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Maud before Sir James.

Engraved expressly for the Warland

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

BY T. D. P.

CHAPTER I.

"RIGHT excellent verses these, Rodrigo; take you then, and find from whence they come, we must encourage such genius; it shall not be said, Emmanuel can conquer his enemies, and colonize foreign countries, but knows not how to reward merit in his own subjects."

"May it please your majesty, if I am not much mistaken, they are the production of Don Luis de Camoëns, son to the gallant Captain. Simon Vaz de Camoëns, who lost his life in your royal brother's service; he left this child, and his widow Anne de Macedo has brought him carefully up, though on slender means; he promises to be an ornament to his country, his sparkling genius has already distinguished him on many an occasion."

"Seek him out, seek him out, good Rodrigo; he shall grace the court, and who knows but he may become another Virgil, make us the Eneas and Isabella the Dido, of his song. It is long since Lusitania boasted of a poet, and we will foster the rarity."

In pursuance of this command, Rodrigo, who was the king's favoured physician, sought the young Luis de Camoëns, informed him of the honour designed him, and bade him prepare for his presentation at the court. The heart of the poet throbb'd with hope and happiness, as he thought of the envied distinction which awaited him. Emmanuel, gay, chivalrous, brave, was the idol of his people, and the fair Isabella, the widowed bride of their former beloved prince, now once more become their queen by her long delayed union with the king, had often been the subject of his poetic inspirations, and many a fair plan had he sketched, and beautiful castle built, of the way in which he would be most likely to gain their attention, and win courtly favour. And now, without any effort of his own, he had gained the acme of his wishes—the goal was won, without the fatigue of the race, and with flushed and eager haste did he prepare himself for his presentation.

Seldom had the court of Lisbon seen more beauty, than in Luis de Camoëns, as introduced by Rodrigo, he bent in lowly reverence to the

king's salutation. Dressed in strict conformity to the fashion of the time, with purple velvet cloak and vest, and breeches of the richest satin, edged with velvet—all slashed, showing in gay contrast, to the sombre purple, the yellow lining; the cloak fastened at the throat with a magnificent topaz, a cap with a graceful feather drooping to his shoulders, just shading his face; unlike his countrymen, his complexion was fair, and his chestnut hair curled closely around his finely shaped head. A murmur of admiration echoed round the courtly circle, as, with perfect ease, and the high breeding of a scholar and a gentleman, he replied to the flattering compliments, which the monarch paid him on his genius, and the wish which he expressed, that the poet should devote his talents to the honour of his country.

The king was so much pleased with the address and appearance of the young man, that he gave him an appointment near his person, which rendered him a constant inmate of the palace, and soon all the bright eyes which illumined the formal court, were turned upon the poet cavalier for whom such a brilliant path seemed opened. Nor could he remain long-insensible to the power he possessed, and there was danger of his life being wasted in flippant meaningless flirtation, and his fine genius buried under the rubbish of amatory sonnets. He wandered from one bright star to another, now kneeling at the feet of a Juanna, now kissing the fair hand of an Isabella, now exciting the jealousy of one proud lord, now of another; enslaving all, but unenslaved. Fortunately, however, for the strengthening of his character, and the development of his powers, this butterfly existence was interrupted. A young princess, of the blood royal, a cousin of the king, came to take her first lesson in the ways of the world, or rather in courtly etiquette, under Isabella's auspices, and she soon won the mastery of the heart, for which so many had been striving.

Isadore de Santarene was indeed lovely enough to fill all a poet's fancy; and she no sooner appeared at court, than the young Camoëns had no thought for any one else. It was whispered to him, that she was betrothed to Ponce de Leon, one of the

grandees of Spain, with whom Emmanuel was desirous of strengthening the bonds of friendship. But Camoëns cared not for this; he loved,—and he determined to win the fair Isadore, presuming too much on the kindness which the king had always shown him, and trusting to his partiality, to forgive an error caused by love; a passion for which Emmanuel was supposed to have great sympathy, as he had himself suffered deeply from his long and devoted attachment, which was for many years unrewarded, even by a gleam of hope. Neither did Camoëns think of, or care for the anger of the proudest hidalgo in Spain, whose revengeful hate would probably follow him to the death, if he crossed his path. Love so wreathed with flowers the heavy fetters he cast over him, that he heeded not their ominous clanking, and saw not the fate to which they were binding him.

Isadore was shy and reserved. Unused to the gaieties of a court, she shrank from mingling in them, and night after night, in the midst of the courtly revels, would she, refusing to join in the dance or song, place herself by the side of the sad and suffering Isabella, whose life was passing away under the withering influence of some unknown malady, so gently, however, that even her loving husband, in whose heart she had been enshrined from his earliest youth, knew not that the life current was ebbing, and that the shroud was already worn which was to enwrap the fair form of his beloved. Isabella was pleased with the gentle Isadore, and found some relief for the sadness of her own full heart, in soothing the perturbed spirit of the guileless girl, who but for her would have pined for the quiet seclusion of the convent in which she had been educated. Camoëns had always been a favourite with his royal mistress. She delighted to converse with him; to draw forth his powers, and make him display his brilliant wit, and the varied stores of his cultivated intellect. By degrees Isadore, who had at first listened with downcast eyes, and rather dreaded the poet's approach, learned to look for it with eagerness. His gentleness and grace won her confidence, and his respectful homage, unlike the free manners of the courtiers, soon gained her attachment. She had been brought up in the strictest seclusion; she was betrothed in her childhood to Ponce de Leon, whom she had never seen; but whose chivalric virtues had been made the theme of constant conversation with her, till she fancied herself devotedly attached to him. But this ideal attachment was not strong enough to withstand the fascinations of the accomplished Camoëns, and when the idol of the court knelt at her feet, she broke and cast aside the withes which bound her to the Spanish noble. The jealous courtiers marked with pleasure the grow-

ing attachment of the youthful pair, for they foresaw in it the means of ruin to Camoëns, whose high favour with the sovereign and ladies of the court they envied, and whose downfall they had often plotted. He had hitherto escaped with singular good fortune the bravo's knife, which had been sharpened at the instigation of a jealous husband or lover; but now his own hands were digging the pit into which he was sure to fall. The Portuguese nobles knew full well that Emmanuel, generous as he was, would never forgive any interference with his plans. The father of the young Ponce de Leon was a favoured servant of the united sovereigns of Spain, and it was Isabella's fervent wish to see them rewarded for their fidelity to her parents, by this most desirable union, with the blood royal of Portugal. It had been arranged that the nuptials should take place in a few months, and it was that Isadore might be prepared to perform her part in the formal court of Spain, that she had been withdrawn from her retirement and placed under the protection of the queen.

It was long before the king perceived the change in his gentle cousin; indeed, so absorbed was he in state matters, it would probably have been entirely unnoticed by him, had not his attention been called to it by the queen. With her heart filled with love and sympathy for every thing human, she marked with deep regret the growing attachment of the young people, and reproached herself for not foreseeing this to be the consequence of their close intercourse. She thought it best they should understand their true position before it was too late. His attention once excited, the king himself perceived the danger, and, summoning Camoëns to a private audience, he most kindly, though firmly, expressed his disapprobation of any attempt to win the affections of the young princess, and forbade him, on pain of his displeasure and banishment from his country, to hold any other intercourse with her, than that required by the etiquette of the court. With his threats, he coupled promises of advancement and protection in case he were obeyed.

Irritated and unhappy, Camoëns left the royal presence; for the first time the obstacles to his union with Isadore, appeared insurmountable, but he could not give up the cherished hope. He determined to assume a course of conduct which would be likely to lull the suspicions of the monarch, trusting to some fortunate chance to secure him future success. Again did he, in seeming neglect of Isadore, pay his homage to the gay ladies of the court, flitting from one to another, writing impassioned love sonnets, and bribing duennas to convey them to those to whom

he addressed them; but though he sought all others, the homage of his heart was rendered alone to Isadore, and he still contrived to keep up a secret correspondence with her. Months thus rolled on, full of painful suspense to the young lovers, and the time was fast drawing near for Ponce de Leon to claim his bride. The preparations were already commenced for the magnificent bridal, and the whole court rang with the balls, the jousts, the fêtes, which were to be got up in honour of the joyful occasion, and all seemed delighted to pour into the ears of the unhappy lover all that could be gathered of the coming festivities. He was even asked to write an epithalamium, to be sung by the young men and maidens of the court, on the nuptial eve. Maddened, as the time drew near for her marriage, by the fear of losing her, Camoëns determined to risk the king's anger, and seek an interview with Isadore. He had read her anxiety and continued affection for him, in her pale cheek, and the evident distaste with which she heard any allusion to the arrival of her betrothed. He therefore wrote and implored her to see him. The night on which he wrote was to be one of the grand entertainments when all who claimed the rank of nobility were admitted to the palace, and he thought in the throng they could escape observation; and if he could see her only for a few moments, he trusted to make some arrangement with her.

Camoëns received no answer to his urgent request, and, distracted by the fear that his note had fallen into wrong hands, he waited with feverish impatience for the opening of the evening festivities. The time came at last; the ample halls of the palace were filled with guests; bright eyes sparkled, and small feet sprang elastic, to the sound of the merry castanet, and the light guitar. The hours were winged to all but Camoëns, who saw them passing away without any opportunity being offered him of speaking to Isadore. He almost began to despair, for he had not the courage to seek her openly, when a general movement in the company, caused by the entrance of a troop of bolero dancers, brought him for a moment to her side.

"Isadore," he said, "will you not grant my prayer?"

"Hush," she murmured, "we are observed; but watch your time, and when I drop this orange blossom, follow me."

She turned from him, and he soon saw her conversing with the queen. Leaning against a pillar, Camoëns watched her every movement; and, at last, when the king led his fair queen to the upper part of the hall, where, from an elevated position, they could view the dancers grace-

fully wreathing themselves with flowery garlands, and twining in all the mazes of the coquetish Lusitanian dances, he saw Isadore, with one quick glance at him, break from her *bouquet* a sprig of the fragrant orange; then, quickly turning round, she glided out of the door which led through an arched colonnade to the Queen's garden. Waiting a few moments, which seemed ages to his impatient spirit, that his immediate following might not excite suspicion, Camoëns passed out into the corridor, which was quite deserted; catching up a cloak which lay upon one of the low seats, he hastily threw it over his shoulders, that he might be a little disguised.

The moon shone down on a scene of quiet loveliness, forming a strong contrast to the garrish, glittering, noisy one he had just quitted. The fragrant orange-groves, their yellow fruit gleaming in its beams; the water sparkling up from the fountain which threw its jets high in air, and caught them in a carved basin, to be sent up again in shining diamonds; but neither the beauty of the scene, which at another time must have rivetted the poet's fancy, the rich perfume of the laden air, nor the harmony of the birds, for one moment occupied the thoughts of the young lover. He paused only to catch the faint rustle, which any ear but his would have taken for the waving of the leaves, but which he knew to be the heavy folds of the cumbersome court dress of Isadore. A gleam, too, of the white satin caught his eye, contrasting with the dark foliage, and on he sped, hardly daring to breathe. He gained upon the flying figure, but still she paused not, except to cast a hurried glance behind her; and then to press on with more energy. Perplexed by this strange manœuvre, and fearing he was deceived, he ventured to speak:

"Isadore, Isadore, is it you? Stop, I entreat; we are losing precious time."

At the sound of his voice she paused.

"Ah, Luis, is it indeed you? Your cloak deceived me; I feared my absence had been perceived, and my considerate royal cousin had sent some one to see that no harm came to me; but I thank the Holy Virgin I was mistaken."

"And now Isadore, we will sit down in the shade of this cork tree, and I will tell you why I have sought this dangerous interview."

"Dangerous indeed; I tremble for your safety, dearest Luis; for myself I fear naught; the royal blood flows in my veins, and Emmanuel dare not harm me. But you! oh, he would slay you, did he find you here."

"I have come to ask, Isadore, if you will not end this fearful suspense, by at once becoming mine?—place it beyond the power of your kinsman to separate us. It is presumptuous in me, I

know, to look so high; but have you not told me you love me, and does not that equalize all distinctions of rank? Let us then leave this court, and together seek some land where my song and my sword, shall win for me envied distinction, and where we can live and love unmolested."

"Ah, Luis! you know not what you ask. How can we escape, girdled as we are with watchful eyes, no motion unmarked? Who knows but even now they are tracking our steps?"

"So much the more need then, dearest, for us to fly. You know not how soon you proud Spanish lord may be here, to bear you to the formal court of Madrid. In my troubled fancy, methinks even now I hear the stately pace of him and his retinue. Oh, Isadore! if he once sees you, my hopes are crushed—"

"No, Camoëns; I will throw myself upon his kindness. Though naughty, he is generous. I will tell him I love another, and if that does not move him, at the very altar, before even the most holy Bishop, will I refuse to utter with false lips the vow without which there can be no bridal."

"A most maidenly resolution indeed, and well worthy the royal blood of Portugal," said the stern voice of Emmanuel, who had approached unperceived near enough to catch the last sentence. "Many thanks, fair cousin, for your consideration for our honour; but you seem to have forgotten that our will is law in this realm, and that our pledged word cannot be broken, to please a love-sick princess. But we will disenchant you of these delusions."

"You have yet to learn, cousin mine," said Isadore, her composure restored by the sarcastic tone in which the king addressed her, and her spirit excited by being thus made a royal plaything: "You have yet to learn that the blood which flows in this slender frame is as resolute as that which gives strength to your manly arm; and I swear," said she, dropping on her knees, and clasping her hands, "that sooner than wed at your bidding, you Spanish noble, I will consecrate my life to a convent."

"Well, fair one, so be it," said the king in a soothing voice, thinking it better to allay the spirit he had so unwittingly conjured up, "we will talk of this some other time—we must now return to yonder hall; your absence has long since been noted. As for you ingrate," he continued, turning to Camoëns, who stood undaunted, with folded arms and erect head; "You are a rebel to our royal commands, and are now a prisoner. What ho, Fernando!" A young page sprang forward at the word: "Summon the Captain of the Guard hither."

"Spare him, spare him, this once," said Isadore, "and I will promise never to speak to him, never to see him again."

"Isadore, I would not purchase liberty at such a price," said Camoëns. "I am now the king's prisoner; but be you firm, and the time may yet come when we shall both be free from the iron rule which would bend hearts to its will, even at the risk of breaking them."

The king turned with lowering brow to reprove the daring speaker, but he heard the footsteps of the approaching guard. Taking the cloak from Camoëns, he threw it lightly over Isadore, to conceal her from the gaze of the soldiers, whose torches shed a fitful light upon every object.

"Place this madcap in ward," he said to the officer who waited his commands. "See that he escape not; I have matters to settle with him."

The king chose that Isadore should return with him to the festive hall, though she plead for permission to retire to her own apartments; he feared the remarks of the gossiping court, if neither she nor Camoëns appeared again among them.

The next day the king commanded Camoëns to be brought before him. What passed between them at this interview is unrecorded; all that is known, is that the youthful poet was missed from the courtly circle, and his sudden disappearance excited some surprise. Question and surmise were hazarded, but it was soon found to be a disagreeable subject to the ear of royalty, and in a few days a visitor at the court of Lisbon would not have known that such a being as Luis de Camoëns existed, much less that he had ever shone the brightest luminary that circled round Emmanuel. Ere a month passed, Ponce de Leon came to claim his bride. She received him with cold disdain; but her beauty fascinated him, and trusting to win her love, he pressed on the marriage. The morning came; the many bells of Lisbon rang forth the bridal peal; processions were formed, and flowers scattered in the path the fair young bride was to take. The Bishop, in his holy robes, waited to perform the ceremony in the great church of San José. But they came not, the youthful pair. When they sought for the bride, and trusted to find her in her nuptial robes, she was gone. One favorite attendant was the partner of her flight, and the rest were weeping and fearing the anger of the king. No clue could be found to her place of refuge, and none knew the fate of Isadore de Santarene, till years after, a sister in a far-off convent died, and on her death-bed confessed, that she was the long sought for cousin of the king—Isadore de Santarene.

CHAPTER II.

"Alas! on Tago's hapless shores alone,
The Muse is slighted, and her clarms unknown,
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings."

"I CANNOT take it, Cheyti; why do you tease me with your potions? they will do me no good," said a poor sufferer, who was feverishly tossing upon his bed of straw, seeking rest but finding none. As he spoke he pushed aside a small glass which was held to his lips by a hoary headed black.

"It do massa good," said he, still urging it upon him; "massa no quiet, no sleep, no take this."

"The sands are almost run, why seek to stop them?" replied the sick man. "Oh that the golden bowl were indeed broken, and the silver cord loosed, then should I forget the world which has so forgotten me."

"Massa live to shame the world, and to be great man once more," said the faithful black, though the tears swelled to his large eyes, as he gazed upon the emaciated face which he knew could never again wear the hue of health; "but massa will take this, must for poor Cheyti's sake. Cheyti no sleep if massa is in pain." Again he put the glass to the lips of the sufferer, who, making a great effort, swallowed the mixture; then, with the tenderness of a woman, the black shook up the rough pillows, smoothed the thin sheets, and placed his master in the easiest position the narrow, comfortless bed would allow. He then busied himself in various little offices about the apartment. It was one of the humblest of those hovels which shock the traveller, when seen as in the cities of the old world, side by side with the gorgeous palace or lofty hotel. It was low and narrow, its mud floor damp and rough; the pallet on which lay the sick man was raised from the ground by a few planks laid on blocks of wood; a stool, and one comparatively easy chair, a table on which were a few books, and a curious Indian desk, composed all the furniture of this sordid apartment.

The black, Cheyti, as the sick man had called him, was not an African negro, nor a Moor, but had the air and complexion of one of the inhabitants of the islands of the Indian ocean. The draught he had given his master seemed to compose him, and his breathing became regular and heavy, like one in a sound sleep. Being assured that he was so, Cheyti began to metamorphose himself. He took off the handkerchief that bound his head, combed out the long white hair, which fell around his face and shoulders, a strange contrast to the bronze hue of his skin; he put on a small cap, and some additional garments, took

one more look at his master, then bandaged his eyes as if blind, and taking a heavy staff to lean upon, he passed out of the door, exchanging the quick light motion with which he had moved around the sick-bed, for a heavy, dragging step, and, counterfeiting perfectly the guarded and fearful walk of the blind, he slowly made his way to the Alameda, or public promenade. It was just the hour when, their siesta over, the young and old, the stately don, the bright-eyed maiden, and the cross-eyed duenna, the handsome cavalier, and the poor but proud beggar, saunter forth to regale themselves in the shaded walks of the Alameda. The black threaded his way with cautious steps till he found himself at the entrance of the promenade. Here, leaning against a tree, he stood listening to the passing footstep, the light laugh, or the merry jest, and inhaled the fragrant breath of the orange-perfumed breeze. His appearance soon collected a group about him.

"Ah, Cheyti," said one of them, "tis many days since you were here; where have you been?"

"Poor blind man's dog; sick, dead; Cheyti mourn for him; Cheyti no like to come without his dog."

"Well, well, sing for us some of your wonderful songs, and we will give you money to buy another dog."

"Give money first; sound of it make Cheyti's heart glad; he sing de better."

The crafty black had learned by experience, that many of his listeners dropped off at the close of his song, forgetful of the reward promised him. Taking the cap from his head, one of the company passed it round, and a few reals were gathered and placed in his hand. It was a larger sum than usual, for all had been touched by the pathos of his manner when he spoke of his dog; a gleam of satisfaction shot across his dark visage, as he counted the coins, and placed them carefully in his bosom.

"Now for a song, Cheyti; give us one of Camoens'."

The ballads and sonnets of this ill-fated poet were now extremely popular, though he himself was quite forgotten; indeed it was supposed he had died far from his native land.

With a clear and musical voice the black commenced his song, his imperfect pronunciation of the Portuguese language, so far from taking away from the harmony, seeming to add to it, and his rich voice rose and fell, echoing through the groves of the Alameda, and collecting about him most of the loiterers. He sang again and again, till twilight began to darken over him, and then, having received a few more silver coin, he turned away, hobbled through the crowd, and was

soon lost to their sight. No one followed him, for all knew he bore with an ill grace any attempt to trace him to his abode, and though they often wondered how the stranger blind man could so easily find his way, none questioned, but he came and went his way a privileged being. He was no sooner out of sight of the Alameda than he exchanged his slow, cautious gait, for a quicker motion, raised the bandage from his eyes, and was soon at his own humble door. He entered, all was dark, and still as death; he walked slowly to the bed, and laid his trembling hand upon the forehead of the sufferer. He was relieved; death had not placed his chilling signet upon the temple of life. Again, binding up his hair and disencumbering himself of the few extra articles he had put on, Cheyti lighted a lamp from the coals which were carefully preserved in a brazier, and then once more examined his master. He was still sleeping from the effect of the potion, but he looked even more wan and death-like than before.

"I cannot live long," murmured Cheyti, clasp- ing his hands, with an expression of unutterable agony. "I get some wine for him, perhaps that do good," and throwing over his shoulders a riding cloak which hung in one corner of the rude hut, and taking a few of the reals, which he had carefully deposited in the desk, he once more passed out; but soon returned with a cup of wine and some oranges. Then, seated by the side of the invalid, he watch- ed with straining eyes for some motion that should indicate he was arousing from his stupor. After many hours, in which, who would venture to tell the sad forebodings which swelled the heart of the lonely black, almost to bursting?—the sick man heavily opened his eyes; and fixed them with an expression eloquent of love and gratitude, on the face of his attendant.

"You are ever watching me, Cheyti; my poor fellow, how can I reward you? friends, I have none, wealth I have none. What will become of you, when I your only friend am gone?"

"Cheyti cannot let massa go, massa no die; break the poor black man's heart, massa save Cheyti's life once,"—*sobs choked the old man's utterance*; he turned away; filled a glass with wine and gave it to his master.

"It is vain, Cheyti; my last hour has come, and I wish to give you a few directions. My mind is clearer now than it has been for many a weary month, and I am comparatively free from pain; but I feel the hand of death upon me; his sickle has almost severed me from my parent world; and I would now do all that remains to me to do. Give me my writing desk."

