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THE

LITERARY GARLAND;

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

THE ADVANCEMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. III.

“ Mine aim shall be
To gather from the garden’s rarest buds,
An offering meet—an odour-laden wreath,
Mingling its fragrance with the Summer’s breath,
And weaving round old Winter’s rugged brow
A garland ever green.”

Incog.

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THE
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VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1840.

No. 1.

(ORIGINAL.)

BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD.

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

I know thee but a form of earth—
I know thy wondrous mind;—
Linked ever by its tears and mirth,
To all of earthly kind.
A flower's thy strength—a child's thy glee—
And all thy moods of heart,
Tho' restless as the billowy sea,
In beauty come and part.
Thou art of earth in mind and will,
Yet a soul's spell—a vision still.

Miss Jewsbury.

"I HAVE delightful news for you today, my dear girls," said Mrs. Annesley, entering her daughters' morning-room, with an open letter in her hand.

"Who do you suppose is coming to us tomorrow?"

Mary, who was busily engaged copying an exquisite print from Raphael's picture of the Madonna and infant Saviour, started up at these words, exclaiming: "Who, dear mamma? pray tell us?"

"Who but your friend and favourite, Colonel Brereton. He is going to the Abbey, and has kindly written to say that he will take us *en route*."

The crimson which rushed to the cheek of Mary, and the gentle heaving of her bosom, betrayed the emotion she felt at this intelligence; while her young sister, Beatrice, who sat by her side on a low stool, with her pet dog lying on her knee, replied:

"Colonel Brereton coming! oh, how sorry I am! I suppose now there will be nothing but formal dinner parties for the next week, and all our beautiful evenings sacrificed to playing fine ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room."

"Beatrice, Beatrice, my loved one, do speak with more reflection," said Mrs. Annesley, laying her hand on the fair round shoulder of her daughter.

"Remember that Colonel Brereton is the son of my most valued friend. I hope, therefore, you will determine within yourself to behave with propriety, and impress him favourably. I am particularly anxious that you should do so; and for the time being give up the character of a romp."

"Colonel Brereton must become of vastly more importance in my sight," returned Beatrice, with a

toss of the head, "before I endeavour to appear what in reality I am not. If he dislikes me, he will be sure to admire Mary, which will please me quite as well."

"You have never seen Claude Brereton," murmured her sister, in the lowest tone, "at least since you were five years old."

"And you have. Certainly after your glowing descriptions, I expect to behold a perfect blaze of beauty," returned Beatrice, laughing; "yet I scarcely think he will consume me by his brilliancy. His manners are very reserved and distant—are they not?"

"Oh, not to those who understand him," returned Mary, warmly. "They possess a dignity which checks all offensive freedom; and, accustomed as he is to command, perhaps they may appear at times too decided; yet is he a noble creature."

"I am quite sure I shall not like him. He will be altogether too grand, too stately for me. I hate your men in buckram. Nay, dear mamma, do not look so distressed. Indeed I will comport myself with all due regard to his mightiness. You shall see me drop my very best curtesy, and sit on the extreme edge of my chair; say nothing but yes, sir, and no, sir, as prettily and demurely as the Misses Bradshaw, at Miss Fayden's polite Seminary for young ladies. Will that please you?"

Mrs. Annesley smiled, and stroking the fair head of her beautiful child, kissed her with much affection, as she said:

"If I had only possessed the courage to correct

you when a little child, you would not have been the wilful one you now are; but I spoiled you, my darling, and I must reap the fruits of my folly."

"Oh, say not so, my beloved mamma!" cried Beatrice, melted at once, and springing into her mother's arms. "I will be all you wish, indeed I will from this hour. I will never vex you again. Do you believe me?"

"My sister, that was said without thought," returned Mary, mildly, and fixing her eyes seriously on the young and lovely girl. "The power to act well is not in yourself; it must come through God's special grace, and can only be obtained by fervent prayer."

"Mary! Mary! I cannot give up the dear delights of roaming over the fields and vallies—going nutting in the woods with Herbert—or sitting in my oak tree—to mope in my room as you do, with your religious books, for hours together," said Beatrice.

"Nor need you, my sister. I would only wish you to add to these pleasures, by hallowing them with clearer views of God's goodness, that you might behold his image in every leaf, in every spot you trace, and learn to thank him for all your blessings. How lovely is this morning—how fragrant the shrubs, the plants, to our sight—how rich the foliage on the trees; but debar them for ever from the rays of the bright sun and genial showers, how soon would they pine and wither away. Thus it is with a heart which is cold towards religion, and which I can only compare to a world without light—a flower without perfume—a bird without song. Oh! Beatrice! my dearest sister! you know not the happy, happy hours I spend in this room in the early morning, while you are wearying yourself with your pleasures. Is there not a time for all things?"

"Yes, surely, dear Mary. But see! there is Herbert running across the lawn. Where can he be going in such a hurry? Come, my pretty Ida, and let us follow!" and as she said this, she sprang through the window, and down the steps of the balcony, accompanied by her pet, joyously barking, and jumping around her young mistress.

"Oh, lovely, light-hearted being!" said Mary, looking fondly after her, "how sad it is to think that in your journey through life, clouds must gather over that fair head, and the sunshine be darkened by storms, the sportive laugh changed for weeping; yet creature of a wild imagination as you are, I fear they are all too needful to be spared by your Heavenly Father."

"Nay, Mary, cease your prophetic words," replied Mrs. Annesley, half peevishly. "No sorrow shall reach her that I can avert; no wish withheld that she expresses. Flowers shall strew her path, and pleasure, with her sportive train, be the gay companions of her sunny days."

"Then where will be her refuge when the tempest

draws nigh," murmured Mary, as her mother quitted the room on saying this. "Oh let me thank my God for the early trials I received, which proved the means of leading me to higher, holier things; and to place my treasures, not amidst the perishing joys of earth, but where none can despoil me of them, in Heaven, with Heaven's God!"

Mary Annesley was twenty years of age at the period our tale commences; Beatrice only sixteen. No two beings could be more opposite in person, in character, in mind, than these sisters, though fondly attached to each other, for while Mary was plain, but amiable, gentle and pious, Beatrice was lovely as a dream: a fair, bright creature, who to gaze upon, was a delight, so graceful and fairy-like were all her movements, so winning all her ways; yet had she been cruelly spoiled by the false indulgence of her mother, who viewing in her the realization of her fondest hopes, humoured every caprice and desire, till no will was obeyed but her own; no authority owned but what accorded with her wishes. Mary strove to counteract the evil, and took an active part in her education, in which she was assisted by the Reverend Mr. Mortimer, the estimable tutor of her brother Herbert, from whose judicious and varied instructions Beatrice derived many advantages; and possessing, as she did, very superior abilities, she acquired, with ease and avidity, what it would have cost another immense labour and time. Hers was an imagination full of rich and vivid pictures of happiness, which placed her in a paradise of her own creation. When not engaged in the sports of her brother, or in her studies, she would love to wander alone, or sit in her favourite oak tree with some book, else singing wild songs as she gazed through the rustling leaves up to the bright blue heavens. What were the thoughts she indulged in when thus she meditated, were known only to herself and her God; but their innocence might be traced in her quick perception of all that was pure and beautiful, and her shrinking from all that was coarse, unholy or wanting in refinement. Herbert delighted in her as a playmate; but wayward and wilful as she too frequently was, he loved Mary better. Another loved Mary also, but had never dared breathe it to herself, and this was Mr. Mortimer, the gifted and excellent, yet poor, preceptor. Beholding only the beauties and virtues of her mind, which beamed in her mild countenance, how did he admire and pay that homage which devoted affection prompts. If she expressed a wish for a book difficult to obtain, she found it soon after on her table; if she admired a flower, with what delight would it be presented to her; the slightest desire, how instantly was it obeyed. Mary esteemed, respected, and regarded him, for she owed him much, both on her own account and on her young brother's and sister's; but her heart, unfortunately, was pre-occupied, and even had it not, her wealthy and aspiring parents never

would have given their consent to her alliance with one so obscure. In the family circle, and by the poor in the neighbourhood, Miss Annesley was deeply valued. If a charity was to be performed, she was always one who came forward to lend her aid; if her brother or sister quarrelled, she was ever the peace-maker between them, or if a servant had a favour to ask, it was through her it was proposed. The cares of the household entirely devolved upon her, and most cheerfully and readily did she perform her part, thus relieving her mother, who was naturally indolent, more perhaps from a delicate state of health than from inclination. Two years prior to the present period, Mary had met with a severe accident, by her dress catching fire, and which had laid her on a sick bed for several weeks; yet, during the whole time, though suffering intense pain, no murmur was heard to pass her lips, her first words being, "Oh, how fortunate it was not my beautiful sister Beatrice." She had always possessed a high reverence for religion; but it was during her solitary hours that a clearer light was permitted to dawn upon her soul, and display to her the Saviour in his matchless perfection; that to him alone she owed her hopes of salvation; that her good works were only the fruits of her belief in his atonement. How happy did this knowledge make her, and how deep was the gratitude she felt that her eternal welfare was not left doubtful, but was *promised* to her and to all who would come thus simply and confidently to the feet of Jesus; and how eager became her desire to impart to others the truths she had herself learnt. But as yet she had met little encouragement. Mrs. Annesley was nominally a Christian, who made an effort to attend church regularly on the Sabbath-day; but she had no idea of uniting religion with all she did, all she thought. She could advise and preach, but she could not practice. She would occasionally read long moral discourses to her children and her servants, and feel annoyed and disappointed when her efforts only produced yawning and weariness. She was not aware that consistency of conduct was required to enforce the principles she enjoined; and at length, in disgust, she relinquished her attempts, and constituted Mr. Mortimer the sole guardian of their spiritual concerns. As a mother, she was partial. She could not but respect and value Mary for her amiable qualities and her usefulness; she felt proud of her son; but Beatrice she perfectly idolised, centering in her every maternal hope, every fond desire, while she left, every fault unchecked and unrestrained, from a false and mistaken affection. "She could not bear to see her weep; childhood was formed for smiles alone." Thus she reasoned, and thus she spoiled. She had herself been married when very young to the Hon. Augustus Annesley, a quiet gentlemanly man, who made a kind husband and father, as far as his nature permitted him, but who was more entirely devoted

to scientific pursuits than to his family. Amongst the friends who occasionally paid a visit to Annesley Park, were Sir George and Lady Brereton, of Norwood Abbey, in —shire. Lady Brereton and Mrs. Annesley had been old school-companions, who had suffered that early acquaintance to ripen into a friendship as strong as it can ever become between two persons so very worldly minded as they were. Mrs. Annesley had always indulged a secret wish to see their families united by marriage, till this hope faded away, by the only son of Sir George determining to enter the army, much against the will of his parents, and leaving home, to go abroad with his regiment, at the early age of sixteen. The high interest of his father, however, obtained him rapid promotion, and at the close of ten years, he returned home a lieutenant colonel. During the convalescence of Mary, after the severe accident alluded to, Lady Brereton invited her to the Abbey for change of air. This might have renewed the hopes of Mrs. Annesley; but when she looked in the pale plain face of Mary, good and sweet though it was in its expression, she shook her head in despair. Mary rather dreaded the visit, as she knew that Lady Brereton was very fond of gaiety, and usually filled her house with rank and fashion; but she could not decline it, particularly as she promised to allow her to be as much alone as she liked.

Norwood Abbey was a splendid pile, whose gothic architecture and emerald dark woods bespoke its having descended through many generations ere it came to its present possessor. There was a repose in its silent streams and velvet lawns, shaded as they were by venerable trees, quite in keeping with the sombre monastic character of the place. Mary was so charmed by its magnificence, as suddenly it burst upon her sight, from a turning in the road, that, clasping her hands, she exclaimed: "Surely I am entering the enchanted wood of Armida!"

From Sir George and Lady Brereton she experienced a kind and hospitable reception; but timid as she was, and for the first time thrown entirely amongst strangers, she was thankful to retire to her own apartment, and find herself alone with her old attached attendant, Norris. Although Lady Brereton had assured her that she had very few guests, yet Mary, to her dismay, on entering the drawing-room before dinner, found it filled with splendidly attired ladies and fashionable gentlemen. In vain she looked round for one kind and familiar face—not one presented itself—and she sank into the chair offered to her by Lady Brereton next herself, with a feeling of isolation, which to be understood must be experienced. A voice near her aroused her attention, and on turning towards the spot, she beheld a young man conversing with a lady, whose striking appearance could not fail to arrest her notice. He was rather tall, and finely proportioned, while on his noble brow there sat a regal dignity, which would well

have become a jewelled diadem, his dark wreathing hair partly shading it. There was an expression of pride and decision on the beautifully chiselled and firmly compressed lips, which might have appeared too severe, but for the deep blue eyes which softened their character, and which cast over the whole a gravity almost amounting to melancholy. Mary never beheld one who so completely realised her ideas of manly beauty; and she continued to gaze on him with the admiration of an artist, who would have gladly made him the subject for a picture, as he stood apparently listening to the unmeaning prattle of his fair companion, who, it was evident, tried to usurp his exclusive attention.

Lady Brereton smiled on perceiving Miss Annesley's fixed attention, and whispered to her, "That is my son. I suppose you scarcely recognize in him the youth you may remember, many years ago, at Annesley Park. Claude," she added to him, "will you not speak to your old acquaintance, Mary Annesley?"

Colonel Brereton hastily turning round, and for the first time perceiving Mary, instantly advanced towards her, and holding out his hand, expressed a hope that she was fast recovering, and would find the air of Norwood Abbey beneficial to her health and strength. Mary felt gratified and encouraged by this address, and replied to him in her own sweet and natural manner. To the astonishment of the whole party, he offered her his arm to lead her down to the dinner table, placing himself by her side, and continuing to converse with her in preference to the Lady Julia Russel, who had contrived to occupy the seat on his other hand. None felt more surprised than the meek and humble-minded Mary, at his selecting her rather than the fashionable beauty, whose dark eyes looked so bewitchingly languid each time they encountered his. From the want of personal attraction, she was unaccustomed to receive much attention, except from those who loved her for her real worth; and that the admired, the courted, yet inaccessible, Colonel Brereton, should shew it to her so pointedly, struck her as passing strange. He talked to her about years gone by, when, as a boy, he used to visit Annesley Park, inquiring after the beautiful child, Beatrice, and whether she was as great a romp as ever?

"Not quite so great a one at sixteen as when only five," replied Mary, affectionately smiling at the mention of her sister; "yet I cannot say much for her sedate behaviour even now."

"Is she petted and spoiled as she used to be?" was the next question.

"Ah, I find you have not forgotten," returned Mary; "you must see her to judge, and I think you will say, that you never beheld so fair a creature."

Colonel Brereton regarded her with kindness, as she uttered this warmly, while he continued to dwell

upon the subject which he perceived interested her the most.

From this day, he attached himself more particularly to her than to any one else. She was still weak and delicate, and unable to join the gay riding and driving parties enjoyed by the rest. He therefore supplied her with books, which proved the greatest delight to her, as she wandered alone amidst the shady groves and lawns of the Abbey. From Lady Brereton she also received every polite and kind attention which good breeding could dictate or she could expect; yet in her manner there was a pride and hauteur natural to her, which chilled the warm-hearted Mary. To those he did not like, Colonel Brereton assumed the same demeanour, and Mary felt often surprised, as she gazed on him while in this mood, mentally saying, "Will those stern features ever relax into that beautiful smile again?"

As his character became better known to her, she discovered that with much to admire, yet were there blemishes which she earnestly wished removed. As a companion, she found him highly gifted, intellectual and refined; as a son, respectful; as a soldier, brave, chivalrous, yet perhaps too strict a disciplinarian to be much liked; as a man, proud, ambitious, and truly honourable; but as a Christian, in its extended sense, wanting in many points. Mary, when she knew him better, would occasionally venture to touch upon the subject of religion with him; when he would smile and listen to her attentively, but scarcely make any reply to her observations. Thus daily and hourly, in the society of one so richly endowed by nature, and possessing so many attractive qualities, he gradually, without her being aware of it, gained a powerful influence over her, though he never breathed a word which could imply the slightest partiality beyond a sincere friendship. Lady Brereton, who desired a very high alliance for her son, smiled at his attentions to Mary, which she conceived were bestowed to pique those who had been pre-determined to win his admiration; but in this she did him less than justice, for he really admired the good sense and amiable disposition of Mary, contrasting them with the affectation, the vanity and lispng folly he beheld in the others, who despised and slighted her. Poor Mary! at the close of two months she returned home, the beautiful image of Claude Brereton engraven on her heart and thoughts; while he left the Abbey a few days subsequent, almost forgetting that there was such a being in existence as herself.

Mrs. Annesley, after her return, felt a strong desire to behold him, of whom Mary was never weary talking, and as she gazed on her lovely Beatrice, she would indulge in golden dreams for her future advancement, in which he appeared before her as the "sunshine in the shady place," brightening her onward path. Imagine, then, the delight she experienced on receiving the letter which announced his

intention of visiting Annesley Park on his way to the Abbey, and which was fully shared in by Mary, who anticipated his arrival with feelings that changed her usually calm and placid deportment to one of nervous excitement. She superintended the arrangement of the apartments destined for him with assiduous care, nor did she forget, in her simple piety, to place a few choice books on his writing table, which she hoped he might look into. Beatrice, on the contrary, dreaded the thoughts of his visit, in consequence of all the lessons upon propriety, and the repeated injunctions she had received, that she must not be seen romping with her brother, or pursuing her usual favourite amusements, or performing any wilful, mischievous act; above all, she must not be angry with any one before Colonel Erereton; but obey her mother: sing, and play, or dance, whenever she was requested; and to insure her compliance with these demands, she was promised a beautiful pony upon which she had set her heart.

The day on which he was expected at length arrived, and to Mary's joy, proved fine and auspicious. She walked through all the rooms, which she had filled with the most choice and fragrant flowers, her young heart fluttering with anticipated pleasure. She tried to read and compose her thoughts, but this she found extremely difficult; and she entered the studio of Mr. Mortimer, who was engaged there with Herbert and Beatrice, determined to conquer the unsettled state of her mind, which she felt to be detrimental to those duties she was wont to perform. Mr. Mortimer rose on her entrance, and, with a heightened colour, offered her a chair. There was something in his appearance extremely pleasing, and a mildness and suavity in his manner, and in the expression of his intelligent countenance, which rendered him an object of regard and interest. Although very little beyond thirty years of age, yet were his dark hairs already mingled with grey; this, in addition to a cheek pale from intense study, and a quiet seriousness in his whole demeanour, gave to him a much older look, while they gained for him the respect and obedience of his young pupils.

