presuming to enter your presence?"

"It is never presumption" said Gabrielle, while the blush again overspread her cheek. "for the Count d'Albret to seek my presence, As my cousin's friend and my own, he is always welcome. But why does he seek me by stealth?"

That peculiar expression of mingled pride and

melancholy, which Gabrielle had so often before noticed, for an instant rested on Henry's face, as he answered:

"The soldier of fortune, whose possessions are yet to be won by his sword, and whose highest titles are honour and courage, is unwilling to intrude himself into the halls of the proud and titled."

"O speak not thus," said Gabrielle, with warmth, "the proudest halls were honoured by the presence of the Count d'Albret. Though I may not promise the sincere cordial welcome you once received, when—" she paused, and without concluding the sentence, continued: "But a courteous welcome from the Marchioness de Sourdis, I may surely promise."

Before the sentence was concluded, Gabrielle's voice trembled excessively, and the bright blush faded from her cheek; she knew that she had even now promised more than she dared hope. The Marchioness de Sourdis, her aunt on the maternal side, with whom she had resided since the death of the Lady Margaret, was a woman of strong intellect, imperious in her disposition, of boundless ambition, and insatiable avarice; Gabrielle knew it to be highly improbable that she would receive even courteously an almost nameless soldier, when the haughtiest in the land were her constant guests, and often her suppliants; for, though hated, her intriguing disposition made her also an object of terror. Gabrielle also knew that her aunt more than suspected her of being not altogether "fancy free." That this was the real reason for her indifference for Bellegarde, and her other suitors, among whom were the Duke de Lougueville, the Marchioness had bluntly accused her. Gabrielle trembled at the mere thought of what the consequences would be, were she exposed to her cool searching glance, when in the presence of the Count d'Albret. She knew that the Marchioness would instantly penetrate her secret, and that the result would be galling insults to her guest, fresh indignities and privations to herself. Henry observed her emotions, and perhaps guessed somewhat of the thoughts which were passing through her mind, for he answered:

"These cold courteous receptions suit not my taste. Pardon me that I say it, but I crave not the honour of entering the halls of the Marchioness de Sourdis. She is everything, and anything, but what the noble Lady Margaret was."

"You speak the truth," involuntarily exclaimed Gabrielle.

"Moreover," continued Henry, "there are other, and yet more weighty reasons, why I may not seek thee openly."

"I ask not that thou should'st reveal them,"
said Gabrielle.

She thought she partially divined his reasons,
—how very partially did she comprehend them!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ALARM.

BY S. J.

"In our African Possessions the President holds in
his hands the price of British America. Let it be given,
and Great Britain excluded from this Continent."

New York Sun.

Ye hold our price! Aye! Count away!
The vaunted treasure tell;
Go proffer all,—it shall not pay
What England cannot sell!

Nor will she leave our hands, o'er borns,
To strew their lands with slain;
Nor see her own bright banner torn
From Abram's laurelled plain.

Come where our blue waves calmly glide,
Come where our rapids roar;
And pour your life-blood on the tide
With theers who guard the shore.

Brightly the tales of former fray,
In our brief records shine
"Unto!" our country's watch-word aye,
When foemen seek the line.

Back on our sons the days are pour'd,
When "held on field was won;"
When the maid girt on her lover's sword,
And the mother blessed her son.

Long years, since then, their work have wrought
On many a lovely brow;
But she, whose lover bravely fought,
Sees sons around her now.

Loud rings th' Alarm through bower and hall,
"Prepare for fight—prepare!"
And answering to the muster call
Deep voices stir the air.

They are gathering! From plain and vale,
On lake and river shore,
Norman, Hibernian, Saxon, Gael,
The living torrents pour.

And link'd with proud remembrance there,
Through streams of blood and fire,
The gallant "Vallieur" shall bear
The trophies of his sire.

And many a bayonet, keen and bright,
Flash through the battle's gloom,
As streams athwart the lines of fight,
GLEGARY's verdant plume.

Loud rings th' Alarm through bower and hall,
"Prepare for fight—prepare!"
And drum and fife and tocsin call,
Are mingling in the air:—

With rattling wheel and hoof's firm tread,
The ponderous cannon booming;
The horseman's trenchant battle blade,
In its glittering scabbard ringing;

And the echoing neigh of fiery steeds,
That scarce have felt the rein,
Carreering from our northern meads,
To course the muster plain;

And snorting, as the bugle's sound
First greets their startled ears,
And spurring for the trembling ground,
As round them gleam the spears.

On rolls th' Alarm, from bower and hall,
"Prepare for fight—prepare!"
Mid wild woods' sigh and torrents' fall,
Deep voices stir the air.

They are gathering—they are gathering—
The forest warriors come,
With noiseless step and ringing yell,
And sullen booming drum:—

And filing on to the foremost rank,
As the dark-brow'd chiefs appear,
Loud bursts at once from flank to flank
One shout of friendly cheer.

O'er field and flood—through bower and hall,
Still sounds the deep "Prepare!"
And drum and fife, and tocsin call
Are mingling in the air.

They are gathering—they are gathering—
A young and gallant band:
The motto on each glowing breast,
"For Queen and Native Land!"

"Pour la Patrie et pour la Reine!"
"La Reine et la Patrie!"
Still hear that badge without a stain
Ye warriors brave and free!

"On to the vanguard, on, on, on!"
With dauntless glance they go,
The flowing plumes wave gracefully,
O'er every cloudless brow.

O'er field and flood—through bower and hall,
Still sounds the deep "Prepare!"
They have answer'd to the muster call—
All, all, I love, are there.

But on! — Ye go to guard our land,
With hopes and courage high,
A thousand prayers attend your band;
But not one tear or sigh!

Montreal, February, 1846.

LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. F.

Abel remained stunned. This second visit had developed in the young man the sentiment, which from the first had floated indistinctly through his mind; but it was not love in the strictest sense of the word, because hope was wanting. After the departure of the fairy, Abel thought of every movement and expression; he remembered, and was puzzled by, the inexplicable embarrassment which had appeared for a moment on her countenance; he remained for a long time plunged in deep meditation, and when Caliban entered, he was in the same posture as he had been left by the fairy.

"Ah! Caliban, she tells me she cannot lengthen your life."

Caliban looked sadly down to the ground, and when he raised his head again, Abel saw the big tear rolling down his wrinkled cheek.

"Ah! Abel, then I shall quit thee—promise me that thou wilt put me by the side of thy father."

Abel promised.

A few days afterwards the fairy came again; she told Abel he would run great hazard if he went to see the palace in which she lived, but he replied that nothing would have power to daunt him with such a hope in view; the fairy then gave him her wand of mother-of-pearl, which for this time only, she said, would obey the will of a stranger, and she added:

"To-morrow, Abel, when all nature shall be buried in a deep sleep, when the village clock sounds the hour of midnight, then thou must strike with this wand upon the stone monument which you will find about a hundred paces from this cottage: it will open and show thee a gulf, down which thou must throw thyself. When thy feet touch the ground, walk bravely on until thou seest a light visible only to thee; it will guide thee to my palace."

The fairy again disappeared as before. Abel held in his hand the magic wand; he kissed it again and again, because his fairy had touched it; he knew not what to do with it—he put it

in this place, then in that, then returned to see if it was still there.

At the time when Napoleon held all Europe bent under his powerful hand, and appeared to men surrounded by an almost superhuman glory, he confided his portfolio to a young Secretary. The young man knew not what to do with his treasure; he consulted every body.

"How shall I carry the portfolio of an Emperor? In what private and precious case can I lock it up?"

He dared not take his eyes from it; he felt as if Napoleon or his genius were in it. If any body passed by it, he was uneasy. If any one came to see him, he showed them the portfolio, and repeated to every body that he carried the Emperor's portfolio. At last he became insane upon this point. It was almost so with Abel and the wand, and it can well be imagined with what impatience he waited for the hour, named for his adventure, to arrive.

Caliban insisted upon accompanying him, and when the clock sounded the midnight hour, they were both standing by the stone, and ere the last echo had died away, Abel struck the slab with the wand. It opened immediately and flames burst forth; Caliban looked at Abel with affright, but the intrepid young man, closing his eyes, sprang into the centre of the little volcano, and Caliban followed him. They fell upon some soft and pliable substance, and so received no injury; they heard the stone close upon them with a crash, and found themselves in the most frightful obscurity. Abel rose, and putting his hand before him walked courageously on, calling upon Caliban to follow, but this faithful servant heard not; he sought to find him, but in vain, and he decided to go on.

He went on for some distance without meeting any obstacle; the most profound silence reigned, and darkness brooded upon every thing. The road was long, but he pressed on; soon a horrible noise sounded above and around him; the very vault under which he walked seemed to

shuke, and he feared lest it should fall and crush him. After the first cold creeping fear which the frightful noise occasioned had passed away, he proceeded; but the noise increased, and seemed to approach him. Abel paused, and seated himself on a stone; he soon saw at a distance a luminous point of light, which increased in brightness, and finally, as it drew near him, took the form of a huge giant, who rushed up to him, and raised above his head a massy club. Abel sprang aside, and then he heard a frightful jeering laugh echo all around him. Abel ran towards the giant, and just as he was on the point of striking him the figure changed into a bright line of light, and then became a serpent, which sprang furiously upon poor Abel, who sought to touch him with the fairy's wand. As soon as the unwieldy monster felt the magic touch, he sprang back into the darkness, but immediately returned in the form of a skeleton, balancing his body on two spiral bones. Abel could see the light shining through the ribs, and hear a hollow laugh ring through the frightful form.