It was brought to him, and with feeble hands he opened, and selected from it various packages. "When I am gone," he said; "I wish you to take

this package to Diego de Conto, the historian; he was our companion in our homeward voyage, you will remember him, and for old friendship's sake, he will see that justice is done to my memory. This I would wish you take to my mother's sister at Mucedo, it contains the relics of happier days; my mother's picture, and other tokens which will be of value to her and no one else. This chain, given me by King Emmanuel, I have in all my reverses carefully preserved, and now I give it to you, my faithful Cheyti, as my dearest and only friend. Ah, who has seen, on so small a theatre as my poor bed, such a representation of the disappointments of fortune? I do not wish you to apply to any one for aid to bury me. If by the sale of the few articles we still have left, you can buy me a corner in the church yard of San José, I should like it, for it was there I humbly knelt when a rosy cheeked youth, by the side of my blessed mother; now a saint in heaven; But if you cannot do that, place me with your own hands, in some quiet nook, or cast me into the Tagus. Its waters are sacred to me, for they bathe my beloved country; beloved though ungrateful. Oh my country! how I have loved thee,—I have returned to die not only in thy bosom, but with thee, for a little while longer will she be called a country." With this prophetic exclamation, he sunk back fainting and exhausted. The frightened Cheyti bathed his face in the wine, clasped his hands, and called upon him with all the soothing accents of devoted affection, in vain; for the life-blood had frozen in its current. He opened his eyes once, they were glassy and expressionless; he seemed to seek the face of his faithful friend: "Where are you?" he said, "I cannot see you, will you not get a light, that I may look once more upon you." Alas! he knew not that those eyes which had drunk in all sights of beauty, had revelled on nature, and fed his fancy with the brilliant images with which our Heavenly Father has gilded the world; were now closed in darkness, which only the light of the spiritual world could illumine.

A slight but fearful gurgling in the throat, which thrilled the poor black with horror, followed, and then the form lay rigid and stiff, the soul had passed from its earthly tenement, and unseen had plumed its flight to the judgment seat of its Creator.

In passionate grief, Cheyti threw himself upon the body, bathed it with his tears, kissed the wan cheeks, smoothed the dishevelled hair, and tried with childish hope to impart to the cold clay some of his own warmth. Day dawned; its faint beams penetrated the window, and soon the bright rays of the sun fell upon the dead, and aroused Cheyti from his paroxysm of grief. With trembling

hands he composed the limbs in that attitude of repose which had been denied them in life. He placed in order the humble room; and then went forth to make what arrangements he could for the interment of his master.

He first sought a priest who had been once or twice to their poor hovel, to administer to the dying man the comforts of ghostly counsel, and the consolations of Mother Church. He told him it was his master's wish to be buried within the hallowed precincts of *San José*, and begged his aid in obtaining the favour; he offered to devote the whole of his life in bodily servitude for payment of the price, in case he could not in any other way procure the money. The warm-hearted priest, much affected by the devotion of the servant, promised to do all that was possible for him. He volunteered to perform the funeral service, and at the earnest request of Cheyti, he engaged it should take place at the midnight hour. The black felt that he was thus fulfilling his master's wishes. No friendly eyes had witnessed his parting breath, and he would not that a gaping crowd should gaze upon and question of the neglected dead.

And that night when the hour of twelve was tolled forth by the city clock, the lonely watcher could have seen, had he looked forth from his window, a sad procession;—a priest in his sacred robes, preceding a corpse, borne on a hurdle by two officials of the church, and followed by one solitary mourner. With no light but the stars to guide them on their cheerless course, on they passed, till they reached the great gate of *San José*, which was opened by a man bearing a torch, who lighted them through the dim aisles of the lonely church-yard. They soon came to an open grave; slowly was the body lowered into it, while the priest in a suppressed voice chanted the service for the dead. When this was finished, the holy man motioned to the mourner to throw the first handful of earth upon the rough coffin. He stooped to do it; but overcome by his emotions, which had been hitherto restrained, but now burst forth uncontrollably, he cast himself upon the lid, and moaned out his deep anguish.

"Oh! massa, massa! take me with you, let me die, let me die!—Cheyti can be happy no more." In vain the kind-hearted priest endeavoured to console him. All words of sympathy, and consolation, fell as on a lifeless ear, till he reminded him that the extravagance of his grief might call upon him the attention of some passer-by, and as he had on his own responsibility interred the body in sacred ground, if it were discovered, it might be removed from its resting place. Springing up and mastering his grief at this hint, the black fiercely exclaimed, "I will

watch by it, no one dare touch him; Luis de Camoëns shall sleep in peace!"

"Camoëns?" echoed the monk. "Who mean you?"

"Cheyti's massa, no mean man: he is the poet of Portugal, Luis de Camoëns!" said the black.

"You must either be deceived yourself, or are attempting to deceive me," replied the monk. "Luis de Camoëns, the glory of Portugal, died in Portuguese India, and has been long mourned by his countrymen."

"Cheyti no tell lie, he speak the truth."

"Have you proof, can you convince me that I have just placed the body of Luis de Camoëns in the ground? If so Portugal must know it, that she may raise a monument to her poet."

"He sleep much better unknown, as he died," said Cheyti.

Bidding him a kind good night, the monk left him to watch beside his master's grave, and as he wended his way back to his convent, he pondered upon the singular circumstance which had just occurred; and the more he thought of it the more he became convinced of the truth of Cheyti, and that he had just committed to the dust the body of the renowned Camoëns. In his visits to him, while ill, he had been impressed by his evident superiority to the sject condition in which he appeared, but he had never been able to extort, even under the seal of confession, any clue by which he could discover who he was. Now the mystery seemed explained, and he could not wonder at the just pride and self-respect which made the poet prefer to suffer from poverty and want rather than throw himself upon the people by whom he had been so cruelly neglected. Sad were the good priest's reflections, as he thought of him, the very light of Portugal, whose fame had rung with clarion note through all the civilized world, whose early life had been passed in courts and camps, the favourite of all, dying on a pallet of straw, unknown, unweared for, save by one poor dependant, whose colour made him a servant and an outcast.

CHAPTER III.

In the preceding chapters, we have attempted to trace the first rising of the star of Camoëns, which beamed forth bright and undimmed, promising in its meridian height to enlighten the world, but which was quenched—not in the terrific tempest which flashes in the lightning, rending the heavens with a majesty and power peculiarly its own,—but in the sullen grovelling storm, which soiled and dimmed its lustre, till it sank unnoticed below the murky horizon, to remain so, only till another revolution of our planet dispersed the clouds, and permitted it to shine forth a permanent star in

the glorious constellation of the literature of the sixteenth century.

Luis de Camoëns was, as we have seen, the son of Simon Vaz de Camoëns, a commander of one of the first ships, sent out after the glorious discovery of Portuguese India by Vasco de Gama, to subjugate the new country; he was shipwrecked at Goa, and lost his life and fortune, leaving this child, Luis, the only legacy he could bequeath his widow. She was of a noble family of *Macedo*, ambitious and high-spirited; very early perceiving the germ of genius in the young Luis, she determined it should be developed by careful instruction, and he was at an early age placed at the University of Coimbra, which then bore the palm over all the other Portuguese literary institutions. The rapid improvement he made was astonishing, and soon won him the love of his preceptors; the classics became his passion, and he studied them with an enthusiasm which soon enabled him to appreciate their beauties, and their influence upon his mind can be traced throughout his writings, for they are strongly tinged with the spirit of the Greek writers.

Soon after he left the university he was presented at court, and there his fascinating manners, polished mind, and great beauty of person won him an enviable distinction, which proved, however, a dangerous one, for it excited the jealousy of the nobles of Emmanuel's court. Having aspired above his rank, and defied the express commands of the king, he was banished from Lisbon. He returned to his mother's birth-place, *Macedo*, and here renewed his studies and commenced his celebrated poem, the *Lusiad*, which has won for him undying fame. His father's death had made a great impression on his young mind, and thrown a hue of deep interest around every thing relating to Portuguese India, and he dwelt upon it, till the shadowy visions, floating before his mind's eye, shaped themselves into distinct and life-like forms, and he conceived the idea of his grand epic, which was to immortalize the discovery which lost him a parent, but gained his country a new kingdom, which is now, alas! lost to that country, living only in the immortal verse of its poet.

Soon after Camoëns left the court, Emmanuel died, and was succeeded by John the Third, who immediately after his accession, fitted out an armament against Africa. Weary of his quiet and inactive life, the poet obtained permission to join this expedition, and he soon greatly distinguished himself by his daring bravery. In a naval engagement with the Moors, in the straits of Gibraltar, where he was foremost in boarding one of their vessels, he was wounded in the right eye, the sight of which he never recovered, and a

grievous loss it was to him, whose speaking orbs had been the glory of his countenance; but fortunately, by great care he was enabled to preserve the other. He was now for a long time engaged in actual service, under the scorching suns of Africa; but neither the hurry of his warlike duties, nor the wild dissipation of a lawless camp life, could blunt his genius, or stifle his poetic taste; it welled forth, sparkling, bubbling like a pure spring in the sandy desert; and many of the most exquisite passages of the *Lusiad*, and several of his most beautiful sonnets, were written while, as he expresses it:

"One hand the pen, and one the sword employed."

The African expedition was at last over, and the fame of his warlike achievements having reached the court at Lisbon, and many years having passed since his unfortunate success, an effort was made by some of his friends to obtain permission for him to return to Lisbon. It was successful, and he once more appeared at court; but how changed from the smooth cheeked, brilliant youth, who had dazzled the beauties of the capital; his fine complexion was scorched and withered by the burning sun, and arid airs of Africa; his hair half bleached, his face scarred, and one eye gone, he looked the warlike veteran, rather than the ladies' bard; but though so altered, his presence gave uneasiness to some gentlemen of rank, whose jealousy had formerly been excited, and as the resentment of a jealous Portuguese knows no bounds, Camoëns found it most prudent to banish himself once more from his native country. He therefore determined to leave for India, wishing to visit the scenes he was drawing with so masterly a hand; it gives added interest to his poem to know that he himself saw all he so beautifully describes; that it was not from others, but his own observation, that he gathered those paintings in verse of the "fair kingdoms of the rising day."

In 1553, he sailed with a numerous fleet for India, a disappointed man, forced by a mean spirit of revenge, for the imprudencies of his youth, to leave the country which should have cherished him as an idol; he has indeed heaped coals of fire upon his head, for what would now be known of the brief splendour of the Kingdom of Portugal, but for Camoëns? A few lines in a dry page of history would cursorily mention, as one of the many events of the sixteenth century, that a certain Vasco de Gama discovered the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, that the discovery was followed by the conquest of the country by the Portuguese, who, however, had not the power long to retain their dominion, and they were soon superseded by other nations.

Instead of this damning with faint words, the whole Portuguese expedition, we have now the grand panoramic history of Camoens. We follow the ships, with their resolute commander, as they plough their way through unknown seas. We pause on Africa's strand, visit the kings of Momboyin and Melinda, while we avoid, with watchful eye, the snares of the deceitful Moors; we revel in the fertile country which yields its abundance for the refreshment of the weary mariner; we listen with rapt attention to the martial story of Portugal, as Gama relates it to the wondering barbarian, and we feel that the small piece of land which, joined by nature to its more powerful neighbour, is almost overshadowed by it, is rendered immortal, not by its great deeds, its bloody wars, or hard earned conquests, but by the simple verse of Luis Camoens, who neglected in life, and dying of a broken and dispirited heart, has yet piled up an enduring monument to his country.

It was with the saddest feelings, Camoens took the last look of his native land. As the ship left the Tagus, he exclaimed in the words inscribed on the sepulchre of Scipio Africanus, "Ungrateful country! thou shalt not possess my bones;" but he little knew what cares and perplexities in the East would awake in his heart the remembrance of the sunny home of his childhood. When he arrived in India, he found an expedition fitted out against the King of Pimenta, this he joined without allowing himself any rest upon shore, and his gallantry and bravery won him high honours; he was foremost in the battle, and by his enterprising example did no little towards gaining the victory. This relieved, he for some time had rest, which he employed in writing, and had it not been for his own imprudence, a few years at least might have been passed in tranquil enjoyment by him; but he had a keen eye and a discriminating mind, and soon saw the effect of the policy, which the Portuguese Government was pursuing towards the native inhabitants of India; the abuses of the viceroy's power, who trod with iron heel upon all the rights of the people, and swelled his own grandeur at the expense of broken hearts and violated laws. Forgetting the dictates of prudence, and indignant at the course pursued by Francesco Barreto, the viceroy, Camoens wrote some severe satires upon him, which, having been seen, gave such offence, he was peremptorily banished to China. His grace and true kindness of heart soon won him friends among the Chinese, and he received the appointment of Commissary of the States of the Defunct in Macao, a lucrative and honourable post, in which, by his justice and clemency, he gave universal satisfaction; there, he still continued his

literary pursuits, and a romantic cave is now shown in Macao, where it is said he completed his *Lusiad*.

He was now, for almost the first time in his life, in a situation where he found himself acquiring property, and he remained contented in this sort of honourable banishment for five years; but he was so cut off from many of the privileges he could enjoy among his own countrymen at Goa, that he became desirous of returning there; and Barreto having been displaced, and a friend of his early youth, Don Constantine de Braganza, appointed viceroy in his stead, Camoens resigned his charge at Macao, freighted a vessel with his own little fortune, and set sail for Goa, accompanied by Cheyti, the faithful black, whose life he had once preserved at some peril to himself, and who from that time never left him, but consecrated himself to repay, by the entire devotion of his life, the debt of gratitude he owed him. All was bright and prosperous when he left Macao—the blessings of the people followed him, the sun cheered him, and the breeze swelled his sails; but at the mouth of the river Mecon a violent tempest arose; his frail vessel was dashed to pieces, and he barely escaped, with life, by the aid of Cheyti. Once more fortuneless, he stood upon the shore, watching the floating timbers of the departed wreck, which were bearing away from him the hard earnings of years. His poems were all that were saved, and well might he exclaim, as he clasped them in his arms, dripping from their bath: "In the midst of judgment there is mercy!" for they were of far greater value to him than the rich products he had accumulated, which were swallowed up by the waters of the Mecon. In alluding to this river, he says: "In his gentle, hospitable bosom shall he receive the song, wet from woeful shipwrecks, escaped from destroying tempests; and from rayenous dangers, the effect of the unjust sentence upon him whose lyre will be more honoured than enriched."

He was obliged to remain some time on the wild shores of the river, but he received every attention from the natives, whose kindness he has immortalized in the ninth book of the *Lusiad*. He continued among them till an opportunity offered for him to return to Goa. When at last he did arrive there, he was warmly welcomed by the viceroy, Braganza, who invited him to become an inmate of his household, so that once more he enjoyed ease, and the sympathy of a cultivated and appreciating mind; but it seemed as if he were indeed the target, on which fortune, or rather misfortune, delighted to exhaust her quiver. No sooner had he found a quiet resting-place than some unforeseen event occurred, some political tempest or private feud, which tossed

him back on the waves of unrest. Don Braganza was superseded, and one of the clique formerly opposed to Camoëns was appointed in his stead, Count Redondo, who permitted the unhappy poet to be thrown into prison on a most false accusation. Here he dragged out another weary term, it being long before he was allowed the benefit of a public trial. When at last it could no longer be refused him, he defended himself in a brilliant speech, so full of power, truth, and biting sarcasm, as to refute every accusation against himself, and to bring shame and confusion on his enemies.

But it is only painful to follow our poet through the remainder of his sad Indian career—now a volunteer, fighting for the king and country which had disowned him—now a slighted guest with the great men of the land. At last, wearied with ineffectual struggles against his fate, home-sick, and heart-sick, thoughts of the land of his nativity came wooingly upon him. He forgot her former coldness; he forgot the indignation with which he had turned away from the last glimpse of her sloping shores; he forgot all but that he was the child of her soil, that his sunniest hours had been passed under the shade of her olive trees; and full of these fancies, he made his arrangements, and took passage with Cheyti, in a homeward-bound ship.

It was sixteen years since he left Lisbon, and with a beating heart he again approached its shores; but sad was his reception. A pestilence was raging in the city, stalking at noon-day through the devoted place, and the insignia of mortality met his gaze at every turn; the closely barred jalousies, from which no bright eyes beamed—the quiet streets, echoing only to the heavy roll of the lumbering car which bore the bodies of the dead to their last resting place—the attenuated figures which glided noiselessly along—were but sad objects to greet the eye of the weary pilgrim. He had hoped to publish his *Lusiad* immediately on his return to Lisbon; but the raging of the pestilence, and the desponding state of the country, prevented, and it was three years before it was printed. He had addressed it, with a most gratifying and deserved compliment, to the young Prince Sebastian, the hope of the nation, which so much gratified him that although he did not recall Camoëns to the court, he conferred on him a pension of four thousand reals, which, had it been continued, would have saved him the misery of his latter years; but Sebastian lost his crown and life, at the celebrated battle of Alcoyar, and he was succeeded by his uncle, Cardinal Henry, whom Camoëns had, with his usual imprudence, most deeply offended by a passage in the *Lusiad*, in which he advises Se-

bastian to exclude priests from state affairs. The shaft was evidently aimed at the Cardinal, who had even then assumed much of the government, and his narrow mind, which perceived no benefit that could result from elegant literature, could not forgive the covert sarcasm, and as soon as he ascended the throne, he withdrew the pension from the offending poet.

His residence in the enervating climate of India, and the many reverses he had experienced, had made sad inroads in the constitution of Camoëns. Had he been welcomed to his home, cheered with kindness, his genius encouraged, and the comforts of life given him, he might have regained the elasticity of his spirit, and enjoyed a moonlight old age, which would have atoned by its chastened brightness, for the clouds which overcast his youth; but, pinched and gripped by penury, his frame wasted with illness, unweared for and unsought, he dragged on the heavy chain of life, his only solace the devoted attention of the faithful Cheyti, who begged or sung in the public streets, unknown to his suffering master, for the money necessary for his support.

He died—his spirit was at last relieved from its thralldom; and, when too late, Portugal awoke to a sense of her ingratitude; then honours were heaped upon him; epitaphs were written, elegies were sung, and his name rang through all the country. Translations were made of his *Lusiad*, and if his freed soul could have looked down upon the pageants which were honoured by his name, it must have smiled at the lesson which the pages of history might have taught it while living, that the reward of genius rises Phœnix-like, only from the ashes of the dead.

Posterity has stamped its seal of immortality upon Camoëns. As a poet, dreaded, as the only rival he need fear, by the immortal Tasso, his name has come down to us side by side with that of the author of "Jerusalem Delivered;" but to the Christian reader, his bold and truthful descriptions, the sublimity of his imaginations, the playfulness of his fancy, can hardly atone for the false taste which blended the heathen mythology with the sacred cause of Christian truth. An enthusiastic admirer of the ancient classics, he probably thought an effective epic could not be composed without the aid of the Olympian machinery, with which Homer and Virgil have so long moved the world. He did not perceive the truth, that the one God, whose name is written on the waves, who guides the mariner in his trackless path, calling up the tempest, yet holding it in the hollow of his hand, who flashes in the lightning, whose voice echoes in the thunder, who smiles in the sunbeam and the dew-drop, who colours the beautiful petals of the flowers, who

frowns upon vice and strengthens virtue, is a more sublime object, more inspiring, and giving more dignity to the epic muse, than myriads of minor deities, who assemble in counsel, and, with the ungovernable passions of human beings, guide the affairs of this nether world as their caprice dictates.

Camoëns is best known to the English reader through the translation of Mr. Meikle, who has entered into the spirit of the original, and preserved the raciness which is often entirely lost by a too verbal translation. Perhaps this sketch of Camoëns cannot be better closed than by the sonnet which Tasso addressed to his dreaded but honoured rival:

"Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn, and, homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore;
Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore.
The Greek who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he who victor with the Harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.
Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoëns ow'st thy noblest fame;
Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name,
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along."

MAN'S ARROGANCE.

ARROGANT and self-sufficient man! powerful as thou may'st be in relation to other beings, dost thou presume to wrestle with the ordinances of thy Creator? Can we stop, aye but for a moment, this or any other of the celestial bodies in the course of their periodical revolutions? Can we make them go faster? Can we make them go slower? Can we add another star to the heavens, or can we diminish the number of those already existing? Will the sea obey our command, or can we change the course of the winds? What is man, who, in the height of his ignorance and presumption, imagines that the universe was created for him and for him alone? What is he but an itinerant occupier of one—and that not the most considerable—of the innumerable host of heavenly bodies, and of which he is himself only a component part?

MUTUAL INTERCOURSE.

THE mutual intercourse of the sexes is essential to society. Be you of which sex you may, were you surrounded only by those of the other sex, you would soon be tired of being worshipped as a god or goddess, as the case may be, and to set up an idol of your own would become in its turn a positive want of your nature.

THE RUIN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

I know a cliff, whose steep and craggy brow
O'erlooks the troubled ocean, and spurns back
The advancing billow from its rugged base;
Yet many a goodly rood of land lies deep
Beneath the wild wave buried, which rolls on
Its course, exulting o'er the prostrate towers
Of high cathedral—church—and abbey fair,—
Lifting its loud and everlasting voice
Over the ruins, which its depths enshroud,
As if it called on Time to render back
The things that were, and give to life again
All that in dark oblivion sleeps below :—
Perched on the summit of that lofty cliff
A time-worn edifice o'erlooks the wave,
"Which greets the fisher's home-returning bark,"
And the young seaman checks his blithesome song
To hail the lonely ruin from the deep.

Majestic in decay, that roofless pile
Survives the wreck of ages, rising still
A mournful beacon o'er the sea of time,
The lonely record of departed years :—
Yes—those who view that ruin feel an awe
Sink in the heart, like those who look on death
For the first time, and hear within the soul
A voice of warning whisper,—“Thus, e'en thus,
All human glories perish—rent from time
And swallowed up in that unmeasured void
O'er which oblivion rolls his sable tide.”
Such thoughts as these that moss-grown pile calls forth
To those who gaze upon its shattered walls,
Or, musing, tread its grass-grown aisles, or pause
To contemplate the wide and barren heath,
Spreading in rude magnificence around,
With scarce a tree or shrub to intersect
Its gloomy aspect, save the noble ash
That fronts the ruins, on whose hoary trunk
The hurricanes of years have vainly burst,
To mar its beauty;—there sublime it stands,
Waving its graceful branches o'er the soil
That wraps the mouldering children of the land.

The shadowy splendour of an autumn sky
Was radiant with the hues of parting day;
The glorious sun seemed loth to leave the west,
That glowed like molten gold—a saffron sea,
Fretted with crimson billows, whose rich tints
Gave to the rugged cliff and barren heath
A ruddy diadem of living light!

Hark!—'tis the lonely genius of the place
Sighs through the wind-stirred branches, and bewails
Its desolation to the moaning blast
That sweeps the ivy on the dark gray walls!—
No—'twas a sound of bitter agony
Wrung from the depths of some o'erburdened heart
Which in life's early morning had received
A sad inheritance of sighs and tears.