Edward Mortimer was the eldest of six children, whose father, also a clergyman, having died a few years previously, involved on him the important charge of his whole family. Well had he fulfilled it, and by every sacrifice in his power, contributed to the support of his widowed mother, and the education of his brothers and sister. From Mr. Annesley, who regarded him highly on account of his talents, he received a liberal salary, which he chiefly devoted to their use, merely reserving for himself what was barely necessary. How hopeless and presumptuous then appeared his attachment for Miss Annesley, whose expectations placed her at an insuperable distance; yet not to love her was impossible, though many a struggle it cost him to make the effort. She was perfectly ignorant of her influence over him, and

continued to receive lessons from him in the German language, without noticing the tremor in his voice, while he would read aloud select passages from Goëth and Schiller.

The room considered particularly his own was one well adapted for study. The large gothic window of stained glass, opening into a long shady avenue, seemed to invite that repose of thought so necessary to the student, since no sound, save the cawing of the rooks, and the distant murmur of a sparkling fountain, disturbed the attention, unless when the occasional tinkle of a sheep bell and the voice of the shepherd would break on the delicious stillness, and proclaim that busy man was near. In this charming retreat Mr. Mortimer spent all his leisure hours, devoting them to the service of his Divine Master, not only by reading His holy Word, and meditating thereon, but in the active performance of his duties towards all those who were depending on him, and which he considered quite as acceptable to God. He was much attached to his youthful pupils, and strove to win them by gentle means into the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd, while at the same time he was the cheerful companion of all their rambles, their guide, their adviser, and their friend. To lead the lovely and wilful Beatrice gave him at times infinite trouble; and often did he tremble for her future happiness, on beholding the mistaken indulgence lavished upon her by her fond but weak mother. As a woman, he well knew that submission she must learn; and how difficult would the task become to her in after years, when the pliancy of youth was gone. Now, she might be moulded into any thing; alas! then, it would require a severe discipline to bow down that proud, high spirit. Yet many were her endearing qualities: and while Mr. Mortimer would gravely shake his head, and offer the mild rebuke, he could scarcely repress a smile at her vagaries, as he gazed on her lovely and child-like form.

Herbert was a fine, intelligent, well-disposed boy, one year younger than Beatrice. Mr. Annesley had earnestly hoped that his only son would have displayed some taste for science; but Herbert's decided preference for dogs and horses, and all active pursuits, soon destroyed this chimera; and after breaking one of his father's most valued barometers, he banished him in disgrace from his studio, as a numskull, who was only fit to break his neck in a fox-chase.

The moment Beatrice beheld her sister she started up from her chair, and throwing away her book, exclaimed:

"I am so glad you are come, Mary. Mr. Mortimer will now spare me for a few minutes, I am dying to have a run down the avenue."

Mr. Mortimer looked slightly confused at this remark, and hesitated while Mary replied:

"I am not going to remain long, Beatrice, do not let me make you idle."

"Oh, I had forgotten that the peerless Colonel Brereton is expected today, and I suppose you are too much occupied to take your lesson in German," returned Beatrice, laughing.

Mary deeply blushed, while a shade of melancholy stealing over the intelligent countenance of Mr. Mortimer, he enquired :

"Will not Schiller tempt you to remain awhile amongst us, Miss Annesley ;" he took up the book as he addressed her :

"The quiet calm of this room is even a greater," replied Mary, accepting the book and sitting down. "Let me see where did we leave off!" while she turned the leaves, Mr. Mortimer giving her his whole attention, Beatrice placed one foot on the window and looking archly back, said :

"I have your permission now, Santo Padre ?"

Mr. Mortimer not willing to risk his authority by a refusal of what he knew she was determined to do, nodded an assent, when Beatrice bounding off was soon out of sight.

On gaining the end of the avenue she turned into the broad road leading from the lodge gates up to the entrance hall—her long golden ringlets waving in wild luxuriance round her face, now lighted up by smiles as she felt the vivifying effects of the delicious air. The deer in the Park scampered away on her approach, while she with childish glee pursued them. At length she was stopped in her chase by the appearance of two horsemen at the gates, near which she had drawn—the idea that the one must be Colonel Brereton, who she knew was expected at an early hour, occurred to her. She desired to avoid him, yet could not resist a curiosity to see what he was like, previous to being introduced to him formally—and with this view she sprang amongst the low branches of a magnificent cedar tree, under which he must pass, concealing herself within its dark foliage. As the strangers drew nearer, the gaze of Beatrice became fixed intently on the foremost one, who from Mary's description, she at once recognized, as the expected guest. He was indeed superbly handsome, but there was such an expression of stern determination in his countenance that Beatrice felt a strong inclination to discover whether it would be possible to change it. Reflection was unknown to her, and plucking off a small branch from the tree, she let it fall upon him as he approached. He looked up astonished, but seeing no one conceived it accidental and without relaxing a single feature, again moved on.

"Mercy, what a despot he looks," mentally said Beatrice ; "I must provoke a smile else I should dread to speak to him."

She repeated her mischief and struck him in the face. He now paused, while a frown contracted his brow ; it became instantly succeeded by the most ben-

ignant beautiful smile, on his catching a glimpse of her white garments in the tree.

"Ha, little lady, you are discovered!" he said, beating away the branches with his riding whip. "Surely you can be no other than the romping rosy Beatrice, I so well remember. Come down from your covert and let me see you."

The confused Beatrice continued silent, while he endeavoured to gain a better view of her, adding :

"Nay, do not climb higher, you will fall—shall I assist you ! here Antonio, take my horse;" addressing his page, who immediately rode up to him.

"No, no, no!" cried Beatrice, "I will not come down, go on to the house."

But perceiving him about to dismount, she sprang from the tree and ran off with the fleetness of a fawn, nor ever paused until she had gained the study of Mr. Mortimer, where she cast herself into a chair faint and breathless, as she exclaimed :

"I have seen him, Mary—he has arrived—and oh, he has frightened me so much."

"What can you mean, Beatrice!" replied Mary, while the crimson rushed to her cheek ; "has Colonel Brereton arrived—how could he possibly frighten you?"

Beatrice recounted their meeting in the Park, at which Mary looked very grave.

"My dear sister," she said, "when will you learn to act with propriety ? what can Colonel Brereton think of you ?"

"He will think her what she is," returned Herbert ; "a wilful romp—untamed—untameable."

"I do not care what he thinks," said Beatrice ; "he looks as if he drilled his men to death—how could you call him so very handsome, Mary ?"

"Hush, hush, Beatrice ! you speak too fast," returned the smiling, blushing, Mary, as she rose and glided from the room, while Mr. Mortimer sighed, and then turning to his wild pupil, bade her proceed in the task from which she had played truant.

No persuasions could induce Beatrice to venture into the drawing room until just before dinner, when Mary, who had taken an amiable pleasure in dressing her beautiful sister, led her thither and presented her to Colonel Brereton, who taking her hand, said smiling :

"Ah, fair lady, I am happy to improve my acquaintance with you—you are swift of foot as ever I find."

Mrs. Annesley looked surprised at this address, while Mary laid her finger on her lip, and Beatrice coloured.

"Is she like what you imagined she would become from your remembrance of her as a child," enquired Mrs. Annesley, pleased to see the admiring gaze with which Colonel Brereton was contemplating her idol.

"No, indeed, I had no idea that the little round unformed Beatrice would have grown into the grace-

ful creature I behold," he replied, in the lowest tone.

"She is all radiance—all sunshine."

"Which too often changes for the shower and the storm," remarked Mr. Annesley, who was standing at the window with another gentleman.

"Fie, fie, my love," said Mrs. Annesley, annoyed by this remark; "you are always in the clouds, and your ideas confused by your eternal calculations."

"I can hear the thunder rolling beneath me, notwithstanding, my dear," rejoined the husband.

"Papa, I wish you would take me up to the moon with you the next time you visit it," said the laughing Beatrice, clinging to him fondly; "I want to see that burning mountain which you were describing to Sir Rufus Ganza, a few days ago."

"She has it all her own way, you perceive," replied Mr. Annesley, stroking the fair head of his beautiful child; "there there, that will do; now go to your mother," he added, turning away to renew his conversation with his scientific friend.

Mrs. Annesley was perfectly charmed with the appearance and manners of her new guest, who, accustomed as he was to the most polished society, possessed an ease and grace in his whole deportment, which united to the gallant bearing of a high minded military man rendered him the attractive object he was. His was a singular character, difficult to be described, in which pride and great determination, struggling with all the softer qualities of his nature, kept them bound in fetters, rarely permitting them to appear; by those who did not know him well, he was considered cold and repulsive; he had very few intimate friends, but these were devoted to him.

He met Mary on his arrival, with the cordiality of an old acquaintance, yet without the slightest display of warmer feelings, which caused a sensation of pain and mortification in the amiable girl, as she retraced the many delightful hours they had passed together.

"Yet how could I expect a being like Claude Brereton, to remember me," she mentally said, "it was only strange that he ever showed me any preference, when in the presence of others, so far my superiors; he would have acted a kinder part had he never done so." Still was he attentive and friendly in his manners towards her, while Beatrice he treated familiarly as he would a child, much to her chagrin and annoyance. On her complaining of this to Mary, and contrasting his different behaviour to them both, her sister replied:

"Remember you were the first to use a freedom with Colonel Brereton; had I strewn boughs over him, and then ran away, as you did, probably his manners would have taken the tone from mine. If we respect ourselves others will do so too; if not, we cannot blame them if they presume; you soon forgot your determination to sit on the edge of your chair

and say nothing but 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir,' she continued, smiling.

"Oh! Mary, I detest school girl manners, and all your demure misses," returned Beatrice; "yet you shall see I will make this stately, Colonel Brereton treat me with more deference; would you believe it, when we were standing together in the balcony, he asked me, 'if I would like to carry the colours in his regiment;' I could have boxed his ears."

"You have certainly contrived to thaw the ice in his nature most rapidly, Beatrice," said Mary; "I have seen him behave very differently to those he likes not; but of course, as the son of mamma's particular friend, he treats us as he would relations; you must not take offence, but remember what I say, respect yourself." Beatrice nodded her head and smiled, then perceiving her brother and Mr. Mortimer at some little distance in the grounds, she hastened from the room after them, calling on them to wait for her, her merry voice rivalling in its sweetness the song of birds.

"What a sunbeam of hope and promise is that fair sister of yours," now said Colonel Brereton approaching Mary. "I had no conception I was to behold a being of such surpassing beauty; she must make you all very happy."

"She is indeed a very lovely creature," replied Mary affectionately, "and light and volatile though she appears, yet is her mind richly endowed; she only wants to learn self control to make her all that is charming in woman, and this I trust experience and religion will give her."

"And which you will inculcate, will you not?" asked Colonel Brereton, with his peculiar smile.

"It is my pleasing duty to do all I can," replied Mary, meekly; "but for success I must look to a higher power."

Mrs. Annesley now proposed a stroll on the lawn, and while there, Herbert was seen endeavouring to bring back his sister Beatrice forcibly, who, struggling with the powerful boy, struck him several times. Mrs. Annesley looked inexpressibly shocked.

"Mary, Mary, for Heaven's sake go and bid that rude boy not to annoy his sister; tell him I am very angry with him."

"At least she appears to know how to defend herself," observed Colonel Brereton rather astonished; the voice of Herbert now vociferated:

"Mamma, Beatrice will insist on going to the Gipsy Camp, although you have desired her not." Mrs. Annesley uttered a scream. "Beatrice, my darling, come hither," she exclaimed, "the most virulent small pox prevails amongst them, I implore you not to think of going."

"What folly, mamma," replied Beatrice petulantly; "how can I catch it in the open air; besides I am not going to the camp, I only wish to see Rachael."

"It is Rachael's child who has got the disease; if

you love me, return," cried the terrified mother. "Ah, Heavens! she is going! What on earth shall I do? Colonel Brereton do you think you could prevail?"

Colonel Brereton, waited not to reply, but was at the side of Beatrice in an instant, and had caught her hand.

"Beatrice, your mother desires you to return," he said, gravely.

"Miss Beatrice Annesley, if you please, sir," she rejoined; "I will return when I have fulfilled my mission."

"Before that my pretty one, or I am much mistaken—come, there is a good girl."

"No, no, I tell you no. Now are you satisfied—leave me this instant, sir; how dare you, a stranger, detain me against my will."

"I dare do much when success is my object; do you persist in your refusal?"

As he asked this, his countenance assumed an expression of such dark and deadly passion that the subdued girl shrank under it, and without another word she suffered him to lead her back to her mother, when her restrained feelings giving way, she burst into a passionate flood of tears, and was conducted by the distressed Mary to her own room. Mrs. Annesley was profuse in her acknowledgments to Colonel Brereton, who merely bowed, and turning away joined Mr. Mortimer, who was slowly approaching, and continued conversing with him for a considerable time. Beatrice on gaining her apartment, threw herself on her bed, sobbing, while Mary endeavoured to reason with her, gently regretting that she had exhibited herself in such an unfavourable light before Colonel Brereton. At the mention of his name Beatrice started up, exclaiming:

"Mary, I hate and detest him; while he remains in the house I will never speak another word to him."

"My dear Beatrice, I had really hoped that you possessed more sense," returned Mary; "if you suffer these tempers to gain the ascendancy over you now, what is to become of you in after life? Pray to God, my sister, to help you to conquer them, else as a woman they will cast a blight over your whole happiness."

"I was not angry, Mary, until that man's daring insolence made me so. I would have returned when Mr. Mortimer asked me, only I had made a promise to poor Rachael, and I will keep it too in spite of them all."

Mary said a great deal more to try and convince her sister that she was to blame; but finding her intreaties to return with her to the drawing-room, ineffectual, she at length left her to herself, when Beatrice waiting until the evening had nearly closed in, rose and washing away the traces of her tears, stole from her apartment, and watching her opportunity, glided from the house unperceived, and pursued her way through the grounds to the shrub-

bery; the wicket gate was at this hour locked, but in an instant she had bounded over it, and was running at her fullest speed down the lane, which opened on the common, where were encamped the gypsies. she looked around her cautiously, for it was by this time quite dark, and she was only guided towards the spot by their fires, that lent a flickering uncertain light.

"I fear she thinks I have forgotten her by my being so late," said Beatrice, pausing—"and I dare not go amongst all those wild men."

As she uttered this a dark form presented itself from behind a thicket.

"Is that you, Rachael," enquired Beatrice, timidly.

"No, it is Rachael's husband," replied a man's voice; "she is with her child, and has sent me to receive your gold," he advanced towards her as he spoke—and Beatrice could not forbear shrinking in alarm on beholding his gigantic form, and savage uncouth appearance.

"I wish Rachael had come herself," she said trembling; "cannot I see her?"

"You do not fear to give it to me," quickly rejoined the man in a raised voice, and purposely displaying a large cudgel to her sight.

"Oh, no, no," said the now terrified girl; "here it is, but mind you give it to herself for her poor sick child."

She was on the point of placing a purse in the man's large hand, when Rachael came hastily forward.

"Lady, lady, do not give it to him, he will spend it all in drink," she cried, "for shame Hartley, how could you serve me so."

"Go shares then, or by h—I will have it all," said the man in a voice of thunder.

Poor Beatrice was nearly sinking with terror, while Rachael rejoined:

"Away, cowardly villain, else I will rouse the camp—hark they are coming; they hear your savage threat. Now lady give it to me quickly, and may God bless your goodness to my poor suffering babe."

Beatrice instantly complied, too thankful to make her escape, and while the man growled and skulked away, she flew with the speed of lightning the way she had come, nor paused to take breath until she found herself once more on the lawn. She looked towards the drawing-room, the windows of which were all thrown open; the light from many lamps streaming through them, she perceived Colonel Brereton walking underneath with Mr. Mortimer, while the sweet voice of Mary was heard singing some of her favourite Scotch ballads. Fearful of being discovered if she lingered, she hastened from the spot and sought her own room, with a feeling of thankfulness for what she had been enabled to do, as well as for the protection that had been granted her even though

she had tempted Providence to forsake her by her act of disobedience.

Before retiring for the night, Mrs. Annesley and her sister came to see her, when they found her nearly asleep.

"My dear love," said her mother, tenderly pressing her; "I could not go to rest without enquiring how you were—how could you distress us all, my child, by such wayward conduct, and in the presence too of Colonel Brereton, who was so disposed to admire you; indeed it was very naughty."

"Say no more about it, dear mamma," replied Beatrice, clasping her arms round her mother's neck. "If I vexed you I am very sorry, but I do not care for Colonel Brereton, neither do I wish him to admire me."

"Oh, my love! say not so; I am very, very anxious that he should, and if you will only promise to retrieve yourself in his good opinion, in addition to the pony, you shall have that beautiful gold bracelet which you admired so much at Carlton's a few days ago."

"I will think about it," said Beatrice, burying her face in her pillow to conceal a smile. "Now good night, dear mamma, for I am very sleepy."

"Good night, my darling," repeated the fond parent, again embracing her. "I am sure you will do all I wish tomorrow."

With these words she left the room, while Mary bending over her sister, softly whispered:

"Beatrice dear, repeat to yourself the fifth commandment, and in obeying it, remember, that you will please God, which is of far more importance to you than your pleasing Colonel Brereton."

"It is, dear Mary, and I shall pray for help to do so," murmured Beatrice, who in a few more minutes was in a sweet slumber.

What were the reflections of Mary as she sought her own pillow this night, none knew save that Being to whom she had addressed herself with fervour and devotion; all the bright dreams in which she had for many months indulged, were by the indifference of Colonel Brereton's manner towards her fled forever, yet while she wept she felt thankful that her heart's secret was unknown to one on earth.

"It is better as it is," she mentally said, after meditating on the past, the present and the future; "my affection for him might have proved a snare in alienating me by slow degrees from my holier duties; his heart is not yet right with God, and although the germs of many noble qualities are springing into blossom within his breast, yet the tares are there to choke them, and who knows how he might have influenced my opinions. Oh! how presumptuous I have been, and how wrong to bestow on him so many of my thoughts. I am rightly punished for my fault; yet I will still pray for him as my friend. The beautiful stone may hope to obtain his love!"

Mary rose on the following day, serene and calm,

and with a feeling of thankfulness for the many blessings she enjoyed.

"While the power is mine to do good to others," she exclaimed, "ought I not to be happy? Oh, yes, yes, my father," she continued, clasping her hands; "help me to say from my heart, 'thy will be done,' and to desire nothing beyond the privilege of being spent entirely in thy service." When the young people met at the usual hour in the study of Mr. Mortimer, Herbert began extolling the merits of Colonel Brereton, who, he said, had visited the stables with him, admired his pony exceedingly and promised to take a ride with him in the course of the day.

"I wish you would not speak about him, Herbert," said Beatrice petulantly. "You interrupt me in my task."

"Oh! I had forgotten," replied Herbert laughing, "you are angry with him because he taught you a lesson that you could never learn before—to be obedient—how foolish you looked when he brought you back!"