At this moment, when almost subdued and awe-struck, the remembrance of the fairy and her laughing prophecies, passed through Abel's mind, and he resolutely closed his eyes, and walked on till he was quite weary. He seated himself for a few minutes, and then opening his eyes could see nothing; he proceeded a little further, when a soft light like that of the moon, glimmered at the end of this subterranean walk; he soon reached it, but could see nothing save the waters of a lake which reflected a multitude of lights. Looking round, he saw a grotto composed of the rarest sea shells; it was on the border of the purest and most limpid lake—trees, illuminated with coloured lamps, surrounded it on all sides. A golden bark floated on it, and the hardy young man sprang in an instant into it, and strove to guide it towards a magnificent Chinese pavilion which he now saw on the other side. The moment he was in the boat sweet strains of music burst from all sides of the lake.

Abel could not but enjoy this magnificent spectacle which filled his soul. Always looking for the marvellous, he was sailing upon a lake in the midst of an ocean of light, brighter than the stars which gleamed from the pure heaven above him. He saw before him a beautiful pavilion, in every angle and corner of which was a pearl larger than an egg, from which streamed the same mysterious radiance which always accompanied the fairy. The waters appeared to lose themselves under this divine pavilion, and through the large glass windows he could see figures moving about, and dancing like sylphs. When he had guided his little bark to the pavilion, he

heard the merry laugh and joyous music of the dancing fairies. He leaped out upon the shore, and immediately he was seized by two large and strong persons, who put him into a sort of frame, and carried him away with great rapidity; he tried to break through the chest in which he found himself, but all his efforts were vain, and the mocking laugh of those who carried him, made him feel how inadequate were all human efforts against the powerful enchantments of superhuman beings.

Soon he heard again the noise which had accompanied him in his subterranean walk; his prison burst, and he found himself enveloped in a white cloud, and as it passed away, discovered a place which rivalled all that his imagination had painted of a fairy palace. It was a circular saloon; the cupola was supported by pillars of white marble, the floor was made of precious woods inlaid with the most costly designs; a crystal lustre was suspended from the centre of the vaulted ceiling. From four golden tripods exhaled the richest perfume; all around the room was a divan covered with rich purple cushions, the frame inlaid with gold. Between each of the lofty columns was a statue on a pedestal of bronze, inscribed to each of the most celebrated fairies or enchanters. In his surprise, Abel had not at first perceived an open door, which led into another saloon; but he soon heard within it well known voices, and there he saw the home of his fairy.

It was lighted from above, but the glare was softened by a veil of most delicate tissue, which fell from the ceiling, and shaded with its soft folds the whole room. This divine retreat was square, and at each corner were crystal pedestals, on which were superb alabaster vases, filled with the richest perfume; the walls seemed to be of wrought silver, inlaid with shells of mother-of-pearl, artistically arranged. The brilliant, floating and changing colours were a most exquisite finish to this fairy boudoir. At the base of each shell was a tassel of pearl, and above and below, the plinth was grided with pearls; all the furniture of the room, instead of wood, was made of mother of pearl, inlaid with silver, and the drapery was of azure satin, embroidered with pearls. Every where were scattered the most delicate white flowers, jasmine, orange, and myrtle, and in the centre of the room was a sculptured marble basin, with a Cupid breathing through a shell the most limpid water, which was thrown to the ceiling, and falling was caught within the basin with a silvery sound, monotonously musical, which disposed the mind to reverie. Abel was stupified by so much beauty. Looking round bewildered, he perceived in an alcove, the fairy, reposing upon

a couch of purest white, sown with pearls; he recognized her immediately, and all the magnificence of the place was lost upon him. Upon a table of inwrought silver stood the bronze lamp, which cast its mysterious light on all around.

The pretty fairy rose and ran towards Abel, but he heard not the sound of her steps, for she trode upon a carpet white and soft as the snow; he was agitated by such a variety of feelings, he could not utter one word; he gazed a moment at her, and then throwing himself upon his knees before her, he covered her feet with his kisses; the fairy enjoyed his astonishment with delight, and his homage gave her marked pleasure.

"Rise," she said, "and do not commit such follies."

Could Abel have seen the blush which mantled over the fairy's cheek he would have been at the height of happiness. She drew the young man to the white sofa, and then taking from him her wand, she struck upon the silver table. Immediately the sweetest music filled the air, and Abel in his ecstasy seized the hand of the fairy. They remained thus while the music continued, and when it ceased, Abel's whole heart was so filled with love that his very soul seemed to blend with the fairy's. She did not seem displeased; her heart beat in unison with his, but she gently drew her hand from him, and Abel thought he had lost every thing, when he no longer felt the pressure of the delicate fingers of this angel of love and beauty.

"Wherefore! wherefore!" said he, "did I ever come to this place? I can never live again upon the earth, but must dwell in this cloud which you inhabit; you have taken from me my garden, my flowers, for they all displease me now, and you have given me nothing."

"Ingrate!" said the fairy, in a reproachful tone; "do you call the remembrance of this moment nothing, which even to me is not without its charm? Yes," added she, "my palace is splendid, aye magnificent—but know you not, Abel, that the most beautiful home for a fairy, is a pure heart, a heart all her own, a heart generous, noble, and sensible."

Abel looked at her with an expression that said he offered his own.

"I understand you," said she with a smile; "but to communicate with the genii, you must have much knowledge which you do not now possess."

"And can I acquire it?" asked he.

"Yes, and if you obtain it I shall have one great proof of your aptitude in learning."

"Beautiful Fairy!" said Abel; "you promised to evoke for me the shade of my father. Ah! if you have the power to do it!" And he

threw himself on his knees and looked beseechingly in her face.

The fairy rose, took him by the hand, and while he looked up to the white vault where sparkled the brilliant light, she kissed his hand. Abel turned instantly towards her, but she assumed so cold a dignity that, repulsed, he cast down his eyes. Then the fairy touched with her wand a shell, which disappeared suddenly; a slight noise made Abel look up, and he saw before him his father blowing his furnace, and his mother embroidering his collar; he put his hand to his throat to assure himself this pledge of love was still there, but he was stupified and mute from fright; he sprang forward to embrace them, but was stopped by a substance cold as ice, and hard as a diamond.

He swooned—at his awaking he found himself in the arms of his fairy; she was paler than himself; she was fanning him with a perfumed handkerchief, and the sweet odours had restored his consciousness; this was one of the happiest moments of his life. His eyes met those of his fairy fixed upon him with an expression of intense affection; it was a delicious sensation, he felt himself born again into life, with this difference that he was now conscious of birth, and seemed to draw his existence from the eyes of the fairy. He had no remembrance, no thought, but was plunged into a ravishing calm, tranquil and happy; he seemed to belong no more to earth; he knew not where he was, nor what he was. He loved, and saw the object of his love smiling upon him from a cloud of grace and beauty.

The Fairy of Pearls was dressed in a style to realize fully the idea of an angel; her hair fell in soft glossy ringlets around her face, her eyes were full of compassion. Abel believed himself in heaven, but as soon as she saw him open his eyes, she quitted him and went out, and Abel found himself alone with his ecstasy and remembrances. After a reverie of love, sweet as country air, he perceived the lamp, and remembering the history of Aladdin, he conceived the idea of appropriating this of the fairy. "It could do no harm to her," he reasoned; "for if it is a talisman, she does not require it, and if it is only a lamp, I shall not be depriving her of any thing very precious." That which confirmed him in the idea of its being a talisman, was its extreme simplicity, for it was made of bronze, without any ornament. He quickly extinguished it, and hid it in his bosom, resolving to try its power the very first opportunity.

The fairy soon returned, bringing in a vase full of a beverage white as milk, which she insisted upon Abel's drinking. While he took it, she perceived the larceny he had committed, and recal-

ling the manner in which he had looked at the lamp, she easily divined with what intention the robbery had been committed.

"Ingrate!" said she, in vain striving to render her harmonious voice, severe and stern; "I have loaded you with benefits,—I have granted your wishes,—I have done that for you, which no other fairy would have done for a mortal, when I introduced you to my dwelling, at the risk of being reprimanded by other fairies, and you now repay me by taking from me my most precious talisman."

Abel fell on his knees.

"Oh! do not be angry, or I shall die with grief."

"Go," said she; "my only punishment will be, to give it to you, and tell you how you can make it serviceable. Whenever you desire any thing, strike with the lamp three times on the stone, marked with cabalistic characters, near your cottage; it is a precious slab which your father buried there, and which I have been at much trouble to uncover. Remember to strike with it three times, and the Genius of the Lamp will give you all you ask for. And now, adieu—merit my present."

She took his hand, and having led him out of this mysterious asylum, she guided his steps through a long dark gallery; and then pronounced some words in a strange language; immediately three figures seized him, placed him on a soft cushion, bandaged his eyes, and he felt himself borne rapidly away; he soon sunk into a profound slumber, and when he awoke, found himself on his own bed, in the laboratory, Caliban at his side, looking anxiously at him. Abel thought he must be dreaming; he rubbed his eyes, and looked uneasily at his old servant.

THE TRIAL OF THE LAMP.

"Caliban, have I been only dreaming? did you not go with me into the gulf last night?"

"Last night!" said the old man. "Night before last you mean; for a day and a night I have been so uneasy about you. Immediately after I had fallen into that villainous hole, I was seized by two unknown persons, who kept me for some time, when the slab was re-opened, and I was thrown out upon the earth. I ran to seek thee every where, but I could not find thee, and now, but a little while since, returning to the cottage, I found thee sleeping here."