Starting I turned—and seated on the ground
Beside the broken altar, I beheld
A female figure, whose fantastic dress,
And hair entwined with sprigs of ash and yew
Bespoke a mind in ruins. On her brow
Despair had stamped his iron seal; her cheek
Was pale as moonlight on the misty wave;
Her hollow eyes were fixed on vacancy,
Or wildly sent their hurried glances round
With quick impatient gesture, as in quest

Of some loved object, present to her mind,
But shut forever from her longing view.

The sun went down. She slowly left her seat
And cast one long sad look upon the way;
Then poured the anguish of her breaking heart
In a low plaintive strain of melody,
That rose and died away upon the breeze,
The mournful requiem of her perished hopes:—

Hark! the restless spirits of ocean sigh;
I can hear them speak as the wind sweeps by.
See, the ivy has heard their mystic call,
And shivering clings to the broken wall,
The dark green leaves take a sadder shade,
And the flowers turn pale and begin to fade;
The landscape grows dim in the deepening gloom,
And the dead awake in the silent tomb.

I have watched the return of my true-love's bark,
From the sun's up-rising till midnight dark;
I have watched and wept through the weary day,
But his ship on the deep is far away;
I have gazed for hours on the whitening track
Of the pathless waters, and called him back,
But my voice returned on the moaning blast,
And the vessel I sought still glided past.

We parted on just such a lovely night:
The billows were tossing in cloudless light,
And the full bright moon on the waters slept,
And the stars above us their vigils kept,
And the surges whispered a lullaby,
As low and as sweet as a lover's sigh—
And he promised, as gently he pressed my hand,
He would soon return to his native land.

But long months have fled, and this burning brain
Is seared with weeping and watching in vain.
A dark, dark shade on my bosom lies,
And nights of sorrow have dimmed these eyes:
The roses have fled from my pallid cheek,
And the grief that I feel no words can speak;
I have made my home with the graves of the dead,
And the cold earth pillows my aching head!

He will come!—he will come!—I know it now;
The waves are dancing before his prow;
He comes to speak peace to my aching heart,
To tell me we never again shall part;
I can hear his voice in the freshening breeze,
As his bark glides o'er the rippling seas,
And my heart will break forth into laughter and song
When I lead him back through the gazing throng.

Ah, no—where you shade on the water lies
The slow-rising moon deceives my eyes,
And the tide of sorrow within my breast
Rolls on like the billows that never rest;
I will look no more on the heaving deep,
But return to my lowly bed and weep:
He will come to my dreams in the darkness night,
And his bark will be here with the dawn of light!

When the song ceased, she turned her heavy eyes
With such a heavy glance upon my face,
It pierced my heart, and fast the gathering tears
Blinded my sight. Alas! poor maniac;
For thee no hops shall dawn—no tender thought
Wake in thy blighted heart a thrill of joy.
The immortal mind is levelled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious cords of life give way.

Hers was a common tale—she early owned
The ardent love that youthful spirits feel,
And gave her soul in blind idolatry
To one dear object; and his ship was lost
In sight of port—lost on the very morn'
That should have smiled upon their bridal rite.
She saw the dreadful accident like one
Who saw it not; and from that fatal hour
All memory of it faded from her mind,
And still she watches for the distant sail
Of him, who never, never can return.

Poor stricken maid! thy best affections,
Thy hopes, thy wishes, centred all in earth—
Earth has repaid thee with a broken heart!
Love to thy God had known no rash excess,
For in his service there is joy and peace;
A light which on thy troubled mind had shed,
Its holy influence, and those tearful eyes
Had then been raised in gratitude to heaven,
Nor chased delusive phantoms o'er the deep!

LOVE.

BY E. J. D.

I wandered through a church-yard—dark
The cypress shade above,
And wild and rank, and long and dank
Grew weeds o'er those we love.

The willow with its drooping arms,
Stood like a mourner there,
And winds breathed cold, o'er the damp mould,
A requiem for the fair.

Yet even here, had Love essayed
To chase Earth's gathering gloom,
And garlands bright, like stars at night,
Hung smiling o'er the tomb.

And here had Love brought Poesy,
Bright Memories to keep,
And taught her voice the words "Rejoice!
Our loved ones do but sleep."

And here was many a sculptured form
Placed by the hand of Love—
Pale, weeping forms, bent by the storm,
Yet pointing still above.

And many a lowly cross was there,
Love's holiest emblem still,
That to the prayer of wild despair,
Soft murmured "Peace, be still!"

And thus around that dreary spot
Were sweet memorials spread;
O'er all the ground, mid gloom profound,
Love's radiant lights were shed.

Oh! Love, that e'en upon the grave
Beauty and peace bestow—
How could we bear Earth's heavy care,
And thou not gild its woe?

We thank thee, God, for all thy gifts,
On earth—in heaven above—
But more than all, our hearts recall
The perfect gift of Love.

THE MUSK-ROSE.

A SKETCH FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

BY E. L. C.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."
Gray.

AND how seldom are these annals read as they deserve, although, almost every page in the record, like the illuminated missals of the ancient church, is blazoned with points of beauty, that cast a softened radiance over the whole. It is truly, amid the scenes of lowly life that the highest virtues bloom, giving forth from their hidden shelter a life-breathing fragrance that refines, and exalts into the ideal, many an untutored mind which poverty has destined to the humblest cares, the most grovelling drudgery of existence. What know the rich of self-sacrifice, and cheerful duty, and patient fortitude, amid their thousand sources of luxury and enjoyment, when if one fail, another more than supplies its place? But the poor—they whose joys are so simple and so few—whom a solitary flower links to sweet remembrances, or the love of a solitary heart gladdens and cheers in the arduous and onward path of duty, who live but to struggle and to toil—and this with firm trust and patient hope, grateful if a single blessing brightens their lot, and un murmuring amidst its sorest evils,—it is in their hearts that affection glows the warmest and the purest—it is they, who, to the sick and sorrowful, from their own hard-earned pittance, give their cheerful mite—a gift more beneficent than all that wealth from its abundance casts into the treasury of charity.

We have gathered a single leaf from these unpretending annals, on which is inscribed a simple but an "owre true tale;" yet with little hope that they whose lot is cast remote from these scenes of struggling poverty and virtue, will pause in the pursuit of gayety and more brilliant pleasures, to read this passage in the history of one, to whose character of truth and beauty, we have rendered but imperfect justice. Yet, well would it be if we all studied more intently the inner life of those lovely ones of earth whom God has made in his own image—then might that love which is the vital principle of our faith—"dwell in us and abound"—and every human soul, how humble soever the form in which it is enshrined, be regarded by us with holy affection, and revered as an emanation of the divinity.

It was the small and dark attic of a humble tenement occupying a narrow space, in the meanest and most crowded street in the populous city of New York, but its solitary window projecting from a damp and moss-grown roof, gave to view through a vista of angular gables and tall chimnies a glimpse of the open sea that lay bright and limitless beyond. Near the window, on which stood in an earthen flower pot, as graceful a rose-bush as ever in garden or greenhouse unfolded its beauty to the sun, sat a young girl, slight in figure, and with a singularly sweet and intelligent countenance, though toil and privation had already robbed her cheek of its freshest bloom. She was busily at work upon a lady's dress, which, from its costly material, and rich embellishments of lace and satin, seemed to demand her utmost skill and neatness to complete.

Near her on a low bed, scrupulously clean, but bearing the marks of extreme poverty, lay, or rather sat, supported by pillows, a boy of some six years of age, with a face of rare and mature beauty, though bearing the impress of that suffering which was the inevitable concomitant of a severe spinal affection, that threatened to shape into deformity the fair and symmetrical proportions of his fragile frame. The morning sun streamed in through the small window on his young head, and touched with its golden radiance the waving curls that clustered around his brow, till they shone like a glory encircling the face of a cherub.

The girl seemed to feel the power of his almost unearthly beauty, for absorbed as she was by her employment, at intervals she raised from it her eyes, to fix them fondly but with the saddest expression of tenderness upon the boy, while he, unconscious of her observation, turned over and over with ever new delight the leaves of a picture book, which from her scanty earnings she had purchased for him on the preceding day. Suddenly a low cry, extorted by a darting pain, broke from him—his brow became contracted, his cheek flushed, and casting away the book, he threw back his head, and fixed his eyes with imploring agony upon her.

Instantly the rich dress fell from her hands, and springing towards him she held him in her arms, while he twined his around her with the eager intensity of pain, and for a few minutes clasped her in a strict embrace. As the pang subsided he relaxed his hold, and then, from a labelled vial, she poured a few drops of liquid into a spoon, and conveyed it to his lips. Without resistance he swallowed the medicine, thinking her with a smile so sweet, that tears filled her eyes, as, stooping to kiss his cheek, she softly said,

"Are you not better now, my Hal?"

"Yes, a little, thank you," answered the boy, "but ah, sister, do put the rosebush where I can see it—there, that will do. How sweet it is, Fanny," continued poor Hal, his large eyes brightening with pleasure, as he gathered up a handful of the delicate flower leaves, which, together with their rich perfume, were shaken over the bed, when Fanny removed, and placed it on a little deal table beside him. "It makes me think so much of our old home, and our pretty garden, where we were so happy; does it not you, sister?"

"Yes, dear, but more of our poor mother, whose delight it was to water and train it," said Fanny, the tears which had gathered in her eyes, falling silently over her pale cheeks as she spoke.

"Ah, and of her too,—but do not cry, sister,—you have often told me, that she dwells now among fairer flowers, and those that do not fade, as you see these do, and some time we shall go to her there—do you not hope it will be soon, sister?—that we may get away from this dismal room, where you have to work all day, and where we can see none of the beautiful things which God has made."

"You forget, dear Hal, that we can see the bright ocean afar off, and the blue sky which bends over it, and these are God's works. And then, too, we have each other to love, while the poor lone woman in the next room has no single heart to care for her, and none for whom she can find it even pleasant to toil. Therefore we should be content, dear boy, and above all things grateful to our heavenly Father for the blessings of our lot, though we have not all we crave."

"I will try to be happy and thankful, sister," said the child weckly, "and I should be, if I could only hear the birds sing, and run in the green fields as I used to do—then too I should be well—but here, Fanny—can any one ever get well in such a close and gloomy place as this?"

"Yes, Hal—and many who have never known what illness is, have always lived in such an one. But you look weary with lying so long,—come, let me sit you up at the window; there is a fine breeze blowing in from the sea now, and you may count many white sails on the water this

pleasant morning,"—and, lifting the sick boy tenderly in her arms, Fanny placed him in a high chair well lined with pillows, at the window, from whence he could amuse himself with the sight of the distant vessels, while as she hoped the cool and bracing air would invigorate his languid frame.

At first the change delighted him, and pleased to see him happy and at ease, Fanny resumed her work, conscious that she had already stolen more minutes from her task, than her employer would have sanctioned, even though given, as they had been, to the holiest offices of love. But soon the little sufferer grew uneasy in a position, which it required an effort to sustain, and once more Fanny suspended her employment, to minister with the untiring gentleness of love, to his wants. He seemed so exhausted when she laid him back upon the bed, that she tried to tempt his appetite with some delicate boiled rice which she had prepared as he best liked it. But in vain.

"I am not hungry, sister," he said as he turned with an expression of loathing from the food. "I am only tired, but I will just lie still and look at the dear musk-rose, and then I shall not think how badly my back aches."

Fanny smoothed his pillow, and not only drew the cherished plant nearer to him, but plucked one of its lovely roses and placed it in his little feverish hand, which closed over the slender stalk with delight.

"It is so sweet," he said—"when I shut my eyes and smell it, I just think I am lying under that hedge of wild roses by the wood, where you know we used to find the earliest strawberries. I do hope, sister, you will never be obliged to sell this beautiful rosebush, as you have every thing else, that we loved."

"Never, Hal, while I have a place to keep it in, and health to earn a morsel of bread for our support. It is all that remains to us of our old home, and on every leaf I seem to see my mother's smile."

"Yet, sister, Madame Legrande has always teased you for it since you carried her that beautiful branch full of roses that got broken off by the wind, and the other day when she came here to speak about it, I was so afraid you would let her have it for all that heap of money she offered you."

"Do not fear, Hal; I could never find it in my heart to part with it for any price—it seems so like a dear old friend, and as if it remembered with us, what was past and gone. And now try to sleep a little while, and as I have not time to read to you, I will repeat some of the pretty pieces you love so much to hear."

"That will do just as well, Fanny, for you

know all the 'Spider and the Fly,' and I had rather hear that than any thing," said the docile child, as he nestled down quietly upon his pillow, while Fanny, alarmed lest she should not complete her task within the appointed time, plied her needle with redoubled diligence, reciting at the same time Mrs. Howitt's fascinating fable, which, much as Harry loved it, had the effect of soon lulling him to sleep. Just as she concluded, there came a low knock at the door, and opening it, Peggy, a little servant girl of Madame Legrande's, the milliner on whom Fanny depended for employment, made her way into the room. She came with a message from her mistress, who desired that the dress which Fanny was completing, should be sent home by eight o'clock on the following morning; the lady for whom it was designed having intimated that she wished it returned to her as early as it could possibly be finished. Fanny feared it would be more than she could accomplish, but said she would try her best to get it done.

Peggy turned to depart, when the stately rose-bush, crowned with its fragile and perfumed clusters, caught her eye, and as she paused to gaze admiringly upon it, she asked Fanny if she intended parting with it to Madame Legrande,—and when she received a reply in the negative, with the reason that it would be cruel to take from her sick brother an object which gave him so much pleasure, the girl said it would indeed be a pity to take it away from the poor, pale boy—but then, she added, six dollars was so much money for a green thing like that—and the lady who was anxious to get all sorts of strange and beautiful plants, had offered as much, if Madame Legrande would obtain the muskrose for her, because she could not get another in the country; and was mad after it ever since madame had shown her the broken branch which Fanny brought to the shop one morning. Madame was set upon it, she wished so much to oblige the lady, who was one of her best customers, and Peggy feared Fanny would have trouble if she refused to part with it to them.

In truth, Fanny feared so too, for she knew too well Madame Legrande's subservience to the wealthy, and her exacting and imperious temper, not to foresee that evil would ensue from provoking her displeasure. Yet dearly as she loved this cherished plant, which from her childhood had been associated with her mother's image, and which, like the household gods of the Romans, was linked with the remembrance of gentle words and fond smiles, that consecrated its every leaf in her affections, from no feeling of self-gratification would she have retained it, had a single suggestion of conscience whispered her that she

was violating any duty, or yielding to any weak indulgence, in so doing.

But to little Hal it seemed the impersonation of his mother's love, cheering his weary hours with its ceaseless bloom and its exhaustless fragrance, speaking to him of his early home, conjuring up lovely features of green hill and shadowy grove, and recalling many a tender thought, unshaped and dim, but soothing and delicious to his childish mind. While he so loved it then, Fanny resolved the ruschush should never pass into the hands of another; she might find it ill for herself to retain it; but she felt that she could cheerfully endure toil, and trial, and hardship, to add one joy to the few that brightened his sad and suffering existence.

With these thoughts and determinations Fanny once more sat down to her work—but the day was already far spent, and when she glanced over what was yet to be done before her task was completed, the quantities of piping to be made and sewed on in a difficult and intricate pattern, and the close goging of the bodices and sleeves, which was so slow and tedious to accomplish, her heart failed her, and she was almost tempted to carry the dress to Madame Legrande, and represent to her the impossibility of finishing it within the limited time. But her necessities made every half penny she could earn a thing of consequence to her. The rent of her miserable chamber would soon be due to a landlord who brooked no delay—poor Harry would require warmer clothing as the autumn advanced, and he was already suffering for the want of a more nourishing diet than she had hitherto been able to procure him. These considerations swept away every obstacle from Fanny's mind, and with that resolute effort of the will which seldom fails in its purpose, she set herself diligently to the completion of her task.

All through the remaining hours of that day, and till long past the weary midnight, did the toil-worn girl ply her busy needle, pausing only to administer to the wants of Harry, who, however, made few demands upon her time, for young as he was, he had learned those lessons of justice and self-denial which the children of the virtuous poor are early taught—and a consideration for the feelings and circumstances of others, worthy of maturer years. And so he quietly amused himself with his few playthings and books, and, when weary of them, counted the roses as they unfolded, or gathered up the leaves of those that fell, talking all the time with childish garrulity, of the scenes and sports that consecrated the remembrance of his country life, and which seemed ever associated in his mind with the flowers and foliage of this graceful and cherished rose-tree.

As the evening closed in, he fell asleep, and when his innocent and cheerful voice no longer beguiled the hours, they passed wearily indeed to poor Fanny. But still she worked on, till a neighbouring clock struck twelve, and one, and two—and then her wretched candle burned low in its iron socket, and both sight and strength failing her, she laid carefully aside the splendid dress which was to array a person far less lovely than her own, and which formed so strange a contrast, not only to her humble and plain attire, but to the mean and bare aspect of the room—and without undressing, threw herself on the low bed beside Hal, and in a few minutes sunk into the unrefreshing sleep of utter weariness and exhaustion.

The shrill clariion of a cock proclaiming the hour of dawn, from the top of a neighbouring shed, startled her from slumber, and, springing hastily up, she resumed her work, seating herself at the window, to take advantage of the rapidly increasing light. She felt ill and faint—she had tasted scarcely food enough on the preceding day to sustain nature, but she resolutely resisted her weakness, and toiled on with a diligence that promised speedily to bring her task to a close. It was exactly half-past seven when she placed the finishing stitch in the dress,—and she to whose vanity that rich robe was designed to minister, felt not, when first its graceful folds floated around her figure, and her mirror told her how its perfect fit, and tasteful adornments, enhanced her beauty, a throbb of pleasure half so pure and buoyant, as that which swelled the breast of the young and wearied artiste, when she at last saw her elaborate task completed, and forgot the toil and anxiety of the long and lonely night, in the glad thought that the recompence it had earned for her, would give her the power to purchase a few more comforts for the little suffering boy, whose love made the blessing of her life.

He was just awaking as she closed the cover of the bandbox upon the dress, and his first words were of joy that she had finished it, though he little knew, that she had wasted the silent night in labour, for him, while he slept on undisturbed. He looked brighter, she thought, than he had done of late, and for this, her gentle heart swelled with another throbb of grateful joy—she brought him his simple breakfast when she had washed him, and changed his night-dress for the loose robe which he wore by day, and then drank her own cup of milk as she stood beside him. But she could eat nothing, and when all needed cares were bestowed on him, she kissed him, and bidding him be a good boy and amuse himself as well as he could till she came back, she took up the bandbox, and set out for Madame Legrande's.

She found her just at breakfast, but being in uncommonly good humour she did not keep Fanny long waiting. She even condescended to praise her work, and to commend her for finishing it so promptly. It had cost the poor girl three days and one night of almost unceasing toil, and for this she received the small sum of one dollar, while her employer pocketed four, and won for herself the honor due to Fanny,—that of being a first rate *artiste*. Thankful, however, for constant employment, even on moderate terms, she was departing with another parcel of work, which was to yield her a similar profit, when madame called her back, to make some inquiries respecting the musk-rose.

Fanny had expected this, and her answer was gentle, but firm: "She could ill afford to keep it, dear as it was to her," she said, "when the sum offered for it would relieve so many of her pressing necessities—but she considered it as belonging to her brother, and while she had health to earn even a bare subsistence, she would endure any hardship, rather than deprive him of almost the only pleasure he was capable of enjoying." Madame Legrande tossed her head with a scornful air, and made some ill-natured remark on the folly of poor people having fine tastes and fancies, in which none but the rich had a right to indulge. But fearing by Fanny's silence, that she was defeating her own object, she changed her tone to one of more softness and persuasion, and said, "that Mrs. Harwood, the lady who, from having seen the broken branch, had taken such a fancy to the musk-rose, was very anxious to obtain it, for she could not find another like it in the country, and had commissioned her to say she would give six dollars for it—an enormous sum, which Fanny, in her circumstances, would be silly indeed to refuse—besides which, Mrs. Harwood would give her another rosebush of a more common kind, that would supply to her brother the place of the musk-rose, and with which she ventured to say he would be just as well pleased."

"Oh! Madame Legrande," said poor Fanny, the tears trembling in her eyes as she spoke, "for myself I care nothing; I have no right, as you say, to practice any self-indulgence, and I do not—I strive not to—but for poor Harry's sake I would keep this dear musk-rose. You cannot know how much we love it—nor wherefore. But it was my mother's—she planted the slip the day my brother was born, and she always called it lovingly, his twin sister. And now it is like an old friend to us, and brings back so freshly our parent's love, and the pleasant fields, and green hills of Bloomingdale, among which was our happy home."

"And what happened that you left it, Fanny?"

asked Madame Legrande, in a tone of unusual interest, touched unconsciously by the poor girl's tender allusions, and her half subdued emotion, though it was rarely she troubled herself with the history, past or present, of those whom she employed to do the drudgery of her profession.

"My father, ma'am, who was a chemist, lost his life about three years ago, by a dreadful explosion, which took place in the course of some experiments he was making—and after his death I went to learn the trade of a dressmaker, by which I hoped in time to support my mother and my little brother. They remained in the cottage which my father hired from year to year at Bloomingdale, till the lease expired, and then they left it, and came into the city, where we procured cheap lodgings and lived once again together. My mother's health, which had always been feeble, failed very rapidly after my father's death, and before she died, the expences of her long sickness had nearly consumed the trifle which he left us —" Fanny paused a moment, overcome by many sad and painful recollections, but seeing that her auditor was interested in her little history, she wiped away her tears and resumed.

"When Harry and I found ourselves without parents or friends in the wide world, we scarcely knew what was to become of us—but I knew that we had a Father in heaven, who cared for and pitied us, and therefore I could not despair. We were nearly penniless, but I sold the few good articles of furniture we had brought from Bloomingdale, keeping only the musk-rose, from which we could not part; and, hiring a small chamber, we endeavoured to subsist upon as little as possible, lest, before I could earn more, we should expend the whole of the small sum in our possession. But then, from want of air and wholesome food, Harry became ill—I could not leave him to get work, and all that we had was soon gone. I cannot tell you how much we suffered before I obtained employment, but when he grew somewhat better I came here to seek it—since then I have not been idle, and while I can earn an honest livelihood, however hardly, and my dear Harry is spared to me, I will not be so wicked as to murmur. Dark as my lot seems, I have many blessings to be grateful for,—but above all do I thank God that he brightens my home, humble as it is, with human love, and renders light the burden of constant toil, by the thought that it is endured for one, without whom, even ease and wealth would be unwelcome gifts."