"Peace, peace," said Mr. Mortimer, seeing the gathering storm on the brow of Beatrice; "here is a problem in Euclid to try your patience, Master Herbert; let me see how well you can solve it."

Herbert received the book with a shrug of the shoulders, and a smile, while Beatrice stationed herself at the window on a low stool, her beautiful face shaded almost entirely by her clustering ringlets, which fell like a golden shower around her. While thus intently engaged, a shadow suddenly obscured the light, and on looking up she beheld Colonel Brereton standing before her, outside the casement; a flash of anger and pride mantled on her cheek, and without taking the slightest notice of him, she pursued her studies.

"I beg many pardons for my intrusion," he said, entering; "I had no idea that this shady walk led to the study of Mr. Mortimer. May I ask the name of the book which so engrosses the fair Beatrice?"

Beatrice affected not to hear him, but turning to Mr. Mortimer, gave him her book, saying she was ready to repeat her lesson.

"La jeune sauvage," murmured Colonel Brereton, throwing himself carelessly into a chair and taking up a volume from the table.

In a few minutes afterwards he was ready to recant this opinion, from the feeling and pathos she displayed, while reciting a beautiful portion of the "Paradise Lost." Her voice was one of her peculiar charms, and when she ceased, an involuntary burst of applause greeted her, while she instantly, resuming her own childish manner, kissed her hand laughingly to Mr. Mortimer, as she bounded through the window, saying:

"I am now going to the woods, the young savage loves not restraint or confinement. I will return to you anon."

"What an inexplicable being, is that," observed Colonel Brereton, gazing after her; "one moment she appears angelic, and in the next——"

"She reminds you that she is a child of earth," said Mr. Mortimer, finishing the sentence for him.

"Beatrice is indeed a strange wild creature—who, had she been judiciously trained, has qualities which would have made hers a charming character—but as she is, with every wayward passion unchecked—every caprice humoured—most sensitive and too scornful—I tremble for her."

"I would like to have the re-modelling such a creature," returned Colonel Brereton, "there would be so much excitement in it."

"And how would you commence," enquired Mr. Mortimer, smiling.

"I would punish her for every act of disobedience till her proud spirit was subdued. By heavens I would tame her till she was gentle as a lamb in a month—I have conquered many a fiery horse in this way."

"Very probably—but I much doubt your succeeding with Beatrice. Unkind or harsh treatment might break her heart, but would never bow down her lofty spirit. No, Colonel Brereton, as I told you in our conversation last night, these changes must be wrought in her by God alone. Lead her by gentleness and prayer to the feet of Jesus, and Beatrice would become as loveable as she is lovely."

"How long has she received the benefit of your instructions?"

"Two years; but I lament that my exertions in her behalf are sadly warped by her mother, who constantly interferes with her education. Her desire is to train her for this world,—mine, to prepare her for the next."

"Miss Annesley appears remarkably amiable," observed Colonel Brereton, abruptly.

The cheek of Mr. Mortimer became pale and then red at the mention of her name.

"Miss Annesley is an angel," he returned, in the lowest tone.

Colonel Brereton smiled, for his penetrating eyes had read the secret of the minister's heart, in his agitated countenance.

"She would make an excellent wife for a country parson in a woodbine cottage," he said, delighted with the confusion he had called forth.

But the melancholy expression these words produced in the varying features of the excellent young man, checked his levity, and he continued as he rose to quit the room:

"But here am I interrupting you in your morning avocations without reflection, youngster; at what hour will you be ready to take your ride?"

Herbert named it, when Colonel Brereton retired by the way he had entered.

At the appointed time the horses were led to the

hall door, where Beatrice was standing with her brother to admire them, when Herbert said to her:

"Beatrice, you dare do many things, but there is one I dare you to do, and that is to mount Colonel Brereton's horse and gallop him down the park."

"You do," said the wild girl, approaching the high-spirited animal; "you shall soon see whether I dare."

"No, no, I did but jest," returned Herbert, regretting his inadvertence; "you could not manage him—indeed you could not, Beatrice."

"I must not suffer you to mount him, miss," said Antonio, the page, endeavouring to prevent her; "it would make my master so angry."

But Beatrice was not to be thwarted—in an instant she sprang upon the horse, and giving the page a smart twitch with a riding whip to make him let go the reins, she dashed off at full speed just as Colonel Brereton made his appearance. Great was his indignation on seeing what had occurred, and as he shook Antonio violently by the shoulder, he darted a glance upon him under which the poor boy quailed. Herbert in vain assured him it was not Antonio's fault, Colonel Brereton, with a malediction and a countenance darkened and stormy, ordered him to follow him on foot, while he mounted the other horse to ride after the provoking Beatrice, who by this time had gained the lodge, where fortunately for her the keeper of the gate perceiving her perilous situation on the prancing steed, caught the reins and held them firmly until Colonel Brereton rode up, who snatching them from him, ordered him to lift the young lady from the saddle.

Beatrice appeared subdued by fear, which was not lessened on encountering the angry eye of the young man, and she submitted to his orders without a word of resistance. She stood for an instant silent, abashed and looking so beautiful that Colonel Brereton was disarmed, as in a softened tone he said:

"Beatrice, I wish you would act with more reflection—you have not only run the risk of accident to yourself, but to my horse, which I value—why are you so self-willed?"

"Because it is my pleasure, sir," returned Beatrice, rallying her courage. "Have I not told you that I do not choose to be addressed so familiarly by you?"

"You must change your conduct, young lady, before you can expect to be treated like anything but a troublesome child. By heavens if you belonged to me I would teach you obedience."

"Would you, indeed—I think you would find your task more difficult than you imagine," returned Beatrice, laughing in derision; but while she spoke his countenance gradually assumed the expression which had before so terrified her. She strove to meet it without shrinking, but such was the extraordinary effect it had upon her, that she concealed her face within her hands, shuddering.

"What say you now, fair one?" enquired Colonel Brereton; "should I not perform Petrucio to your Katherine, admirably?"

"Oh, no, no, I detest you!" exclaimed Beatrice; "I am glad you are soon going—you must be a very wicked person to be able to look in that way."

"A kind of Mephistopheles, you think," he returned, laughing; "well, well, I see we must be friends—what! you will not," as she retreated from him, shaking her head. "Farewell, obdurate one, you may meet a kindred spirit some day who will try that heart of thine and teach it how to suffer and forgive."

Beatrice heard him not, for striking into a copse on the left, she ran off without venturing to look back, while Herbert in the same moment galloped up to him, followed by Antonio, when Colonel Brereton mounting his own horse, proceeded with his young companion through the gates towards the wide and open common.

Mrs. Annesley was unusually vexed with Beatrice for her conduct, when she learnt how much it had displeased her guest, but as she was going to give a ball on the following night, and wished her pet child to appear to the best advantage, she feared to chide her, lest she might refuse to make her appearance, which she had been known to do on former occasions. She contented herself therefore by making many apologies for her to Colonel Brereton on his return, who received them with a quiet smile and in silence, while Herbert enquired:

"Whose was the beautiful pony he had just seen led into the stables?"

"It is one I have purchased for your sister Beatrice, my dear," replied Mrs. Annesley. "Johnson tells me it is a very perfect creature; I must have your opinion, Colonel Brereton."

Beatrice now entered, full of glee at her new acquisition, boasting that Herbert's was not to be compared to it either in colour or in shape, an opinion which he rudely contradicted, calling on Colonel Brereton to be the umpire; on this he agreed, when they all sallied forth to the stables, Beatrice forgetting in her eagerness for his decision, all her anger towards him. On proceeding down the shrubbery, they perceived one of the grooms running in the direction of her flower garden, where she bestowed much of her time and labour. Alas, Herbert's pony had broken loose, and the gate being open, he had scampered in, and trampled down all her beautiful carnations and roses. Here was a trial of temper, hers was hers proof against it; but instantly yielding to her tears she accompanied them by bitter reproaches against Herbert, the groom and the offending animal. Colonel Brereton looked on in silence at the scene, lamenting that so fair a creature could at once become transformed into such a little fury. He made no attempt to soothe her, but walked away, leaving her to fight her own battle as she liked.

There was a party expected at dinner, and most mortifying was it to Mrs. Annesley when she beheld the face of Beatrice swollen and disfigured by weeping. She took her into Mary's room, entreating her to see her endeavours in composing her before she made her appearance before the strangers. Mary suffered her sister to tell her whole griefs, and how completely the labour of many months had been destroyed, adding:

"Now would it not have made you very angry, Mary, had the garden been yours—I am sure it would."

"It would have vexed me sadly, I have no doubt, dear Beatrice," replied Mary, calmly; "and I am very sorry for its destruction; but do not let it grieve you, my sister, I will help you to repair it; if we rise one hour earlier in the morning than we are accustomed to do, we shall soon restore it to order, while we are improving our healths."

Beatrice was softened by the gentle kindness of her sister, and clasping her arms round her, said:

"You always suggest something pleasant, dear Mary; thank you a thousand times. Mamma promised to take me to Cowley's tomorrow to choose some fresh plants, if I would only say no more about it before Colonel Brereton. She little knows how she is teaching me to hate his very name; why does she wish me to please him so much? I am sure he has done nothing to deserve my taking that trouble."

"Is it not natural that mamma should do all she can to make her house pleasant to the son of her friend, Lady Brereton," replied Mary with a sigh; "you forget his kindness and attentions to me when I was an invalid at the abbey, should you not help me in striving to repay them?"

"I did not indeed think of that, but I cannot bear his treating me like a child."

"Then you must not behave like one—come let me braid this wild hair into some order, and while doing so I will relate to you my visit to a dear sick child this morning, in a miserable dark cottage, whose patience under all his sufferings, was indeed a touching and improving sight. When I asked him if he never felt inclined to murmur, he made me this sweet answer:

"Yes, lady, I do very often; but when I look at this picture of Jesus Christ in my Bible, I think I feel the thorns of that cruel crown in my temples, and those dreadful nails tearing my hands and my feet—and then I forget my own pains, and say if he suffered such great ones for me, cannot I bear little ones for him?"

This appeal to her feelings produced the effect upon Beatrice which Mary desired. When she came to reflect on the loss of a few perishing worthless flowers, compared with the real sorrows others were doomed to experience, she felt heartily ashamed for the tears she had wasted on them, and by the time she was ready to accompany Mary to the draw-

ing-room, her lovely countenance had recovered its wonted serenity. Mrs. Annesley looked anxiously towards her on her entrance, but meeting only smiles, she cast an approving glance on Mary for the success of her amiable efforts. The eyes of Colonel Brereton were also turned towards the sisters, but although the beauty of Beatrice failed not to attract his admiration—yet his attentions he exclusively bestowed on Mary, who received them with calm dignity, even while her voice faltered as she listened to his, whose rich and manly tones recalled a thousand fond recollections. The party at dinner was small and select, and the evening being warm, it was unanimously agreed upon to carry the tea out on the lawn. While assembled there, and all in the gayest spirits, Herbert was seen slowly approaching, sobbing most piteously—he would have avoided the strangers, as he drew nearer, but Mary, accompanied by Colonel Brereton and Beatrice, went to meet him, enquiring the cause of his distress. He cast a reproachful look on Beatrice as he replied, his voice almost choked by his feelings.

“Ah, miss, my poor pony will never go into your garden again to trample it down, for the groom, in leaping him over a hurdle fence, has staked him, and he is dying.”

Fresh sobs succeeded this sad announcement which was received with many expressions of sympathy and regret. Beatrice felt it particularly; her tears gushed forth and throwing herself on the bosom of her brother, she exclaimed:

“Dear, dear Herbert, I am grieved indeed for your poor pony. I forgave him long since, and I would give my garden and all I possess to save his life; but this I cannot do. All that is in my power is to offer you mine—yes, my brother take him, he is yours; do not cry any more, but let us go and see if any thing can be done to lessen the sufferings of the poor animal.”

“That creature has a heart, and a kind one after all,” said Colonel Brereton, much struck by her charming conduct, and turning to the approving Mary, while Beatrice taking the hand of her brother proceeded with him to the stable. On reaching it they found the unfortunate pony already released from his sufferings, having been humanely shot soon after the accident; the only consolation Herbert could now receive, Beatrice had given him, and they continued admiring the beauties of the new pony, until she was rewarded by seeing him once more happy, and hearing him call her “his own dear kind little sister.” This act of self denial on the part of Beatrice, raised her very much in the estimation of Colonel Brereton, who discovered that there were depths in her character which his superficial notice had not fathomed, and he was determined to observe her more closely.

To the gratification of Mrs. Annesley, she proved in one of her happiest moods on the day following, and looked beautiful as an angel, when dressed for

the ball, she entered her mother's room with Mary—the fond parent gazed proudly on her child, while thoughts for her future aggrandizement floated in her mind; she then began to caution her upon her behaviour, but perceiving the impatient toss of the head, she desisted, adding:

“Well, well, I will say no more my dear love—do not discompose your features, for you are indeed looking lovely; shall we descend to the saloon?”

The rooms were soon filled with all the gay and elite in the neighbourhood, while the band of musicians, who were stationed in the conservatory, commenced playing. The young heart of Beatrice fluttered with pleasure as she gazed around her, and ran to meet many of her companions, amongst whom she shone like a bright star. Mary cared not for such scenes, though she never withheld her presence from them in her father's house, since she conceived obedience to the wishes of her parents a more necessary duty than withdrawing herself from gaieties not in themselves sinful, unless they alienated her from higher, holier things. The religion of Mary reigned in her heart, and shone in her cheerful contented countenance; she obtruded it on no one, but in every action of her life she adorned it by her beautiful consistency, her forbearance towards the faults and failings of others, and her active kindness to all. It was little known the good she did, save by that Being for whose glory and whose sake she worked, looking unto Jesus alone as the author of her salvation, and on her works as the fruit of that belief. Colonel Brereton was standing by Mrs. Annesley, conversing with her, as the dancers began to form into groups; Mary and her sister stood near them, when Mrs. Annesley turning to him, said:

“Can I introduce you to any of our belles? I hope you do not object to dance?”

“I was on the point of asking Miss Annesley,” he returned, approaching Mary, and preferring his request.

“Mary never dances,” rejoined Mrs. Annesley, “she considers it wrong.”

“Not wrong, dear mamma,” replied Mary, “but you know I cannot dance well, therefore I am not fond of it, perhaps you will take my sister as a substitute (to him), and be a gainer by the exchange.”

“That little speech requires a compliment,” returned Colonel Brereton, smiling; “and perhaps the only one I can pass which will not appear invidious is that I see none here but your sister, who could in any way supply your place. Will you allow me to lead you forward,” attempting to take the hand of Beatrice.

“No indeed, not as your second choice,” replied Beatrice, tossing back her rich golden ringlets as she looked up in his face with a slight curl on her lip.”

“Go and try your fortune a third time,” and with

these words she moved to the other side of the room; Colonel Brereton laughed and said:

"After being twice refused, I must be a bold man indeed to venture on a third."

"You must excuse Beatrice," pleaded Mrs. Annesley; "She is very young, and always acts and speaks from impulse. I have often told her how abocking it is."

One of the accomplishments in which Beatrice most excelled, was dancing, of which she was passionately fond, and she waited not long ere she was sought for, eagerly to join the set. Mrs. Annesley watched with delight the effect her graceful movements and ariël figure produced on her companion, whose eyes followed her wherever she turned. The moment the dance ended she returned to her mother, who whispered something in her ear, at which she shook her head:

"Now do my love, to please me," she continued aloud. "Colonel Brereton will you exert your influence—I wish her to dance an exquisite pas seul, taught her by Madame Ronzi Vestris."

"If yours fails, I can have no hope or wish that mine should be more successful," replied Colonel Brereton, who had risen to offer his chair.

Beatrice reflected a moment then bending to kiss her mother, said, smiling:

"For you alone," and flew off to call for the appropriate music.

A circle immediately formed round her; and nothing could exceed the beauty of her performance save the effect it produced. Colonel Brereton appeared spell bound, nor moved nor spoke till she ceased amidst the deafening applause of the whole room, when perceiving Mr. Mortimer at some distance leaning against a door, his gaze fixed in melancholy earnestness upon her who was enchanting all others; he approached him and enquired:

"For heaven's sake what ails thee, man?—why cast those dolorous glances at that bright creature who inspires any thoughts but those of sadness?"

"In you she may," replied Mr. Mortimer, "because you look not beyond the present time; my vision takes in years to come, which must bring sorrows with them that she will be totally unfit to meet. Can I then look upon her in all her innocent gaiety without pain?"

"Your reason may be very sound, but it is surely out of place," returned Colonel Brereton. "Do you remember Lord Shaftesbury's opinion of Christianity; that it is so taken up with the care of our future happiness, as to throw away all the present?"

"A sneer which has a little truth in it as piety," rejoined Mr. Mortimer, warmly. "If religion calls for a few sacrifices, what countless blessings does she shower upon us in return? What are the pleasures of the senses, which enfeeble and enslave us, compared with the blessings we derive from every advance we make in goodness and virtue. Would I give my

conscience for that of the wretch who consumes his health and appointed time in criminal indulgence."

"Then you consider yourself more perfect than he. Is that humility?"

"Only by the grace of God," returned Mr. Mortimer, hastily, while his countenance lighted up with Christian fervour. "Heaven forbid that I should ascribe any good that is in me to my own fallen nature, which needs his continued watchful care to keep me right. To God alone be the praise."

"So be it," rejoined Colonel Brereton. "Do you know, Mortimer, my interest is much increased for that fair Beatrice since yesterday. I wish she were removed from the weak control of her mother. Mine would prove a far better guide; while in the society she would meet at the Abbey she would be forced to check those violent and capricious humours in which she now indulges."

"She might learn indeed to conceal her faults, but not to mend them," replied Mr. Mortimer; "and what she might gain in polish and self command she would lose in simplicity, and in that beautiful ingenuousness so prominent now in her character. No, no, my dear Colonel, she is safer in our keeping, rest assured, while she is so very young. The example of one like her sister Mary, is worth that of all the lady Susans and lady Janes, whose lives are wasted in vanity, frivolity and dissipation. I had rather see her the wild thing she is forever, than a heartless, selfish creature, such as fashionable life produces. But see," he continued; "Mrs. Annesley is approaching you with the subject of our discourse—she wishes to speak to you I think."

Colonel Brereton turned and beheld Mrs. Annesley advancing with Beatrice, who it was evident accompanied her most reluctantly.

"I have come to present my young lady as your partner in the waltz, which is going to form immediately," she said, "will you accept her?"

"Most delightedly, if you permit her to waltz," he replied:

"Oh, yes! I would not approve of it for Mary—but for Beatrice, who is so very young—and with you there can be no impropriety."

"I do not wish to waltz, mamma," pouted Beatrice.

"My dear, I am sure you cannot refuse Colonel Brereton, who has been kind enough to ask you," reasoned the mother.