Abel rose, and in so doing, perceived the lamp, and he no longer doubted the reality of the adventure.

"Caliban, we are kings of the earth, look at this talisman; it was given me by the fairy."

Then he told the old man all that had passed.

Caliban, wonder-struck, wished to try its virtues immediately; they ran to the monument. Abel placed himself near the slab, and struck upon it three times, with the marvellous lamp; then with all the confidence of childhood, he and Caliban withdrew a few paces; the slab was quickly raised, and a lovely fairy, clothed in white garnished with pearls, appeared, leaning on the arm of a frightful negro, with a drawn sword. She turned towards Abel, and bowing low, said:

"Hail, adored master! I come to receive thy orders, to anticipate thy wishes, to obey thee, whatever thou dost command me. I will be swifter than the wind, I will consume like the flame, I will rise like a column, I will change into diamonds, or become a soft carpet for thy feet. I will do all, be all for thee. What dost thou desire of me, my master? Speak, I wait!"

As she spoke, Caliban and Abel looked at her in surprise. She resembled a beautiful girl, leaning against a bronze statue; so surprised were they, they could not at first think what to ask; at last the old servant said:

"I wish our garden should be taken care of—I am too old to dig, and reap—and that our flour should be prepared for use, ground, and white as milk."

"Yes—that is what I wish," said Abel.

The fairy bowed low, and she and the negro disappeared; immediately the slab, which seemed imbued with life, closed over them, leaving Abel and Caliban in perfect amaze. They looked again at it, and thought they must have been dreaming; the old servant tried to raise it by the iron ring, but in vain—they then were convinced that the stone was enchanted;—and they examined the lamp with the same curiosity, as a child who wishes to break his plaything, that he may discover how it is made.

Abel, plunged into embarrassment by the number of his wishes, could only put an end to his reverie, by dwelling upon the perfections of his fairy, and the charm of the last moments he had passed with her; love filled his whole being, and rendered it impossible that he could have any thought not blended with the fairy.

When Caliban re-entered the cottage, it was almost night, and he stumbled over something which lay by the door; he took it up. It was heavy, and on examination, it proved to be a sack of the finest flour from the mill; he put it carefully away, and then on passing by the window which looked into the garden, he saw three slaves, dressed in white, digging. He went out and looked at them with crossed arms, taking a divine pleasure in seeing his work thus wrought by enchantment; he spoke to them, but they answered not, nor paused in their work. Caliban, still more

wonder-struck, blessed the lamp, the fairy, the good God, that Abel had a talisman, which would prevent his ever needing any thing.

"Odzooks!" said he aloud; "it is forty years since I have eaten any meat, and made a regular repast—I wish I could order a good breakfast for to-morrow morning."

Abel was still without the cottage—the moon rested on the valley, and led him to meditation; the current of his thoughts was interrupted by a sad and plaintive strain, which echoed from below the hills. It was the voice of suffering, the requiem of a breaking heart.

"Ah!" said he, "there are unhappy beings in this valley, and I can perhaps succour them."

He advanced to see who it was that sung so sadly, and he perceived a figure, moving slowly among the willows, which bordered the brook. It looked like one of the shades of those, who, not having obtained burial, wander, the poets tell us, on the shadowy banks of the mournful Styx; its movements were irregular and undecided, it went hither and thither, as if taking leave of the valley. At this moment, a stifled sigh by his side, startled Abel, and, looking up, he saw Catherine. With joy, he welcomed her, and showing her the lamp, he said:

"Catherine, ask any thing of me, and you shall receive it, for this is a precious talisman, which will grant all my desires."

"Ah! that which I wish cannot come to me, from that iron lamp," replied she.

"But if, my little Catherine——" and he told her his last adventure. The poor peasant girl's heart was filled with bitterness, to hear his expressions of love for the fairy. "Oh!" said he, in closing, "I feel now the full force of what you have often said—the cruel suffering—for how can I tell a fairy, 'I love you,' how dare to look at her, with this thought in my heart, which she will surely read in my face?"

"Oh! why do you not love one who loves you in her heart, to whom you are all that the fairy is to you?" said Catherine.

She stopped suddenly, blushes mantling her ingenuous face; for a few moments they were both silent, then the plaintive song of the wanderer in the valley burst forth again, in a still sadder strain. Catherine, who felt she had now an excuse, wept freely.

"Catherine," said Abel, "why do you hide from me the cause of your grief, when now I can make you happy?"

"I am not weeping for myself, but for the poor Juliette, whom I hear singing near us!" replied Catherine.

"Ah! is that she?" said Abel. "My lamp shall

remove all the obstacles that separate her from Antoine."

Catherine, delighted at the goodness of heart of her beloved, sprang away to tell Juliette; she knew not how Abel was to make her happy; she could not comprehend it; but her intense sympathy made her anxious for the trial. She soon brought Juliette with her; she was beautiful, but very pale; sometimes her face would light up with an expression, that spoke of the grace and gaiety which filled her, ere love had lighted the fire, which now burned in fitful flashes from her eyes; she seated herself and every look announced the inquietude which reigned in her mind. Juliette was no longer herself; her soul was absent from her body, and as Catherine looked at her, she read with prophetic eye, the fate that awaited herself. When Catherine said, that Abel possessed the means of rendering her the happy wife of Antoine; the light of hope sparkled in her face, like the bright dots which gleam forth from a half consumed paper. She raised her eyes to Abel, whose rare beauty she did not seem to notice, then looking down, she said slowly:

"The tomb will be my nuptial bed, and the chants of the church my bridal song. Antoine! oh, Antoine!" She looked up to the heavens, with its mantle of azure, to the bright stars, and over the valley. "Adieu, adieu!" murmured she.

"Catherine," said Abel, "what is necessary to enable her to marry the one she loves?"

"I imagine," answered she, "that twenty thousand francs could remove all obstacles."

Abel struck the stone three times with the lamp, and the little fairy again appeared as before, and sang of obedience, which plunged Juliette and Catherine into speechless astonishment. Abel asked for twenty thousand francs.

"Before your pulses shall have beat ten times, you shall receive your desire."

The fairy disappeared, but instantly re-appeared, pointing to a large bag which the negro threw on the ground by the side of Abel. And then with a lowly obeisance, she vanished.

A sweet perfume filled the air. Catherine and Juliette were awe-struck. Stupified, they looked first at Abel, then at the stone, the lamp, but most at him, for he seemed an angel descended from heaven. Juliette, the happy Juliette, gazed at him with an overflowing heart, and a face sparkling with the happiness of happy love.

"If you are a mortal," she said, "you will in my soul be the rival of Antoine; your place in our cottage shall be always marked, and no person shall take it."

"Thou art happy?" said Catherine, smiling.

"Ah! yes, very happy," said Juliette, turning her eyes to the farm where her beloved lived.

CANADIAN LEGENDS.

BY CLARENCE ORMOND.

NO. I.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

CHAPTER I.

ON the banks of the St. Lawrence, about midway between Montreal and Trois Rivières, the curious traveller will find a ruined mansion with which is connected the incidents of the following tale. A deserted house usually attracts but little attention, as it is generally supposed that the owner, becoming dissatisfied with his residence, has sought another home. We have seen many a house deserted in this manner just as the proprietor would get comfortably settled in the world; but with the restless disposition so characteristic of the western settlers, they would leave all the enjoyments of life to seek a precarious subsistence on the frontiers of civilization. Having premised thus much we will proceed to the relation of the incidents above referred to.

About the year 18—, a man calling himself William Caruthers, made his appearance in the little village, near which are situated the ruins, and having purchased the land necessary, erected a handsome two-story dwelling. Though he freely mingled with the villagers and neighbors, yet all marked an air of mystery about him, and when questioned about his former life he returned surly answers and was evidently annoyed. Thenceforth this was a topic not to be touched upon in his presence. In course of time the stranger married the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, and to all appearance, was a thriving man.

Twenty years passed on, and still Caruthers' neighbours could discover nothing about him—the same impenetrable cloud of mystery was wrapped around. Often he had dropped obscure hints, which his wife and family, consisting of a daughter about sixteen, and two sons of the respective ages of nine and twelve, in calmer moments ventured to question him about, but sternly forbidding them to seek to know his secret, he drove them from his presence. Then, and then only had he ever spoken rudely to them.

It was an evening in December, about twenty years after his first appearance in the village. The sharp cold wind whistled fiercely around, and snow drifted in banks against the side of the house—while the family within were gathered around the ample fire-place, from which a huge pile of hickory logs diffused a genial warmth throughout the room, each pursuing their wonted avoca-

A sad smile played on Catherine's lips, as she said, somewhat bitterly:

"It is not difficult for women who marry those they love to be virtuous."

Abel looked at them both with curiosity; he could not comprehend the thanks lavished upon him, for the pleasure to himself was so great, he felt indebted to them for giving him the opportunity of enjoying it. He took their hands, pressed them to his heart, and said with an enthusiasm which partook of the tenderness that filled his whole soul:

"Oh! you have made me know the full pleasure of furies,—bring to me all the unhappy."

Juliette promised often to return. Then the two young girls, taking up the bag of gold, turned their steps towards the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINES WRITTEN IN MY BIBLE.

Has grief's rude hand, thy bosom torn?
And dost thou weep some fatal truth?
Art thou untimely left to mourn—
The blighted visions of thy youth?
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Flows it for friendship ill repaid?
Or, does thy heart in secret sigh,
O'er hope deceived, or love betrayed?