Fanny's pale, sweet face, as she ceased speaking, was radiant with a glow of tender and elevated feeling that made it truly beautiful. Even the selfish and worldly Madame Legrande, as she

listened to, and regarded her, was awed into admiration by the tenderness, the piety, the patient and holy fortitude of a creature so young, so gentle, and so desolate, yet had she not enough of the ideal in her soul, to comprehend the refined and delicate sentiment which made Fanny refuse, even in her most extreme destitution, to part with the rose in exchange for those external advantages which would at once have decided a more vulgar mind to accept them. Expressing, however, her sympathy for Fanny's trials, and her intention to befriend her so long as she continued deserving, she once more suggested the expediency of her giving up the rose, since, if she could afford to keep such a luxury, she must not complain, if she was not in future furnished with so constant employment, when there were others as worthy, and more needy, whom, to favour her, she had often, when work was not pressing, suffered to remain idle,—and with this covert menace the priestess of fashion turned and walked with a stately step from the show-room where the conversation had been held.

The truth was, Mrs. Harwood, in her anxiety to possess the musk-rose, then a novelty in the country, had offered nearly double the sum which Madame Legrande had named to Fanny—but the milliner's usual greediness of gain stimulating her to reap her own profit from the bargain, she purposed pocketing the remainder, as a sort of commission, to which she persuaded herself she was entitled, as acting agent in the business, and hence arose her eagerness to obtain the flower from Fanny, though a wish to oblige Mrs. Harwood, who was a liberal and constant customer of her own, made her still more desirous to succeed in the negotiation.

When Fanny left the shop, it was with the conviction that she had so deeply incurred the displeasure of Madame Legrande, that in all probability she should soon have to seek elsewhere for employment. And so in truth it proved,—the favour of the offended milliner was gradually withdrawn from her, and though, while she had any thing given her to do, Fanny accomplished it with marvellous celerity, and in her usual style of exquisite taste and neatness, not one word of commendation fell from the lips of Madame Legrande, nor were her cold looks, and chilling manner, in the slightest degree softened by the gentle and patient endurance of the uncomplaining girl. Vexed, indeed she was, to have her will thwarted in so quiet, yet firm a manner, by one so powerless and dependant, and chagrined, that in failing to obtain the musk-rose, she must be compelled to disappoint a lady, whom it was her especial wish and interest to oblige—and moreover to defraud her own purse of

the profit she intended to reap from the bargain. Madame therefore grew more and more incensed against poor Fanny, and, hoping to convince her of the folly of her conduct, ceased at last to give her any employment, coldly saying she would notify her when she had need of her services, but for the present she had no more than work enough for those, whose necessities made it a charity for her to furnish them with constant occupation.

Fanny understood the taunt, and her heart swelled at the injustice of the treatment she received. But it effected no change in her resolution, respecting the musk-rose—it was Harry's plant, the solace of his sick and weary hours, and too much of a mother's tender, self-denying love, mingled with the calmer affection of a sister in her heart, to permit her tearing from the suffering child an object so endeared to him by memory and fond association: "No, let me toil as I may," she thought, "while he has life, and consciousness to enjoy its beauty, that cherished rose-tree shall shed its bloom and fragrance over poor Harry's bed of pain." If the source from whence she had so long derived employment failed her, there were others to which she might apply; she had trust in God, and this supported her. His eye, she knew, saw her secret heart and read its motives, though others might not understand them, and she felt assured that the love which fed the hungry ravens, and watched the sparrow's flight, would not leave her to struggle unaided and in vain.

But Fanny had scarcely begun to experience the evils arising from Madame Legrande's displeasure, when Hal's increasing illness filled her with anxiety, and left her no leisure to go abroad in search of the employment on which they depended for their subsistence. Day and night she watched beside him, exhausting with fruitless care, her whole simple pharmacopoeia for his relief. Yet the boy seemed wasting fast away, and her skill could not check his disease, or mitigate the burning fever that consumed him. She must seek elsewhere for aid, and, dreading the extravagant charges of a fashionable physician, which her slender purse would never enable her to defray, she, under the mistaken notion that the humblest practitioners are the least exorbitant, summoned a neighbouring apothecary to prescribe for her brother. He was in fact, a mere empiric, who presumed not to practice the healing art openly, but by the poorer classes, who inhabited the lanes and alleys within sight of his pestle and mortar, he was often sought, for advice as well as medicine, and in order to render the business into which he had thus stumbled profitable, he was in the habit of exacting his

fee before he gave his prescription, quite aware that among so uncertain a population, credit, if he granted it at all, must be wholly unlimited.

Thus poor Fanny's small amount of wealth was rapidly diminishing, and without any immediate prospect of earning anything to replace what she was daily expending, since she could not leave Hal to go abroad for work, and the constant care which he required, would scarcely have left her time to do it, if obtained. Every moment indeed which she could spare from him she devoted to her needle, toiling on coarse garments, for those of her neighbours whose circumstances compelled them to seek the services of persons, who demanded the least possible return for their labour. Harry still continued very ill, often enduring the most acute pain, and when the paroxysm ended, sinking into a state of languor, or of utter stupor, which filled Fanny with extreme alarm. He seemed to derive little or no benefit from the prescriptions of the apothecary, who, finding the case probably beyond the reach of his skill and science, and suspecting from appearances that Fanny's purse was well nigh empty, gradually diminished the frequency of his visits, and at last ceased altogether to make them, telling Fanny that good nursing would do more for the boy than "good doctoring," but that neither would be of much use while she persisted in poisoning the air of the room with that useless rosebush.

Fanny had often heard that the odor of flowers in a confined apartment was injurious to the health, and as little confidence as she had in the man of drugs, she could not doubt that he spoke with some truth, and knowledge of the subject. The plant, too, seemed to give Hal of late, but little pleasure—he scarcely noticed it; and as Fanny fixed her tearful eyes upon his little emaciated countenance, where want struggled with disease, and then turned them to the rose-tree, whose leaves and flowers seemed to her to wear a sickly and unnatural hue, as though pining for a fresher and purer atmosphere,—she softly said:

"Yes, I must part with it; it may indeed be, that disease and death lurk in its fragrant flowers—and if not,—why should I keep it—it no longer gives him pleasure, and with the money which it would bring me, I could purchase that which might again restore him to strength—wine and nourishing food—for the want of which he is suffering, even more than from illness. But should he pine for it, when he recovers—ah, and even so, its loss will be to him a lesson—hard indeed, but salutary—a lesson of self-sacrifice, and patient submission to the evils of his lot."

Fanny sank into a fit of musing as these thoughts fell in half-murmured accents from her lips, for still she struggled with herself for reso-

lution to part with the cherished object that linked her so fondly to the past—that spoke to her heart of the dead, and with its living bloom and beauty brightened and cheered their lone and humble home. She was kneeling beside Harry's low couch, for he had fallen asleep with his head pillowed on her arm, and she feared to awaken him by withdrawing it. The position was painful, but she submitted to it rather than disturb him, while as she laid her face close to his upon the pillow, sleep settled on her wearied eyes, and the sad hue of her waking thoughts became tinged with the golden light that illumines the mysterious world of dreams.

In the mean time, Madame Legrande found that the ill she meditated against Fanny rebounded with accumulated force upon herself. Complaints from all quarters, of orders tardily obeyed, or imperfectly executed, were poured into her ears, till she was fain to acknowledge to herself that Fanny's taste, and skill, and punctuality, were all-important to the success and celebrity of her establishment. How to regain them, without giving her own pride a deadly wound, was now a subject of frequent and anxious thought; especially since one of her best customers had intimated, that unless the young woman who had formerly been Madame's chief assistant, was again employed in the dress-making department, she for one, should give her patronage to Miss Panton, who, as rumour said, was *au fait* in all the exquisite mysteries of London and Parisian millinery. Alarmed by this threat, and by seeing Mrs. Harwood at church with a French cardinal which she knew had been purchased, at the show-room of Miss Panton, Madame Legrande one day set forth for the humble abode of Fanny, trusting to be spared the humiliation of offering to take her again into her service, by receiving from herself a petition to be allowed to return to it. Through one of her subordinate workwomen, she had heard of Harry's increased illness, and that the apothecary had said the musk-rose would be the death of him, if not removed, and availing herself of the hint, she purposed to work upon the fears of Fanny, to obtain the rose for Mrs. Harwood, and thus secure both that lady's gratitude, and her patronage. So, after traversing the gayer thoroughfares of the city, Madame turned aside and threaded her way through various intricate windings, to the dark and narrow alley in which Fanny dwelt; drawing her fine dress closely around her, she climbed with weary foot the broken staircase that ascended to her wretched attic.

She knocked gently at the door, but no one answered; after waiting a minute she lifted the latch and entered, but paused a moment on the

threshold, before advancing towards the centre of the chamber. The scene which it presented might have melted a tenderer heart to pity, but her's was a coarse and callous nature, and she saw but one object of interest, within the room—the lovely musk-rose, crowned with odorous blossoms, which loaded the air of that sordid apartment with fragrance more delicious than the richest perfumes of the East. It stood upon a small deal table, overshadowing the low bed on which lay little Hal, wrapped in a deep sleep, emaciated to the last degree,—and so ghastly pale and sunk was every feature, that his face more nearly resembled that of a corpse, than of a living child.

Fanny was kneeling on the bare floor beside him, her arm supporting his head, while her own, as if overcome by weariness, had sunk down on the pillow, and her face lay close to his, as was, in fact, his sad, and if not marked with traces of as acute physical suffering, it told of that deeper and more intense agony of the spirit, which withers the early bloom of life, and writes on the rounded lineaments of youth the dark characters of untimely care and age. A few half empty vials with a cup of water-gruel, stood upon the table, and on a chair beside the window, as if thrown there in haste, lay an unfinished garment of coarse and gaudy chintz. The whole aspect of the chamber, was that of extreme destitution, yet in all was apparent that attention to neatness, which is a sure indication of innate deficiency and refinement of mind.

As Madame Legrande, after her long and admiring survey of the rosebush, glanced around the mean apartment and then upon the wan, unconscious forms of the sleepers, her conscience for a moment raised its accusing voice in tones that would be heard, but was quickly silenced by the louder call of that habitual selfishness, which suggested that she had come at a fortunate moment for securing her long coveted prize. Impatient for Fanny's awaking, she moved about the chamber with no gentle step, and finally let her parasol drop heavily upon the floor, when the poor girl raised her head with a sudden start, and looked wonderingly upon her unexpected visitor. But even then, not forgetful of her helpless charge, she drew her arm gently from beneath his head before she arose, and with calm self-possession stood awaiting the address of Madame. For an instant the bold undaunted eye of the milliner sank abashed beneath the mild inquiring glance of the humble girl she had so wantonly wronged; but then her native confidence revived, and she said in a tone of unusual suavity:

"I heard through Kitty Lausing, Fanny, that

your little brother had been very ill, and as I was out this afternoon, I called to ask how he is, and to advise you, as it will be bad for you to run up a doctor's bill, to go to the dispensary, where you can have medicine and advice gratis."

There was something so unfeeling in her tone, though she affected to speak with kindness, that Fanny's heart swelled within her as she replied:

"I think ma'am, it is wholesome food, and a little wine, that he wants more than medicine, and when I can get him these, I shall hope to see him gain strength, as the fever seems now entirely to have left him."

"Well, child, you ought to be able to do that now," said madame, in a tone of asperity, and glancing at the musk-rose as she spoke; "but I do not believe all the dainties in the land would do him any good, while he breathes such a polluted atmosphere. Why, I should think I heard my death-warrant read, if I were condemned to sleep in this close room, with this plant, or any other—for all of them, so I have heard old Doctor Cactus say, give forth an air, which they call by some hard name that I have forgotten, but which it is perfect poison to breathe."

"The apothecary who came to see Hal, last week told me something of this," said Fanny, pushing wide open the small window, which accident had nearly closed; "and as I have no where else to keep the bush, it made me resolve to part with it—especially as Harry has not seemed to care for it of late, and may be reconciled to its loss when I tell him why I gave it up."

"Well, Fanny, I am glad to hear you talk so sensibly," said madame, elated by her easy victory. "I thought you would not long persist in your folly; and, to show you that I cherish no resentment for your former obstinacy, I will still take the musk-rose of you, and pay you this very moment, the price I named at first, which will no doubt be a convenience to you now, and of far more use, certainly, than that plant, which it is a shame to hide from sight in this dark room, when there would be so many eyes to admire and covet it in Mrs. Harwood's conservatory."

And with an air of infinite bienveillance, she laid upon the table six dollars of the ten which had been offered for the musk-rose, reserving for her private benefit the remaining four, and trusting also to receive a douceur from the lady whose floral collection she was thus contributing to enrich. Fanny's eyes swam in tears as she looked upon the money; the rose-tree seemed to her something too sacred to be bartered for gold, and she left it for a moment untouched. But a feeble man from Hal, and a glance at

his wan and wasted countenance, made her feel its true value; and, cheered by the thought that it would purchase what might restore him to health, she laid it silently away, but without trusting herself to look at the plant, which, by that act, she resigned to the possession of a stranger.

"And now, Fanny, that this matter is at last settled," said Madame Legrande, "and you have seen the folly of acting contrary to my advice, you shall again, as we are just now crowded with orders, be supplied with work, if you wish it. Come down tonight, if you can leave Harry, and if not, I will send Kitty to you in the morning, with a dress for Miss Penrose which I wish to have finished in your very best style."

Fanny quietly expressed her thanks, and said she would go herself for the work. She felt rejoiced indeed, to be sure of more constant and lucrative employment again, than she had obtained of late, for the expenses of the last fortnight had almost exhausted her slender purse; but the feelings of gratitude with which her heart ever overflowed for the slightest testimony of interest or kindness, were chilled by the unjust conduct, which, in order to gratify her own anger and disappointment, Madame Legrande had exercised towards her—even when she knew, that by wantonly depriving her of employment, she was, for a time at least, consigning her, and her helpless brother, to want, and leaving them unaided and alone to drain the bitter cup of poverty.

Within an hour after madame's departure, a man came with a hand-cart to remove the musk-rose, and Fanny, unable to look upon it for the last time, bent with moistened eyes over Harry's pillow; thankful that he was spared the pang of seeing this cherished relic of their early and happy home, borne away forever from their fostering care and love. She was soled, however, by the thought, that in parting with it, another duty had been performed, and that every trial and every sacrifice whether trivial or important, lent new strength to her character, and was a healthful discipline to the desires and affections of her heart, purifying and elevating them, and so fitting her to act well and faithfully her part in the painful circumstances of loneliness and poverty, in which it had pleased Providence to place her. And so, serene and cheerful, she arose, and leaving an old woman, who lodged in an adjoining room, to sit beside Hal till her return, she went forth to purchase, with her newly acquired wealth, a few of those luxuries which are so grateful and necessary to the sick, purposing to call on her return for the work which Madame Legrande had promised her.

For a few days the effect of a more nourishing

diet, produced a favourable change in little Harry—but to Fanny's grievous disappointment it was only temporary, for before the bottle of wine was half emptied, or the arrow-root consumed, he relapsed into his former state of debility and languor. Fanny was greatly discouraged and alarmed,—but the apothecary happening to call in, told her she was pursuing the right course—so she thought she would follow it a few days longer, and if Hal then grew no better, she resolved to ask for him the advice of some experienced physician. An unexpected circumstance, however, hastened the execution of this purpose and wrought a material change in the situation of Fanny and her brother.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A MOST BELOVED CHILD.

And this is death? Ah! yes, 'tis he,
And yet so lovely in its form,
That one might fancy, through these veins,
There courses still, the life-blood warm:
So fair, so sweetly calm art thou,
While death's cold signet's on thy brow.

Thy cheek hath lost the brilliant glow
Which thy soft skin was wont to dye,
While on its marble surface now,
The dark fringed lid droops wearily;
The beaming eye is closed in death,
Mushed is the soft, and fragrant breath.

Thy lips are parted, by a smile
Of holy, pure, and chastened light,
Unlike the eager laugh of joy,
Which burst from thee, 'mid health's delight.
That smile, it is serene far,
Than morning dawn or evening star.

What doth it speak, my angel babe?
Tells it of joys, unknown before,
That in Christ's arms, o'er death's cold wave
Thou'rt safely borne to th' heavenly shore—
Thy soul hath found a joyful rest,
Forever pure, forever blest?

But yet, I feel with anguish keen,
That thou art gone in life's first morn,
And spon from me, ah! dreary thought,
Thy precious body will be torn.
That form I've cherished next my heart,
And must I, can I, from it part?

Oh! what can soothe my sorrowing soul,
While dwelling on a scene like this,
And pressing on th' unconscious brow
One tender, lingering, parting kiss?
Nay, all thy joys are worthless now,
Vain to alleviate my woe.

But ah! a gleam of holy light
Irradiates this dreary hour,
Dawning upon my breaking heart,

And soothing it with heavenly power:
This light which can such peace afford,
Is found not, but in God's own word.

Then if with anxious love I ask
Where is my darling cherished one?
In accents kind, this word replies,
"He dwelleth now near Jesus' throne:
For Christ, 'the Lord our righteousness,'
Hath said, 'Of such my kingdom is.'"

And if I ask, why am I tried
By agony, and grief like this?
It still replies, "'Tis sent in love
To fit thy soul for heavenly bliss;
For whom God loves He chastens still,
To mould them to His holy will."

Oh! blessed Bible! thanks be given
To God, who sent this word to man,
Revealing, in its priceless truths,
"The glorious Gospel," wondrous plan
To save from death, our fallen race,
Restoring man to holiness.

Haste then, oh, Lord! the happy time,
When through this earth thy truth shall spread,
While o'er the darkened mind of man
Its holy influence is shed:
Then new-born souls, shall praise thy name,
And heaven be found on earth again.
July 18, 1843.

OH! WHAT A GLORIOUS TASK WAS THINE.

BY E. J. D.

"And there appeared an angel unto him from Heaven, strengthening him."—LUKE, xxii. 43.

Oh, what a glorious task was thine,
Thou spirit high and blest!
To comfort in the hour of woe
The Saviour's anguished breast:

To pour into his weary soul
The gift of strength, to bear—
And from his tortured brow to wipe
The drops of misery there.

To bring, when earthly friendship failed,
God's comfort from above,
And fill his sad and heavy heart
With all the Father's love.

Blest angel—blest beyond all thought!
Surely that hour to thee
Was fraught with joy, enough to fill
Thy whole eternity!

Oh, Jesus! who art now so high,
So perfect in thy rest,
Would, for Humanity's sweet sake,
Thou wert again distressed—

That we might shame e'en angels' love.
In pity for thy pain,
And prove, with tearful gratitude,
Thou hast not died in vain.

THE OCEAN.

From a very interesting tale, now in course of publication in Blackwood's Magazine, the title of which is "Marston, or the Memoirs of a Statesman," we select the following eloquent description of the ocean:—

It was a brisk, bright morning, and the waves were curling before a lively breeze, the sun was glowing above, and clusters of vessels, floating down the Channel, spread their sails like masses of summer cloud in the sunshine. It was my first sight of the ocean, and that first sight is always a new idea. Alexander the Great, standing on the shores of the Persian Gulf, said, "That he then first felt what the world was." Often as I have seen the ocean since, the same conception has always forced itself on me.

In what a magnificent world do we live! What power, what depth, what expanse, lay before me! How singular, too, that while the grandeur of the land arises from bold irregularity and incessant change of aspect, from the endless variety of forest, vale, and mountain; the same effect should be produced on the ocean by an absence of all irregularity and all change! A simple, level horizon, perfectly unbroken, a line of almost complete uniformity, compose a grandeur that impresses and fills the soul as powerfully as the most cloud piercing Alp, or the Andes clothed with thunder.

This was the ocean in calm; but how glorious, too, in tempest! The storm that sweeps the land is simply a destroyer or a renovator; it smites the surface, and is gone. But the ocean is the seat of its power, the scene of its majesty, the element in which it sports, lives, and rules—penetrating to its depths, rolling its surface in thunder on the shore—changing its whole motion, its aspect, its uses, and grand as it is in its serenity, giving it another and a more awful grandeur in its convulsion. Then, how strangely, yet how admirably, does it fulfil its great human object! Its depth and extent seem to render it the very element of separation; all the armies of the earth might be swallowed up between the shores of the Channel. Yet it is this element which actually combines the remotest regions of the earth. Divisions and barriers are essential to the protection of Kingdoms from each other; yet what height of mountain range, or what depth of precipice could be so secure as the defence so simply and perpetually supplied by a surrounding sea? While this protecting element at the same time pours the wealth of the globe into the bosom of a nation.

Even all this is only the ocean as referred to man. How much more magnificent is it in itself! Thrice the magnitude of the land, the world of

waters! its depth unfathomable, its mountains loftier than the loftiest of the land, its valleys more profound, the pinnacles of its hills, islands! What immense shapes of animal and vegetable life may fill those boundless pasture and plains on which man shall never look! What herds, by thousands and millions, of those mighty creatures whose skeletons we discover, from time to time, in the wreck of the antediluvian globe! What secrets of form and power, of capacity and enjoyment, may exist under the cover of that mighty expanse of waves which fills the bed of the ocean, and spreads around the globe!

GOOD QUALITIES OF WOMAN.

The proper beauty of the female character seems to depend, in a great measure, upon what must not be called a defect in the faculty of abstraction, but rather a graceful negation. To man belongs the power of holding in separation the closest associations of thought,—of analysing all that is complex in his consciousness,—of forming recombinations without limit, and of producing, by an artificial effort, a perfect disruption of the firmest links of habit and of feeling. But in the exercise of this faculty he is exposed to great moral and intellectual perils; his safety, amidst these hazardous excursions of thought, lies in his willingness to listen to that voice of constant and unreasoning wisdom which nature has placed by his side: and which, in order that he might, by all means, gain influence, has been invested with sovereign loveliness. Happy and wise is he, who, while he wanders in the region of speculation as he may, regards with respect the better taught suggestions of woman. By the faculty of abstraction, man is qualified to reform and improve his lot; but woman, because she has this faculty in a lower degree, is fitted to hold in permanence and consistence, what is already good, and wholesome, and worthy in that lot. A companion meet for him who thinks, is not a spirit of the same order; but a woman whose reason is all intuitive; whose affections are warmly and securely wrapt in the kind and right prejudices of the heart; and whose manners are ornately incrustated with domestic instincts. These instincts,—such, for example, as an attachment to places and things, endeared by long-standing associations,—a fond adherence to home usages,—a superstitious reverence for all the pure and respectful decencies of near intercourse, and a punctilious regard to order and cleanliness, are not, it is true, themselves the first elements of happiness; but they are its indispensable, and most certain preservatives.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. V.

POOR POETS—CHATTERTON.