Colonel Brereton stood with folded arms a little proudly, and making no advances to the young lady, who returned:

"He has not asked me, why am I forced upon him whether he will or no?"

"Because Mrs. Annesley has anticipated my wishes," said Colonel Brereton, smiling; "may I now be permitted to plead my own cause?"

"It is gained," returned Beatrice, placing her hand in his, when he immediately led her forward.

As they stood together awaiting the music, many remarks were made upon their being so well paired; the proud, dignified and commanding appearance of Colonel Brereton, blending so well with the fair delicate beauty of the young Beatrice, who was looking up in his face and talking in a lively strain. One lady in a formidable pink hat and feathers observed to another in a gold tissue turban:

"I have no doubt Mrs. Annesley would be very happy indeed to obtain him for her pet child—the rich young heir to a Baronet, in the possession of so many adventitious qualities would prove a good match; I do not believe there is much wealth in the Annesley family, although there is so great a display."

"Miss Denham was supposed to have money when Mr. Annesley married her," returned the gold turban, nodding sagaciously; "but, *entre nous*, poor man, he found himself disappointed. What a remarkably plain girl is Miss Annesley, and how affected is that nun-like dress of hers—though I believe it is to conceal the scars attributed to a burn. How very becomingly are the Miss Etheringtons attired—sweet girls, you must be very proud of them!"

"They are sweet girls, though I say it that should not," replied the hat and feathers, with a most approving smile; but there is Lady Clayton, I declare, I must go over and inquire for Sir William, who is laid up with the gout, poor man. It is shocking she should be here."

"How tired I am of that eternal hat and feathers," said the gold turban, now turning to a blonde cap and roses, on her other side; "I vow it has been to every ball and party for the last two seasons—there is nothing so ugly as soiled finery. Her daughters too are dressed in equally bad taste, with such a quantity of frippery and flowers. A simple white muslin dress like your pretty Emma's, is so much more becoming for a young person."

"I think so," replied the gratified cap and roses; "indeed, I am not very fond of them, as companions to my girl, they do such queer things—would you believe it, Mrs. Dashwood, the eldest Miss Etherington drove out alone a few days ago with Sir Hugh Sparkes, and actually remained in his phaeton with the servant, while he paid several visits, en route."

"Very good natured indeed," observed the gold turban, watching the progress of a tray filled with refreshments, "and very ladylike, certainly; tell it not in Gath, dear me how very acid is this negus, do you not think so: I am afraid of it." The waltz now commenced, when the hat and feathers was seen nodding and waving with as much consequence as if it had just come fresh from Madame Carsons, as it retreated to a seat, while Beatrice, who appeared to have quite forgotten any cause of displeasure, she had against Colonel Brereton, looked all animation and delight, as he lightly carried her round the room,

her flowing ringlets sweeping his encircling arm, they were followed by a very few, and they continued waltzing until Beatrice, perfectly breathless and exhausted, was conveyed to a chair by her partner, who placed himself on an ottoman at her feet, and continued taltzing to her, while her varying countenance betrayed pleasure, or assumed anger according to the remarks he made. Mary watched them from the quiet corner to which she had withdrawn, a smile of fond affection brightening her face as she gazed on the childish form of her sister, and marked her cool indifference towards one who accustomed to the flattery and homage of so many, seemed now amused by the contrast; if a slight pang for an instant crossed her as a remembrance of past happy days threw its shadow over her, she checked it instantly.

"Let me not envy my lovely sister her days of sunshine," she mentally said, "or repine that so fair a form has been denied to me,—the rose which charms all beholders, and the lowly flower of the field cared for by no one, are equally regarded by God, who refreshes them with dew—and sheds his light on both alike, and when their brief existence is ended and they lie withered on the ground, who will pause to ask which was the rose, or which the wild flower. Let me then rise above the things of time and seek and prize only those which bloom for ever in the vineyard of my Lord."

Mr. Mortimer now ventured to approach her, and as the gay dancers continued to flit before her, and the music send its thrilling melody through the rooms, he gradually led her into a conversation so deeply interesting, that time became forgotten, until a summons to the supper room recalled her to the lateness of the hour, when accepting his arm, she followed the throng down the crowded stair-case. Beatrice was standing with her father, at one of the open windows, laughing, as she recounted some story, which he appeared to listen to with amused attention, when one of the Miss Etheringtons ran up to her, begging she would introduce her to Colonel Brereton, for the next dance.

"I do not see him—where is he?" enquired Beatrice, carelessly looking round her.

"He is talking to Miss Annesley and Mr. Mortimer near the door; now do oblige me, I am dying to know him."

"Poor thing—you must have patience till we return to the dancing room—for I cannot run after him."

Accordingly Miss Etherington placed herself in a conspicuous situation on their re-entrance, and waited eagerly the fulfilment of the promise. In the meantime the sprightly gallopade began, when to her dismay a quiet looking young man in black approached her, soliciting the honour of her hand—which she declined with a cold bow pleading fatigue; he tried to persuade, but the young lady was resolute. In the

next moment Beatrice came up with Colonel Brereton, who on being introduced, preferred the same request. She instantly started up, accepted his arm with a look of exultation, and walked away with him, to the extreme mortification of the young stranger, who disguised his feelings under a smile of contempt. The cap and roses, remarked this little incident to her neighbour, the gold turban, who, pursuing up her mouth, replied :

"Miss Etherington has no time to lavish on gentle young men in black ! do see how affectedly she hangs on the arm of Colonel Brereton ; she need not waste her artillery upon him, for those stern cold looks of his prove him to be invulnerable."

At the close of the dance he would have led her back to her seat, but in the most languishing tones she said, as she looked pleadingly in his face.

"Pray take me into the air, for I am sure I shall faint," he accordingly felt obliged to support her into the balcony, where they found Beatrice laughing merrily with her brother Herbert.

"You are going to faint, are you," said the lively girl, on Miss Etherington's repeating her belief, "do wait a little till Herbert runs for some cold water."

Colonel Brereton who hated scenes, looked a little annoyed, as he held the young lady in his arms, while she gently inclined her head, and closed her eyes. Herbert returned in a few minutes, and Beatrice taking the water from him, dashed the whole of it in her face, contriving to give Colonel Brereton the full benefit of the ablution.

"Who dared to do that," exclaimed Miss Etherington in angry tones, and starting from her fainting position, while Colonel Brereton attempted to catch the mischievous Beatrice, who eluding him, ran down the steps of the balcony, her joyous laugh re-echoed by her brother, as she flew across the dewy lawn.

"Oh, she will take cold," exclaimed Mrs. Annesley, who had been drawn to the window by the noise, and perceiving the white dress of Beatrice.

"Herbert, my dear boy, follow her, and try and win her back."

Herbert instantly obeyed, accompanied by Colonel Brereton, who gladly escaped from the obtrusive Miss Etherington. Beatrice perceiving them approach, ran with the fleetness of a deer, till she gained the fountain, where she stood till they came up to her. Colonel Brereton then urged her to return, but she resisted, saying :

"Do let me enjoy this lovely moonlight, and this delicious air, so refreshing after the heated atmosphere of yonder rooms. My spirit is weary with the crowd and noise. How full of enchantment is this scene compared with the one we have left ; where myriads of golden stars blaze in the heavens, and the flowers shed their sweet perfume on the passing gale. Oh ! here could I dwell for ever —"

"Come, come, my pretty enthusiast, this will

never do," returned Colonel Brereton, taking her hand. "Return with me, and I will promise you the fairest visions in your sleep this night."

Herbert united his importunities, but Beatrice was in no mood to comply.

"Hush ! hush ! your voices will disturb the fairies !" she said, laying her finger on her lips. "Your mortal eyes cannot see them as they sport upon the green ; but listen to their song," and in the wildest, sweetest strain, she sang the following words, accompanying them with the most graceful dancing

THE FAIRIES' SONG*.

"All my life is joy and pleasure,
Sportive as my tuneful measure ;
In the rose's cup I dwell,
Balmy sweets perfume my cell.
My food the crimson, luscious cherry,
And the vine's luxurious berry ;
The nectar of the dew is mine,
Nectar from the flowers divine.

And when I join the fairy band,
Lightly tripping hand in hand ;
By the moonlight's quivering beam,
In concert with the dashing stream.
As oft they number on the green,
And lull to rest the fairy-queen.
All my life is joy and pleasure,
Sportive as my airy measure."

"Beatrice, you are a bewitching creature," said Colonel Brereton, gazing in delighted admiration upon her ; "your very faults possess a nameless charm."

"Do they so," she returned, laughing, as she dipped her hand into the fountain, and sprinkled him with the water ; "then you tempt me to repeat them. Ha, how like you that, sir ?"

"Now patience possess me, but I think you are some changeling, my wild one," he returned. "Tell me, do you not belong to the fairies you have invoked ? and have they not stolen your mother's Beatrice ?"

"A charming idea, and one I have often indulged. But see, the clouds are breaking in the east. My reign is over till this time tomorrow. Take me back, for I am weary—oh, how weary," and playfully she assumed the character of some aerial visitant who fades away with the return of morning.

Colonel Brereton, taking advantage of her words, threw his arm round her, and hurried her from the spot ; nor did he relinquish his sweet charge till he had gently pressed her, ere he re-entered the ball-room. Soon after this, the guests dispersed and returned to their homes, while Beatrice, perfectly exhausted, sought her couch ; and when her mother entered her room, as her custom

* Mrs. Hemans.

was, to see her, previous to seeking her own, she found her in the deep sound sleep of a happy child.

The intention of Colonel Brereton being to remain only a few days at Annesley Park, as he felt anxious to rejoin his parents, who he had not seen for one year, he prepared to depart, much to the regret of his host and hostess, on the morning after the ball.

All were assembled round the breakfast table, except Beatrice, when the conversation naturally turning on the events of the preceding evening, Mrs. Annesley said :

"I fear Colonel Brereton that my wild Beatrice will have impressed you very unfavourably ; but pray, in speaking of her to Lady Brereton, spare her as far as you can ; and remember, that as I plead guilty to having indulged her to an excess, she is less to blame than I am."

"So I find," returned Colonel Brereton, smiling ; "but to convince you that you are mistaken as to the impression she has made upon me, I am going to request you to intrust her to the care of my mother, for as long a period as you can spare her ?"

Mary started, while Mr. Mortimer looked grieved, when the delighted Mrs. Annesley said :

"I could not desire a better guide and pattern for my child than my charming friend ; but can you suppose she would undertake so troublesome a responsibility ?"

"My mother would not find it troublesome ; and you know how fond she is of having young people about her. Shall I tell her you will spare Beatrice to her ?"

"Oh, indeed you may, at least if Mr. Annesley will part with her. My dear, have we your consent ?" appealing to her husband. "Are you deaf, Mr. Annesley ? I wish to goodness you would descend sometimes from your elevated position. You are really becoming quite disagreeable, my love. What are you doing with your paper and pencil now ?"

Mr. Annesley put them away, with a look of resignation, and then inquired :

"What is it you wish, my dear ?"

"To know whether you will allow Beatrice to accept a kind invitation to Norwood Abbey ?"

The countenance of Mr. Annesley again became abstracted, while the paper and pencil audaciously re-appearing, he continued his calculations, forgetting that any one else was present.

"Well, I vow, that woman who is inflicted with a scientific husband ought to be endowed with a double portion of patience," returned Mrs. Annesley. "Forever speculating some absurd theory, which he can never reduce into practice ; but it is useless appealing to him when he is in these moods. Mary, my dear, I hope your sister will come down to say farewell to Colonel Brereton ?"

"I left her asleep, and I did not like to awaken her ; but if you wish it I will go up to her again."

"On no account disturb her," said Colonel Brereton, rising and looking at his watch. "My hour is drawing near, I fear."

Mary's cheek became very pale, but she made no reply, and the party adjourned to the drawing-room, where Colonel Brereton, remembering that he had left his pocket-book on his dressing-table, was returning for it to his room. On the stairs he encountered Beatrice, looking more beautiful than ever. She little expected to meet him, and she blushed, while he, yielding to the impulse of the moment, clasped her in his arms, and pressed his lips on her fair open brow. Thus taken by surprise, for an instant she was passive ; but in the next, true to her character, she gave him what she was exceedingly fond of threatening, a box on the ear, and with a cheek glowing like scarlet, rushed back to her chamber.

Many kind farewells were spoken, as the family accompanied him into the hall, Mrs. Annesley repeating to him her regret that Beatrice was not present.

"Do call her, Mary," she said ; "I am sure she will be so sorry when she hears that Colonel Brereton is gone."

"No, no, it will be useless ; she will not come," he returned, smiling, for he well knew why. "Tell her we will settle our quarrel at the Abbey. God bless you all." With these words he sprang into the travelling carriage awaiting him, while Antonio followed with the horses. In a few more moments both carriage and horses were entirely out of sight, when Mary, her soft eyes filled with tears, glided away to her room, where she locked her door, and remained for a considerable time alone, until she was interrupted by Mrs. Annesley, who came to converse with her upon all her future hopes and plans for Beatrice, the brief visit of Colonel Brereton having raised them far beyond her expectations, while it had completely destroyed Mary's for ever.

On the following week a kind and pressing invitation to Beatrice was received from Lady Brereton through Mrs. Annesley, who trembled lest her wilful daughter should offer some opposition. To her infinite surprise and delight, however, Beatrice at once acceded, when the reply was immediately despatched, from a fear that she might retract. Both Mr. Mortimer and Mary felt much regret on the occasion ; but knowing how utterly useless it would be to point out to Mrs. Annesley the danger of plunging such a creature as Beatrice into the gay society of Norwood Abbey, they abstained from doing so, contenting themselves with offering every caution and advice to the dear girl herself, from whom they extracted a promise that she would never omit attending church ; that she would hallow the Sabbath-day, let others do so or no ; and that she should never omit reading

a portion of her Bible each morning before she left her room. The advice of Mrs. Annesley was confined to dress, to behaviour, and to displaying herself to the best advantage, all of which Beatrice in her heart despised; but her feelings being softened by the idea of leaving home for the first time, she received it with patience, and beheld all the gay preparations made for her, under the guidance of her fond mother, with childish delight. Till the day arrived, Beatrice knew not what a trial it would be to bid adieu to all she loved on earth. She wept floods of tears, as she was alternately clasped in the embrace of her parents, her brother, her sister, and almost lifted into the carriage by the sympathizing Mr. Mortimer; nor did her grief subside, till Norris, the old servant who accompanied her, called her attention to the beautiful country through which they were journeying, when the spring-tide of youthful feelings rushing back with the novelty of her situation, chased away her sorrow, while the rainbow of hope, rising brightly before her, faded not from her sight till she had passed the drawbridge and entered the dark avenues of Norwood Abbey.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE WINNEBAGO'S REVENGE.

BY E. L. C.

DURING a treaty of amnesty between the Winnebago and Sioux Indians, a party of the latter surprised the women and children of their enemy on an island in the Mississippi, and basely murdered all, who were unsuccessful in making their escape. Their cries recalled the warriors from the forest, when the treacherous Sioux fled, leaving one of their number mortally wounded, and the revenge wreaked upon his corse by a maiden of the injured tribe, with all the attendant circumstances, is thrillingly described by the Honourable Mr. Murray, in his Travels in North America, and has suggested a subject for the following lines:

A wail from yonder Isle,
That like an emerald gleams,
Amid thy swift and silver waves,
Father of western streams:
A wail of rage, and grief!
Sternly its echoes ring
Through the deep words, and o'er the floods,
Their sounds of terror fling.

The Sioux' have been there!
They of the ruthless hand,
And all within that peaceful glade,
Have perished by their brand.
Their braves had sought the chase,
And none were nigh to aid,—
And so they fell, matron and child,
And dark-eyed forest maid.

Scarce the light aspen leaves
By the low winds are stirred,
And close within her secret bower
Sits screened the frightened bird,
While yonder, bending low,
A dusky group is seen,
Silent and stern, with tearless eyes,
Fierce men of savage mien.

And grasping each his blade,
Those naked warriors stand,
Gazing upon their ruined homes,
And on that murdered band.
A moment thus, and then,
A wild shriek rends the air,
And forth they rush, to where a form,
Lies ghastly, stark, and bare!

It is the Sioux Chief,
Deep slumber on him lies,
A deeper never shall he know,
Death, death hath sealed his eyes.
Death, dealt him by the hand,
Of that young dauntless boy,
Who stands apart, with form erect,
And eye of savage joy.

A bow is in his hand,
A small and fairy bow,
But it hath wing'd the fatal shaft,
That laid yon traitor low.
And lo! a maiden bright,
Steps fearless from the crowd;—
She grasped a glittering scalping knife,
As towards the corse she bowed,—

And boldly smote the breast
Of the unconscious dead,
Severing the bones as 'twere no task,
Of shrinking and deep dread.
Her dark and flashing eye,
The fires of vengeance light,
And cruel triumph wreathes her lip,
With smiles that else were bright.

Ne'er at thy bloody shrine,
Oh, vengeful Nemesis!
When the fell furies gave command,
Stood priestess fierce as this,—
For forth she plucks the heart,
Still quivering with life,
And in a hundred parts divides,
With her red, reeking knife!

Sternly she gave to each,
A portion of the food,
Sternly they ate the horrid feast,
Quenching their thirst in blood.
Dark grew the evening sky,
And through the depths profound
Of the still woods, the moaning winds,
Sent forth a hollow sound,—

Like voices of the slain,
 To which each breaking wave,
 That made sad music on the shore,
 Responsive answer gave.
 No ray of moon, nor star,
 Its light upon them shed,
 While drunk with terrible revenge,
 They banquet on the dead !

A feast of Moloch dire !
 Forgive them, for not yet,
 The holy symbol of the cross,
 Upon their brows was set.
 The Saviour's law of love,
 Their hearts had not yet learned,
 Nor ever at his blessed words,
 With holy fervour burned.

Forgive them, then, since we,
 If still by Christ untaught,
 Like them had deem'd revenge and hate,
 Virtues with glory fraught.
 Their only guide to truth,
 Was nature's glimmering light,
 But we at Jesus' feet may sit,
 And learn to love the right.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO A FLUTE.

WHICH I HEARD SKILFULLY PLAYED, AT A DIS-
 TANCE ON A FINE EVENING.

Sweet flute ! thou bringest tenderness
 And melancholy from on high,—
 Each note the softness would express
 Of angel's sigh.

With freshness as of mountain breeze,
 They on our feelings lightly play ;
 Who would not wish in strains like these
 To die away !

Elo on, and cease not yet awhile.
 Cause heavenly melody to appear,—
 An evil spirit 'twill beguile
 That bids me fear :
 This Cerberus, that fain would glower
 On all my acts, thy minstrelsy
 Doth lull to sleep through Orphic power,
 Setting me free.