Then Pilgrim! turn this soothing page,
Here find a solace a solace for thy care,
That can life's darkest ills assuage;
And calm the tortures of despair:
And learn with gratitude to know,
This sacred book to man was given
To light his erring steps below,
But 'twill be realized in Heaven.

Ormslow, 1844.

GEM FROM THE OLD POETS.

HERBICK—1591.

TO DAFFODILLS.

Falro daffodills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay
Until the lusty day
Has run

But to the even-song:
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.

We die.

As your hours do, and drie
Away,

Like to the summer's raine;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found againe.

tions. In the corner the boys were studying their lessons—the frugal housewife was employed in mending her husband's and children's clothes—while Caruthers, who had sunk in a deeper reverie than usual, was the only idle one.

At length he abruptly broke the silence :

“Our young village lawyer, Arthur Gilmour,” said he, glancing at his daughter Mary, “has been rather a frequent visitor here of late. Nay you need not blush so, girl. He is a worthy young man, and I do not disapprove of him. He is starting well in life, and he has no secret crime as a drawback on his future pros——.”

A loud startling knock here interrupted him, fortunately, perhaps, for the revelation he seemed about to make ; and certainly, for Mary's blushes.

“Hasten to admit the stranger, for I would not drive a dog from my door in such a night as this.”

His daughter gladly obeyed his order, and in a moment ushered the new comer into the room. When his over clothes were removed they saw that he was a dark, fierce-looking man about the middle height, and apparently not much over forty years of age. He started, as he advanced to take his seat by the fire, on seeing the face of his host, but recovering, replied courteously that it being necessary that he should be in Montreal soon, he had left the last journey on horseback determined to continue his voyage, spite of the signs of the rising storm ; that his horse, which had with difficulty made its way through the deep drifts, had given out about a mile back, and that, cheered by the friendly light which glimmered through the cottage windows, he had made out to reach there. Caruthers immediately offered to go in search of the horse, but the stranger declined, saying it was beyond the reach of mortal aid. After a few such interrogatories and answers, the stranger requested a few minutes' private speech with Caruthers. Without reply, he led the way into an adjoining room, where he said they would be free from intrusion.

“That you partly guess the object of my errand, Dick Farnham, is apparent from your confused looks. Yes—I know that secret which drove you to this remote part of the world.”

Caruthers, or Dick Farnham, as his strange companion called him, groaned—and, burying his face in his hands, replied :

“Your disclosure of the secret, nor death itself, can add to the horror, which for twenty years I have experienced. I see him now, methinks, weltering in his blood. You can add nothing to the horrible consciousness of a murderer.”

“Nay, not quite so bad as that. Look up here Farnham, and tell me if twenty years have made so great a change in my appearance. If you do not believe, see this seat, and know that I am in-

deed the same Jack Hanway that you attempted to murder!”

“Oh, God! I thank thee,” murmured Caruthers, in a voice of strong emotion, “that I have been spared the guilt of this murder. For though, Hanway, you rudely assaulted me, and the blow which I gave you was in self-defence, yet the recollection of what I imagined your dying looks as you sunk at my feet! Oh, God! I thank Thee for this my undeserved happiness!”

“Nay, you *may* cease your self-gratulations, for ere I rose from the sick bed on which your hand had placed me, I swore a solemn oath to seek you out even at the world's end, and repay you the vengeance which I owed to you. Now this solemn oath, and my long meditated vengeance, I will forego on one condition. You have a fair daughter, worthy Dick——.”

“She shall never be thine—never!” burst from Farnham's lips. “Do with me what you will, but she shall never be thine.”

“I shall give you time to deliberate upon my proposal,” replied Hanway, with a demoniacal smile. “I shall go to Montreal to-morrow, but I shall return before long; and unless you accede to my conditions, you may dread my vengeance. In the meantime let us return to the sitting-room, or your family will be anxious. And do not look disheartened—but I see that since you know you are not a murderer, you care for naught.”

Thus saying, Hanway, followed by Farnham, led the way back to the parlor, where they found the family exhibiting some alarm, as they caught the hints of Farnham with the strange arrival of Hanway, they were suspicious of the truth.

After some trifling conversation the stranger retired to rest, and the family soon following his example, all was quiet at the cottage.

CHAPTER II.

ARTHUR GILMOUR, the young man incidentally mentioned in our last chapter, was the only son of a lawyer, who, in the course of a long life, had been only able to make enough money to purchase a small farm and pay his expenses, for, reared in affluence, in adversity he could not lay by the extravagance which he had acquired in youth, and though his business was very extensive, yet his outlay was equal to his income, and sometimes exceeded it. At the time of his father's death, Arthur had just commenced the study of the law, but the industry with which he pursued his studies and conducted the farm, gained him many a friend, and by the time he had got through his studies, a year before the period we are now writing about, he had stepped into a practice more extensive than his father's. Although

he was thriving, he feared to ask the consent of Mr. Carathers or Farnham (as we shall henceforth call him, deeming him very opulent) to address Mary, whom he had long loved. But to return to our tale :

On the following morning Hanway took his departure, and after he was gone, Farnham communicated his past history to his wife and daughter. They, thankful that his heart was relieved from a burden that had so long oppressed it, gavelittle heed to Hanway's threats of vengeance, although they doubted not he would to the best of his power execute them. Farnham did not fear that he would accuse him of the attempt to murder, as so long a time had elapsed since then, and as there were no witnesses present at the time of his assault. In his perplexity, Farnham determined to send for Arthur Gilmour, who in a short time made his appearance, as the distance from the cottage to the village was but two miles.

Having confided to him the history of his past life, as well as of recent events, Farnham observed, with foreboding heart, that Gilmour attached great importance to the threats of Hanway. At length, after remaining deeply absorbed in thought for some time, he abruptly enquired :

"Have you any great debts, Mr. Farnham?"

"I have two notes in Montreal, against me, of greater amount than my property is worth," he answered.

The young lawyer's countenance fell at this, but he immediately replied :

"If that is all, I can liquidate your debts; but I much fear the machinations of this villain. As he has gone to Montreal, there is no doubt but that he will get possession of these notes, and as your house must in that case be sold, I think you had better instantly, with your family, remove to my house, and while you know that your family is safe, a great care will be removed from your mind. If he gets possession of your notes, we will then contest the right he had to acquire them in such a manner and for such a purpose."

Farnham gratefully accepted Gilmour's offer, and the next day they removed to his house.

A week elapsed, and at the end of that time Hanway again appeared in the village, and as was expected, arrested Farnham, and conveyed him to Montreal, where his trial was to take place. His family remained with Mrs. Gilmour, cheered by their confident hopes of being able to acquit Mr. Farnham. At length the day of trial came, and it was decided against Mr. Farnham, but Arthur advanced, and placed in the hands of the judge the amount of the notes. Hanway unwillingly received it, and giving a look expressive of undying hate and baffled rage, was about to

leave the room, when suddenly a strange police officer arrested him. On being asked the cause of this, he replied :

"Oh! this is a chap who committed a great robbery in London, lately; I tracked him to France, and from thence here."

In the next departing ship Hanway was conveyed to England, where he was tried, convicted and sentenced to transportation for life. But soon after his arrival at Botany Bay, he escaped and became one of the most ferocious of the fierce and infamous Bush-rangers. At length, in one of his daring excursions against the settlers, he was shot.

Farnham returned once more to the village, but to remain only for a short time; since as he was not guilty of the crime of murder he could return to England and claim his handsome estate. He was accompanied by Arthur Gilmour and his mother. He found no difficulty in regaining his estate, and shortly after, Arthur and Mary were united. Farnham lived to a good old age, and before he died he saw his two sons distinguished in the professions they had chosen—the army and navy; and Arthur and his wife, surrounded with every blessing that could be wished. Their children, a son and daughter, consoled him in some degree, in his old age, for his two sons that were absent.

August, 1845.

WHAT IS LOVE!

'Tis a child of Fancy's getting,
Brought up between hope and fear,
Fed with smiles, grown by untinged
Strong, and so kept by desire:
'Tis a perpetual vestal fire,
Never dying,
Whose smoke, like Incense, doth aspire,
Upwards flying.

It is a soft magnetic stone,
Attracting hearts by sympathy;
Blinding up close two souls in one
Both discoursing secretly;
'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties,
Yet never unbinds,
Fixing thus two lover's eyes
As well as minds.

'Tis the sphere's heavenly harmony
Where two skilful hands do strike;
And every sound expressively
Marries sweetly with the choir;
'Tis the world's everlasting chain,
That all things ties,
And hid them, like the fixed wax,
Unmov'd to bide.

THE BARON.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—NOT OF FICTION.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

Love is not love

Which altereth when it alteration findeth,
Or bends with the remover to remove,
Oh, no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

SHAKESPEARE.

"AND is it possible, my dear Catherine, that you have never had the good fortune to be introduced to my friend, the 'Baron?' You must become acquainted. I never saw two people more calculated to be pleased with each other. "It will be a match; yes, I see it all. You and the Baron were meant for each other, and I shall be the Bridesmaid. *The Bridesmaid, par excellence*, and hold the bouquet and gloves. I am delighted with the very idea of the thing."

Thus rattled on one of the giddiest girls of my acquaintance, as seated at my feet on an ottoman, she vainly puffed away at an obstinate coal fire, which the housemaid had provokingly left to light itself in my friend Harriette's dressing-room, a little sanctum which she termed her boudoir. But though she blew away most indefatigably at the dull coals, with one of the most delicate pairs of Chinese bellows that had ever adorned the fire-place of an East India captain's cabin, not one spark could she elicit.