WHY is it, can you tell me, why so many poets should be from the poor? Most poets have arisen from conditions of life which were not burdened with wealth. Many things, from time to time, as I reflect on the fact, suggest themselves to me, as the cause of it; but I cannot say that I have ever satisfied myself about it, nor am I much concerned. It might be said: Poetry is the language of fancy, and genius, which is not made gross by the riches of the world, can use this language best. Poetry is also the language of struggle, and genius, beset with sordid embarrassments, utters it with all the depth of its tragedy. Poetry is the language of passion; the opulent exhaust passion, but indigent genius idealises it. Poetry is the language of aspiration, and genius, stimulated by its own wants, and moved by sympathy for those of others, constantly sighs for a condition of existence more perfect than that in which it lives. But it is vain to theorise; for if one wrote a folio volume of speculation on the point—which he might easily do—the fact would be all the same. From the ranks of lowly life, some of the greatest poets who have adorned ancient or modern literature, have come forth—not alone to sing the simple songs of the poor, but to tell the tales of heroes and of gods. Tradition—whether true or fabulous—represents Homer, the father of bards, as not overburdened with the world's goods. Hesiod was a peasant. Virgil was a small farmer; and he thought it no profanation to deify an emperor, who did not drive him from his poor inheritance. Horace was the son of a Roman freedman and tax-gatherer. Terrence had been a slave. Vulgar report represented Shakspeare as a poacher. Ben Johnson was a bricklayer. Taylor, a famous fellow in his day, was a waterman. Allan Ramsay spent a portion of his life in wig-making, and I am not sure but he also did something at shaving. Burns held the plough. Hogg tended sheep. And poor Chatterton was the son of a schoolmaster.

The name of Chatterton is well known, and is likely to be long remembered, both for his misfortunes and his genius. He was born in the November of 1752. His birth was in orphanage, and his death, like his birth, was desolate. Educated at a charity-school, that wonderful boy became a puzzle to hoary scholars. His first years

were spent in the drudgeries of an attorney's office. One of his earliest efforts was on the opening of a new bridge in Bristol, when he produced an account of the friars in former times passing over the olden bridge. The fabrication evinced astonishing invention; and this way by a boy of sixteen years of age. The professed discovery of certain old English poems by Chatterton, occurred in this wise: In the church of St. Mary Radcliffe, Bristol, were some six or seven chests of old parchment. Chatterton asserted that among these he found poems by an ancient priest named Thomas Rowley, and printed a few of his pretended discoveries in the periodicals of the day; but with no pecuniary result. He had left Bristol in the meantime, given up his legal apprenticeship, and was pacing the streets of London, helpless and unfriended, but full of hopes and youth. He transmitted some MSS. to Horace Walpole. The Epicurean Cynic took no notice of them. The poet re-demanded them: the great man returned them with contempt. The great man's contempt was retorted by the poet's indignation. The great man did not dine the worse: unhappily, the poor poet did not dine at all. Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason at once knew Chatterton's MSS. to be forgeries: the wretched youth went on obstinately maintaining the authenticity of Rowley's poems, and was all the while dying of hunger. He laboured incessantly; he filled the magazines with noble and heart-burning poetry; but the charmer found none that would keep alive that voice of glorious enchantment—and in a moment of despair, it was quenched forever. Chatterton destroyed himself in passionate desolation, and earned for himself the grave of the Excommunicated. Yet such, to the last, was his kindness for his friends, that, while a gleam of expectation remained, his letters were encouraging,—and he sustained a cheerful tone, when his soul had become dark as "Erebus." I do not think a more affecting incident occurs in the history of English literature, than that of poor Chatterton writing excellent letters to his friends, when he was starving in London. There were times when he wanted a dinner—occasions, when he had not tasted food for twenty-four hours; yet, as if to assure his sister, he would send her a cheap, but delicate present. Such also was the

proud sensibility of his nature, that, when walking the streets of London, with famine tearing at his vitals, he was in the habit of refusing invitations to dinner, which he well knew were given from compassion. Once, and once only, he was prevailed on to await supper—and then his enjoyment of it evinced the instinctive voracity which accompanies the last degree of starvation. With a horrid despair thus gathering over him, partly, it must be admitted, brought on by his own proud dishonesty, he became his own self-avenger. The cup of life had become bitter to his taste, and to end the draught he mingled arsenic with its ingredients. Coleridge exclaims:

O! Chatterton, that thou wast still alive,
 Sure thou wouldst spread thy canvass to the gale,
 And love with us the tinkling team to drive
 O'er peaceful freedom's undivided dale—
 And we at sober eve would round thee throng,
 Hanging enraptured on thy stately song—
 And greet with smiles the young-eyed poet,
 All deftly masked as hoar antiquity.

The arguments for and against the authenticity of Rowley's poems are now of little interest. Such as they are, however, they may be simply, and very briefly stated. Against the authenticity, it is said, that Chatterton produced but few verses of pretended original MSS.—whereas, if he had many such treasures, he would have been proud to show them; the likelihood that from an early love of antiquarian lore, his genius would have taken this course; the confession of poor Chatterton himself, that he had written one piece at least, which appeared in the counterfeit style; the probability that he who could write one could write more; the knowledge of an intimate acquaintance, who was aware that he had blackened and disfigured parchments that he had sent to the printer's for old MSS.; the evidence of another friend, who traced in Chatterton's conversation, and in the pretended poems of Rowley, the same tone and the same ideas; the variation of the hand-writing of the pieces; the absence of any allusion to Rowley in contemporaneous documents; the want of faults in the poems themselves, which belong to the times in which they profess to have been written; the anachronisms of incident or reference; the inconsistencies of measure and of language; the imitations of subsequent writers:—all these are alleged as sufficient to convict Chatterton of fabrication and imposition.

On the other side are urged: Chatterton's love of fame, which, if he had written such poems, would impel him to claim the glory; his own repeated assertions, and his adherence to such assertions; the short time which he had to produce

such a quantity of MSS.; the allusion to facts and customs; the use of ancient words, in no dictionaries at Chatterton's command;—these, with most abortive attempts to answer positive arguments, make, the sum of all that can be said in favour of Rowley's authenticity and Chatterton's honesty. We thus find Chatterton in the paradoxical position of giving up his honesty to lose that personal fame which so many barter honesty to acquire.

I am not about to enter on a specific criticism of his works, but merely to revert to such memories as half-forgotten reading may suggest. "Ella, a tragical Interlude," is a stately drama, of English thought and phraseology, wanting in passion and incident, but having uncommon poetic beauty. In the "Parliament of Sprites," we have a wild and luxurious fertility of antique and descriptive poetry; that which revels in the past of Britain—that in which Shakspeare found scenery for his "Midsummer Night's Dream"—that in which Memory and Imagination meet and rejoice together. I do not know any other land where the rural sentiment is so strong as it is in England. The habits of the people seem from the first to have wedded them to nature; and the nature to which they were familiar was of that middle order between the gentle and the gigantic, which best nurtures the rural sentiment. We find accordingly, this sentiment to be the ruling one in their sports; the sentiment which trained them to archery, which placed their amusements on the green-sward, or amidst the woodlands—which made the wild free forest the very Paradise of their desire. This sentiment is immortalised in Robin Hood, in his man John, and such other green-wood outlaws. This sentiment overflows, therefore, in every grade of English poetry: in ballad, song, drama, ode and epic. Chatterton evinces that sympathy with the luxuriance of rural imagery, which belongs to the poetry native to his country, and especially to the best of its earlier verses. "Wharwell" is one of his finest antique counterfeits. It is wild and romantic in the highest degree; it displays immense force and imagination, and a great range of poetical expression. "Bothwell" is a story, dark, dismal and pitiful. Both parties of disputants as to Mary of Scotland's guilt or innocence, may quarrel until Doomsday; but none of them could turn from this affecting story, without being charmed by its interest and pathos. We have the savage warrior, after years of captivity and madness, dismayed, at intervals of sanity, by terrible glancings of memory, which reveal his beautiful "huldy love," as she was seen in the pride of her loveliness, and then bring his intellect back to the present, to survey the cold

Norwegian dungeon where he bears the chains of a wild beast. We see the giant both of courage and of sin, brought down to child-like meekness, and weeping away his hours in sorrow and in darkness. We see the strong and wicked soul borne to the naked ground, prostrate on the bare bosom of our common mother, sobbing in broken tones of grief. We see the strong and wicked soul, which had feared no crime, of blood, or guilt or wrong, melted and humbled by thoughts of hours to be his no more: by recollections of his Mary, exceedingly lovely and exceedingly loved—guilty, it may be, but whom all wish to believe innocent; guilty, it may be, but yet having such grace and sweetness, that her errors are forgotten, and a civilized humanity remains always her advocate. Chatterton has developed the moving and romantic elements, both of character and situation, in this poem, with a force of emotion, and a felicity of diction, that made me sad as I closed the book, to think what our literature had lost in the glorious and inspired boy. Chatterton evinced how mighty his genius was, by the distance at which it anticipated experience. Why, when most of our boys are but blubbing their books, this superhuman youth was pouring out the thoughts that swell and shake the breast of manhood. Still, there is no means by which genius can altogether anticipate experience. The faculties most powerful, therefore, in the youth of genius, are those which distinguish the writings of Chatterton. These are luxuriance of fancy; and opulence of expression. The fancy of Chatterton is not only rich but strong: it has not only a plumage of dazzling splendour, but a pinion of daring flight; and his language reflects, perfectly, the brilliancy of his fancy, and sustains him amidst the bravest of its soarings. In the genius of Chatterton there are equal precocity and power, a supernatural wildness and a fearful grandeur. In some respects, Chatterton resembled Shelley: in others he was as dissimilar as possible. Shelley lavished his genius on the future, and Chatterton spent his upon the past. Both of them were zealots; Shelley for phantoms, and Chatterton for forgeries; Shelley for visions which he believed were sometime to be; Chatterton for a fable which he was conscious never had been. A solitary peculiarity attaches to unhappy Chatterton, which leaves him distinct and singular: He was martyr for a lie; a lie, too, which, by any supposition, must inflict a fatal and certain penalty; for, if discovered, it must blacken his moral character, and if successfully concealed, it must be the death of his fame.

Some other characters among our destitute poets, I reserve for future reflections.

FAREWELL TO CANADA.

BY A. G. L.

I LEAVE thee, Canada, perchance for ever;
Though not my native land, yet to my heart
By dear and holy ties, time cannot sever,
Ah! closely art thou bound:—still must we part:
I go, my place 'mid strangers to resume,
Though kind, yet strangers still to me; such is my doom.

Why love we thus insensate spots of earth?
Gazing on thy old rock, thou river Queen,*
And yon proud flag aloft, come pouring forth—
Like music gushing from some source unseen,—
Sweet harmonies of deep and tender feeling,
From this wild dizzy heart, beneath that music reeling.

'Tis not the power alone of admiration
Which stirs within me as I sigh farewell;
Ah no, thou glory of my glorious nation,
A sadder magic weaveth here its spell;
I go, dear mother, to a step-dame land,
And sobs my gasping heart to leave thy guardian strand.

And then, within thy ramparts, old Quebec,
There have been bosoms once bound fast to mine;
Even now, as mournfully I pace the deck,
Clings to my side a dear, dear child of thine;
She too yields thee her tribute grief at parting,
As to her hazel eye the farewell tears are starting.

Since last I trod thy streets, beloved town,
Death, and his father Time, have wrought their will;
The first had blinded me as I sigh farewell;
Eyes which in memory beam upon me still;
And Time with worldly cares hath staggered others,
And eaten through the chain which clasped our group of brothers.

Have I not cause sufficient then to grieve,
And wrap me in thy robe, dark Melancholy?
Yet two there are, Time cannot from me rive,
Nor chase from out their souls the angel holy—
With fond bright eyes, and brows of softest splendor,
Who sacred vigil keep in bosoms true and tender.

Farewell, high city on thy rock-reared throne!
Farewell, farewell, flag of the truly free!
While memory lasts, ah, both be still my own,
In nightly dreams cease not to visit me,
To tell me of our own proud British race,
And warn in stranger lands to work it no disgrace.
Sincoe.

LOVE is in some the effect of first impressions, as in others it is of slower growth, and produced by habit and circumstance—in other words, there is one sort of love the effect of experience, and another the effect of inexperience; both of them are full as much of a spiritual as of a physical character; they may, too, be equally powerful in degree, though the one, having no other foundation than imagination, is necessarily uncertain in its duration, whereas the other grows with our years, and becomes eventually a necessary part of our existence.

* Quebec.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

A young and handsome couple had just returned from the altar where their destinies were irrevocably united. They were about to start for the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time, while the equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone.

The newly wedded husband took one of his bride's hands in his own. "Allow me, my dear Marie," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for dread lest you should quit me. I dread lest all this be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy steps in to throw the victim into grief and despair!"

"Re-assure yourself, my dear Frederick," said the lady. "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and today I am Madame de la Tour, your wife, your own Marie. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history."

Frederick de la Tour had some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for in the course of two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and to wealth beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship, which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she. At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leaped down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederick to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. "I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; "and spite of your refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me, madame!" cried Frederick.

"Yes, sir, you— Ah! a thousand pardons!" continued she, with an air of confusion; "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so like a particular friend of mine! What can you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederick replied politely to these

apologies. Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon this happy accident, which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton treated him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed: and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and youthful widow, was encircled by many admirers; one by one, however, disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederick used to look sometimes at the little glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He was not ill-looking, certainly, but he had not vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lady was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings, the lady was lovely, young, rich, and noted for her sensibility and virtue. Could he hesitate?

"My dear Frederick," said the lady, smilingly, "sit down beside me, and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but still did not quit her hand. She began—

"Once on a time—"

Frederick started, and half seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!" "Listen to me, foolish boy!" resumed the lady: "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year, the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprang up, and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in an hospital.

The mother soon followed, and the young girl

was left alone, the occupant of a garret, of which the rent was not paid. If there was any fairy connected with this story, this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harrassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking for some species of employment. She found none. One whole day she had not tasted food. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day she was again without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of *begging*. She covered her face with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and stooping so as to imitate age, she went out into the streets. When there, she held out her hand. Alas! that hand was white, and youthful, and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been *lo-prosied*. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself—and asked, ‘sous, a single sous to get bread!’ The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him; but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart.

“The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the police appeared to keep the streets clear of mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot, and, placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, ‘Ah! I have caught you, have I? You are a-begging. To the office with you! come along.’ The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and, addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly, ‘This woman is not a beggar. No, she is—she is one whom I know.’ ‘But, sir,’ said the officer. ‘I tell you she is an acquaintance of mine,’ said the young stranger. Then, turning to the girl, whom he took for an old woman, he continued, ‘Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street,’ giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he led her away, saying, ‘Here is a piece of a hundred sous.’ It is all I have; take it, poor woman.’

“The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand into mine,” continued the lady; “and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then,

through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure.”

“My figure!” said Frederick in amazement.

“Yes, my friend, your figure,” returned his wife; “it was to me you gave alms on that night. It was my life, my honor, perhaps, that you then saved!”

“You a mendicant! you, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!” cried Frederick.

“Yes, my dearest husband,” replied the lady, “I have in my life received alms, once only, and from you, and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter into the family of an English gentleman, a bachelor, who was then, with his two sisters, residing in Paris. She gave me a letter of presentation and recommendation. I felt very thankful for this. I hastily prepared myself in my best apparel, adapting it, as near as possible, in such a manner as seemed least like the fashion of the city, and departed for the residence of Sir James Melton. With a beating heart did I approach the door. I knocked—it seemed not half so hard as the throbbing in my bosom. The door was opened by an elderly woman, the housekeeper. ‘Why I was not frightened from my purpose, I cannot tell, for a more forbidding and severe face I never saw. Perhaps I trembled at the misery of the past. I stated my object—showed my letter, and the woman looked more cross, and I felt more miserable. She told me that the ladies were out—that there was no one in but Sir James—I could see him; but she thought there could scarce be any need of me—that I must be mistaken. I felt sick at heart. I thought of my dead parents, and envied them. Discouraged by this repulse, I turned to depart, when I heard within the sound of a gentleman's voice. The few first words I could not understand, but he ended by ordering the cross old housekeeper to show me in. I entered his room. The first glance of him gave me hope; he spoke, and his kind tones assured me. He was sitting at a table, in his morning gown, engaged in writing. He inquired my business, and I handed to him the letter, which he opened and read; then asking me a few questions, he remarked that his sisters were both out, but that I had better wait for their return; in the mean time, the old lady seemed no well-pleased witness of the scene, standing with her hands upon the back of Sir James' chair. I had not waited more than half an hour, before the ladies returned. Sir James made known to them the object of my call, which ended in my being engaged. Cheerfulness returned to me with labour. I had the good fortune to become a favorite, and, indeed, I did my best to merit it.

"One day, when I had been in the family about six months, Sir James asked me to give him my history. I did so, and he seemed much struck with it. The result was, that he sat down by my side, one day, and asked me plainly if I would marry him.

"Marry you!" cried I, in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes; I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort or happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a deep degree of kindly care, that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and I hope you may agree to it.'

"At that time, Frederick," continued the lady, "I loved you. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were to pass through life together. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my only objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands, against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent; and finding it would be carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal.

"This part of my story, Frederick, is like a fairy tale. I, the poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the streets where a few months before I had stood in the darkness a mendicant."

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"He was happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin money would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the sake of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept.

"I was a widow, and, from the hour in which I became so, I would never again consent to give my hand to any man, except to him who had succeeded me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man! Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love, to cherish you. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies and theatres. You went not there." As the lady spoke, she took from her neck a riband, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same, the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederick; "by pledging it, I got credit from a neighbor for a little bread, and I earned enough afterwards in time to permit me to redeem it. I vowed never to part with it.

"Ah, how happy I was, Frederick, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first which arose to my mind. But what terrors I felt afterward, lest you should have been already married. In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days, in regret perhaps, but still in peace. But happily it was otherwise. You were free."

Frederick de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep, kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederick," said she, gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you that have given me the wand, the talisman, that has effected all."

NECESSITY OF PROPERLY EXERCISING THE MIND.
As the body from disuse may come in time to be deprived of all its powers, so the mental faculties may lose all their energy, through a neglect of their being exerted duly, and the man be no longer able to act, or not act in the manner that best becomes him. Therefore fathers, although otherwise well assured of the good dispositions of their children, forget not to warn them against the company of ill men; knowing, that as to converse with the good must exercise every virtue; so to associate with the bad must prove no less pernicious and baneful.—*Xenophon.*

RICHARD REDPATH.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER I.

Some account of the hero. Strange circumstances bring strange characters together.

My story commences nearly forty years ago, when the horrid traffic in human flesh was carried on with the greatest vigour in the West India Islands. The principal events in my tale, though whimsical enough, are, I believe, founded upon facts; the circumstances having been related to me by an intelligent West Indian merchant, who was intimately acquainted with the parties. From the materials which he afforded me, I thought an amusing story might be compiled; and, such as it is, I give it to my readers.

The supper bell had been rung for the last time, before the Ship Tavern, a house of public entertainment, situated in the most bustling part of the beautiful capital of Jamaica. This marine hotel stood conspicuously at the head of a short broad street, leading from the quay, and was the general resort of all the seamen who frequented the place. The little negro, who acted the part of bellman, had given the noisy announcer of good things in store, the last knowing shake, and turned upon his heel, in the act of re-entering the house, when two tired and travel-soiled strangers approached from the street leading to the quay. The little negro stopped upon the upper step of the verandah, that surrounded three sides of the building, and for some minutes surveyed the twin with very unequivocal glances of contempt; then muttered, as he disappeared into the dark passage: "Vel, dem-be queer customers; me never see de like ob dem."

Nor was Mungo's exclamation of surprise to be wondered at: so begrimed were the men with dirt—so torn were their wet garments, and so dejected their looks. They were minus of hats, coats, and shoes; and looked as if they had just come out of some desperate affray, or had met with some sudden and unexpected misfortune. On entering the tavern they were confronted in the passage, by the landlord, who, in no very civil terms, demanded their names and business.

"Our names," said the foremost speaker, "are of very little moment now, to you, or to any one else. The names of men without money are the

most unimportant things in the world. Yet, to satisfy your curiosity, and show you that we are not ashamed of our names, I will answer your question frankly. Our names are Redpath—we are brothers, and strangers in Jamaica. Our business is to eat, for we are very hungry; and to sleep, if we can procure a bed, for we are greatly fatigued, and stand much in need of rest."

"Hab you money enough to pay de reckoning?" asked the landlord, putting his arms a-kimbo, and filling up the breadth of the passage with his huge person.

"Dence a farthing!" returned the former speaker: "we must trust to your charity."

"Den be off at once!" growled forth the mulatto. De whites show no charity to us, and I'll hab none to dem; de — buckra! De off! I say. I hab no beds, no food, for men widout money—widout coats and hats. Dero is a low public, down by de wharf, dat takes in de vulgar."

At this speech the young man, who, under other circumstances, would have been reckoned a very handsome fellow, burst out a laughing, and, turning to his brother, said with a humorous smile: "We had better try our luck in the quarter he recommends, Bob. Until we can procure coats and hats, we must be content to rank with the vulgar."

Robert Redpath, whose countenance wore a sad and dejected expression, and whose slight frame appeared sinking from exhaustion and fatigue, sat quietly down upon the broad steps of the verandah, and answered with a sigh:

"You may do as you please, Richard; but I can go no farther."

"Hark you, friend!" said his brother, again addressing himself to the mulatto; "we are two unfortunate fellows, who have just escaped shipwreck. Our vessel was lost off the point, in the squall last night; and, to the best of our knowledge, all the rest of those on board perished. We were passengers—the sons of a respectable London merchant, who were coming out to settle on the Island. The storm robbed us of our all, and, with great difficulty we escaped with life. You see my brother—the condition in which he is demands attention. I am sure that you are too humane a man to turn from your door two

poor fellows who have fought with the winds and waves all night, without offering them food and shelter. I am strong; what you give, I can repay in work. But if you are a Christian man, for the love of God! give my brother something to eat."

Though a coarse, vulgar, specimen of humanity, the mulatto was not wholly destitute of the feeling, common to his species. Telling the brothers that he was sorry for their misfortune, as his own father had been lost at sea, he bade them follow him, and led the way into a spacious room, where a motley group, of all nations and complexions, were assembled to eat their evening meal. From amidst this strange amalgamation of persons and tongues, issued, from time to time, the loud laugh, the profane oath, the obscene jest, mingled with the confused din and clatter of knives and forks, removed platters, and the ringing of glasses and bottles coming in contact with each other. The brothers took their seats, at the bottom of the long table, in silence. They were destitute strangers, and this circumstance alone contributed to render them diffident and embarrassed. They neither spoke nor looked around them, but commenced a vigorous attack on the dish before them, with a keenness of appetite which promised ample amends for their long fast.