How often does a transient sound
 Bring back to memory well known lays,
 Making glad fancies crowd around
 The by-gone days ;
 When hope no longer cheers us on,
 A sorrowing glance we then would cast
 On what—alas ! has hastening gone
 To join the past.

Thus do thy melting tones awake,
 In fancy, flutes I loved to hear
 Attuned beside a green-browed lake*
 By friends then near ;
 To college-times fond thoughts will roam
 When peacefully the days did glide,
 And Academus was my home—
 Its country's pride !

Ah ! there—when loathing haunts of men,
 I could retire to shady dells,
 And gather music in each glen
 From earth-born bells ;
 Anon if beetling crag arose,
 I fearless climbed its slippery face,
 Rousing the eagle from repose
 To yield me place.

But now no longer can I range !
 Unto cramped city closely bound,
 In busy mart where all seems strange
 I must move round :
 And though I force my stubborn eye
 To view it decked with glittering rays,
 My breast will sometimes heave a sigh
 For other days.

Yet, whether sadness or bright glee
 Sweeps past us to oblivion,
 Like flutes we should yield melody
 When breathed upon ;
 And though the flood of time, does roar,
 Bearing us in its course along,—
 Our mellowing voices still should soar
 In endless song.

SYLVIO.

Montreal, November, 1840.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

A *racanteur* was telling a long story about the coach on which he was seated having been run away with, the coachman tumbled off, the horses at full gallop, etc. ; as they flew expecting momentary death, he observed a wagon on the road, and in his terror resolved, whether they came into collision or not, to leap into the more solid and steady vehicle. " You were determined to ride *full till*," observed a listening punster. " No," replied the story-teller, " it was to avoid a *turn-I-meant*."

GOOD COMFORT.

DR. ROTHERHAM, in his philosophical experiments, positively states, that in making puddings every two table-spoons full of clear snow is equal to one egg—and that a greater proportion of snow will make the pudding so light that it will not adhere together.

*Near Burlington, Lake Champlain, when viewed from its surface, appeared *browed* by the chain of " Green Mountains" running along its shore.

(ORIGINAL.)

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS—NO. III.

BY A. R.

DR. JOHNSON.

*Rideri possit eo, quod
Rusticus lonso toga destituit, et male latus
In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir
Nor alius quisquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium ingens
Inculto tatet sub hoc corpore.*

Hor: Sat: III. L. I. 27.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, England, 18th September 1709; his father Michael Johnson, was a bookseller and stationer, his mother Sarah Ford, was descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire; she was a woman of distinguished understanding, blameless life, and kind disposition. Johnson, the elder of two sons, at three years of age, was almost blind; in 1712 carried to London, and touched by Queen Anne for the king's evil; first taught by widow Oliver of Lichfield; in 1719, was put under the care of the usher of Lichfield school, where he remained upwards of two years. At the age of fifteen removed to the school of Stourbridge; remained a year, and returned to Lichfield. At the age of nineteen (A. D. 1728) entered Pembroke College, Oxford, as commoner; stayed three years—again returned home, because he was unable to support the necessary expenses of College; in 1731 old Michael Johnson dies in embarrassed circumstances; Johnson becomes usher of a school in Leicestershire in July 1732; dislikes the drudgery, and after a few months of complicated misery relinquishes the situation; lives at Birmingham six months as guest of Mr. Hector, and publishes his first prose work, "Translation of a voyage to Abyssinia by Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit," which was published in 1735, for which Johnson receives five guineas. In 1734 returns to Lichfield where his brother Nathaniel still kept the shop of the father, old Michael Johnson; tries to publish by subscription the Latin Poems of Politian, but fails; returns to Birmingham, marries Mrs. Porter aged forty-eight; in 1736, opens a boarding school at Edial near Lichfield; David Garrick and two others, his only scholars, in 1737 proceeds to London to push his fortune; writes part of IRENE; returns to Lichfield, and after three months, brings Mrs. Johnson with him to London; in 1738 writes in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and in May, gave first proofs of his transcendent genius, in "LONDON, a poem, in imitation to the third satire of Juvenal," for which he received ten guineas; endeavours to be permitted to practise as an advocate, without a doctor's degree in civil law, but fails; in 1739 writes "Life of Boerhaave," and a great variety of miscellaneous pieces for the *Gentleman's Magazine*; becomes acquainted with Hogarth, Richardson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c.; in 1741-2 wrote the Parliamentary Debates in a garret in Exeter-street without having been but once within the walls of either house of Parliament; continues to write constantly for the *Gentleman's Magazine*; in 1744, publishes "Life of Richard Savage; in 1747 publishes prospectus of his "DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE," stipulated price £1575; employed six amanuenses; forms literary club; in 1749 publishes "the Vanity of Human Wishes," for which he got only fifteen guineas; in March 1750 commenced "THE RAMBLER," translated by the Italians, under the title of *Il Vagabondo*, last number published 14th March, 1752; on the 17th March, O. S. his wife died; in 1753 began to write in "The Adventurer." In 1754 received the degree of Master of Arts from Oxford, and published his Dictionary in 2 vols. folio; in March, 1756, arrested for five pounds eighteen shillings; writes five essays and twenty-five reviews for the *Literary Magazine*; issues proposals for a Life of Shakespeare; is offered a living, but declines entering into holy orders; composes sermons for clergymen at a guinea each; 1758 commences the *Idler*; in January, 1759, his mother dies; writes *Rasselas* and a *Dissertation on Greek Comedy*; 1762 receives a pension of £300 a year from George III; 1763 Boswell (aged 22) introduced to Johnson, (aged 54,) writes *Character of Collins*, and *Detection of Cocksune Ghost*; 1764 reviews Goldsmith's *Traveller*; 1765, visits University of Cambridge, is made L. L. D. by Dublin University; publishes his edition of SHAKESPEARE; 1769, interview with the king; 1770, publishes the *False Alarm*; 1771 engaged in preparing a fourth edition of his *Folio Dictionary*; 1773 commences the study of Low Dutch; from 12th August to the 22d November, on a visit to Scotland; 1774 writes *The Patriot*; 1775 publishes his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, and *Taxation no Tyranny*; receives Diploma of L. L. D. from Oxford, visits France with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale; 1778-81 engaged on *Lives of the Most Celebrated English Poets*; 1782, aged 73, reads a book of Ænæid every night for twelve nights; 1783 attacked with a stroke of palsey; recovers, visits Oxford; project of visiting Italy; distressed with asthma and dropsy; during his sleepless nights translated into Latin Verse, from the Greek, many epigrams in the *Anthologia*; visited daily and almost hourly by Burke, Windham, Hawkins, Langton, Reynolds; dies the 13th December, 1784, aged seventy-five; December the 20th, buried in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakespeare's Monument, and close to the coffin of Garrick.

In the brief sketch above given of the life and achievements of SAMUEL JOHNSON, there is matter of profound interest to the highest and the humblest of us. We have before us a problem worthy the investigation of the philosopher, the right solution of which would be a solution of the riddle of this life. How was it that a poor diseased man, blind, and almost deaf, of a gross, unwieldy person, and unpollished manners, was able to raise himself from the depths of obscurity, and indelibly to stamp his character upon the Augustan age of English literature? How was it that such a man secured the admiration and reverential homage of the profoundest scholars, the ablest statesmen, the keenest wits, and the best christians of his day?—That Johnson himself did much to effect this, cannot be denied; but he was also acted upon by the character and tendencies of the age; had he been born a century earlier, he could never have been what he was; his great and massy intellect, his excellent common sense and moral worth could not fail to have commanded respect, but England, a century earlier, would not have been the fit theatre on which his unique and wonderful mind could have shewn itself. Nor can we conceive how a Johnson could exist in this age; he was the offspring, or, as it were, the *exponent* of a particular epoch of English history; his prejudices, his political feelings, his failings, were adapted to his own times, and he who would rightly understand, and truly represent to others, Johnson's whole character and the secret of his success, must understand the spirit of the age in which he lived, and its tendencies, social and political, literary, and religious. Such knowledge is too wonderful for us; it is high, and we cannot attain it; be it ours reverently to approach, and with unskilful hand attempt to sketch the outline of the great original.

It is the common habit to judge unfavourably of the personal character and literary merits of Johnson, from a partial observation, and on very slight and insufficient grounds. An anecdote or incident respecting him, which from its singularity has fastened itself in the memory, is enough to lead some persons thus to decide, and they will repeat the anecdote and draw their conclusion with the utmost flippancy and confidence. Such a conclusion may occasionally, and by accident, prove correct; but it is never fairly and honestly arrived at. It is the part of common sense and common honesty, in judging of men's general character, to examine and endeavour rightly to understand their general conduct and principles of action. In Johnson's case this is particularly necessary. He was not a smooth, hot-pressed, polished nonentity, with whom one could associate for months and be unable to fix on a single trait of character, either to admire or dislike; but a man rough, and angular, and possessing many marked and singular characteristics of mind and manners. But with all that was uncouth and forbidding in

manner, with some violent prejudices, and much superstition, Johnson possessed the essential elements of a good christian and a great man. He was called a bear, but he was a bear only in appearance, for his heart was warm with the kindest and gentlest sympathies of our nature. In judging of him, therefore, let us beware of partial and censorious criticism, and of setting up an imaginary standard of perfection with which to compare him. He had his faults, and his imperfections, for he was but a man, and a man too, in whom were united the most stupendous abilities and most pitiable weaknesses. Let us estimate him, then, as we ourselves would wish to be estimated; judge of him and his abilities, as we judge of men in actual every day life.

We do not expect, in a retired scholar, to find the polished manners of a courtier, nor the sedateness and sobriety of a judge in a dancing master. The minister is valued for his piety, his devotedness, his general talent and usefulness,—the lawyer for his ready acuteness, tact, and research; and if we find in them these qualifications, we are satisfied. We do not censure the physician if his eyes do not overflow with tears as we expatiate on our disorders; it is enough that he is attentive and skilful. We do not quarrel with a dentist because he is no astronomer; nor with a shoemaker, because he knows no Greek. Every man has his own peculiar talent; some are prompt in action, others patient in research, and ingenious in speculation; one man is a poet, another a mathematician; there are even different styles of beauty, and according as tastes vary, so each one makes his choice and is pleased with it. So that it is generally vain to look for various and opposite talents in the same man, and still more foolish would it be to censure a man for wanting a particular qualification or talent, which another has. And yet this very vanity and folly have been shewn by many who have written, and written well of Dr. Johnson. They speak lightly of him because he was not perfect. His style, say they, is involved, and pedantic, not easy and direct like Addison's, it has not the splendid and gorgeous glory of Burke's; they miss the simplicity of Goldsmith, the chastened severity and fire of Demosthenes, the conciseness of Tacitus. His conversation too was not perfect. It was too learned, too boisterous, too sarcastic; not so full of anecdote and wit as Foote's or Garrick's; it had great depth and variety, it shewed surprising fertility and quickness of mind, but it was too much like a lecture, and reminded others too much of their inferiority." "He was superstitious," says another; "he disliked the Scotch," adds a third; "he would not enter a Presbyterian kirk when he was in Edinburgh," mutters a fourth. Some even censure him on account of his peculiarities of manner, and not unfrequently for his bodily infirmities. And on these, and such like grounds, they pronounce upon his whole character, forgetting

or overlooking his real worth, happy if they can find a caricature of his person to excite ridicule, or a keen or rude answer, (wrung from him by impertinence or presumption), to exhibit as a proof of his unfeeling disposition.

In this way has his character been misunderstood, because partially examined, and judged of from trifling circumstances, or by false standards of perfection. These errors must be avoided; and if Johnson is rightly looked at and fairly criticised he will be found worthy of the respect and admiration of all who love virtuous and honest integrity, and reverence religion. Let us judge of him by what he *was* and what he *did*, and not by what others have done, or by what he himself might have accomplished, had he lived and laboured under different circumstances. Of his early life, few particulars remain; and these are mostly gathered from his conversation and correspondence, when he was loaded with years and honours, when the recollections of his unhappy and destitute youth, must have excited feelings by no means pleasurable, although few who have raised themselves to eminence, have shown so little disposition to blush and be ashamed at the thought of early poverty. Other particulars Mrs. Thrale has preserved, and the curiosity of biographers has discovered a few more, but the record is still too scanty to enable us to draw from them any very distinct or accurate conclusions as to the development of his mind—he seems at a very early age to have secured pre-eminence among his schoolmates, not as is usually the case, by superior activity and strength, but by the natural powers of his intellect. In comparing and contrasting characters, boys are often as acute and accurate as men; each knows his place, and wo be to him if he usurps another without the power of maintaining himself. Johnson was allowed, by the consent of all, to be the first scholar; he seems to have imbibed his knowledge by intuition, and such were the powers of his memory that what he once learned he never forgot. From his childhood he was indolent and inert, with fits of application which enabled him to accomplish in a short time, all that was required of him in the shape of tasks. In the common sport of his companions, he never joined, owing, probably, to his defective sight and ill health, but would saunter away in the fields and woods for whole days, alone, or with a single companion, talking and muttering to himself or repeating aloud passages from romances of chivalry, of which he was then, and continued through life, to be extremely fond. It was this solitary reflection which did much to give him his superiority over other men; here lay his great strength in riper years, for during his whole life, even in the busiest of it, his nights were passed in reading and meditation, for, alas! to him

The silent-footed night brought no relief,
But weary tossings till the morn awakc.

In youth the "vile melancholy" which he inherited from old Michael, his father, tended much, together with the rapid development of his powers, to wean him from the society of his equals in age, who could not be supposed to feel much interest in the moodiness and workings of a mind so unlike their own. Johnson, therefore, dwelt apart, an unobserved, unknown youth. Adversity had not yet made him a mark for her sharpest arrows; but still he was not happy. He had no congenial spirit to whom he could unbosom himself, and his defective sight shut him out from all intimate communion with nature. He already felt within him the quickenings of these mighty powers which were afterwards to be so fully developed; but they were the fires pent up within, and he wandered about aimless, or plunged, for relief, into the huge folios on his father's shelves, and in this way accumulated those vast stores of miscellaneous information, which were afterwards so lavishly poured forth in conversation. At the age of seventeen we find him at Stourbridge, whither he had gone by the advice of his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ford, on whose talents and kindness he delighted, in after life, to expatiate. It is not unlikely, that Johnson received much advantage from his advice; it is well known that his future studies were exactly in accordance with Ford's recommendation. "Obtain (says Ford,) some general principles of every science; he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted and never wished for, while the man of general knowledge can often benefit and always please."*

Johnson's extraordinary memory enabled him to adopt this advice without degenerating into a mere *index rerum*, while his strong common sense could at once distinguish the precious gems which were to be treasured up, from glittering and worthless baubles. As a poet, a biographer, a moralist and a linguist, his works shows how much he excelled; he was deeply versed also in ancient and modern history, in theology, in chemistry and medicine; and in law it is well known how useful he proved to Boswell in cases before the House of Lords. Indeed he was at home in all the various departments of knowledge, the gravest as well as most minute, nor was there any subject which his practical common sense could not elucidate, his genius and his majestic eloquence, dignify and adorn.

But his boyhood must soon pass, and we shortly after find him at Oxford. How old Michael sent him there, or how he was supported during his stay, is not known. But his habits of irregular application were again displayed, and he was soon known and held in high estimation, not only in his

* This sentence is in complete Johnsonian style. It is to be remarked that Johnson, Burke, Fox and Sir Walter Scott, have repeatedly urged Ford's advice on youthful aspirants for distinction.

own college but through all the university. "I was his nominal tutor," said Dr. Adams, a long time afterwards; "but he was above my rank." "He was caressed and loved by all that knew him," he continued, "and was a gay frolicsome fellow, and was generally seen lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young students around him, whom he was entertaining by his wit, and keeping them from their studies." This, however, was but an outside view. "Ah, sir," said Dr. Johnson, afterwards; "I was mad and violent—it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic." But at Oxford he remained for three years, fighting his way with disease and poverty, roaming from college to college, where he could find the ablest tutors; till at last his poverty became so extreme, that his feet appeared through his worn-out shoes, and so attracted the notice of the students that he confined himself to his room. His debts, which, though never great, were now increasing, and his scanty remittances from Lichfield at last stopped, for old Michael died insolvent. Johnson, therefore, could no longer delay his departure—he leaves college and sets out for Lichfield *with* no riches but his integrity and talents.

But poverty was not his severest trial; many literary men have been as poor, but few so overburdened with distress as Johnson. He was diseased in body, and predisposed to mental gloom and melancholy, sometimes bordering on insanity, and at one time was so overwhelmed by dejection, a malady from which during his whole life he was scarcely for a moment free, that he tells us that he could not distinguish the hour on the town clock of Lichfield. He was so far carried away with this malady as to fancy that he was insane, but never for an instant did he despair. In looking at the mass of his writings in after life it would be difficult to discover the slightest traces of dejection, although he often wrote when racked with pain, without a penny to purchase a dinner. Let us see how he supported his accumulated misery. "Let me take care," says he in his private journals of 1732, "that the powers of my mind be not debilitated by poverty, and that indigence do not force me into any criminal act." Had he yielded, he had been lost, but his integrity of soul no temptation could shake, and although much of trial and of suffering were yet in store for him—there was laid up for him a reward also.