"And do you really expect the Baron to visit you?" I asked with some natural degree of curiosity.

"Expect him! my dear child; he is here—in this very house—in the adjoining room, at his toilette."

"Speak lower then, or he will hear every word we are saying—that is, if he understands English well."

Harriette laughed in ecstasy.

"Never fear, he will not hear us. You will, however, be astonished at the Baron's fluency of speech. Do you know, he is all impatience to see you. I am sure he is desperately smitten."

"Why, he never saw me—nor I him."

"You are mistaken; he saw you at church both morning and evening, last Sunday. The Baron never misses both services,—he is a devout man; he has raved about you ever since."

I laughed outright.

"Well! it's a fact—and I have actually given him leave to come in and see you here, lest he should astonish mamma, by his rapture before all the big-wigs below."

"It is a pity you are engaged, Harriette."

"Me! Yes! Ah! well, it can't be helped. I might have been Baroness Joliffe. It sounds well. But, after all, Catherine, I am not dignified enough for a title, and then the Baron would not have suited me—he is too refined, too sentimental, too elegant. In short, I shall be only too happy if I see you united to this charming Adonis."

"And his probable age?" asked I, beginning, in spite of myself, to take an indescribable interest in the mysterious Baron.

"Something older than yourself, my dear! at least I judge so by the gravity of his demeanor. But really one cannot take such liberties as to ask a Baron his actual age. The thing is impossible,—besides I do not think he would like it. He is very particular."

"Well, then, describe his appearance. His eyes?"

"Blue eyes, large and languishing."

"I hate languishing blue eyes in a man."

"But you have not seen the Baron's eyes. *Item*. A straight nose, white ivory teeth—and then his hair, hyacinthine locks—a perfect wig of curls."

"A wig of curls! What do you mean, Miss Harriette, by making game of my head of hair—a wig of curls, forsooth! Fie, fie, upon you—you ill-mannered little pug."

The exclamation above was uttered in the open door way, in a half serious, half comic voice.

I raised my head, and the Baron stood before me.

Harriette hid her head in my lap, in convulsions of laughter, and I—for my part, I was dumb from astonishment, and sat gazing on the apparition before me, in speechless confusion, as

the Baron advanced, held out his hand and addressed me. But before I repeat one word of what passed, permit me, patient reader, to introduce you to the Baron, as he really was.

Picture to yourself, then, a tall, straight, thin, attenuated figure of an elderly gentleman, whose age might vary from sixty to sixty-five, large, light, faded-looking, benevolent blueeyes, a long, very long bony nose, white teeth, but alas! the ivory had evidently not long since been roaming the jungles of Asia or deserts of Africa. The ambrosial curls were indeed, and in fact, a wig of curls. The Baron was clad in a superfine suit of black, cut in the latest fashion of George the Third; silver buckles in his shoes, gold chased ones at his knees, his long neck enveloped in the ample folds of a lawn stock, fastened with a marcasite buckle; the bosom of his shirt displayed a fine brooch, cambrie platted frill, his thin veiny hands covered with black kid,—such was the Baron. What a contrast to the sentimental, Byronical young gentleman, with whose portrait my mind had been busily occupied, up to the moment of the preceding interview.

The Baron was the soul of order and etiquette; he was shocked at the informality of our meeting, and succeeded at last in rousing up the mischievous authoress of all this confusion, to some sense of the duties of her situation, and effected a regular introduction at last, though she pre- faced it with a passage from the marriage ceremony, which overset the gravity of the Baron himself, who called her an incorrigible puss, and bade her reduce her ringlets into order, whilst he drew a seat to the now cheerful fire, and proceeded to apologise for the wild kittenish behaviour of Madcap Hal. In half an hour's time we became excellent friends, and I ventured at length to ask if his title of Baron Joliffe was also imaginary.

"It is part of my name," he said, "and no title; but it became confirmed through a little circumstance connected with reading the memoirs of Baron Trenck. I was deeply interested in the perusal of that work, and kept the volumes somewhat beyond the time allowed by the librarian of our reading room. I had promised them to a friend who had been appointed to call for them, but being induced to walk out and take the book in my pocket, I wrote on a piece of paper, 'The Baron will be at home at four.' From this trifling circumstance, I gained the soubriquet of 'The Baron,' which has never left me, and even letters from India and the Continent, now reach me so addressed. I am no longer Charles B. Joliffe, Esquire—but The Baron."

Time wore on; the longer I became acquainted

with the Baron the more I was interested in the character of the good but eccentric old man; we became excellent friends; and I used often to be angry with my giddy friend Harriette, for the unfeeling way in which she quizzed the Baron's peculiarities of dress and manner. To me his oddities were sacred.

One day in particular, we set off to visit some ancient ruins in the neighbourhood. The day was mild and dry, and being tired, we all three sat down on a bank to rest—our subjects of conversation had been full of grave reflections, and at last both the Baron and myself became silent. This was enough for Miss Harriette, who never could be silent for five minutes. She now rallied us on our gravity, and ended with declaring that the Baron had made her his confidante, and being unable to speak out himself had desired her to break his passion for me. For some time he bore with her nonsense with as much good humour as he could, but at last a chord was touched, which vibrated to agony.

"Young lady," he said, turning on her a look of touching earnestness; "what is sport to you is even death to me. Desist from this ill-timed levity."

The voice of the old man became agitated; even Harriette was moved, as he continued in a quieter tone:

"You have teased me, my dear, about my bachelor habits and life. I am indeed a dull rusty old bachelor, and such as I am, such shall I remain, till I lay my head beneath the turf in the village church-yard.

"It is now forty-two years ago since I became the ardent, devoted lover of a young and beautiful girl. I was then a youth of nineteen, well to look upon,—not the object of ridicule that I now am to young ladies. Emily Beresford was eighteen,—lovely, amiable, accomplished,—but she was an only child, the heiress of great wealth, her father was a rich merchant, and I one of the junior clerks in his house,—no mate for his peerless daughter. Yet I dared to love, and Emily soon gave me reason to believe that I was not indifferent to her. I will not dwell upon our dream of love. I found my master's jealous fears were awakened; his eye was ever on us. At last our opportunities of communicating our thoughts and wishes became more difficult every day, and I, ghastly, perhaps madly, grasped at an offer made to me by Mr. Beresford, to accept the situation of confidential clerk in an establishment he had on the coast of Africa. The salary was a tempting one, and other encouragement held out for realizing a fortune. The climate was a deadly one, but I was resolved to make myself a fitting mate for Emily Beresford, or perish.

I knew we both guessed the object in view when the offer was made to me. It was David sending Uriah into the heat of the battle—but what will not love hope, what dangers will not love dare? I left Emily, hoping, trusting, confiding in her woman's love. I could not change; I feared no change in the being I so blindly idolized. Emily vowed no one should supplant me in her affections.—and I believed her!

“Five years were to be the trial of our constancy; for the first three, our correspondence, carried on through a faithful friend, was my only consolation; that friend I lost, and soon my letters remained unanswered. I became dejected, unhappy, ill; the expiration of the five years, impatiently waited for, at length arrived, and I threw myself into the first vessel that left Sierra Leone for London. I had acquired almost riches with great experience, but my health was a wreck, and my spirits worse.

“I hastened to the counting-house in Broadstreet, for I knew I should there see my old master, and hear of his family; nothing could be more natural than my desire to ask after the health of old friends. I was admitted to the private apartments of Mr. B., who received me not only with courtesy, but kindness; I asked as composedly as I could for his family,—for Miss Beresford, the last.

“My daughter was well when the last packet reached.”

“Is she abroad?” I asked, with tremulous voice.

“In India—Colonel Harper is with the Regiment in the interior. Of course you heard of Emily's marriage eighteen months ago—splendid alliance.”

“I heard no more—a death-like paleness overspread my face—a mist swam before my eyes—my ill-concealed agitation betrayed my state of mind, and the painful interest I took in the communication; I believe the old man was grieved, but he made no remark to me then—he saw I could not bear it.

“My life was now, for years, a blank—nay, worse. I cherished a fiend in my bosom that threatened to destroy me; I became a sour, hateful misanthrope. For my false love's sake I shunned the society of women, but her image I could not chase away from my mind; she was my thought by day, my dream by night; sometimes a stern sort of hatred steeled my heart against her; sometimes I wept like a little child when I thought upon her. Years passed away—fifteen years; I was now a rich merchant myself; I could have maintained a wife in splendor, and mothers courted me that had marriageable daughters, but the remembrance of the lost

loved one haunted me still; I vowed never to marry; my habits had become those of a confirmed old bachelor. At the period to which I allude, an early maiden cousin, my only living relative, kept house for me, and we were a pair of quiet hermit-like folks; order, like clock-work, ruled our house, and neither of us liked to be put out of our way, when an event occurred that caused a complete revolution in our domestic economy and my habits, as you shall hear. Nay, you tormenting little puss, none of your insinuations; the hermit did not fall in love again.

“A letter bearing the India post-mark was placed on my table among many others. I opened it. There was an enclosure in a handwriting only too well known. I hesitated. Shall I read it, shall I cast it unread into the flame? Curiosity, that affection that had never died in my heart, overcame my feelings. It was the last dying will and testament of the widow of Colonel Harper, addressed to the beloved friend of her youth, leaving to me ———.”

“All her fortune, as a reparation for the injury she had done you?”