"That's right, my hearties! eat away," cried out an old weather-beaten British tar, who had finished his supper, and was now calmly lighting his pipe. "I would rather have the keeping of you a day nor a month. By Jove! you load up so fast, the vessel will be fit for sea in no time. Why, old Tar Barrel! you ought to charge them ere chaps double fare."

"Men who eat in dat way hab rarely any ting to pay," said the mulatto, drily.

This speech was not meant to insult the strangers. It proceeded more from the brutal nature of the man than from any intention to wound their feelings, for in reality he was not displeased to see them enjoying a good meal. But whether meant or not meant, it had the effect of satisfying the appetite of the elder of the twain. He suddenly dropped his knife and fork, pushed his plate from him, rose from the table, and seated himself on a bench in an obscure corner of the room, resting his elbows upon his knees, his head sunk mechanically between his hands; and appearing to take no further interest in the busy scene around him.

The old sailor followed him with his eyes, and continued puffing away vigorously from a Chinese pipe, of which he appeared not a little vain. Taking it, from time to time, from his lips, and holding it before him, as if lost in admiration of the curious, fat, little pink mandarin delineated upon its silver mounted bowl.

Richard Redpath cast an enquiring glance at his brother, as much as to say: "How foolish you are, to quarrel with your bread and butter, and resent an unmeaning insult, from the mouth of an ignorant man. It will be many hours before we can procure another good meal." And he commenced a fresh attack upon the fine ham before him.

"That was a dreadful squall, last night," said one of the men at table. "It blew deal on shore."

"It must have done great damage," said another. "One fine ship went down just off the point. I was on the point at the time, and the hurricane came on so suddenly, that I was forced to lie down upon my face to keep my feet."

"That was reversing the order of things," said a third, laughing. "I wonder that the hair was not blown from your head. Were any of the crew of the vessel saved?"

"I heard of none."

"It's of no great consequence," returned the former spokesman. "The captain was a nigger, in the employ of old Baynes. His freight was slaves from the coast of Guinea. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,'—old Baynes knows what he's about well enough. He always employs blacks to barter for blacks."

"It will be a great shock to the old man," said his comrade. "It will doubtless bring on another fit of the gout. Black cattle are rather scarce in the market, and there has been a great mortality upon his estate. He will never survive the loss of the Queen of Sheba."

"I wish he was in heaven, with her sable majesty!" said a reckless, dare-devil, half-caste man, dressed elaborately fine,—and I was heir to his estate."

"And his pretty daughter?—hey, mister Antonio," said the landlord. "Lubly Miss Betsy is not for do like ob you."

"He has too much of the black blood in him," said one of the former speakers, "for old Baynes to give him his daughter."

"Perhaps I may take her without his leave," said the dandy of colour.

"Perhaps not," returned the other. "Two must agree upon that subject, before the bargain is concluded."

"The old maid, her aunt, is upon my side."

"But the young maid, her niece—what does she say to it? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Time will shew—"

"It will. Pray don't forget to invite us all to the wedding."

Richard Redpath had just concluded his supper; and although the parties were all strangers to him, he felt a sudden interest in their conver-

sation, and he sat with his eyes alternately wandering from the group of speakers to his brother, who still maintained his crouching and desponding attitude, apparently indifferent to every thing but his own mental sufferings.

"Do you know any thing of the vessel that was lost last night, messmate?" said the old sailor, striking him familiarly over the knee. "Why, man, you are as wet as a water-dog."

"No wonder," said Richard, turning to the old man. "I was in the water the greater part of last night, expecting every moment to become food for the sharks. My brother and I were the only living creatures that survived the wreck of the Maria."

"Then she was a British vessel?"

"From the port of London, bound to Jamaica."

"Some hope for you yet, mister Antonio," said the mulatto, winking to the young man. "Miss Betsy's husband dat is to be, was on board of dat vessel."

"That was to be, you mean, old fool!" Then turning to Redpath, he said, in an anxious tone: "Can you tell me if a gentleman of the name of Ingate was among your passengers?"

"There was such a person——"

"Is he drowned?"

"To the best of my knowledge——"

"Hurra! then my fortune is made!" cried master Antonio, flinging up his cap, and cutting sundry capers through the room. "Good bye—I must be the bearer of these good tidings to my mother;" and out he rushed, overturning several cane chairs in his retreat.

"Now, that is what I call a born fool!" said the old sailor. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, I've heard say; but it will be no good to the poor girl that's spliced to the like o' him." Then, turning to young Redpath, he continued his interrogatories; "So you and your brother belonged to that unfortunate crew?"

"Not to the crew—we were passengers."

"From London?"

Richard nodded assent.

"Cockneys, hey?"

"The same, at your service—born within the sound of Bow-bell."

"Did you lose much?"

"Our all."

"Poor lads! poor lads! But you must not be cast down. Trust in Providence—she never deceives those who are true to themselves. You are without clothes and money—strangers in a strange land, and its little that I can do to help you. My heart is large, young countryman; but my means are small," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, and slipping a guinea into Redpath's hand. "This will pay for your night's

lodging, and procure for you a few meals. Now, don't go to vex an old man who has no sons of his own, by refusing a trifle like that. If you never pay me, I shall receive both principal and interest at the great reckoning by and bye. Perhaps we may meet again—if not, God bless and help you both. My name is Benjamin Waters."

Before Richard could express his thanks, the old man had left the house, and was on his way to the beach; and the room being now clear of guests, the little negro came in with a candle, and offered to light the brothers to a dry loft, where they would find plenty of clean straw, on which they were welcome to pass the night.

"I must have a better bed than straw, Mungo."

"Yes, if you can pay for it," said Mungo, with a grin.

"We will talk of that tomorrow, white face; so now, shew us to a decent chamber."

Mungo hesitated for a moment, until Richard held up the gold piece between his thumb and finger.

"Massa is right," he said. "Dat is de key dat unlocks chery door. This way, if you please."

CHAPTER II.

A Lecture on Discontent—the Metamorphosis.

THAT night the weary voyagers slept without rocking. They still, in fancy, heard the roaring of the mighty waters in their ears; and the confusion and din served to lull them into sounder repose. They rose with early day, and descended into the room of general resort. An old negro was the only creature stirring in the house; and, ashamed of being seen abroad in their present destitute condition, the brothers sat down in silence, each apparently engaged in ruminating upon their forlorn condition. The elder was the first to speak:

"A penny for your thoughts, Richard?"

"That's just four farthings more than you can afford to pay for them," replied the other, with a good-humoured smile; which, in spite of his gloomy prospects, called into action the roguish dimples which surrounded his handsome mouth; and after striving a few minutes, to suppress his risibility, he gave it over as a bad job, and burst into a hearty laugh. "Hang it, man! don't look so dismal. You make bad worse, by letting your spirits sink with your fortunes. If last night's storm made us free of the world, we ought to be very thankful that we are not this morning food for the sharks."

"Your mirth is misplaced, Richard. I am ill and depressed; and I cannot feel grateful to God for the mere boon of life, when He has deprived me of the means of enjoying it."

"Shame! shame! brother Robert; and this from you? Has your ducking in the salt brine changed your nature—deprived you of all manly fortune, and given you a woman's heart? I always felt proud of our relationship until now—if you go on with this puling and whining, I shall be tempted to disown you for my brother. But, no—that would be too much like the world I despise. I pity you for your irritable temper, and love you the better for your misfortunes."

"You speak of our mutual calamity as if I were the only sufferer."

"I speak the truth. You suffer—I am resigned to the will of God, and am as happy as the present circumstances will allow me to be—thankful that my life is spared, and that I still possess those inestimable treasures, youth and health; and while I continue to enjoy these, I will never complain. It is the loss of the sordid pelf that makes you so miserable. I verily believe you would rather have lost your life than your money."

Robert Redpath looked discomforted, and remained silent. He was not one to imagine he could possibly err—still less was he likely to own it.

"How ungraciously you listen to all my sage remarks," said Richard. "If I were to preach resignation to you for an hour, you would never remember one word of the text—so difficult is it for a proud man to overcome the evil spirit within him."

"It is one thing to preach—another to practice," said Robert, coldly. "Can your boasted philosophy fill that empty purse?"

"Regretful murmurs will never do it, at any rate. Fortune, like an ill-natured step-dame, has determined that I shall dine with Duke Humphrey today; and I, like a dutiful son, have been racking my brains for the last hour, to outwit her capricious ladyship. If I cannot make the land restore what the sea so unceremoniously took away, my name is not Richard Redpath."

"Have you formed any plan for the future?" said Robert, with an eager look.

A nod, and a bright smile, were the sole reply.

"Any thing feasible?"

"I hope so; but time only can determine that. But before I answer the host of questions, which I perceive, by a certain twinkle in your eye, you are preparing to put to me, will you allow me to ask a few in my turn? Why did you and I leave England?"

"We were precious fools!" groined forth Robert.

"We thought ourselves wise men," said Richard; "and I see no reason to alter our opinion; for, had things turned out as we expected, we

should have thought ourselves so still. This is human nature; and we are no wiser than our neighbours. Had our adventure proved prosperous, we should have applauded our own sagacity, and the world, always on the side of the fortunate, would have echoed the good opinion we had formed of ourselves. From the world we cannot reasonably expect any sympathy, for we have lost our all; and as she will not help us, we must boldly meet the difficulties that surround us, and dare to help ourselves."

"This unexpected calamity has paralysed exertion," said Robert. "I cannot work in this hot climate. I would rather die than toil like a slave."

"Then you must starve. Adopt my plans, however, and you will not be compelled to do either."

"What are they? Why do you keep me in suspense?" said Robert, pettishly.

"Have patience for half an hour—until then adieu; I have business in the town, and reluctantly leave you to your own sad thoughts."

"Incorrigible triller!" muttered Robert, looking moodily after him. "When you learn wisdom I shall grow rich."

He started up from the bench he occupied, and strode gloomily through the room, bitterly cursing his evil destiny, which had thus unexpectedly thrown him upon his own resources—and again and again recurring to the dismal scene of the wreck, and the disasters which had befallen them.

The history of these brothers may be condensed into a few words. They were the sons of a respectable merchant in London, who died without realising the fortune which he had toiled through a long life to obtain. Many unexpected disappointments and misfortunes had occurred, to blast the hopes of the anxious parent. He had given his sons a good education—his ardent desire was to leave them independent gentlemen; but on his death-bed, the sum of fifteen hundred pounds in hard cash, was all that he had been able to save from the wreck of his property, to divide between them. With this small capital, he advised them to emigrate to a more genial climate, and endeavour, by patience and industry, to acquire that competency which he had failed to obtain for them.

The lads pondered long over their father's injunction, and, after forming and abandoning various schemes, they at length agreed to go to the West Indies, and embark their property in some mercantile speculation then afloat. Full of sanguine expectations, they sailed for the beautiful islands of the west, hoping speedily to make a large fortune out of their scanty means. But

the brothers had yet to learn, that the men who have acquired the largest portions of this world's wealth, have ever been forced to fight with difficulties—to win it by their own ingenuity, or by the sweat of their brows; and not uncommonly, have taken the road that led to fortune with only a few pence in their pockets. Our young adventurers were wrecked in sight of port, and narrowly escaped with life. We have introduced them to our readers in no enviable situation, without friends, without money, and exposed to the coarse jests and insults of a vulgar mulatto, who proved by his disregard of their wants and wishes, that he was a great respecter of persons, but only of such persons as carried heavy purses, and were the enviable possessors of complete suits of broad cloth. Richard Redpath, the younger of the twain, was a clever, shrewd, laughter-loving, devil-may-care sort of fellow, who bore his misfortunes with a noble fortitude, which, had it worn a graver aspect, might justly have been termed heroism. But few can sympathise in the misfortunes of a man who can laugh at them himself; and it was in vain that he endeavoured to divert his brother's mind from pondering over their calamity, by strokes of drolery. Robert was in no mood to laugh, and he looked upon Richard's mirth as mistimed and unfeeling.

"He has no thought—he never thinks," said the elder Redpath, strolling into the verandah. "Is this a time to crack jokes, when we are naked and destitute in a foreign land? Hunger will soon make him laugh on the wrong side of his face, and compel him to reflection."

This unprofitable invective was rudely interrupted by a great bustle in front of the house; and two fat, over-dressed mulatto women burst upon the scene, followed by a couple of slaves.

"Make way!—make way for de ladies—my cousins!" shouted the master of the house. "Stand back! You are a tief of a ragnuffin, you buckra! What business you stopping up de way wid your ugly carcass?"

Not aware that this elegant speech was addressed to him, Robert remained in the same attitude, to the great indignation of mine host, who rudely applied a long cane, which he held in his hand as ostentatiously as if it had been a general's baton, across the young Englishman's shoulders.

"Stand back! I say; I no have my verandah filled up by such dam, hungry, empty, no pay fellers as you."

The hot blood burnt upon the young man's cheek. Seizing the coloured porpoise by the collar, he snatched the offensive weapon from his grasp, and, tripping up his unwieldy legs, laid

him sprawling at his feet. His arm was lifted in the act to strike, when it was forcibly held back by a negro slave.

"No massa, no. You no play slave driver to mulatto here. He angry—massa angry. He down—massa up. Massa up, no strike massa down. Fair play's the jewel."

"And who the devil are you?" cried the angry Robert, regarding the negro with the glare of a tiger. "Unhand me—or, by Jove! I'll cut you into mince-meat."

"Massa nober hub patience to chop such tough meat into sausages," simpered the black. "Massa Robert no know me—no know Sambo, who served him much faithful so many years. Well, dat is a good joke. He! he! he!"

"Served me! You lying black scoundrel—I never saw your ugly face before."

"Neber see Sambo—oh, ho! oh, ho! Sambo born in de same house—lorn all his life with massa Redpath."

At the sound of his own name, Robert dropped the cane, which he had still continued to hold over the negro in a menacing attitude, and stared at him with an expression of mingled incredulity and astonishment.

"Sambo," he said at length, "you mistake me for somebody else."

"De debil a bit—I no mistake."

"But, Sambo, I was born and brought up in London, where no slaves are suffered to be kept; and never saw Jamaica before in my life. How, then, can you possibly know me?"

"As well as massa Robert know himself—perhaps a great deal better," he continued with a sly grin. "That look—that waggrish nod of the head, betrayed the cheat. Both were inimitable, and could only belong to one person. Robert turned contemptuously away.

"Disgusting folly! Is this, Richard, a time for masquerading? What purpose could be answered by endeavouring to impose upon me?"

"A greater one than you imagine," said Richard, re-assuming his natural tone. "If I could deceive you, Bob, I have but another to cheat. Leave off biting the end of that quarrelsome cane; and, instead of beating our pompous landlord, do condescend to tell me how I acted the slave?"

"Nonsense! Will playing the fool fill our empty purses?"

"I hope so. 'Tis the only way, now-a-days, for wise men to make money. Hear me, Bob! You want cash—I want a master. Take me into the slave market; and, without any further palaver, just sell me to the highest bidder."

Robert started back, with an expression of unfeigned horror depicted upon his countenance.

"Can you for a moment imagine me capable of committing such a crime?"

"Pshaw! Starvation has no law—the thing is of my own proposing; and the crime, if there be any in the case, must rest with me. Nay, I am not joking. I never was more serious in my life. For one day I will condescend to act the slave, if you will magnify yourself into my master. It is but cheating some accursed planter, who has long fattened upon the heart's-blood of the poor oppressed negro. Should our scheme prove successful, I will satisfy my conscience by taking a vow to repay my master, if ever I grow rich."

Robert mused for a moment. The scheme at least had novelty to recommend it; but he had some fears for his brother's safety.

"But, Richard, if you should be retained in slavery?"

"It will only be as long as I feel myself comfortable. If I find my situation very unpleasant, I have only to wash out the lie, and begin the world afresh. Why, man, we have every thing to gain, and nothing to lose."

"Well, well, I believe that you have wit enough to extricate yourself from a worse situation than that; but who will credit my story, or believe that a penniless stranger could be the owner of a slave?"

"When a black man is to be sold, especially such a fine, well-limbed fellow as me," continued Richard, laughing, "few questions will be asked as to the lawful claim you have upon him. Say that you were the master of the fine vessel, whose staunch timbers are this day the sport of every billow—that all your property was lost in the wreck, save this slave, to whose exertions you were indebted for your life. Do not forget this circumstance. Such an act of ingratitude on your part will give a character of probability to your story. To represent a slave owner, you cannot appear too indifferent to the claims of humanity. And hark ye, Bob—don't fail to give me a famous character for temperance, honesty, and every other commendable quality."

"As I am to be the sole gainer by this strange barter, you may be sure that I shall not fail to set you off to the best advantage. But, my dear, generous, madcap brother; what use can I make of money so whimsically obtained?"

"Buy a new suit of clothes, and advertise for a wife," said Richard. "But tell me, Bob, what you really think of my metamorphosis?"

"'Tis admirable. How did you contrive to effect it?"

"I left you to grumble over our scanty rations, and employed myself in making love to black Daphne, our beautiful chambermaid. Out of pure affection, she very kindly assisted in turning me

black, and lent me the tattered remains of some under garment to tie about my loins. Thus attired, I sallied forth into the street, blushing through my oily mask, at every dunsel of color, that chance threw in my way."

"You blush!—you were just that grace long before you turned nigger."

"I have put my face in mourning for my poverty, not my sins," said Richard; "and the sooner you get a purchaser for my new visage, the sooner shall I be able to regain my old one."

Seeing his brother bent upon this strange adventure, and trusting to his ingenuity to get him out of any scrape, into which his exuberant spirits, and love of the ridiculous, might lead him, Robert Redpath reluctantly entered into his plan, and took his way to the slave market, followed by the obedient Sambo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SONG FROM SOLOMON.

BY M. W.

Rise up my love, and fair one, hence and come away—
Through the lattice window, behold the rising day,
For, lo! the winter's past—the rain is o'er and gone—
The flowers are on the earth, the singing birds are come.

Listen to the turtle—her voice is o'er the land;
Myrrh and sweet cassia around their sweets expand.
Arise, my love and fair one, and let me know thy voice;
Come, shew thy shining countenance, and let my soul
rejoice!

I sat down by the great tree, that graced the thickening
wood—
I tasted of the apples, and they were goodly food;
Come, see the tender grapes, that cluster in the grove—
Behold! she comes—'tis she, 'tis she!—my beautiful!
my love!

I know my fairest loves me—my dove I know is mine—
Dearer to me than rubies, than grapes or costly wine.
Thou art fairest among women, thou whom I love the
best,
Tell me where at noon thou giv'st thy killings rest?

The beams of my house are cedar, the rafters are of fir,
A fountain cools my garden with frankincense and myrrh.
Awaken, O ye north wind! come forth, south breeze!
and blow,
That the spices of my garden may with fresh fragrance
flow.

Eater, my beloved; my pleasant fruits O eat—
With me to praise Creation—its glorious Lord to greet.

MODESTY is the test of merit; or, rather, true merit is never found in company with vanity or an assuming deportment: the reason is obvious—the greater progress we make in knowledge, the more we discover our own ignorance. "One thing at least I know," said Socrates, "that I know nothing."

MARCO VISCONTI*:

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMMASO GROSSI,

BY HEGOMONT.

CHAPTER XXII.

"OTTORINO says that he will not be in readiness for his journey to the Holy Land ere the expiry of a month; I will come, therefore, dear child, to fold thee once more in mine embrace ere thou departest. Look to see me at Castelletto ere ten days have passed."

Such had been the words with which the weeping Ermelinda had torn herself from her daughter, and true to her promise, the tenth day saw her approaching the fortress of Castelletto, accompanied by the Count del Balzo, and followed by two men-at-arms, one of whom was the falconer Ambrose. As soon as the party were descried from the battlements, two ushers, clad in blue and white, issued to meet them, and courteously enquired of the falconer, who rode in advance, the names of the lord and lady who were about to honour Castelletto with their presence.

"The most noble Count and Countess del Balzo," replied Ambrose.

At this reply, one of the ushers placed a horn to his lips, and the blast that issued was replied to by the throwing open of the castle gates, from which a guard of honour came forth to meet the strangers. The turret bell rang forth a merry peal, the battlements were immediately lined by a large concourse, and from all the surrounding hamlets, crowds of peasants, in their holiday apparel, began to flock towards the castle, while the sound of lutes, cornets, tabrets and rebecs was heard on every side, as they entered the archway and passed into the courtyard.

The falconer leaped to the ground to assist his mistress from her horse, but was pushed aside by the castellan, a large stout man who at that moment made his appearance, flushed with haste and anxiety.

"Welcome, noble lady!" he exclaimed, after pausing to take breath, "welcome amongst your faithful vassals!"

But his eye having by this time reached the face of her whom he addressed, he stopped in confusion, and after a moment's reflection continued:

"Perhaps you are the mother of our illustrious lady and mistress?"

Ermelinda having answered in the affirmative, he assisted her to dismount, and conducted her, together with the count, to a richly furnished hall, without, however, resuming the speech that had been so suddenly interrupted. Count Otrudo began to question the castellan concerning the portraits that were hung round the walls, and Ermelinda sat for some time in impatient expectation.

"Where are the young couple?" at last she asked, "hast thou not advised them, castellan, of our arrival?"

"The young couple?" repeated he, as though he knew not what she meant.

The countess repeated the question, and with an air of amazement replied:

"What! were they not in your company?"

"Ah! I understand," exclaimed Ermelinda, "they had gone to meet us, had they not? How unlucky that we should have missed them!"

"They were not then with you?" rejoined the castellan, with a more disturbed and anxious expression; "you expected to find them here? 'Tis strange—'tis very strange! For the last ten days we have been in daily expectation of their arrival, but thought they had remained with you at Milan."

Further explanation and enquiry showed that nothing had been heard of the party since they left Milan on their way to Castelletto, and a thousand conjectures of mishap and misfortune filled the minds of all, though the count and the castellan endeavoured to conceal their fears from the countess, and to account in every possible way for their absence without accident.

In the meantime, the crowd without continued their shouts and vociferations, some asserting that it was the young couple themselves who had entered; others that it was merely some of their relations, but all agreeing in according a most hearty welcome. These sounds of festivity jarred on the anxious mind of Ermelinda, and she begged the castellan to dismiss them. They immediately dispersed, leaving behind the jesters and minstrels who had been retained for the reception of Ottorino and his bride, and to whom he now proceeded to distribute the customary pre-

* Continued from page 365.

sents. One alone refused to take the furred mantle destined for him.

"It is not that I care less for fine robes than my brethren here," he said, "but I do not wish to depart without seeing the face of the noble master of the castle. What I am to receive, let me have it from his own hands."