It were well for mankind that this Roman firmness of resolution were more common; we should then hear fewer of those querulous lamentations which are occasioned by slight trials and disappointments. A man in the depth of poverty, diseased in body, and trembling lest reason should desert him, who struggles manfully and with patience, hoping for better days, when everything around him, is as dark as the future before him, is the man who is made of the right stuff. Such was Johnson, now in the prime of life, with a mind con-

scious of its powers, and longing for an opportunity to exert itself in any way, if it were but honorable. But after all his exertions no way of earning subsistence offers itself, and he marries one scarcely richer than himself. "Sir, it was a love marriage on both sides," said Johnson to Beauclerk, "and on no other grounds can the match be accounted for." "When first introduced to my mother," says Mrs. Porter, "his appearance was very forbidding; he was then lean and lank, and the scars of scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his own hair, which was straight and stiff and separated behind; and often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once, surprise and ridicule." No very inviting wooer, certainly, but such were the charms of his conversation, that Mrs. Porter remarked after his departure, that "he was the most sensible man she had ever met." The intellectual shone through and illuminated the corporeal; and for once, a woman's heart was not won through her eye. Sine Cerere et Baccho, friget Venus; (if there is nothing in the pot, love flies out of the chimney,) and Johnson must be up and doing, for want was coming upon him like an armed man. So he sets out for London to push his fortune. Garrick was with him, then aged about nineteen, and they arrived in London together, in March, 1737. They were both of them adventurers, and neither of them rich; but Garrick was like the commander of a gallant, well-appointed vessel, leaving the crowded port and the narrow seas in search of richer and fairer lands beyond the ocean; Johnson was like a solitary shipwrecked man, casting himself into his leaky boat, preferring the dangers and chances of wind and wave, to slow but sure death on a desert island. Visions of glory allured the one, the whip of poverty urged on the other; the one was in the blushing bloom of careless boyhood, the manhood of the other had been bent down, but happily not broken, by successive and heavy afflictions. Garrick was therefore elated by hope, but Johnson's iron resolution did much when it kept despair at bay. In three years Garrick burst forth upon the world, and at once secured to himself the prospect of a speedy and splendid fortune. Johnson, after thirty-five years of hard and ill-paid labour, received an annuity, and was secured from want. It was then as it is now, the man that can amuse and help to pass away a vacant hour, is always sure of speedy applause, and something more substantial along with it; the public teacher and the man of solid literature or science must sometimes learn to be content with a morsel of bread, and to draw upon posterity for his applause. But, thank heaven, the course of genius is not so rugged in our day as when Johnson first threw himself upon the public. A man of moderate ability and fair moral character, with education, and even a slight degree of practical talent, is seldom in this age exposed to actual want. Nay, on this continent, at

least, he can, with industry, secure not only a bare subsistence, but in most instances, a respectable and respected competence. As the attention and efforts of by far the majority, are directed towards business in its various outward and visible forms, the literary labourer has here a wide field, and if he find few patrons to encourage, he has not many opponents to outstrip. A new, and for authors, if not for readers, a profitable branch of literature, has sprung up since Johnson's day, alas, that it threatens, by and by, to become our *only* literature. It is the popular periodical literature, that is here referred to, which floats about every quarter of the earth, where reading has become a habit or an appetite requiring daily and hourly supplies. We can now, in reality, boast, (if it be a matter fit for boasting of,) that there is something like a reading public, and hence the author,—the literary manufacturer—has little difficulty of disposing of his wares, for the public is not very fastidious as to their quality—if they are only new and abundant. But in Johnson's early literary days, the reading public could scarcely be said to have had an existence, or if it did exist, it was in a rude unformed state. It had always been the habit of authors to address themselves more to patrons than to the public; and the bookseller was rather the patron's servant than the caterer for public taste. These were the days of long dedications and high wrought eulogies; every author had, or struggled to have, a Mæcenas, and flattered, and bowed, and besought, till some great man took him by the hand, and then, illumined with borrowed light, and set off with the glittering attractions which wealth or office can bestow, the book was brought out. It is needless to say that this slavish system of waiting and begging was not the thing for Johnson. His independent spirit could ill brook the tyranny of titled ignorance, or the condescending protection of the wealthy upstart, who gave his money only in exchange for panegyrics. Nor were his manners such as to fit him for the saloons of the great. He was once "blowing his fingers in Lord Chesterfield's lobby," but it was degrading his lofty spirit to fawn, nor would his integrity allow him to flatter, so he turned to the bookseller, and tried to strike such a bargain as his necessities would permit. It was Mr. Edward Cave, the original compiler and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to whom Johnson seems first to have applied, and for whom he wrote for many years, earning just enough to keep soul and body together, sometimes hunted by bailiffs, but always resolutely fighting his way. Cave was a dull phlegmatic, slow to appreciate Johnson's merits; but as for this Johnson cared not a straw—he wanted bread, and not fame—and accordingly we find him addressing himself to the editor with as much earnestness and humility as a just sense of his own merits and necessity would naturally inspire. His *London* be enclosed to Cave, as to a person dis-

tinguished by his "generous encouragement of poetry;" adding, "your judgment in that art, nothing but your commendation of *my trifle* can give me any occasion to call in question," and offering to "*alter any stroke of satire*" that Cave might dislike! Surely genius had fallen upon evil times, when a Johnson was obliged to solicit a Cave "to relieve distress," by accepting such a poem at his own price. But Johnson was never heard to complain that his lot had been hard. He, on the contrary, was always ready to affirm, that his writings had received more praise, and brought him more emolument, than their merits deserved. He never complained that Cave had been for a long time insensible to his merits, but laboured diligently, and with success, for the wages which fell to him. It was but little that he received, for, seven years after his arrival in London, he was so shabbily dressed, as to be obliged to sit behind a screen when Cave had company, and be content with a plate of victuals, sent him from the table. Sometimes he was not so fortunate as to receive even this favour, for we find him, in addressing Cave, signing himself, "*yours, impransus, Sam Johnson,*" a plain proof that his fare was not only scanty, but intermittent.

It was about this time that Johnson and Savage became known to each other, and the bonds of common talents and common pursuits soon united them in the closest intimacy. Savage, though a man of vigorous powers, possessed little of that stern virtue and uprightness which never forsook Johnson, even when his fortune was at the lowest ebb, but was a man of irregular and even profligate habits, as well as of a violent and irritable disposition. But Johnson's religious principles were too well established, and his cast of mind too firm and steady to allow of his being drawn into vice, or being contaminated by irregular society. He seems to have loved Savage as a brother, and to have put the most favourable construction upon his eccentricity and failings; and from him, in all probability, he contracted his inveterate habit of sitting late, for Johnson had not yet renounced the use of wine, and Savage was noted for his conviviality. But it is not to be supposed that they met as mere winebibbers, to keep each other in countenance in intemperance; they were both too poor to obtain more than a bare subsistence, they were often even in want, but their wants only drew them together more closely. Johnson has been heard to say, that he and Savage wandered about Grosvenor Square till four in the morning; in the course of their conversation, "reforming the world, dethroning princes, establishing new forms of government, and giving laws to the general states of Europe," till, fatigued with the burthens of legislation, they began to feel their want of refreshment, but could not muster up more than *four pence half-penny* between them! But they had meat to eat, that the world knew not of, and peals of wild merri-

ment would flash from them even in their destitution, and for a time, at least, make them forget their cares.

Johnson had published his "London," and it had brought only fame and ten guineas; still he toiled on, but at last, was anxious even to return to the hard labour of the school-room, with £60 a-year, "rather than be starved to death in translating for booksellers!" What must have been his feelings, when he summed up his whole poem in one melancholy line, which he marked by capitals :

"This mournful truth is every where confessed—
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESSED."

Perhaps, at that moment, a glance of his future renown was vouchsafed to him, and his wearied spirit would shake off for a moment its gloomy depression, and take courage. He must have been, in some degree, conscious that he was not fated *always* to tug at the oar, friendless and unnoticed. A beam of light might even then have penetrated the thick darkness which enveloped him. "Slow rises worth," but still it *does* rise; there is a progress which poverty cannot entirely repress, and if it rises but slowly, still it rises surely. The plant of sudden growth is snapped by the first blast; but if the winds of heaven visit it roughly from the first, and repress its growth for a while, it will send its roots downwards, and will gather strength, to set at defiance the fiercest gale. Such considerations may have helped to animate Johnson;—if the dawn of his prosperity had not arisen, it may be, that "far off its coming shone;" but whether near or at a distance, he was determined not to sink without a struggle. For Cave he continued to write for many years, throwing off by the score, essays, translations, copying odes, biographies, prefaces, dedications, epigrams, and epitaphs. He was a servant of all work, and his services were as faithfully performed as they were various and ill-requested.

But although he was thus nothing but a day-labourer, he was in mind and feelings independent. Osborne, a bookseller, had purchased the Earl of Oxford's library, for £13,000, and employed Johnson in arranging the books and making a catalogue of them. He paused occasionally to read snatches of the books which came to his hand, and Osborne, "thinking that such curiosity tended to nothing but delay, objected to it, with all the pride and insolence of a man who knew that he paid daily wages. In the dispute that, of course, ensued, Osborne, with that roughness which was natural to him, enforced his argument by giving the lie. Johnson seized a folio and knocked the bookseller down."† It was a hasty stroke, but who will affirm

that it was not merited? It was the only blow of the kind that Johnson ever struck, although when told that Foote called him the "Caliban of Literature," and threatened to mimic his manner and language in the theatre, Johnson replied: "If he do so, I will step from the boxes, and chastise him on the stage;" but Foote had too much regard for his safety to run such a risk.

In noticing the miscellaneous labours of Johnson for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the celebrated "Parliamentary Debates" must not be overlooked, as affording evidence of the wonderful extent and variety of Johnson's powers. The speeches were afterwards published in two volumes, now rarely to be met with; but thousands have read and admired the speeches, without once suspecting they were from the pen of Dr. Johnson. It seems that Cave had interest enough to be admitted into the house, and he and the persons employed under him, brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the order in which they rose, and the substance of what was spoken. For about three years it was the task of Johnson to manufacture orations from these slight materials, and so admirably did he succeed, that not only was Cave's Magazine eagerly sought for, but the nation at large was delighted and instructed without ever doubting their genuineness; and even Voltaire was heard to declare, that the eloquence of Greece and Rome had revived in the British senate. Murphy tells us that it was not for many years after that Johnson confessed himself to be the author, when happening, accidentally, to be present at Foote's with Lord Loughborough, and the well known translator, Dr. Francis, the conversation turned on an important debate towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, Dr. Francis observed, "that Pitt's speech upon that occasion was the best he had ever read;" adding, "that he had employed eight years of his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finished a translation of that celebrated orator, with all the decorations of style and language within the reach of his capacity, but he had met with nothing to equal the speech above mentioned." Many of the company remembered the debate, and some passages were cited, with the approbation and applause of all present. During the ardour of conversation, Dr. Johnson remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, he opened with these words: "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter street; I had never been in the House of Commons but once."

This was the first disclosure of the real author of the Debates; but finding that they had been taken for genuine, he was industrious in publishing to his friends that they were merely fictitious. After this, he said he was determined to write no more of them, "for he would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood!" It is worthy of notice, as a proof of his inflexible regard to truth, and the severity with which

* "Haude facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta domi."

† Murphy's Life, p. 47.

he judged of himself, that within a few days of his death, he remarked, that "the Parliamentary Debates were the only part of his writings which gave him any compunction on a death bed; but at the time he wrote them, he had no conception he was imposing on the world." Happy would it be for society, if such unbending uprightness were oftener to be found among those who contribute to its instruction or amusement; and happy will it be for us if the hour that brings us to the verge of life, and arrays before the awakened conscience the transactions of the past, shall bring with it no heavier accusations than those which pressed upon the spirit of Johnson in his last moments.

Before leaving the most melancholy of Johnson's literary life, it may be well to give a specimen of his poetical powers, for the Muse foaled him, like many more of her favourites, in a garret. It shall be taken from the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," a subject worthy of the pen, and, alas, too faithfully descriptive of the life of Johnson :

"When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his case for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown.
O'er Bodley's domes his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.*
Are these thy views? Proceed illustrious youth,
And VIRTUE guard thee to the throne of TRUTH!
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
Till captive Science yield her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, or difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from fetters to be wise;
Then mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol!"

From the gaol, Dr. Johnson was preserved by his abhorrence of debt, and his independent spirit, which would not stoop to incur obligations which he had no means of discharging; but as for toil, envy, and want, these were his hourly companions for years. A Patron Dr. Johnson never had, nor wished to have.

* A tradition was then current that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over a bridge, would fall, when a greater man than Bacon should pass under it.

He did, it is true, publish a plan of his Dictionary, addressed to Lord Chesterfield, who had expressed himself in terms of high satisfaction as to the design. Johnson tells us, "the way it came to be inscribed to Lord Chesterfield was this: I had neglected to write it by the time appointed; Dodsley (his employer) suggested a design to have it addressed to him. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done; in fact it was only a casual excuse for laziness."* The manuscript was conveyed to Chesterfield, and Johnson was on several occasions invited to visit him. What Chesterfield thought of Dr. Johnson may be seen from the following passage in one of that nobleman's letters to his son :

"There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect, but whom it is impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position, which, according to the position of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the Graces! He throws every where but down his throat whatever he means to drink, and mangles what he means to carve. Is it impossible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him is to consider him a respectable Hottentot."

Such is the style in which this accomplished lord writes of one of nature's own noblemen. Had Johnson been a *petit maitre*, with the manners of a dancing-master, Chesterfield would have welcomed him, though he had been the most consummate hypocrite, or the basest or most depraved gentleman in London. But, alas, for Johnson! he had no such attractions. He was only a man of "deep learning and superior parts;" alas, that the "figure" which his Maker had given him, was "ridiculous." He could lend dignity and grace to virtue, and by his stern rebuke, make vice to hide its diminished head; but all this was nothing, so long as he "mangles what he means to carve, and commits acts of hostility upon the Graces." Unfortunate and ill-fated Johnson! who must be so lightly esteemed by such an accomplished judge of manners as Chesterfield. It is a consolation, that there are some in every age who do not measure a man's worth by the gracefulness of his bow, his elegant carving, and his fashionable figure; some who prefer integrity of heart to external polish, learning to lace, and plain speaking to deceit. It was in exact keeping with the character of that nobleman, who was not ashamed to inculcate duplicity as the chief ornament and recommendation of a gentlemen, thus to write of

*Croker pretends to think this account inaccurate.

Johnson when he was poor and friendless, and afterwards to court his favourable notice, when the "Hottentot" had received homage from the highest in station, and the wisest and best of his age. His lordship says: "I think the public in general, and the republic of letters in particular, ought to be obliged to Mr. Johnson for having undertaken and executed so *great* and desirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge from the various works of Johnson already published, we have good reason to believe that he will bring this as near to perfection as any man could do. I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the time of his dictatorship. Nay more, I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my pope."

Let us see how Johnson replied to this shallow flattery:

"Seven years, my lord, have now past since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for his life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

The "Hottentot," methinks had here the advantage of the nobleman; but it is time to hasten on. The object of this review will not be attained till something more has been done to set forth in their true light the merits of Johnson as a man rather than an author; nor is there time to trace his life, by his works as they issued from the press—the true eras in the history of an author. From his works, then, let us look at him as a man.

By those who delight in detracting from sterling and acknowledged merit, and who anxiously strive to reduce all excellence to their own low common level, Johnson's character and disposition have been generally attacked. His keen, cutting replies have been adduced as evidence of an unfeeling disposition, and what was actually meant, and taken at the time

as harmless pleasantry, dragged from its connexion, and distorted to suit the purposes of his opponents. Oftentimes, too, his rude language is given, without the generous apology which reflection prompted him to make. But the main misapprehension arises from overlooking the provocation which he received. Johnson was like a surly mastiff, in the main kind and generous, not disposed to take offence, but when roused by contradiction, disgusted by cant, or wearied out by impertinent and foolish questions, he would growl, and take delight in seeing how he could put his tormenters to flight. On such occasions, and when thus baited, he spared no one. Be his tormenter lord or lady, it was all the same. He was too honest to restrain his feelings, for the sake of what some people call politeness. If cant was spoken in his presence, it was ridiculed, without mercy; impudence was browbeaten, and presumption punished. The sentimental distresses which many pretended to feel, he never could endure. "The sight of people who want food and raiment, is so common in great cities," said he, "that a surly fellow like me has no compassion to spare for wounds given only to vanity or softness." And when Lady Tavistock was said to have grieved herself to death for the loss of her husband, he said: "If we had put my Lady Tavistock into a small chandler's shop, and given her a nurse-child to tend, her life would have been saved;" adding, "the poor and the busy have no time for sentimental sorrow." When Mrs. Thrale pressed him to say, whether a certain lady would not be *very* sorry for a friend who had lost the hope of an estate, he replied: "Why, madam, she will suffer—as much perhaps as your horse did when your cow miscarried." The ladies insisted no longer. On another occasion, as he was musing over the fire of the drawing-room, the well-known puppy, Sir John Lade, called out to him, suddenly: "Dr. Johnson, would you advise me to marry?" "I would advise no man to marry, sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding," and left the room. "He soon came back," adds Boswell, "and drawing his chair among the party, with altered looks and a softened voice, joined in the general chat, insensibly led the conversation to marriage, when he explained himself in a dissertation so useful, so elegant, so founded on the true knowledge of life, and so adorned with beauty of sentiment, that no one ever recollected the offence, except to rejoice in its consequences."

On some occasions he was not so excuseable, but his harshness of speech, be it observed, was seldom noticed till after his seventieth year, and to an old man, in ill health, courted and teased by a wide circle of acquaintance, much must be forgiven. Let it be remembered, too, that his *written* wisdom is free even from these slight defects, and that Johnson's feelings and eccentricities of temper were more closely noted than those of any other man.

A gentleman introduced his brother to Dr. Johnson, and earnestly recommended him to his notice by saying: "When we have sat together for some time you will find my brother grow very entertaining." "Sir," said Johnson, "I can wait." A lady who shewed him a grotto she had been making, asked him: "Would it not be a pretty cool habitation in summer, Dr. Johnson?" "I think it would, madam, for a toad." This was not meant as rudeness to the lady, but he hated grottos, saying; "that Englishmen has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun." "To a young fellow who lamented to him that he had lost all his Greek," Johnson replied, "I believe it happened at the same time that I lost my great estate in Yorkshire." "Why did you not make me a tory," said Garrick to him, "you love to make people tories." Johnson pulling a number of half-pence from his pocket, replied. "Why did not the king make these guineas?" "How harshly you treated that man, who harangued us so about gardening the other day," said Boswell to him; "I am sorry," said he "if I vexed the creature, for there certainly is no harm in a fellow's rattling a rattle box; only don't let him think that he thunders." "An officer who was determined," as he said, to attack the old bear," for a long time plied Johnson, with impertinent queries, but in vain, Johnson was silently attentive to his dinner, till at last, the young gentleman said to him, "now Dr. Johnson don't be so glum, but be a little gay and lively like others. What would you give, old gentleman, to be as young and sprightly as I am?" "Why sir," said he, "I think I would almost be content to be as foolish?" "To a person who teased him about the tender state of his *inside*," he replied, "do not, like the spider, spin conversation thus incessantly out of their own bowels."

Of anecdotes such as these more might be given, but were they ten times more numerous than they actually are, they would with wise men detract little from Johnson's reputation. His harshness be it remembered, arose from his love of truth and dislike of every kind of affectation and disguise. He was not like many who suffer a man to utter the most egregious folly, and for the sake of politeness say nothing—*till he is gone*, when they call him an ass, or a fool. Nor was he a man of that cautious, temporising cast of mind, that fears to avow what he believes, but an upright, plain speaking man, hating double dealing, in all its forms. There are many who have no opinions of their own, and who retail those of other men, and by this class Johnson is disliked for his authoritative manner, although, if common fairness, such persons should be willing to pin their faith to such a guide without any affectation of independence. It is worthy of notice, too, that some of Johnson's severest things were drawn out of him by the inquiries of those who either really or in pretence were seeking for information. On all subjects

he was consulted, and on all he was ready with his opinion. Sometimes, although but seldom, he gave the reason or ground of his opinion, and surely if any man was entitled so to do, it was Johnson; whatever he thought of men or things was uttered, in the decisive tones of a man who knows, and feels his own power and the deference paid to his views. It is not a little curious to observe the eagerness with which he was consulted, even on trifling topics, and plied with enquiries which even a Job, to say nothing of a Johnson, could scarcely have answered without vexation and annoyance.