“No, Miss Harriet! She knew too well the character of the man, who had loved her so devotedly, to insult him by bequeathing gold as a legacy to heal a broken heart, made desolate by her desertion. She left me the sole guardianship of four orphan children—the eldest a fine lad of fourteen, the youngest a fair, helpless babe of eleven months,—her mother's living image.

“The letter, penned by her dying, trembling hand, was to this effect:—“Charles, I am at the point of death. Refuse not the earnest request of a dying woman, who loved you tenderly, but not faithfully. Deeply have I repented the woe I caused, forgive me, and if you loved Emily, as truly, as devotedly, as I now believe you did, refuse not the charge I now entreat you to accept,—the guardianship of my four children. Be to them a parent,—love, cherish, bear with them, for the love you once bore to their dying mother.

“E. HARPER.”

“And did you accede to her request?” we both asked.

“I did—the struggle was strong, but the fond recollection of early love was stronger. Her fickleness was forgotten, my own years of blighted love were disregarded, and my tears fell fast over the words traced by the expiring hand of the only being I had ever loved. “Emily!” I exclaimed, as I solemnly folded the paper to my heart, “if it be allowed thee to know of that which is passing in the world thou has left, thy spirit shall rest satisfied. To my care you have committed your children. They shall not want for a father or a friend whilst I live. Your children

shall be henceforth my children, and my life shall be devoted to their happiness."

"So confident had Mrs. Harper felt of my acceding to her last wishes, that she had given all the necessary orders for the embarkation of her children, as soon as circumstances would permit of their leaving Bombay. At the time I received this letter, my adopted family were on their way to Liverpool. Ample funds had been left for the maintenance of the children, the whole of which had been placed under my entire control, so great had been the confidence reposed in my honor by their poor mother. And I did not abuse my power, or neglect my trust.

"I hurriedly imparted to my cousin Martha my determination of receiving my adopted family under my own roof; and bade her at the same time lose no time in making the necessary preparations for their future comfort.

"I shall never forget the air of consternation that sat upon the rigid face of my poor old relative. At last she sunk into a chair, and folding her bony fingers together, gasped forth:

"Charles Joliffe! Cousin Charles! are ye mad, doting? You fill your quiet house with a pack of noisy, wayward brats! If ye mean what ye say, ye are indeed preparing a bitter rod for your own back. Think what the world will say. Nay! but it is a scandal, Charles, that such a fool's scheme should have passed through your head."

"I bade her be silent, and leave me to commune with my own heart, but I found no change there. The die was cast, and my selfish regrets were all to be sacrificed on the holy altar of buried love."

"It was a noble resolution, and worthy of you," I warmly exclaimed; "and I trust you were well rewarded by the grateful affection of the children for whom you sacrificed so much."

"In the end I was; but, my dear young lady ask yourself how could young children appreciate motives of action they could not have comprehended, even had I condescended to explain why I had undertaken the irksome task of guardianship over them. At first every restraint imposed upon them, every task enjoined, was regarded by these high spirited children as an infringement upon the unrestrained liberty they had hitherto enjoyed. For my part, I considered that authority and unlimited obedience were the first objects to be attained. A stranger to the ways of children, I reasoned and argued, and reasoned and argued wrong; perpetual warfare was going on in my formerly peaceful dwelling, and sometimes my courage was well nigh failing me, but for a certain bump of obstinacy which some folks call determinativeness. I should have con-

tented myself with sending my troublesome family out to suitable schools, and the baby to nurse, and then have rectored quiet and order to my house."

"And cousin Martha,—how did she bear the noise and worry of the children?"

"Wonderfully well; there is a spirit of patient conformity to circumstances, which belongs peculiarly to females. Cousin Martha grumbled a little at first, and then yielded without further remonstrance to her fate—but more than this, a deep mine of hitherto unawakened tenderness was opened in her woman's heart.

"Cousin Martha had lived a life of celibacy, not from choice, but from circumstances. Women naturally seek some object on which to lavish that affection, which, I believe, is born with them—and belongs to their characters as wives and mothers. The female child dotes upon its imaginary baby in the form of a doll,—the old maid lavishes her unappreciated love upon some creature, as lap-dog, cat, parrot, or monkey—it is well if it take the more natural bent of nephews and nieces,—but such my poor relative had not—for, as I said, we two were companionless and alone, saving each other, till the arrival of these children. It was the sight of the delicate, helpless, lovely little Blanche Harper, that was destined to make a revolution in the feelings of cousin Martha." She took the orphan babe to her heart, and shielded her there from every storm that could assail her infant state, with more than even a mother's love.

"But it was not the addition to my household in the way of my four wards, that alone perplexed me, I was still more puzzled, what to do with their attendants, which consisted of two Bengalese boys, of twelve and fifteen, a little Hindoo nurse, a great blue macaw, and a large ape. Now the native servants were perfectly intolerable,—servile and obsequious to a degree, but cunning and revengeful,—acting upon the passions and prejudices of the two younger boys, and instigating them to every species of mischief that could possibly serve to annoy and irritate me. Nor were the tricks of the ape, or the screams of the macaw, likely to add to my peace of mind.—However, these last torments I speedily got rid of, by sending them to a distant relation of the children's, and hearing of a gentleman about to send his sons to India as cadets, I managed to rid myself of Messrs. Hassan and Sulek; at the trifling cost of paying their passage out; glad indeed to see them depart; but not so, Edward, Charles and Henry, and for some days after the departure of their allies, a sullen silence was observed, interrupted only by some laughing obser-

vations, indicative of the indignation excited in the breast of the eldest boys by this last crowning act of tyranny.

"It was, indeed, a severe trial to me; I had looked for troubles, and the breaking up of my quiet enjoyment of home for a short time, but I had fondly cheated myself into the belief that I should be more than recompensed by the consciousness of having done my duty, and more than my duty. I fancied Emily's children must love me—I forgot that I was in their eyes only a stranger and a task-master.

"In the proud flashing dark eye of Edward Harper, I read only defiance and dislike. Yet, that eye would melt with tenderness, and fill with tears, when they rested upon the sweet face of little Blanche, as she lay softly nestled on the breast of my cousin. Strange as it may seem, it is not less strange than true, that while my wards shunned me—and withdrew from every attempt made by me to conciliate their affections, they one and all attached themselves to my cousin, and old Mrs. Spicer, our antiquated housekeeper, to whom they confided all their sorrows and troubles, real or imaginary.

"Three or four months had passed in this manner, little to my comfort or satisfaction, as you may suppose. I had, after mature deliberation resolved on sending Charles and Henry, as weekly boarders, to my friend the curate of Hadleigh, and after breakfast one day, I made known my intentions. The boys looked at each other, then at Edward, but the latter bit his lip, cast down his full dark eyes, and made no remark.

"This arrangement, my children,' I observed, 'will, I trust, be to your advantage in every way. You will find a kind, clever, judicious master, and if you conduct yourselves well, an affectionate and sincere friend.'

"And may I ask why I am to be excluded from enjoying the same privilege, and wherefore am I to be parted from my brothers, sir!" asked my eldest ward.

"Because, Edward, I have other views for you, which I will take an early opportunity of explaining—"

"You rob me of my servants, and now separate me from my brothers,' he replied, starting up; and, casting a glance of passionate rage upon me, dashed out of the room, through the open window, and I watched him pacing the lawn, with rapid and impetuous steps. I was hurt and grieved, and soon retired to my own little study, which opened upon the breakfast room; I will not be ashamed to avow my feelings at that moment were sad and even bitter. What had I not suffered for their mother's sake, and is it come to

this? 'Oh, Emily! Emily! is it thus my love to you and yours is to be rewarded?' I sank on my knees—I buried my face between my hands, and wept, and prayed for strength to support me and keep me firm to my vow of being a friend and father to the fatherless. At that moment, my ear caught the passionate tones of Edward's voice in the breakfast room; he was speaking to some one in the room. I detest the character of a listener. I felt the crisis was approaching. I presented myself in the door-way, as he exclaimed:

"He is a hard-hearted, detestable tyrant, and I hate him."

"The stream of light from the open door caused the youth to look up; pale, agitated, almost, I might say, agonized, I stood before him—I could only gasp out;

"Oh, Edward! how have I deserved this? You have cut me to the very heart."

"I sobbed like a child, and I sank into a chair; Edward's heart was touched at my distress—he gazed upon me, with an anxious, troubled eye. I marked the change—but I could not give utterance to a word. I held out my arms to him; the noble boy impulsively rushed forward, and cast himself upon my breast. Years cannot efface the feelings of that moment; we spoke not, but wept upon each other's necks. 'The stony rock was smitten, and the waters gushed forth freely.'

"I cannot dwell upon what followed; it is enough to say, I now treated Edward as a friend, as a dear son. He became acquainted with the peculiar circumstances which had brought us together—and young as he was, he seemed to understand my motives, to enter at once into my feelings—love, gratitude, esteem, filled his heart. Never was friendship more enthusiastic—love more devoted. That day which had begun so darkly, was in the end, the brightest of my life; every thing was changed within our dwelling; light hearts, happy faces now beamed about me—I almost regretted the absence of Hassan and Sadek, and the blue macaw, and the ape, that they too might have shared in our household happiness. As it was, we had only the Hindoo girl, Blanche's nurse; but she was a gentle creature and had shared in the maternal care of cousin Martha, who considered her as her peculiar protégée, and had moreover, had her, baptized by her own name of Martha—which the little damsel herself called Anita.

"But I see Miss Harrietto is beginning to grow weary of my long story."