"He is not here," replied the castellan, "here is your robe; if you wish it, take it; if not, leave room for others."

"Who is it then," insisted the minstrel, "who has just arrived here?"

"The Count del Balze," was the reply.

"Well! he will do. Lead me to him, or at least tell him that Tremacoldo is in waiting."

At this moment the count appeared at the entrance, and the minstrel advancing, requested to be admitted to his presence.

"I have heard," he said, "that Ottorino——"

"Stay," interrupted the Count, "thou shalt have immediate entrance;" and in a few minutes Tremacoldo was ushered into the presence of the count and countess.

"What news bringest thou?" exclaimed the latter hastily advancing to meet him. "Where are they? When will they be here?"

"Of whom speak ye, noble lady?" inquired the minstrel, quite bewildered.

"I ask thee if thou hast seen Ottorino and Beatrice?"

"Seen them? No."

"Hast thou heard aught of them then?"

"Yes! I have heard that they had not yet arrived at Castellato. I knew they were expected here, and arrived this morning to assist in the celebration of nuptials which I had foreseen ever since that day at Bellano. Good right had I therefore to compose an epithalamium, and here it is if your ladyship would deign to peruse it."

So saying, he threw back his mantle and taking a parchment from his girdle, presented it to the countess. He thus displayed a dagger which was hanging at his belt, and which the count, who was standing beside him, at once recognised as having belonged to Ricciardino, one of the men-at-arms who had accompanied Ottorino and Beatrice.

"Where got'st thou that poignard?" he asked in accents of surprise and agitation.

"What poignard?" inquired the minstrel.

"That hanging by thy side."

Tremacoldo calmly unfastened it, and placing it in the hands of the count, replied:

"I purchased it yesterday from an armourer at Callarate."

"What see'st thou particular about the poignard?" asked Ermelinda of her husband; and the reply, "Tis Ricciardino's!" caused such an in-

crease of her agitation, that the minstrel began to comprehend that he had unwittingly got himself into trouble. He therefore drew cautiously towards the door, with the intention of making a sudden exit; the way was clear, the portcullis up, the drawbridge down, and his horse ready in the court-yard; but he paused as he reached the threshold.

"No," he said to himself, "Tremacoldo can hold his head up wherever he goes. I would not give any one reason to suspect that I had a hand in any knavery. I will stay and see how matters stand."

The count, who had been occupied in attending to Ermelinda, now turned to him; and from the questions which were showered upon him, Tremacoldo soon gathered the state of affairs. The warm-hearted minstrel, moved by the grief of the two parents, remembering with gratitude, the kindness of Ottorino and of Lupe, and urged on by a certain craving for adventure, which was ever most powerful with him, resolved to take up the slight trace he already had, and endeavour to fathom the mystery. The count and countess received with the warmest gratitude the offer of his services, and pressed upon him assistance, both in attendants and in money; but all their offers he firmly rejected, asserting that he had enough of money, and as for attendants, they would but embarrass him.

"It chances luckily for me," said he, "that I can thus employ my lute in a last work of charity, before changing it into the psalter, as I hope shortly to do. If I succeed in this my quest, mayhap you may have influence to assist in my transformation."

He added, in explanation, that the interdiction being now removed, he intended to apply for readmission into the church; and even, if possible, his former benefice, the prebend of Crescenazzo. Then, with a lowly obeisance, he left the hall, and set out on his search.

Three days passed without any tidings of him, or of any of the missing parties, and the count and his wife returned grieved and dejected to Milan. But Tremacoldo had been by no means idle during that period. He had first proceeded to the shop of the armourer at Callarate, where he had purchased the poignard, and, under colour of procuring a complete suit of armour, brought him into conversation, and ultimately led him away to a tavern in the neighbourhood. When they had emptied a flask or two, he began, cautiously and circumspectly, to sound him about the dagger. The armourer had bought it, he said, from a kinsman of his own, who resided at Rescaldina, and, who had received that, along with some other trifles, as his share of the booty

taken from two or three horsemen one night:— what had become of the prisoners he knew not.

Acting on this information, the minstrel attached himself to the armourer, and ingratiated himself so much with the latter, that, to his announcement, two or three days after, that he was about to set off for the fair at Rescaldina, and at the same time to visit his kinsman, was added a strong invitation to accompany him. Tremacoldo needed not much urging, and the morning of the fair found them both installed in the kinsman's house. During the day, he exercised his profession of minstrel, and on returning to supper, found six or seven armed men added to their company, whose ruthless visages and rough demeanour led him to consider them as the companions of his host in their midnight attack. During the repast, the eyes and ears of Tremacoldo were on the alert for any hint of their former doings; but in vain.

Towards the end of the feast, a roasted peacock was set on the table, a dish generally reserved for the banquets of the great: but which, on this festive day, their host did not hesitate to smuggle before them.

"Here," cried Tremacoldo, "bring it here! Let me carve it! We minstrels have all the rights of cavaliers where none such are present. Let me at it!"

And leaping on the table, he drew his dagger, the usual carver of the period, and after a few flourishes, planted it in the breast of the noble bird, so that the silver handle might be displayed to the whole company. A few whispers passed from one to another, and he could hear more than one mutter—"The very same! how came he by it?"

"By-the-bye!" said the master of the house to one who sat opposite to him, nodding significantly towards the poignard, "what has become of the two thrushes we caught that night?"

"The one from the mountains," replied the other, "we have safe here in the rock: the other has changed his cage, but we have allowed neither yet to sing."

"I understand," thought Tremacoldo, as he busied himself with the carving, seemingly unconscious of every thing else.

When the meal was finished, the men-at-arms entreated their host and their fellow guests to accompany them to the Castle of Rescaldina, which rose immediately above the village, where they were stationed, to crack a flask and chant a stave. The invitation was readily accepted, and Tremacoldo, by his songs, his jests, his stories, and his feats of activity, made himself so universally popular, that ere he left the castle for the evening he promised, nothing loath, to return that day week, to join in a feast and a running at the

quintain that was then to be held. From scattered hints, and from his own keen observation, he had gathered enough to assure him that Lapo was confined in the castle; and even to ascertain his place of imprisonment, which was a small chamber looking out upon the surrounding ditch.

At midnight he issued quietly from the house, wrapped in a dark mantle, and finding that part of the ramparts unguarded, approached sufficiently near the prison of Lapo to attract his attention, and interchange a few sentences in low and guarded tones.

"I am come to free thee," he said, when he had announced himself, and answered the prisoner's anxious enquiries regarding his master and friends; "I am come to free thee, if possible; but this window here seems impracticable. These two enormous bars are firmly enough fixed in the solid and massive walls to defy our utmost efforts."

"The inner opening," replied Lapo, "is more available. I would easily undertake to get out by it; but then I am worse off than ever, landing in the very middle of my guards. I could never get out of the gate without being discovered."

"Trust me for that!" returned the minstrel, "six nights from this expect me here again. Meantime be of good cheer!"

The time that intervened before the festival in the castle, was spent by Tremacoldo in preparing two jester's dresses, both exactly alike, such as we have previously described, but having large fantastic bonnets from the front of which a sort of silk visor fell over half the face. One of these dresses he conveyed under his mantle to Lapo on the appointed night, sure of success.

Next morning betimes he was at the castle, and for a few hours the whole garrison did nothing but look and laugh at his tricks and buffooneries. He twisted his bonnet into a thousand shapes, now wearing it inside out, now with the silk streaming behind, but more generally with the visor of silk hanging like a veil in front.

At mid-day they began to run at the quintain, and when several courses had been finished between the soldiers of Rescaldina, and several men-at-arms from a neighbouring fort, Tremacoldo advancing to the most successful of the players, a tall, broad built personage, offered boldly to try two lances with him, the conqueror to carry off the steel of the other.

"Aha! friend," exclaimed the challenged man, in a voice like the roaring of a bull; "think not to escape with any of thy tricks, and quirks, as thou didst at the tourney at Milan. Thou wilt find me no such simpleton as Arnaldo Vitale."

"Prithee what occasion is there to tell me so?" rejoined the jester. "Thou canst not draw wine

from a beer-cask, nor blood from a radish, neither need'st thou look for the courtesy of a cavalier beneath the hide of a mule."

All laughed at this sally, save he who had been the object of it; but the minstrel, heedless of his surly look, sidled up to him, and as he looked in his face with a burlesque grin,—he chucked him under the chin, exclaiming:

"Hark ye, my jewel! the game is not equal. Thou hast by far the heaviest horse, my pretty little duck!"

"He is right," said one of the chiefs, "Bring another horse for Tremacoldo, and keep his own at the demand of the judges of the quintain."

A magnificent bay horse was led forth, the very one which Ottorino had last rode, and the jester counterfeiting the action of a knight closing his visor, let down his silk veil with many a ridiculous grimace, and cried out that he was now all ready.

The signal was given and the shrill sound of the trumpet was heard throughout the whole castle, reaching the ears of one of whom at that moment none thought save the bold challenger, whose heart beat quick at the sound. The tall soldier, loosing his bridle and giving spurs to his steed, made straight for the saracen, and striking him right in the centre of the turban, returned to his place amidst shouts and bravos! At his second course, amid renewed acclamations, he caught the visor of the figure and bore it off on his lance's point.

"Tremacoldo! Tremacoldo!" shouted the soldiers, "his thy turn now, Tremacoldo! Mend that hit if thou canst."

But no Tremacoldo answered. A boy was holding his steed by the reins, but the minstrel himself was no where present. They were about to disperse in search of him, when he was suddenly seen to rush from an adjoining staircase, snatch the reins from the boy, leap on the steed, seize a lance from a bystander, and rushing at the quintain, strike it so full and forcibly on the breast that the pivot was broken and the whole machine fell heavily to the ground. The jester, or rather (to make no unnecessary mystery with our readers) Lupo, clad in the jester's second suit, with his silk visor low over his face, when he had made this splendid stroke, instead of checking his career, crossed the court-yard at full speed, dashed through the gateway, clattered over the drawbridge, and rushed like the wind, down the road that led to the village.

"Tremacoldo! Tremacoldo!" they shouted after him, "the horse is thine—thou hast won the game," but on he galloped, heedless of all their cries.

"Perhaps he thinks that he has lost," said one.

"No! no!" replied another, "he knows well enough that the best stroke possible is to overthrow the quintain."

"Then what can take him away?" persisted the first.

"Oh! some trick, without doubt, that he wishes to play on that huge bear his opponent."

"He will return then, think ye?"

"Return—said'st thou? Is he likely to leave his steed behind him? Return, forsooth!"

Whilst the false Tremacoldo thus pursued his way at full speed, the true one still remained in the castle exercising his ingenuity to escape. Besides the main gate of the castle, a small sally-port opened in the rear beside the stables. As soon as the signal had sounded and his opponent commenced his career, Tremacoldo slipped unobserved away to the keeper of this gate, and telling him that the challenge, as he might well believe, was all a joke, besought him to have his steed in readiness by the postern, as he wished to play a trick on them by issuing thereby and then suddenly dashing in at the main gate. The horse was soon ready, but under various pretences the minstrel delayed his departure, till assured by the shouts in the court-yard that Lupo was without the walls. The soldier then assisted him to mount, led the steed without, and shutting the postern gate, hastened to the front entrance to share in the forthcoming amusement, first allowing sufficient time for the jester to have completed the round of the castle.

He found the court-yard empty, and joining the group that were gathered on the battlements, saw just disappearing in the distance, the very man, as he thought, whom he had let out a few minutes before in quite another direction. But great as was his surprise, it was nothing to the consternation with which an hour or two afterwards, his fellow soldiers found the prison of Lupo vacant, and began to comprehend that they had to bear the anger of their lord, not only for the loss of their prisoner, but for that of the best horse in his stables.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lupo continued his career straight for Milan; Tremacoldo, keeping the bye-paths till he was clear of the castle, followed him at full speed, and ere evening they had met in the palace of the Count del Balzo.

The joy of Ambrose and Marianna at the return of their son was only dashed by the mysterious absence of Lauretta. The count and countess overwhelmed him with questions, but he could give them little satisfaction. From the time he left Beatrice at Callarate to proceed to Castel Seprio, he knew nothing more of her. A band

of armed men had suddenly surrounded and seized him on the road, and, bandaging his eyes, had only uncovered them in the dungeon from which he had been freed by Tremacordo. The only additional light he could throw on the transaction, was the letter of Marco, which had drawn *Ottorino to Seprio*. *Lupo* maintained that this was a forgery, sent to deceive them; and the count, who trembled at the very name of Marco, seized this explanation with avidity; but *Ermelinda*, knowing the feelings of Marco towards her daughter, had no doubt of its being indeed from himself. She therefore determined on a course of action, without consulting or informing *Count Otrado*, whose coward fears would have hindered and frustrated it.

Calling *Lupo* to a private audience, she thus addressed him:

"I have an important and particular charge to confide to thee, *Lupo*—will thou accept it, for the love of thy former mistress? On none can I place more trust and dependance than on thee."

"What say you, lady?" exclaimed *Lupo*, moved, and at the same time a little mortified by the tone of doubt and entreaty: which the words of the countess bore. "Am not I always your *Lupo*—your vassal? The first bread I ate, was it not in your house? My father, my mother, my poor sister, my brother, have they not always slept under your roof? Have they not been always fed, clad, protected by you?"

"Why recall these things now—?"

"Pardon, gracious lady," interrupted *Lupo*; "I cannot but recall them—aye, and more, too. Do I not owe my very life to you? Did not your noble husband obtain it of Marco, moved principally thereto by your prayers, by the prayers of that angel—of her whom—"

But the emotion which he saw this name excited, arrested his speech, and *Ermelinda*, wiping her eyes, replied:

"Thou art ever true and faithful, my good *Lupo*!"

"Good! saidst thou? I were the veriest scoundrel and traitor that ever lived, were I otherwise. Come then, lady, tell me in what I can aid you. Would that I had the power, as I have the will, for your service."

"I wish thee to carry a letter from me to *Marco* at *Lucca*."

"Is this the charge? To send me to *Marco*? What have I done to attain this?"

"Be not afraid, *Lupo*; unless he hath strangely altered from his former nature, thou wilt be quite safe with him."

"Pardon me, noble mistress! such thoughts as these never entered my mind. Suspect the faith of *Marco Visconti*—of him who is the pride of

his age! No, lady. Were I, instead of the poor soldier I am, some great baron, or prince, or king, and were *Marco* at the same time my most implacable enemy, I could lay my head on his breast, and sleep as soundly and as securely, as I would on the softest down, in the strongest fortress! That I should thus be called to an interview with the great chief for whom I would shed the last drop of my blood, it was this that excited my wonder and astonishment."

"Thou wilt go then?"

"Most willingly! It will seem a thousand years till I am on the way."

Ermelinda gave him the letter, with instructions for his conduct, and in ten minutes he was on the road to *Lucca*. As he issued from the gate he passed *Lodrisio Visconti*, who was riding along, followed by two men-at-arms; saluting the kinsman of his lord, he proceeded on his journey; unconscious of the start of surprise with which his appearance had been greeted.

Towards evening he dismounted, tired and hungry, at a small tavern by the road side, led his horse to the stable and groomed him down himself; then returning to the kitchen, sat down to the supper he had previously ordered. After a rife but hearty meal, he requested the host to show him a pallet where he might snatch a few hours of sleep.

"I'll let you have one the pope himself might slumber soundly on," replied the taverner; and taking up a lantern, was about to conduct him from the kitchen, when he was stopped by the entrance of two men-at-arms. One of them cast a covert glance at *Lupo*; then advancing to the host, struck him on the shoulder with an air of familiarity, exclaiming:

"Well, *Jacopotto*, here we are! two men and two horses; and here we remain too till to-morrow."

Jacopotto, laying down the lantern, and saying to *Lupo* "Stay but a moment!" took the new comer by the arm and led him to the chimney, — where a large pot hung over the fire:

"There is a splendid piece of mutton for thee. Smell that!" said he, lifting the lid and bending down to inhale the pleasant steam. The other did the same, and as their heads approached each other, *Lupo* could see by the motion of their lips that they were hurriedly conversing, although no sounds reached his ear.

"I'll see to the stable now," said the landlord as he raised himself, "the horse of this stranger is already there, and there will be some trouble to accommodate all three. But never fear—I'll manage it."

He issued, accompanied by the two new-comers, and a few minutes afterwards *Lupo* quietly fol-

lowed them. As he stepped into the courtyard he noticed the three gathered together in a corner in earnest conversation, but at his appearance the group broke up, each, however, under some pretext or other, slipping out to the street, no doubt to renew their conference undisturbed.

Lupo's suspicions thus aroused, he determined to be on his guard, and when the host on his return would have shown him to a small chamber, which he vaunted as much quieter and more comfortable than that he had previously intended, the squire announced that as he wished to start early, he would merely take a bundle of straw beside his horse. After some demur, Jacopotto consented, and paying his reckoning, Lupo retired to the stable and was soon comfortably seated on his pile of straw. At first he thought of starting off at once, but the tired condition of his steed, after a ride of fifty miles, demanded some rest, and he determined to remain where he was till day-break, keeping strict watch, and prepared against any treachery.

At first this resolution was strictly kept; the scowl of one of the men-at-arms had struck him as something not altogether new to him, and the consequent search into his memory served to keep him awake. But when at length he had recognised in him one of the attendants of Lodrisio when he had met him in leaving Milan, this occupation was lost; weariness and exhaustion began to overpower him, his thoughts became confused and wavering, and at last, despite all his efforts, he slept.

He had lain thus for some time, when a sense of suffocation seemed to oppress him, and he felt as if he had the will but not the power to move, like a nightmare-ridden sleeper. But no dream nor nightmare was this. When he opened his eyes, he found the two strangers kneeling on his breast, one holding him down by the throat, the other with a dagger raised above his head, while the host stood behind, holding a lantern, and calling out "Hold him fast, Masio, see that he stir not; and thou, Passerino, strike hard, strike at the heart."

"He has a coat of mail under his doublet, and the point makes no impression," replied Passerino.

"Hold him fast then, both of ye, and let me settle him," rejoined Jacopotto, laying down his lantern, and seizing the heavy bar used for fastening the door.

Lupo at this gathered his whole strength into one tremendous effort, and though he could not altogether shake off his opponents, he succeeded in turning himself over, and all three rolled into the adjoining stall. The steed that occupied it, frightened at the struggle among his feet, began

to lash out his hind legs so furiously, that each was glad to get out of the way as best he could. Lupo was first on his feet, and found himself opposed to the landlord, who had hitherto been prevented from using his weapon both by the flinging of the steed and the confusion in which the combatants were mixed, and even yet was uncertain whether it were friend or foe who confronted him.

"Down with thee, villain!" shouted Lupo, drawing his sword, and making a lunge that stretched him bleeding on the floor; then, turning round, he saw one of the men-at-arms who had just risen, advancing with uplifted dagger, while the light of the lantern falling on his face, displayed the same angry scowl that he had recognized the night before. The arm of the squire, nerved by his desperate situation, swept his weapon swiftly round in the air, and, bringing it heavily down on the assassin, the trenchant blade not only laid bare the whole right side of his face, but cut through the arm that was instinctively raised to guard it. Masio staggered to and fro for a few seconds, aiming an unavailing blow at the squire, then, falling headlong, he lay beside his brother in iniquity.

A third still remained; but he, seeing the evil fate of his companions, crept gently amongst the horse's feet, and had reached the last unobserved, when the animal, infuriated by the noise and tumult, launched out his heels within an inch of his body. But what seemed the danger of the fugitive proved his safety; for the restive brute at the same time broke his halter, and, escaping from the stall, made for the open door beside him. As he passed, Passerino seized him by the mane, and, leaping on his back, was carried off at furious speed, and both were in a moment out of sight.

Lupo for a short time pursued in vain, then, returning to the tavern, made a cautious examination, lest any more of the assassins might be lurking about. But all was silent and desolate; every one appeared to have been sent out of the way, that the villains might execute their nefarious project uninterrupted. Entering the stable, the two whom he had struck down were found still lying there; Lodrisio's attendant quite dead, but the host sitting upright and endeavouring to stanch his wound.

"For charity's sake," said the latter as he entered, "fetch me some water—I burn with thirst. You will find a tub beside the door—bring me a mouthful."

Lupo filled an iron cup, that lay beside it, with water, and presented it to Jacopotto, who drank it with avidity.

"I little thought," he said when he had finish-

ed, as if communing with himself, "I little thought to use it thus, when I drew it from the well last night, to wash away the stains after we had slain him. Do me another charity," he added, in broken accents, as the squire, having saddled his horse, led him to the door—"let me not die in mortal sin, if thou art a Christian—there is a belfry at the end of the street—send me the priest."

The squire assented, and rousing up the *messere* as he passed, rode on regardless of the enquiries sent after him—"What is the matter, worthy man? Why does Jacopotto want me just now?"

Ere long the sun appeared in the east, the peasants with their implements of husbandry on their shoulders began to be seen on their way to labour, and Lupo, in the cheering light of day, almost forgot the peril from which he had just escaped. He had not proceeded far, however, when shouts were heard from a vineyard on his left, of "Stop him! stop him! catch the villain! seize the knave!" and a steed, with a man mounted on his back, dashed forward headlong, followed by a crowd of husbandmen and vine-dressers. It was Passerino on his runaway horse. On the animal rushed, trampling down vines, breaking through fences, taking the most fearful leaps, while the poor rider clung fast to the mane, shouting for help at the utmost pitch of his voice. The horse, driven hither and thither by the peasantry, who were enraged at the havoc he wrought, became almost blind through fear, and striking in its mad career against the trunk of a tree, steed and rider rolled together on the ground. A few bounds brought Lupo to the spot; the first vision that met the eye of Passerino, as he slowly rose from the earth, was the terrible man, who, at two blows, had despatched both his companions; and, dropping on his knees, he begged his life in the most abject terms.

"Who art thou, ruffian?" asked the squire.

"Oh, sir! my lord!" replied he, trembling in every limb, "I am nothing but a poor wretch. What I did was not through pure wickedness, but only to gain a morsel of bread for my five unfortunate children." It was Matteo who led me to it."

"And what reason had he for his conduct?"

"I do not know?"

"What! thou know'st nothing of it?"

"Nothing at all. Kill me on the spot if I tell you falsely. He came to my house last night and asked me to come with him to gain a gold florin. Of the rest I know nothing—not even who your lordship is."

"*Dravo!* So thou camest thus pleasantly and agreeably to cut the throat of a man, whose name even thou knewest not?"

"You are right—quite right; do with me what you will—I deserve it all. Yet believe me, I was driven to it by hunger; my poor children —"

Lupo drew from his side-pouch a florin of gold and flung it to the miserable wretch.