But not only was he vexed with every variety of queries, but scarcely a volume was published, but the author or some of his friends, would send Johnson a copy asking his opinion of its merits. This he never liked, remarking that "nobody has a right to put another under such a difficulty, that he must either hurt the person, by telling him the truth, or hurt himself by telling what is not true." But when he gave an opinion it was sure to be given in all sincerity and good faith, and without equivocation or reserve.

To no one of his own works did Johnson write a dedication, but he was almost daily employed in furnishing prologues, dedications, and prefaces to others, and often he had never seen them. In this difficult and thankless department of literary effort, Johnson's eminence is well known, indeed he had more practice in this line than any another before or since. Even *Bet Flint*, a woman of the town, came to him for a preface and dedication to some poetry she had made! To secure his assistance, it was enough to be in need of it; for few, certainly few so indolent by nature as Johnson was, ever did more to assist the unfortunate. Kindness of heart was his habit, surliness was but the exception. To collect all the recorded instances of his benevolence and kindness, would be an endless matter, but to do something to convince those of their error, who call Johnson a harsh, unfeeling man, one example shall be given, and recommended to their consideration. It shall be taken, not from his correspondence, although no finer specimens of affectionate sympathy and pathetic eloquence, are to be found in the language, than those contained in some of his letters to Mr. Jangton and Mrs. Thrale, but it shall be taken from his every day life, which will be less likely to mislead, than an occasional letter or hasty remark.

In writing to Mrs. Thrale, Johnson says:

"Mrs. Williams is not yet returned; but discord and discontent reign in my humble habitation as in the palaces of monarchs. Mr. Levet and Mrs. Desmoulins have vowed eternal hate. Levet is more insidious and wants me to turn her out. Poor Mrs. Williams writes that she is no better." At another time he writes: "Williams hates every body; Levet hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmi-

chael) loves none of them." These were persons whom Johnson had out of charity taken into his house. Mrs. Williams was the daughter of an ingenious man who came to London, thinking he could discover the *Longitude*; she was blind, and peevish in temper. Levett was a Lichfield man, with no claim on Johnson, except that he was in need. Mrs. Desmoulins was daughter to Johnson's godfather, who died and left her in destitution. But to continue our extracts:

Letter from Dr. Johnson to Boswell, July, 1777:

"Mrs. Williams is in the country, to try if she can improve her health; she is very ill. *Matters have come about so*, that she is in the country, with very good accommodation; but age, and sickness, and pride, have made her so peevish, that I was forced to bribe the maid to stay with her, by a secret stipulation of half-a-crown a week over her wages."

Johnson to Boswell, July, 1778:

"Mrs. Williams is sick; Mrs. Desmoulins is poor. I have miserable nights. Nobody is well but Mr. Levett."

Let us see what others thought of Johnson's unfeeling disposition:

"His patience was as much tried by these inmates as his generosity. The dissension that the many* odd inhabitants of his house chose to live in, distressed and mortified him exceedingly. He really was sometimes afraid of going home, because he was sure to be met at the door by numberless complaints; and he used to lament pathetically to Mrs. Thrale, that they made his life miserable, *from the impossibility he found of making theirs happy*, when every favour he bestowed on one was gall and wormwood to the rest. If, however, Mrs. Thrale ventured to blame their ingratitude and condemn their misconduct, he *would instantly set about softening the one, and justifying the other*; and finished commonly by telling her that she knew not how to make allowances for situations she never experienced."—*Croker's Life*, vol. 2.

Hear the testimony of Sir John Hawkins:

"Even these intruders who had taken shelter under his roof, and who, in his absence from home, brought thither their children, found cause to murmur; 'their provision of food was scanty, or their dinners ill dressed;' all which he chose to endure rather than put an end to their clamours by ridding his home of such thankless guests. Nay so insensible was he of the ingratitude of those whom he thus suffered to hang upon him, and among whom he may be said to have divided an income which was little more than sufficient for his own support, that he would submit to reproach and personal affront from some of them; even Levett would sometimes insult him, and Mrs. Williams, in her paroxysms of

rage, has been known to drive him from her presence."—*Hawkins' Life of Johnson*, p. 408.

To those who have judged harshly of Johnson, we recommend these extracts. They speak for themselves, in language too plain to need interpretation. They give us a picture of his every day life; something which can be relied on more than an occasional kind deed. If he sometimes misjudged, and spoke rudely; if he was rough and uncouth in manner, let us remember that for more than twenty years his house was an asylum for the blind, the aged, the peevish, and, alas, that we must add, the unthankful. It is easy to bestow an occasional dole to the poor at our own door, or to give an odd sixpence to a beggar in the street; but to surrender our own comfort, to receive them at our own firesides, and submit for years to their caprices and their ingratitude, and to do this cheerfully without a murmuring word, or look,—this is quite another thing. Yet this was what the *unfeeling* Johnson did while bodily distress and mental agony were bearing heavy upon him. "The best night I have had this twenty years," he tells us, in 1778, "was at Fort Augustus." At another time he says: "I lie down that my acquaintance may sleep, but I lie down to endure oppressive misery, and soon rise again to pass the night in misery and pain." If we remember how irritable a slight illness, even a week's tooth ache has made us, we shall know how to appreciate the gigantic calmness and energy of Dr. Johnson, who laboured and suffered during a long life without uttering scarcely a single complaint, uniting the firmness and the heroic fortitude of an old Roman, with the patient resignation of a Christian Martyr. Johnson, in tears at the tomb of his friend Garrick, or putting pennies into the hands of the poor homeless boys that he found sleeping in the markets and on the steps, as he returned from the club, would be a fit subject for genius to illustrate. There is sublimer morality and more affecting tenderness in the following account of his last parting with poor Catharine Chambers. It is taken from his private diary, and dated October 18, 1767.

"Yesterday, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend, Catharine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She has buried my father, my brother and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old."

"I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians we should part with prayer; and that I should, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me, and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed kneeling by her—I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we would meet in a better place. I expressed with swelled eyes and great

* In addition to those already mentioned, Miss Williams, the negro Francis, and a female servant.

emotions and tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed, and then parted. I humbly hope to meet again to part no more."

If there is one who can read this solemn and touching recital without emotion, or with feelings of ridicule and disdain, alas, for his moral sensibilities. "Not willingly, in his presence would I behold the sun sinking behind the western hills, or listen to a tale of distress or venture,—for I should be ashamed of the quiet tear on my own cheek."

But it is time, and more than time, to look at other points on Johnson's character, which utter calumny or ignorance, has misrepresented. He has been called superstitious. He was so, for he was not perfect. It was partly the fault of his physical organization, and partly the common failing of the age in which he lived. It was, at least, a harmless failing, for its effects were felt only by himself. He fasted, when others feasted; he prayed often, when nine-tenths of the literati of the age scoffed at religion; he was too credulous, but credulity is a thousand fold better than scepticism. If he thought that the spirits of departed saints hovered around the living as ministering angels, and was disposed to pray, on the death of his wife, "that he might enjoy the good effects of her attention, whether exercised by appearance, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to God's government," it was certainly no crime, but a venial weakness. We quote another example of his superstition; were it more common in those days it would do us no harm. It happened during his last visit to Lichfield:

"Madam," says Johnson, "I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father had long been in the habit of attending market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books. Confined to his bed, by indisposition, he requested me this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of disobedience, I this day went in a post chaise to —, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare for an hour, before the stall which my father had formerly occupied, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father." If any consider this as superstition and folly united, let them remember that Johnson's conscience urged him to the penance; let that be his excuse.

"But he hated the Scotch." True, he disliked them much, although his dislikes on this head, have

been much exaggerated. He rallied them often in sport, tease to Boswell. When Lee mentioned some Scotchman who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why he should choose it, Johnson said: "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative. The Scotch would not know it to be barren," and thus he ran on, and in a letter to Mrs. Thrale confessed he was breaking jokes with Jack Wilkes upon the Scotch! "Its all gardening with you; pray, sir, are you able to bring the *hoe* to perfection." "Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young." "What do you think of the Hebrides?" "I say it is a very vile country to be sure, sir"—"Well, sir, but God made it." "Certainly he did, but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan, but God made hell." His definition of oats is well known, and perhaps a dozen more anecdotes, like those quoted may be gleaned from all his recorded sayings. Let it be remembered that during his whole life he was intimate with many Scotchmen, and assisted them as cheerfully as others with his purse. When Boswell hesitated to introduce a friend, Johnson wrote him, "Mr. Johnson does not see why Mr. Boswell should suppose a Scotchman less acceptable than any other man." On another occasion he said, "when I find a Scotchman, to whom an Englishman is a Scotchman, that Scotchman shall be an Englishman to me." But it is scarcely worth while to say more on this head. Johnson had his prejudices, and he spoke his opinions bluntly. Let it be remembered that Johnson was an Englishman. The English nation pretended to despise the Scotch, the Scotch retorted. The dislike was in Johnson's days, much stronger than we hope it will be again. It was the remains of ancient grudges which a union could not obliterate. Men of education and talent from all parts of England, Ireland and Scotland, crowded to the London market and offered themselves for sale. If Scotch shrewdness, perseverance, suppleness, and economy, commanded the highest price, no wonder that they were looked upon with jealousy.

This feature of Johnson's character may partly be excused in him. He was a great man, and lived in a day when national animosity ran high. He was a man who had some weak parts, and this was one of them. It is not uncommon to find the same narrow jealousies cherished now. Have we not seen them on a large scale in this very city—English pitted against French—French against English. Nay is it not too common to find national jealousies, and social distinctions between subjects of the same Sovereign, sprung from the same stock, speaking one language, with kindred literature, associations, and manners. It were well if Johnson's failings served as a beacon to us, for although in him they co-existed with an enlarged and cultivated intellect, an acute practical common sense, and after much and

varied intercourse with men; in us, if we cherish them, these national prejudices will break out in ill natured remarks and vituperations, or in hints and suspicions which are not less offensive. It surely requires no great degree of candour to admit that excellence is confined to no particular age, nor nation; much less that it is not to be exclusively found in a particular clique, or coterie, who esteem themselves righteous and despise others. Wherever excellence is found, it should be acknowledged and welcomed, and by persons of liberal and expanded views it will always be thus hailed. Minds essentially little and vulgar, are in their nature exclusive and one-sided; and while such minds exist national prejudices and hostilities can never wholly disappear. There are earthy particles in the composition of great minds also, weaknesses which creep in while judgment is in immature, and, reason off its guard. Johnson thoroughly despised the French nation. This was another shadow cast upon his luminous disk.

Other failings he had which even his best friends cannot help discovering; but on these it is not intended here to dwell. We have not examined nor tried to estimate the worth of Johnson as an author, nor as a man of firm piety. Another salient point in his character, his Toryism, has been kept out of view. We have seen him in youth and in manhood battling with want, and by the severest exertion providing, although but scantily, for his subsistence. His unflinching resolution has attracted our admiration, his integrity and simplicity of heart and purpose, his kindness to the poor and the unfortunate, have received our love. His failings may serve as beacons, to warn us from the shoals where his giant bulk received so little damage. What shall we more say? Only this;—that his whole soul is spread out before us like a map, in Boswell's work; that he who delights in approaching greatness with reverence, and with eyes devoutly dim, may in it study Johnson with pleasure, as well as with much profit; he will there find solutions of many knotty points which seldom fail to press upon an enquiring spirit, and have the seeds revealed to him, of rare and pregnant truths, which if received, and cultivated with care, cannot fail to spring up into fair and goodly plants, never bloomless, but not without wholesome fruit.

Montreal, November 14, 1840.

A CONTRADICTION.

MATRIMONY, we all know and allow, is the consummation of love; now lexicographers say that consummation means *end*.

A REVOLUTION.

IN Shakespeare's time all the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. In ours all the world's a book, and all its population simply readers.

(ORIGINAL.)

A SPORTSMAN'S INSTRUCTIONS TO A LIMNER, TO GUIDE HIM IN PAINTING SEVEN HUNTING PIECES.

The huntsman sounds his thrilling horn,
The sportsmen quick convene,
Each face looks cheerful as the morn—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

In cover next sweet hope runs high,
All beat with ardour keen,
And on the stretch are ear and eye—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

In drawing on they near the spot,
Where Reynard late had been;
List to the hounds sweet music note—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

The huntsman now whoops "Tally-ho,"
For he has Reynard seen;
Hark! forward! now is all the go—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

He next whoops, "gone—gone—gone away,"
And points to the ravine,
Where Reynard crossed in style so gay—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

O'er brook and brake—o'er hill and dale,
As well as meadow green,
He bounds, till strength begins to fail—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

Now, panting, faint, he drags along,
And close behind are seen
Two high bred hounds, both fleet and strong—
They, artist, close the scene.

R.

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

A **STATUE** may be compared to a star, and a painting to a flower. The one is apart, unchanging, independent, and sublime—it is full of light that burns only for itself; it derive, no apparent nourishment from any outward source; and it lifts our thoughts to hold communion with higher races than man. The other, belonging to our earth, and the child of it, is a portion of that nature to which we ourselves belong, is fed by the atmosphere we breathe, and clad in colours which attract us the more because we irresistibly connect with them the notion of decay. The statue might be fancied the marble crystal of a spirit that will soon take wing to its planet. The painting is the exquisite and blooming bud that grows from the native soil of man.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ROYAL ELECTION.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES—BORROWED FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF POLAND.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

“Ho! ho! ho!

To earth: and why to earth?—thou foolish fiend!
What wouldst thou do on earth?—vain spirit,
Stay in your place—know your own strength!”

BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE city of Cracow was filled with strange tumults. The inhabitants were seen hurrying from all quarters towards the market-place, which seemed the general point of attraction, alike to the sober and industrious, as to the idle and curious citizen. The houses were deserted, the shops shut up, and the cheerful sounds of labour yielded to the shouts and outcries of a gathering multitude. One man alone appeared intent upon his business, and continued to make the air ring with the strokes of his hammer. This was Lechus, the blacksmith, the handsomest and strongest man in the kingdom of Poland. Yet, in spite of these two great natural advantages, Lechus was so poor that he could neither afford to purchase nor hire a proper forge whereon to labour at his vocation. A large stone by the road-side, just without the gates of the city, hollowed in the centre, served him in the double capacity of furnace and anvil.

Lechus had begun the world under better circumstances. His father, the chief of a petty tribe, had left a goodly inheritance of flocks and herds to his only son; but Lechus had many dangerous enemies to cope with, which ultimately proved his ruin. These formidable foes consisted in a tall, muscular, well-knit figure, a handsome, manly countenance, a merry dark eye, a heart warm with the headstrong passions of youth, and a mind prone to extravagance and pleasure. Lechus had no other enemies, and was the enemy of none but himself. He was a reckless, good-natured fellow, and was a general favourite with the old and young. Lechus was a rolling-stone that gathered no moss. While his money lasted, he kept open house, liberally entertaining all comers, until his treasure melted like wax before the sun; and his extravagant profusion, whilst it enriched the herd of flatterers that daily resorted his house, reduced him to a state of beggary. The young spendthrift perceived his error when too late; but instead of repenting, he laughed the loudest at his own folly, and vowed, that were the opportunity to occur again, he would act the same. Overwhelmed with debt, and with all his old propensities making war against him, doubly as-

sailed by temptations, both from within and without, he was compelled, by dire necessity, to earn a living by the strength of his arm. His mind was at first unwilling to abandon a state of indolent ease, but his health was robust and his arm strong—so strong, that the hitherto indolent possessor was astonished at its strength, which wholesome and manly exercise daily increased. Industrious habits soon effected a great moral change in our hero. He worked hard and paid all his old debts; but this kept him very poor. This morning was the first since his final ruin which saw him beyond the perils of the law, out of debt, and out of danger; and though he heard the loud shouts of the gathering mob, and longed to be in the midst of the throng, he had vowed to devote the first two hours of the day to labour, and thus begin the world afresh, in a manner more creditable to himself. It was not the love of gain that made this careless votary of pleasure thus unusually industrious; and it was a matter of surprise to every passer-by to see Lechus so busy at his forge. He was in high spirits, and accompanied his noisy work with noisy shouts and songs, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

Who would wish to be a king,
Who, like me, could work and sing?
Welcome morning's jolly prime,
Bid honest labour laugh at time:—
Lord of all that nature gave,
Who shall dare to call a slave?
The man who, born of low degree,
Monarch of his own can be?

Whilst yon golden orb of day
Cheers me with his warmest ray;
Health, and strength, and youth are mine,
'Twould be folly to repine—
All the pleasures man can know,
In a narrow circle glow;
And whilst I can work and sing,
I envy not the proudest king.

Though noble churl may call me clown,
Earth's to me a bed of down;

Sweeter far my crust of bread,
 Than his board with dainties spread ;
 Though for him the royal wine
 In a crystal goblet shine,
 Friendship consecrates my cup,
 And blithe of heart I drink it up—
 Hurra ! hurrah ! I'll drink and sing,
 And envy not the proudest king !

"Master," said a little ragged barefooted urchin, running up to the forge, quite out of breath, and his round, staring, grey-eyes rolling in his head, "will you give me a holiday ?"

"What for ?" returned Lechus, without looking up from his work.

"I want to see the show."

"What good will that do you, Valdo ?"

"I don't know," said the boy, twirling his thumbs.

"I should like to be as wise as other folk."

"As foolish, you mean."

"Then all the world are fools, master, but you and I, for every body is going."

"Humph !" said Lechus. "If we comprise the wisdom of the world, God help the fools. Why, child, you would only be in the way."

"So will a great many that will be there. Why, master, they are going to make a king from among the great folk, and why may not I vote with the rest ?"

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! Vote—you have no vote."

"But I can shout, master, and cry, 'God save the king,' when we have got one—and my shout will make as much noise as the rest."

"That will only serve to stun men's ears, and frighten their horses."

"Then, master, you should certainly let me go. A skittish horse is very likely to kick up a dust, and kick off his shoes, and that will bring work to our forge."

"Well, go," said Lechus, laughing ; "but mind you get into no mischief, and return with whole bones."

"Never fear," said the urchin, flinging up the tattered remains of a fur cap high into the air.

"Here goes. Hurra ! hurra !"

Lechus looked after his attendant imp, until the cloud of dust he raised with his heels hid him from his sight.

"Happy Valdo. One hour more, and my task is ended. I shall then be free to join the fun. But softly. Who comes here ? Pretty Mistress Ora. I know why she comes this way. She hopes to catch me with her roguish black eyes, and smart feet and ancles ; but, Mistress Ora, you have too many sweet-hearts ; the woman I will have for a wife must love me and only me. How conceitedly she walks—how smartly she is dressed too. Now she makes as if she would pass by without observing me. This is too much for flesh and blood to endure. What

ho ! Mistress Ora ! what brings you abroad so early this morning ?"