Harrietto was yawning at the moment, and rubbing her eyes, as if half asleep.

"Indeed, my dear Baron! I have been greatly

edified, I assure you, only I am surprised that you should have parted with that beautiful mæw, and that darling of an ape. I am resolved that my Captain shall procure me just such sweet pets, when he returns from his next voyage; and those interesting native boys!—Why did not you dress them in white muslin tunics and turbans, and blue silk trowsers, to wait at table?"

This sally made the Baron laugh—and we commenced our walk once more. I wished to ask some further questions about the Baron's family, but the thread of the story was broken, and I only gleaned a few particulars as to their subsequent lots in life. Edward became a clergyman, and at the early age of three and twenty fell a victim to consumption, hurried on by his devotion to his clerical duties; he died in the arms of his adopted father. Charles studied medicine, and Henry entered the East India service as an officer in the Bengal artillery; Blanche—the loved and cherished Blanche—married well and happily, to the infinite satisfaction of cousin Martha and the faithful Hindoo girl.

Such, gentle reader, was the story of faithful love told me by my friend the Baron.

Romantic as this story may appear, it is strictly true; to the honor of human nature, I can say, the Baron is no creature of the imagination. This episode in my life is no fiction.

MR. JEFFERIES OF HYDE HOUSE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

NOR a soul for twenty miles round our neighbourhood but is acquainted, at least by sight, with Mr. John Jefferies of Hyde House. He is what the members of the "Select Club," holden at the Flying Horse, call an *old fish*; that is to say, a plain, good-humoured, comfort-loving, easy description of man, who is ever ready to enjoy himself, and willing to promote enjoyment among his friends; who sells his corn, instead of hoarding it in his barns against "better times," and who goes to the post-town on Saturdays for six-pence in the baker's light cart.

The late Mr. Jefferies was a great landholder and a staunch Tory: his son is as noted a squire and as violent a Whig. He purchases all the cheap publications, and reads every Radical journal upon which he can lay his hands; holds forth for an hour together against charity-schools and public hospitals; and concludes by making a larger donation both to the one and the other than any other in the parish, though he declares all the time that he is acting against his own conviction. He is said to have endeavoured in his youth to tempt one or two of the present

matrons of the village to become the mistresses of Hyde House without success, and he now revenges himself on them by cramming their children with gingerbread, taking the boys outshooting, and buying the girls dolls. He has twice scandalized the congregation by snoring during the sermon on a dark Sunday, and since that time pays the headle fourpence a week to rouse him as he passes his pew. Our church is indebted to him for its green window-blinds and crimson pulpit cover, which he presented to the parish, during the time that a third vestry-meeting was holding to decide on the expediency of purchasing them; and for this reason, his seam-ent lapses have been overlooked by the good curate: in truth, he is the most public-spirited man in the neighbourhood.

There is an old maiden lady still resident in the village, to whom he is said to have been more devoted in his youth than to any of her rivals, but who refused him for a more modish lover, and got jilted for her pains. It is worth a year's purchase to see them together! The repentant fair one sobs, and sighs, and seems even now to forget how many years have elapsed since she frowned denial on his suit, and he shook off her chains. She laughs at his jests, espouses his politics, and smiles at his oddities; while he, on his part, attends to every wish which she expresses or implies, suffers her to slur over her card accounts when she loses, and pays scrupulously when she is a gainer—lets her quietly mark too many holes at cribbage, revoke at whist as often as she pleases, and count honours when she does not hold them; in short, plays off the lover in everything save coming to the point a second time; and appears perfectly satisfied, when he escorts her to church under his umbrella on a wet Sunday, and carries her pattens up the aisle, to lead her to her pew instead of the altar.

He has selected the exact spot where he wishes to be interred, and has negotiated with the undertaker the expenses of his funeral; nevertheless, he does not suffer the idea of dying to interfere in the slightest degree with his enjoyment of existence, but smokes his pipe and drinks his punch as merrily in the chimney nook, on a winter's evening, as though churchyard or gravestone had never entered his head.

His parlour sideboard is on great occasions covered with silver cups and tankards, obtained for fatted oxen and prize sheep; and his mantel-piece is decorated with a stuffed squirrel and the brush of a fox. The housekeeper, who is so fat that she can with difficulty preserve her equilibrium on recovering from a courtesy, makes the best syllabubs and short cakes in the parish, and consequently never lacks guests; she is free of

every thing in the house, from Mr. Jefferies' strong box to his best bin, and she makes a worthy use of his confidence. No beggar is ever turned hungry from his door; no sick labourer ever wants his bowl of soup or his draught of wine, if he applies at Squire Jefferies'; no stray sheep or pig ever gets pounded for intruding on his land; nor did the rosy lass who carols merrily of a morning as she dusts out the best parlour, ever look for another place after she had offered herself at the Squire's!

The old house is like the old housekeeper, unwieldy and overgrown in appearance, bearing tokens of having become so gradually, and really seeming more consequential from its increased size; here a smoking room, and there a summer parlour, have been added in the whim of the moment, until the smooth green before the house has almost disappeared. In like manner has the *gouvernante* of Mr. Jefferies increased and expanded during her residence under his roof; and it is a good-natured boast of the old gentleman's, that, with half the labour, and half the money expended on some neighbouring farms and families, every thing thrives at Hyde House. Assuredly, in no establishment in the county does the true old English hospitality shine more conspicuously, or is the good old English comfort more apparent; every thing is in its proper place, and put to its proper use; there is a profusion of every necessary of life without a waste of any; you are not annoyed by a crowd of over-dressed lounging servants, seeming as though they almost held in scorn the master whose livery they wear; but many a hat is withdrawn, and many a smiling bow greets you as you pass among the honest well-fed labourers who through the servants' hall, to reach the Squire's snug back room.

Mr. Jefferies' greatest, indeed his only anxiety, is about his nephew, the heir apparent to his property: the lad is a fine, high-spirited fellow, but as extravagant as though he had the national purse to fly to for supplies. He comes down every college vacation to visit his uncle, who has determined during the previous half year to read him a severe lecture, and to refuse to pay his debts; but anger is forgotten as soon as Harry Somerton springs from the back of Jesse, the black mare, to embrace his uncle; his large blue eyes flashing with affectionate delight, and his fine, manly brow flushed with exercise—and then, so grown, so improved, so spirited a boy! so exactly what Mr. Jefferies could wish in his successor, that it becomes impossible to lecture him. The old housekeeper loves him as if he were her own child, though many a chiding does he get for mending fishing nets and cleaning fowling-pieces in the Squire's sitting room; but the

mad-cap knows that he is forgiven at the very moment when she leaves the apartment, stroking down her nice white apron, though she strives to frown as she goes out, so that altogether, I fear, Master Harry Somerton stands a very fair chance of being spoiled at the great house.

Such is our neighbour, Mr. Jefferies, and long may he continue to live among us! for he is a public benefit to the parish—a sincere and liberal friend—a good landlord and a kind master.

UNIVERSAL ATTRIBUTES OF WOMEN.

I HAVE observed among all nations that women ornament themselves more than men; that wherever found they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; not haughty nor arrogant nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilised or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse meal, with a double relish.—*Ledyard's Siberian Journal.*

VANITY A FOE TO AGREEMENT.

FOR Pope's exquisite good sense, take the following, which is a master-piece:—"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but mere vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their extravagantly false scale, and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily what pitch it amounts to." Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow, if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantel-piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.—*Monthly Chronicle.*



Engraved by A. Dick

HEAP-FOLK AND PEASANTS

Illustration by the artist

NEAPOLITAN PEASANTS.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"*Vedi Napoli—e poi mori.*"—"See Naples—and then die,"—says the Neapolitan proverb. "See Naples, and then live," would seem rather the favorite maxim of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of that fair land; and this too, in spite of a depth of poverty, which is only prevented from surpassing all we read and hear of Irish misery, by the mildness and beauty of the climate. In the city of Naples alone, there are computed to be forty thousand individuals, who never sleep under the shelter of a roof, save when, by some happy chance, they can huddle together in the porch of a church, or colonnade of a *palazzo*; and, of these, fully two-thirds know not, when awakened by the morning's light, where they are to seek a breakfast. And yet, no where will you find a merrier, gayer, *happier* race than the Neapolitan lower classes, be they Lazzaroni or Peasants, Fishermen or Husbandmen. A few *grani* will suffice one of this class for his daily sustenance, *i. e.* will procure him a yard or two of macaroni; and if to this he can but add a tumbler of coarse red wine, he is as happy as a prince. His is no "vaulting ambition" that would lead him, through discontent with his present position, to aim at a higher. He has an innate aversion to labour, if it can by any possibility be avoided; but when forced by necessity to work, no one performs his task, whatever it may be, with more gaiety and cheerfulness. You may see a party of fishermen toiling with their nets from morning till near night, with never-failing good humour, and with an unwearied patience under repeated disappointment, that might read a lesson to many a wiser man. But should they have the good luck to secure, at the first cast, a haul sufficient to maintain them for the day, rarely do they ever think of trying a second. "*Mangiare e dormire*"—to glut his appetite, and to sleep the rest of the day, basking in the sun, is to the Neapolitan peasant, the perfection of terrestrial happiness.

A different temperament generally characterizes the females; they are neither so lazy nor so active. They are always doing something, but never doing much; they never take such lively fits of industry, but they manage, in the course of a day, to dawdle through a good deal of housewifery.