"There, pick it up," he said; "'tis not for thee, scoundrel, but for thy starving children. 'Tis well for thee I caught thee not half an hour ago; these excuses would then have availed thee little. Thank thy patron saint that thou escapest so well."

The squire resumed his route, and without further adventure arrived at Lucca.

As he entered the gate, he saw a tumultuous crowd of people pass along the street, and, advancing further, new groups were seen hastening to join the larger body, while the shouts and cries increased on every side.

"What is the matter, friend?" he asked of a young man, who issued from a house, pike in hand, and proceeded towards the thick of the crowd.

"Know'st thou not," he replied, with a glance of commiseration at the stranger's ignorance, "that we are going to storm the palace of the *Signoria*? We will show them what we Luccese can do. Down with all traitors and renegades!" added he, as he hurried off.

"Storm the palace of the *Signoria*!" repeated Lupo to himself; "if I mistake not they told me at Milan that 'twas there Marco had his abode. I must see more clearly into this before going further."

Turning back therefore to a small hostelry he remembered to have passed, he dismounted and led his horse to the stable. He found the old hostess alone remaining in the house, her husband and two sons having gone to assist at the tumult, and he soon gathered from her all the information he wished.

Marco, it seems, had left Lucca for Florence a few days before, and the German leader whom he had left as his lieutenant, having loosened the restraints which the Visconte had hitherto laid on the soldiery, they had broken out into the most shameful excesses, treating the city, in fact, as if they had just taken it by storm. No wonder, then, that the citizens, already suspicious that Marco wished to sell them to Florence, had taken up arms against those whom they now considered invaders instead of auxiliaries.

Our Limentine, who, at the first suspicion that Marco himself was in danger, had resolved to aid or perish with him, was quite relieved when he heard that he was without the gates. Procuring a fresh horse, he immediately pushed on for Florence—conscious that on the letter he

bore might depend the lives of three persons, all, for various reasons, very dear to him.

Leaving him to pursue his journey, we will precede him to Florence, where Marco then was.

When the first burst of joy at his success in Lucca had passed away, matters gradually went from bad to worse. The German troops, composed of adventurers, reckless, insatiable, and impatient of all discipline, had even gone so far as to refuse obedience to his commands. The little submission they paid him he owed to the glory of his name, to the majesty of his presence, qualities which affect every body of men, even in spite of themselves. More than once his simple appearance had caused them to drop the weapons they were about to turn on the defenceless citizens; more than once he had commanded the mutineers themselves to seize and bind their ring-leaders; and, awed by the severe dignity of his countenance and demeanour, they had not dared to disobey him. He saw evidently the weakness of his power; but how was he to strengthen it? By claiming the support of the citizens, it may be replied—who would, no doubt, gladly support him in expelling that scourge, the German troops. But then it must be remembered that of those citizens, part had never looked on Marco with any favour, and of those who had called him in, some repented of having elected a prince who was not himself a Luccese, and others had been offended by his reconciliation with the Guelphs; so that, on the whole, no dependance could be placed on their cordial assistance against the Germans.

Besides this, they were so much divided among themselves—plebeians against patricians, patricians against plebeians, district against district, faction against faction, that any advantage they might at first gain, would certainly be lost, for want of mutual confidence and co-operation. Thus it happened that the revolt of which Lupo had seen the commencement, was confined to the spot where it arose, and met with no support from the other quarters of the city, so that within an hour or two, the five or six thousand of whom the crowd consisted, were all shut up in their houses, pale and trembling, saving a score or two, who lay stretched in the streets or squares, transfixed by the lances of the Germans, or trampled under their horses' hoofs.

Seeing, then, that the lordship of Lucca was slipping out of his hands, Marco determined to divest himself voluntarily of it, and, by a bargain common enough in those times, to make over his authority to the *Signoria* of Florence. Of the money he was to receive in return, part was destined to pay up the arrears of the Ceruglio forces, the remainder to engage them to follow him

into Lombardy, for the completion of his designs with Lodrisio. The negotiation had been some time in progress, and it was in order to bring it to a close that the Visconte had repaired to Florence, where he had taken up his abode in the *Priori Palace*.*

On the day preceding that on which the acquisition of Lucca was to be finally discussed in the *Signoria*, Marco was seated in his chamber, looking over the notes of the conferences he had maintained with the Florentine commissioners, when an attendant announced the arrival of a courier from Lombardy, who had come by way of Lucca.

"Let him enter!" said he, believing him one of the usual weekly messengers despatched by Lodrisio.

When Lupo—for it was he—was ushered in, overcome by joy and pride at thus finding himself face to face with the great captain, he could not utter a word, but taking from his bosom the letter of Ermelinda, presented it to Marco.

"Thou comest from Lucca?" enquired the latter, laying it on the table, without even looking at the superscription.

"I have just arrived from it," answered Lupo, in a voice rendered tremulous by the beating of his heart; "and left it all in an uproar."

"It is now as quiet as a convent," said Marco, whom two or three expresses had already informed of the beginning, progress and end of the fray. "No harm was done to thee, I trust?"

"None, my lord!" replied the youth, encouraged by the kind tone in which this was said; "I should like to have seen the man who would have dared to stop me, and I on my way to the great Visconte!"

At this boast, Marco raised his eyes to the countenance of the young man, looked keenly at him for an instant, and then, with a courteous smile, rejoined:

"Thou art not one of the ordinary couriers—thou hast been a soldier?"

"And still am!" answered Lupo, proudly.

"I thought I knew the air of the camp. Thou hast the figure and presence of a good and worthy soldier. Thou art still young," he added, drawing nearer to the squire, whose cheeks were suffused by a blush of modest pride at such praises from such lips. "In what actions hast thou been?"

"I first drew my sword under your banners, at the passage of the Adda——"

"Ah!" interrupted the Visconte, resting his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the young man, "thou art a well-tried blade, then, and hast

* Giovanni Villani, lib. x. cap. cxxxvii.

begun thy profession betimes. We are old friends, since 'tis so."

The breast of poor Lupo heaved with emotion at these words, and as Marco withdrew his hand he seized and carried it to his lips with heart-felt devotion. Nothing ever pleased the generous leader more than the affection of his soldiery, and this warm demonstration touched him the more, from having been so long among strangers.

"Long live my worthy Milanese!" exclaimed he.

"*Viva Marco!*" exclaimed Lupo in return, "long live our noble leader! O, for the days when we rushed on to victory with your name on our lips!"

"Harkye!" said Marco, lowering his voice, "these days may yet return, and perhaps are not far distant. When thou returnest to Lombardy, say to your brave companions—'The heart of Marco has always been with you; forget not your ancient leader!' As for thee—at whatever time, in whatever place, in whatever state thou findest me, the first time thou meet'st me in Milan, come boldly forward and remind me of these words and it shall not be in vain. Would I had known thee sooner," he added, cutting short Lupo's protestations of gratitude and devotion; then advancing to the table, he took up a pen, and turning to him, demanded—"Thy name, soldier?"

"Lupo of Limonta."

"Lupo?" 'Tis a name which does not seem new to me."

"It may be so, my lord; since you once deigned to inscribe it with your own noble hand on a parchment which saved my life."

At these words, Marco was reminded of the letter which, at the request of Beatrice, he had written, on that well-remembered night, to the Abbot of St. Ambrose; and that he for whom the pardon was asked, was a squire of Ottorino. Fixing his eyes attentively on the young man, he recognised him as the same who had served his kinsman at the Milan tournament, and astonished that such a person should be selected by Lodrisio for his courier, turned for explanation to the letter, which he doubted not to be from his counsellor.

On opening the despatch, he was surprised to find it written in full, instead of the usual cypher; and turning to the close to find from whence it came, the name of Ermelinda met his eye. Fearful lest his passion should expose itself before Lupo, he desired him to withdraw, and he accordingly retired, quite unable to account for the sudden change in the manner of the chief.

Marco paced to and fro for a few minutes, a thousand hurried thoughts succeeding each other in his brain.

"Perhaps Beatrice has withdrawn her affections from Ottorino, and is willing to become my own? No! let me not cherish such hopes. It must rather be an entreaty that I should desist from my opposition to their nuptials. It may be an announcement that they are already celebrated and that she is lost to me for ever. 'T would be a painful blow; yet methinks I could sustain it. Yes! I feel that I owe them some reparation for the unhappiness I have caused them. Having conquered myself, I will force them to forgive me."

He again took up the letter, and with a beating heart, began to read.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WINDS.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

The winds are abroad today,
Over the hill-tops flying;
Shouting aloud in their stormy play;
Blast unto blast replying:
Bowing the woods beneath their tyrant sway,
The stubborn and strong defying.

They have taken the old oak tree,
Whose gnarled boughs, unheeding,
Have seen a thousand tempests flee,
And mocked their vain contending—
They have dashed him to earth in their savage glee,
His mighty roots upending.

And away, and away they fly,
Stern desolation's minions,
They pierce the mists that round them lie,
With keen, sky-cleaving pinions;
They scatter the wreathed clouds on high,
From the great sun's blue dominions.

Ah! old Ocean roars,
As he hears their far-off shrieking,
And his billowy legions forth he pours,
As if to meet their seeking;
While the eastern-echoes from his shores
Give back his stormy speaking.

The winds and the waves have met!
Woe, woe to the bark outlying!
And winds and waves, a mightier yet
To join your strife is lying;
Ere you pale-visaged sun hath set,
Lo! Death shall claim the dying.

Rage on, it is yours today
To mock man's weak endeavour;
We shrink before your fierce array,
We yield, but not for ever—
Oh winds and waves, your vaunted sway,
Your linked strength shall sever!

And thou, oh crowned King!
Who laughiest to scorn our weeping,
The fiat of the Eternal word
Stern watch is o'er thee keeping—
Thou too shalt be a chained thing,
No more thine harvests reaping.

LOVE NOT.

POETRY BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

MUSIC BY JOHN BLOCKLEY.

ANDANTINO CON ESPRESSIONE.

Musical score for the first section, marked *ANDANTINO CON ESPRESSIONE*. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature, and two bass clef staves. The music features a melodic line in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staves. There are several measures of music, including a section with a fermata and a section with a *V* marking.

SEMPLICE.

Musical score for the second section, marked *SEMPLICE*. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature, and two bass clef staves. The music features a melodic line in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staves. The lyrics are: "Love not! Love not! ye hap - less sons of clay, Hopo's gay - est wreaths are made of earthly flow'rs;".

Things that are made to fade and fall a - way, 'Ere they have

dolce

blossom'd for a few short hours, 'Ere they have

blossom'd for a few short hours. Love not! Love not!

ad lib.

mf

Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam on its grave, as once upon its birth.
 Beam on its grave, as once upon its birth.
 Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may change,
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
 The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,

The heart still warmly bent, yet not be true.
 The heart still warmly bent, yet not be true.
 Love not! love not!

Love not! love not! oh warning vainly said,
 In present hours as in years gone by;
 Love things a holo, round the dear one's head;
 Faultless, immortal, 'till they change or die.
 Faultless, immortal; 'till they change or die.
 Love not! love not!

THE RETURN.

The incident related here, occurred shortly after the second American war in 1812. The hero, Sir William —, lost a leg, in a naval engagement on Lake Erie.

It was the hour of night, and shadows gathered o'er
The foaming waves, that dashed upon the rocky shore;
But yet beneath that frowning sky, and near that foam-
ing sea,
There lingered one, a lovely form, whose thoughts were
bright and free.

Her hair was parted o'er a brow, as Parian marble white;
Dark silken lashes half concealed her eye, so clear and
bright;
Her round cheek wore the changeful hue that tells *hope*
yet is there,
But that young love is struggling with anxiety and care.

She thought upon the sunny hour, when first she met the
gaze
Of him, whose memory recalled the "light of other days;"
She thought upon the rapturous dawn, of love within
her breast,
When, loving and beloved, she deemed earth held not
one so blest.

The sky to her seemed fairer then, than it was wont to be,
The sun to shed a richer light, the waves to sport more
free,
The valleys bloomed more lovely far, and on the moun-
tain stream,
The moon, in peerless loveliness, diffused a purer beam.

But soon a change came o'er the sky, and threatening
clouds arose,
And grief, heart-breaking grief, o'er her its darkening
shadow throws;
For he to whom her heart is given, the beautiful, the
brave,
Is called from her, by duty's voice, to cross the deep sea's
wave.

"Adieu!" he cries, "though far away, my heart will still
be here,
And one sweet hope will nerve me on through scenes of
woe, and fear,
The hope to meet thy smile again, to see thine eye once
more,
Upturned in confidence and love, to tell that fear is o'er."

Long months had passed since that sad hour, and she had
frequent heard
Of his brave deeds, the thought of which had oft her
bosom stirred;
While yet her fond heart was oppressed with many anx-
ious fears.
And in the night, her wakeful eyes bedewed her couch
with tears.

But now the toilsome war had ceased, and he was soon
to come
From that far off and stranger land, to his paternal home.
Bright were her hopes, her heart beat high with youthful
love and joy,
Yet trembled lest some darkening cloud, these prospects
might destroy.

But soon he came, and ah! how changed was his once
noble form,
And yet his eye was still as bright, his kind heart still as
warm;
And with a kindling glance, he gazed upon her form so
dear,
And while he spoke, there glistened in the warrior's eye
a tear.

"My darling one, that thou art loved, I need not say to
thee,
Thou know'st it well, but yet I come to tell thee thou
art free,
I'm but the wreck of what I was, and will not make thee
wee!
(In thy bright beauty) one so maimed, whose youthful
grace has fled."

Even while he spoke she closer clung, and on his throbb-
ing heart
Laid her fair head, and murmured forth "Oh! do not thus
depart,
What though the casket fair was marred, thy country's
cause to win.
Thy soul I loved, and that's unchanged,—the jewel bright
within."

Close to his heart he drew her then, and on her polished
brow
Pressed his warm lips, and spoke to her in accents kind
and low.
"Dost thou say thus, my own sweet one? I bless thy con-
stant heart,
And shew thy love is changeless still, I cannot from thee
part."

M.

LINES

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH AN EOLIAN HARP.

Remember me, when o'er the silken strings
Swell the soft breezes of the lonely night,
When music, "viewless spirit," sweetly sings
The low-breath'd requiem of departed light.

Then think 'tis Henry's voice that meets thine ear,
The sigh of one who often sighs for thee;
And if that thought the simple harp endear,
Oh! listen still—and still remember me.

IMPROMPTU.

Thou ne'er wilt know how thou hast driven
The light bloom from my face;
For still, when'er I meet thine eye,
The blush-rose fills its place.

Thou ne'er wilt know how thou hast driven
Sweet eloquence away;
For still, when thou art by my side,
It throws a meteor ray.

And I am changed to other eyes,
But still the same to thine —
Thou art the same to other eyes,
And only changed to mine.

OUR TABLE.

MANUAL OF THE OFFICE DUTIES AND LIABILITIES OF A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, WITH PRACTICAL FORMS FOR THE USE OF MAGISTRATES OUT OF SESSION. BY HUGH TAYLOR, ESQ. ADVOCATE. ARMOUR AND RAMSAY, MONTREAL.

WE hail with the sincerest pleasure the publication of this work, the first of the kind which has appeared among us. It supplies a great desideratum, and will, we are sure, be welcomed, read and studied, not only by the magistrate, professional gentleman, and student of the law, (who have known most the want, and can therefore best appreciate the value of the book,) but by every body, no matter what his calling be, who desires to acquire the most valuable information that the citizen can possess—a correct knowledge of the laws and institutions under which he lives, and to the efficiency of which he owes much of the security and happiness he enjoys.

The object, plan, and uses of the work being very briefly and clearly explained in the Introduction, we give them in the author's own words, premising merely, that not only are the pretensions of the work fully sustained throughout, but, as rarely happens, the author seems to have accomplished more than the preface indicates:—

Impressed with the belief that something explanatory of the office and duties of a Justice of the Peace, in this part of the Province, might prove useful, I have been induced to offer to the public the present manual on that subject, which, although imperfect in many respects, may yet merit some degree of approbation as a first attempt, or stimulate the exertions of others, to something more efficient. In it, I have endeavoured to compress into as small compass as possible, (consistently with perspicuity) what I consider to be most essential for the Justice to know, when acting alone, or out of Session, in the great variety of objects which fall within his jurisdiction, according to the present state of the law in this part of the Province, and to clothe it in language, plain, simple, and unadorned.

The method I have adopted is,—in the first instance, to give a statement of the appointment, office, and duties of a Justice of the Peace, his protection, and liability, in the discharge of those duties, with some general observations and decisions relative thereto. The subsequent part of the work will be arranged in alphabetical order, continuing the different heads of titles of the principal matters and offences which fall under the notice or jurisdiction of the Justice out of Session, on each of which enough of the law has been stated, to show the nature of those offences, and to enable him to judge how far he can interpose his authority to promote the ends of justice, either by punishing the offender, or by securing his trial before a competent jurisdiction. As practical forms are necessary, especially in the numerous instances of summary conviction, which the late alterations in our Criminal Law have introduced, of these forms a sufficient number has been given in various instances, to enable the Justice to draw them up in all cases, as circumstances may require.

It is well observed in another part of the Introduction, that "whatever can tend to instruct or to assist the magistrate in the discharge of his duties, ought to be favourably received, as it not only enables him to act with more confidence and security, but must, in some measure, serve to promote a more general knowledge of our criminal law, in which, as it affects our best rights and privileges, every man ought to feel himself more or less interested." We cannot doubt, therefore, but that every magistrate, professional gentleman and student-at-law, whose business it is to be thoroughly and practically acquainted with its contents, will be eager to possess himself of a copy of the work, and trust that the public generally will evince such interest in the publication, and afford it such encouragement, as may induce the author at no distant day not only to present a second edition, but to direct his attention to other branches of the law, with which he seems so well qualified to deal.

We know of no compilation or code, as yet, to which unprofessional men can have recourse, for the purpose of obtaining a general knowledge of the principles of our laws, without which no man can be said to be properly qualified for transacting ordinary business, with confidence, safety and success—and this is certainly one of the greatest wants that can exist in a civilized, law-governed community. In no country in the world is the want of a good legal *Vade-mecum* more felt than among ourselves. Such treatises are of inestimable value, and we cannot imagine that a short, comprehensive, popular, and well executed work of the kind could fail of success.

If the principal object and intention of education be to fit and qualify our youth for discharging the business of life with credit to themselves and advantage to the country, it seems strange indeed, that the acquirement of a correct knowledge of the institutions under which we live, and of the principles of the laws by which we are governed, and to which our daily business bears constant reference, should be so little thought of and so much neglected. But in this, as in many other things, the most evident and greatest improvements will probably be the last adopted. Once introduced, however, and their benefits experienced, we begin to wonder why they did not earlier receive attention. For our own part, we shall not consider the academical course of our youth complete, until a knowledge of the laws and institutions of the country has been superadded to the other branches in which they are usually, but certainly not more usefully, instructed. On this head, indeed, we ought not to be satisfied until, in all the principal seminaries or colleges of the country, a "Chair"

has been established for the purpose. Whenever knowledge comes, like most other things, to be regarded and valued according to its real utility and worth, it will be found that the branch we recommend will stand foremost in the course. It certainly seems reasonable to expect that they who are entrusted with the rearing, training, and educating of youth for the purposes of the world, and the business of life, must be anxious to have them well and early indoctrinated in those branches of knowledge which they are certain to have daily and hourly occasion for afterwards, and from the want of which they must often be exposed to doubt, perplexity and error.

Considerations of this kind make us hail with peculiar pleasure the publication of the work before us, which was greatly wanted, and which will therefore, we trust, meet with the support which it merits so well.

It is a very handsome volume—neatly printed, on excellent paper of Provincial manufacture—altogether a very good specimen of what can be done in the country; and creditable alike to the ability of the author, the enterprise of the publishers, the skill of the printers, and the taste of the binders. We hope that a second edition may be called for soon, and would rejoice to see other works of a similar kind emanating from the same pen and quarter.

THE ABBOTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAYERLY NOVELS.—PRICE 3/ EACH NO.

THE PEOPLES' EDITION OF THE WAYERLY NOVELS.—PRICE 9d EACH NO.

Edinburgh—Robert Cadell. Montreal—Armour & Ramsay.

THESE editions of the most popular works of fiction of our times, make their appearance with praiseworthy regularity—the former every fortnight, the latter every month, and we are glad to learn that the spirited attempt of the English publisher to protect his copyright against the invasions of the United States printers, by selling his own at such prices as to defy competition, is meeting with every success. We learn from enquiry that the subscribers to both editions are steadily on the increase, and further supplies had lately to be procured to meet the increasing demand. This augurs well for the taste of our reading public, and we trust the success which Mr. Cadell has met with, may induce other British publishers to offer their books in the Colony at reduced prices from those at which they are originally sold in England.

The Abbotsford edition has now reached its twelfth number, and the numerous steel engravings and wood-cuts with which it is liberally

embellished, have rather increased in beauty as well as in number, than suffered any decline. Indeed the plates are worth more than the price of subscription, and nothing but the enormously large sale which the work has experienced in Britain, could have enabled the publisher to issue it at the price mentioned at the head of this notice. An opinion on this point may be learned from the fact, that for the embellishments alone, the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling has been set aside.

The Peoples' Edition, as its name indicates, is of a more unpretending character than the preceding. It was produced in such a form, and sold at such a price as to enable every respectable mechanic or tradesman to make himself acquainted with the works of the Wizard of the North. In point of execution it is infinitely superior to any of the United States reprints, and has their merit of cheapness.

HISTORY OF CANADA.—BY M. BIBAUD.

WE understand that Mr. Bibaud has in press a second edition of his *History of Canada*, which has been thoroughly revised, corrected, and we might almost add, re-written, the history having been continued to the present time. Mr. Bibaud has devoted many years to this work, and as he is both able and industrious, it may be expected to contain a concise, impartial and well-written account of all that has happened of a public nature, since the discovery of the country. It is to be published in the French language, and the first volume may be expected to appear in the course of a few weeks.

A NOVELTY in literature, under the title of *Le Journal Scholastique*, which is to be published periodically, has been established in London. It is a self-interpreting French journal, said to be admirably adapted for the purposes both of instruction and amusement, and is of that attractive character, that the student, once induced to take it up, will not lay it down till he has read it through; and will thus, with the assistance of the excellent and copious etymological foot-notes, acquire a knowledge of the French idiom, and peculiar philology, that no other publication can furnish. It is edited by M. Giasson, the French master at King's College; and is published by Mr. Adams, 59, Fleet Street, London.

We have been under the necessity of postponing the publication of several contributions which were intended for this number, but which we will endeavour to find room for in October.