Towards evening, however, the Neapolitan Peasant shakes off his sloth, and revives in energy. Then the sound of guitar, of violin, and of tambourine, falls incessantly on the ear, while the green sward shakes beneath the rapid steps of the dancers. I know of no dance—unless it may be the Highland Reel, or Irish Jig,—where the *insana vis* of dancing is more conspicuously displayed, than in the Neapolitan Tarantella. There is in it such a complete *abandon* to the exhilarating strains of the music, so close a succession of rapid evolutions, such an unremitting motion of the feet, as well as of the arms and the castanet-clattering fingers, and withal, such an easy grace in every movement, that the performer seems for the moment possessed by the very Demon of the Dance.

This, however, is the only approach to athletic sports, which is generally to be found. There is no cricket, no foot-ball, no wrestling, (at least "in fun,") no game of any description which tends to bring the muscles into full play. Just as we see polished assemblies, side-rooms are devoted to the mysteries of whist, so here there may be seen the "old folks" retired from the bustle of the dance, lolling on the grass, and, with a joint stool as table, immersed in the chances of dominos or casino. The game most in favour with the younger men, is *mora*, the rules and mode of which have remained unchanged since the days of the Cæsars; as practised in the present day, it agrees exactly with the description given in the pages of the ancient writers. Each player (of whom there are in general only two) holds his

clenched right hand above his head, and bringing it down with a jerk, extends, at the same time, an arbitrary number of his fingers. This is done at the same moment by both, and each, as his arm descends, calls out a number, not of course exceeding ten, which he guesses as the number of fingers thus extended by both parties; if right in his guess, he counts one, which is registered on the left hand by closing one of the fingers. When the whole left hand is clenched, the game is won. This, though a very simple, and, at first sight, very clumsy game, is one in which a great degree of skill may be acquired by practice; indeed the almost unerring precision with which an experienced player announces the numbers, is, to a stranger, matter of great amazement.

It may readily be conjectured, that, fond as the Neapolitan Peasant is of amusement, he is likely to embrace every opportunity of enjoying a longer term of recreation, than the short space of time between sun-down or darkness affords. He therefore observes most punctually the various *festas*, or holidays, which his form of religion enjoins. These, as is well known, are very numerous; but there are two which are held in especial favour and countenance. These are the *Festa di Pità di Grotta*, and the *Festa di Madonna dell'Arco*; the one held to the West, the other to the East, of the city of Naples. The engraving presented in this number of the *GARLAND*, gives a very good representation of a family group on their way to the former of these festivals, bearing for sale the produce of their garden, though bound, less to dispose of these, than to enjoy the pleasures of the day.

At the western extremity of the city of Naples, there exists a subterranean passage, through an abrupt hill, that runs into the sea, and seems to cut off the city from the neighbouring country. This passage, called, from the hill through which it runs, the Grotto of Pausilippo, is of too remote an origin to leave any certainty as to its primitive construction. Tradition assigns it to the tribe of the Cimmerii, who were said to have celebrated there some of the mystic rites of their religion. Whether originally formed by the hand of Nature, or hewn out by the art of man, it is certain that this Grotto was, for many ages, the only medium of intercourse between the city of Naples, and the village of Púzuoli, (the Puteoli where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome) with the country surrounding it. In fact, the carriage road over the hill, commenced by Murat during his brief reign, and even now scarcely finished, is the only communication above ground, between those places. The Grotto is about half a mile in length, cut through

the solid rock, though in some places the roof has the additional support of masonry. Even at noonday, the deepest darkness reigns within, scarce disturbed by the few feeble lamps that glimmer here and there. Until within the last few years, this darkness was taken advantage of by robbers, who were wont to waylay here the solitary traveller, and, if their attack should be resisted, stab him to the heart and leave him to be discovered by the first peasant whose ox should stumble against the corpse. With such tales as these haunting the mind, and the deafening rattle of the wheels over the lava pavement sounding in the ear, a transit through the Grotto of Pausilippo is rather a trial to delicate nerves.

At the extremity nearest to Naples, a small chapel has been hewn out of the solid rock, which is dedicated to the Virgin, and is considered a place of peculiar sanctity. This is nominally the place where the festival of the *Pità di Grotto* (or "foot of the Grotto") takes place; but as the space is too confined for the multitudes that flock thither, it is usually held on the slope between the Hill of Pausilippo and the shore. It has all the usual characteristics of a fair; raree-shows, with the universal *Policinello* at their head, mountebanks, musicians, peripatetic confectioners and fruiterers, with all the motley groups that inevitably throng such places of resort. One very essential element of an English fair these festivals are certainly without. I mean drunkards. Whether it be that the character of the people is naturally temperate, or (more probably) that they are obliged to pause from mere repletion, ere they have swallowed enough to intoxicate of the sour thin fluid which forms their ordinary wine, it is certain that one may pass daily through the lowest and narrowest lanes of Naples, and yet not see one drunken person in a month.

Ere concluding this discursive paper, I must not omit to mention that, immediately over the entrance of the Grotto of Pausilippo, a small ancient building is pointed out to the traveller as the tomb of the Mantuan Bard, Virgil. The tradition which fixes his place of burial here is of very ancient date, and the low massive building bears all the tokens which distinguish an ancient tomb. The site, too, is so sequestered and romantic, the silence scarcely disturbed by the hum of constant traffic that rises from the Grotto beneath, and the extensive view it commands is so lovely, varied and enchanting, that one is the more easily persuaded to the belief, that he stands on the spot where rest the ashes of Rome's greatest poet.

L'IDYLLIQUE GALOP.

COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND

BY

FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a triplet of eighth notes, and continues with a melodic line. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with a repeat sign and a first ending. The text "1st time | 2nd" is written above the staff. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

L'IDYLLIQUE GALOP.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand with chords and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music concludes with a double bar line and the word "Fine" written in italics to the right of the staff.

Trio.

The Trio section begins with a key signature change to one flat (B-flat major) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melody with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a *p* (piano) section. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand with chords and eighth notes. Dynamic markings of *f* and *p* are present.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand with chords and eighth notes. Dynamic markings of *f* and *p* are present.

L'IDYLLIQUE GALOP.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a treble clef and a B-flat key signature. The first measure contains a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a common time signature. The melody in the treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff provides accompaniment with eighth notes. A first ending bracket spans the final two measures of the system.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the first system. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with accompaniment. A first ending bracket spans the final two measures of the system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the second system. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with accompaniment. A first ending bracket spans the final two measures of the system.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the third system. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with accompaniment. A first ending bracket spans the final two measures of the system.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the fourth system. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with accompaniment. A first ending bracket spans the final two measures of the system. The text "Da Capo" is written below the second staff.

OUR TABLE.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

THE public are indebted to Mr. John Dougall, a gentleman well-known for his liberality and enterprise, for a new Periodical, under the title of "The People's Magazine," which it is intended to publish semi-monthly. It is proposed to convey to the great mass of the people, a variety of information upon useful and interesting subjects, at an exceedingly cheap rate, after the manner of the Penny Magazines which have lately gained so much celebrity in the Mother Country. We trust that this spirited attempt may meet with that support to which it is justly entitled, and that the benevolent proprietor may receive that reward which, we believe, would be most gratifying to him,—a knowledge that his labours have proved of advantage to the people of Canada.

CANE'S NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL AND PICTORIAL MAP OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

WE are gratified to learn that the Map of the City of Montreal, the prospectus of which has been some time before the public, will in a few days be delivered to subscribers. The elegant and tasteful manner in which this Work has been got up, as well as its exceedingly useful character, will ensure it a favourable reception, particularly with owners of property, who will find it of great value if, at any time, they desire to transfer the proprietorship of their lots or buildings. The portions which have been already printed may be seen at the bookstore of the publisher, Mr. R. W. S. Mackay, 115, Notre Dame Street.

A NEW PICTURE OF MONTREAL.

THE very great improvements that have taken place in Montreal, within the last four or five years, are of such a nature as to call forth unqualified admiration from those who had known the city in its former state, and after having been absent for any length of time have again revisited it.

Some years since, Mr. William Greig pub-

lished a highly useful and interesting work, entitled "Hochelaga Depicta," which gave an accurate account of the city as it then existed, and was received with much favor by the public. Owing, however, to the rapid improvements referred to, which have since taken place, the original work would now convey but a very inadequate idea of the present state of the city.

Such being the case, it affords us much gratification to learn that Mr. Mackay, 115, Notre Dame Street, is about to bring out a new edition of the work, which will embrace a description of the various public buildings, which have in the meantime, been, or are now in course of being, erected within the city, and also much valuable statistical, and other useful information. The work will also be embellished with several additional engravings, and its publication may, we understand, be expected to take place early in May.

THE O'DONOUGHUE—A TALE OF IRELAND, FIFTY YEARS AGO—BY CHARLES LEVER.

THE stirring incidents of which Ireland was the theatre fifty years ago, have afforded to the novelist, as well as the historian and philosopher, an exhaustless field. Any story connected with them, even if only moderately well told, is sure of commanding the interest of the reader. The book before us, from the pen of the author of "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer," it will be superfluous to add, is a very readable one. Nevertheless, it cannot take the same rank with the stories to which the author owes his deserved celebrity. The admirers of the writings of Lever—and they are numerous—will rise from the perusal of this work, with a feeling of disappointment, that he should not have made more of the ample materials at his command, while they will cheerfully confess that the time devoted to it has been pleasantly disposed of. There are some bold and striking pictures of "men and manners," as they existed at the period to which it relates, which are well worthy of being read, and which the admirers of historical romance would regret to lose.