The village beauty tossed her head, and answered with affected nonchalance :

"Not to see you, Mr. Lechus."

"Now that's what I call a great bounce," said the provoking blacksmith, dropping the butt-end of his huge hammer upon the anvil with a bang that made his fair gossip start, and staring her full in the face : "Did I not see you, Ora, from the moment you crossed your father's threshold, affect an air of consequence, and exalt your little self an inch or two higher, in order to attract my attention, and appear charming in my eyes ?"

"I would as soon try to captivate a bear, Master Lechus. Your heart is as hard as your anvil ; and your voice, which served as an alarm to awaken me just now, just as musical as the strokes of your hammer, which make my head and ears ache all day."

"Poor head, poor ears," said Lechus, laughing. "What a misfortune it is to live in the vicinity of those who make a noise in the world. But great as the annoyance is, there is not a maid in Cracow would more regret my absence than Ora."

"Do not flatter yourself, Lechus ; I cannot feel interested in a rude wretch like you."

"But I am sure you do."

"'Tis false ! I hate and detest you ! and wish you were dead !"

"Now, that's very charitable, Ora, and I might feel a little hurt at such an ugly speech from such a pretty mouth, did I not invariably take what women say by contraries, and am ever most flattered by their angry speeches."

"Is there no way to affront you ?" said Ora, pouting.

"You would say, Ora, is there no way, Lechus, to make you love me ? Come, don't pout and look like a rose in a storm, or a butterfly after a shower of rain, shaking its pretty wings, and chiding the rude blast for so unceremoniously ruffling its tiny plumes. Your very anger is put on to show off your sparkling eyes and red lips. If any woman could make me wish to forego the merry life of a bachelor, I think you could."

"I hate general lovers," said Ora, slyly advancing her elegant little foot a few inches beyond her petticoat. "I should like to know, Lechus, how many times you have been in love ?"

"So often, Ora, that it exceeds all calculation."

"And you can tell me this—and at the same time pretend to be in love with me ?" said Ora, suddenly flashing upon the blacksmith the indignation of her large black eyes. "There is Casimer, now, whom you know well, is a handsome and a proper man, and rich withal—tells me a very different story,"

"What does he tell you, Ora."

"That he loves me to distraction—and that he never did love any one but me."

"Ho! ho!" said Lechus. "What a silly girl you are to believe such lies. Men, Ora, are not made of marble, and the man who could number three and twenty years, like friend Casimer, without having been in love at least a dozen times, might turn hermit with a safe conscience. I'm an honest fellow, and dare speak the truth; and you are angry with me for my sincerity. When I part with my liberty, it shall be to one as independent as myself."

"I wish you may fall desperately in love."

"With yourself, Ora? That wish came from the heart."

"How I would torment you for your provoking speeches."

"Go and try your power on Casimer—he will invent pretty tales to flatter your vanity. I cannot give my warm, honest heart in exchange for a gilded toy."

"Savage!—I will not listen to you," said Ora, bursting into tears. Her mortified pride and secret inclination for her rude tormentor, struggling for mastery.

Lechus beheld her grief with the most provoking calmness. "Don't be so angry, Ora; it spoils your beauty. Cupid has a horror of red eyes, and so have I. Come tell me the news? Where are you going? And why are you so gaily apparelled?"

"What will you give me for my news?" said the little belle, brightening up at being called beautiful.

"A kiss."

"Oh! you dirty, black monster!" said Ora, screaming aloud, as Lechus with one bound cleared his rural forge. "If you dare to come nearer with those smutty hands, I'll tear your eyes out!"

"Phaw!" said Lechus, laughing. "The dirt is honest dirt, and will leave no soil upon your lips."

"Ah! you will spoil my clothes, you cruel creature—blacken my face—and make my cheeks glow like the iron on your anvil!"

"What, all this terrible ado about a kiss?" said Lechus, still drawing nearer to the terrified girl—"You have often given me two before, unasked. If you will not allow me to take one civilly, why I must use force."

"Oh, that Casimer were here!" said Ora, wringing her hands and enacting a very pretty distress; "he would not suffer you to take such unwarrantable liberties."

"He could not save you, Ora, from my just revenge, for I have sworn that you shall not quit this spot until you have kissed the ugly, black monster!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Ora, coaxingly, "what shall I do? Do but spare me this once, dear Mr. Lechus, and I will never call you rude names again."

"For you to call me a fool twice, Ora? Now which do you value most, my fair flirt, your rosy

lips or your gala dress?" As he spoke he snatched up an old shovel, and filling it full of ashes from the furnace, stood before the bewildered maiden, in the very act to throw its sooty contents over her fine dress. "If you do not instantly pay the penalty of your sauciness, I will envelope you in this envious black cloud."

Ora looked up doubtingly in his face, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry. She met the bright eyes of the amorous blacksmith brimful of mirth, and her own sunk quickly to the earth.

"Ah, Lechus," she said, in her blandest tones,— "if you have no compassion on me, I beseech you to have compassion on my dress. Think how much it cost me?"

"That's not my business, but yours, Ora. You know the terms. Come—decide?"

He resumed his threatening attitude, and Ora remained irresolute, pulling a bunch of flowers to pieces she held in her hand. But the fear of being too late for the show, and having her only change of finery totally destroyed, overcame her maidenly scruples, and she said in a faltering voice:

"If I suffer this indignity, will you promise not to spoil my dress?"

"On the honour of a blacksmith," said Lechus, making a salaam. Then clutching the pretty coquet, he gave her a hearty kiss, she struggling in his arms like an angry dove in the grasp of a falcon. At length Lechus appeared to pity her confusion, and gave up his prize with a hearty laugh, while Ora fled back to her father's cottage with the speed of a deer.

"Ha! ha! she runs like a greyhound," said Lechus. 'Tis a lovely child. But no—I will not rival Casimer—my heart is as light as a feather—no woman on earth shall again rob me of my peace of mind. Here's a refuge from care," he continued, picking up his hammer. "This rough music has taught me some useful lessons, and will soon frighten away all the envious Cupids from my heart."

Again wood and hill resounded to the sturdy strokes of the young Hercules, and again burst forth the full tones of that deep sonorous voice:

Heigh ho! when a man's in love,
His blithest song will be
As sad as the wind in the dreary grove,
When it sighs from tree to tree.
Heigh ho! heigh ho! is not the song for me!

Heigh ho! the rose is sweet,
The violet's eyes are blue:
I cannot kneel at woman's feet
Or tax my soul to sue.
My head is cool—my spirit bold;
My heart is gay and free:—
Love is a tale too often told,
To win one sigh from me.

"Well now, that's a merry stave for a bachelor. I

hope love will never spoil so gay a tune. But whom have we here?"

CHAPTER II.

A **SPLENDID** cavalcade was approaching on their way to the city, in the centre of which, surrounded by slaves and men at arms, rode a lovely lady. The proudest woman in the realm, the daughter and heiress of the Wayvode Boleslaus, the beautiful Princess Rixa. A dull, haughty looking cavalier, splendidly dressed in all the gaudy trappings of that barbarous age, rode at her bridle rein. Lechus rested his head upon the top of his hammer, and watched with an air of intense curiosity the splendid procession as it drew near.

Perhaps, a feeling nearly allied to envy, cast a shade over his cheerful brow, as his eyes drank in the light of that noble woman's countenance; and he glanced with contempt upon the splendidly dressed nobleman, and then at his own manly figure, and wished that they could exchange places.

His reverie was interrupted by the horse on which the princess rode suddenly plunging out of the line, and flinging his fair rider. The strong arm of the blacksmith caught her ere she reached the ground. The nobleman, whose name also was Lechus, dismounted from his horse, and hurried to her assistance.

"I am not hurt, my lord," said the princess, disengaging herself from the arms of Lechus. "Young man, I thank you."

Lechus was spell bound and answered not a word. He continued to stare like one bewildered on the beautiful creature before him.

The nobleman was exceedingly displeased at his audacity, and threatened to have him severely punished for his careless and disrespectful conduct.

"Slave!" he exclaimed, "mind your business. This high-bred Tartarian steed has lost a nail in his shoe, fasten it quickly, that we may proceed without delay."

"How, my lord, do you call an honest, independent man a slave?" said Lechus. "I never answer to an appellation so base and undeserved. He only is a slave who crouches at the foot of tyranny."

"Serf, dare you bandy words with me," returned the nobleman, in an angry tone.

"Aye my lord, were you even greater than you are. A free-born peasant may address his prince without forgetting his own dignity as a man."

A thundercloud was gathering upon the brow of the arrogant noble, whilst Lechus proceeded with the utmost coolness to examine the foot of the fair Rixa's high spirited horse.

"Lady, you had better mount another steed," he said, at length raising himself up, and looking respectfully in the face of the princess. "This animal has been wounded in the foot, and will be apt to

throw you, if the least startled, or irritated by the shouts of the crowd."

"Spare your advice, and drop your eyes, you insolent, unmannered knave!" said the noble, whose rage could no longer be controlled, at the same time striking the blacksmith with his riding whip.

Lechus sprang upon his titled namesake, and suddenly wrenching the whip from him, flung it in his face. "Take that, tyrant, and with it the deep curse of injured manhood!"

A dreadful tumult ensued. Fifty pikes were pointed at the breast of Lechus—but swinging aloft his ponderous hammer, he bade defiance to them all.

"Down with the slave! cut out his tongue; hew him in pieces," burst from many voices. Yet none dared advance to put these threats into practice. Lechus stood like a lion at bay, conscious of his superior strength, and laughing at their impotent rage. At length the princess interfered in his behalf. "Forgive the peasant, my lord, for my sake, for the service he has just rendered me. He did not mean to give offence—and you must acknowledge," she added in a lower tone, "that he is a brave fellow, and possesses a noble independent spirit."

"Should I be elected king of this fair realm," said her companion, "I'll find a speedy method to tame such spirits;" then casting a withering look upon the denounced Lechus, he assisted the princess to mount her horse, and in a few minutes the cavalcade were out of sight.

Lechus remained rooted to the spot, gazing after the princess and her train, till not one particle of the cloud of dust which their horses' hoofs had raised, remained between him and the clear blue sky. He had been insulted and abused—yet, there he stood, like a man in a dream, his senses completely bewildered, and his thoughts so intently occupied in pondering on the charms of the beautiful princess, that he heard the increasing tumult in the city like one who heard it not. Curiosity had fallen asleep; and he was too deeply involved in his romantic speculations, to enquire of the foot passengers the cause of such an unusual commotion in the city.

"Now, by the soul of my father!" cried Lechus, at length giving utterance to his thoughts, "that lady's countenance is the mirror of all excellence. I could look into her sweet face until mine eyes ached, yet never be satisfied. Surely this cannot be love that has saddened me all on a sudden; and made me disregardful of the insults of yonder arrogant noble. Were I to take a fancy to the moon, and make her acquainted with my passion, I might as readily expect the fair majesty of night to listen to my suit as this high-born damsel. Hang care! Let me see if I can banish these gloomy feelings with a song?"

"I'll never love!" young Kora cries,
 "I scorn the infant tyrant's art!"
 Then turns on me her sparkling eye,
 To wound me with his keenest dart.

Ah! cruel maid! dost thou forswear,
 The sovereignty thy charms maintain;
 Ah! then in pity, deign to share,
 The heart where thou hast fixed his chain.

"It wond do."

Heigh ho! Heigh ho! alas,—and woe is me!—

"Ha! ha! ha! This is a new tune to my old song. Have I become at last the burden of the ditty? It is useless for me to sigh for a princess. She would spurn me from her presence with as little ceremony as her high spirited palfrey did the dust from beneath his hoofs. Alas! why am I only a poor blacksmith? If I could turn this hammer," and he swung it aloft, "into a sceptre, and this block of granite," and the hammer descended upon it with a force that almost cleft the solid rock, "into a royal seat, I might then hope to obtain favour in the eyes of the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Perhaps, Lechus, I could perform the desired miracle, and help you to the fulfilment of your wishes," said a tall, dark man, suddenly appearing at his elbow. Lechus, who had not noticed his approach, stared upon the intruder with utter astonishment. The person of the stranger was majestic and imposing. He wore upon his head a high red Tartarian cap, of a conical form, and his tunic of fine goat's hair, was confined round his waist by a broad red sash, curiously embroidered with gold.

"Friend, from whence do you come?" said Lechus, contemplating his companion with mingled feelings of curiosity and dread.

"That's a secret," replied the Tartar. "I never answer impertinent questions."

"You are right," said Lechus, "but I am in no humour for trifling. I have long struggled against an evil destiny. My light heart has departed from me; and in good truth I am weary of my life."

"Discontent is an evil and unprofitable disease," said the Tartar; "man was formed to enjoy his existence, at least while he can call the brief season of youth his own; and not to waste all his energies in useless complainings. I can make you rich."

"Do not mock my poverty," said Lechus regaining his former courage. "I was once rich."

"What brought you to this?" said the Tartar, pointing contemptuously to the forge.

"While my gold lasted," returned Lechus, "I gave to many; but when by foolish profusion I had wasted my substance, men made promises of service, which they took good care never to perform."

"This result might have been expected," said the man in the red cap.

"You are an excellent comforter," returned Lechus. "Perhaps you are one of those vain boasters, who talk largely and raise hopes in the indigent which they are unable to perform."

"You are an uncourteous fellow," said the Tartar, laughing; "but I like your bluntness. That which I promise I can perform. The treasures of the earth are mine. I can exalt the beggar, and hurl down the prince, and increase in tenfold degree the riches of those who find favour in my eyes."

"You have made yourself equal to a God," returned the blacksmith with a sarcastic smile, "but I shrewdly suspect you of being a poor mortal after all. If you be the mighty magician you pretend, smite upon that piece of iron, with the hammer, and change the base metal into gold."

It was no sooner asked than performed, and the rude bar of iron was transformed into pure gold. The blacksmith was surprised and confounded, and his countenance displayed a strange perturbation.

"Do you still doubt my power, Lechus? I can do greater things than this."

"I wish you would leave me," said Lechus; "your presence troubles me."

"Lechus," resumed the Tartar, with solemnity. "Fortune smiles upon you once more. Do not reject her favours. I can make you a king; nay, more—I can give the lovely Rika to your arms."

At these words the blacksmith drew nearer; and though he was convinced that his strange visiter was not a material being, his eyes sparkled, and his countenance became suddenly animated.

"But," continued the Tartar, "these great advantages can only be obtained on certain conditions."

"Name them."

"You must kneel down, and render me homage in whatever shape I may think fit to assume."

"Nay, that I will not do," said Lechus; "until I know who and what you are—you may be—"

"Out with it man," said the other, with a scornful laugh; "does the word choke you?"

"The Devil!" returned the dauntless blacksmith, drawing a free breath, when he perceived that his frank avowal produced no wonderful change in his mysterious companion—that his finely formed feet neither contracted into hoofs, nor did a pair of fiery horns sprout from among his rich dark chestnut hair.

"That is one of my names," said the Tartar. "I have many others, of which I am equally proud. But what if I am the potent monarch whom the children of dust foolishly dread? methinks you could not worship a more munificent deity. Cast your eyes, Lechus, from east to west, and from north to south; all this goodly tract of country shall be yours, if you will swear to be my servant."

"I would rather be a free blacksmith than a titled slave!" cried Lechus, firmly. "I have demeaned

myself too much already by listening to your base proposals."

"You will think better of them, Lechus," said the Tartar. "I give you until midnight to make your choice between poverty and riches—a blacksmith's forge and a throne." He ceased speaking, and vanished in the smoke of the furnace.

"I a king!" exclaimed the astonished Lechus, when he found himself once more solus. "Ha, ha, the thought pleases me. I have been dreaming. But softly:—this is no delusion of sight," he cried, snatching up the bar of gold, which still glittered on the anvil. "I am, methinks, awake. Now, by the soul of king Lechus, whose namesake I have the honour to be, my fortune is already made, and I will never strike hammer upon anvil again. That Tartar had a shrewd knack of converting base metals into gold. An exchange is no robbery. Hurra! in this instance I have outwitted the evil one."

He then hastily concealed the bar of gold in a hole at the foot of the stone, as his neighbour, Steinulf, (the father of Ora), and her lover, Casimer, approached the forge.

"How, Lechus—hard at work still?" said Casimer. "Can a tumult be raised in the city, and you not run to make one in the crowd?"

"Prithee, good Casimer, tell me the news?"

"Have you not asked that question before?" said Casimer. "Why, man, you must have seen two suns in the heavens this morning, and the sight has made you disregardful of earthly concerns."

"The news is briefly this," said old Steinulf, eagerly interrupting Casimer: "the kingdom of Poland has lost one master, and is likely to pass into the hands of a new tyrant. King Premislaus is hardly cold in his grave before twelve candidates start forward, all eager to fill his empty seat. Tomorrow will decide whose name will be great in Poland. Will you along with us, Master Lechus, and hear the proclamation?"

"With all my heart," said the blacksmith, flinging down his hammer, and shaking the dust from his loose dress. "When crowns are to be given away, and men are at liberty to chose their own king, every man's voice adds weight to the matter; and may that wretch be accused, who, for the base love of gain, would betray his country, by voting against his conscience."

(To be continued.)

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

SIR WILLIAM GOOCH, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street, in the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro who was passing. "Sir," said the gentleman, "do you descend so far as to salute a slave?" "Why yes," replied the governor, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The spirit of the shower,
Of the sunshine and the breeze,
Of the dewy twilight hour,
Of the bud and opening flower,
My soul delighted sees.
Stern winter's robe of gray,
Beneath the balmy sigh,
Like mist-wreaths melt away,
When the rosy laughing day
Lifts up his golden eye.—

Spirit of ethereal birth,
Thy azure banner floats,
In lucid folds, o'er air and earth,
And budding woods pour forth their mirth,
In rapture-breathing notes.
I see upon the fleecy cloud
The spreading of thy wings;
The hills and vales rejoice aloud,
And Nature, starting from her shroud,
To meet her bridegroom springs.

Spirit of the rainbow zone,
Of the fresh and breezy morn,—
Spirit of climes where joy alone
Forever hovers round thy throne,
On wings of light upborne,
Eternal youth is in thy train
With rapture beaming eyes,
And Beauty, with her magic chain,
And Hope, that laughs at present pain,
Points up to cloudless skies.

Spirit of love, of life, and light!
Each year we hail thy birth—
The day-star from the grave of night
That sets to rise in skies more bright,—
To bless the sons of earth
With leaf—and bud—and perfumed flower,
Still deck the barren sod;
In thee we trace a higher power,
In thee we claim a brighter dower,
The day-spring of our God!

(ORIGINAL.)

INTERRUPTION.

BY MRS. H. SILVESTER.

Said Dan, "your uncle, dying, bid me tell,
That he had left a thousand pounds to you —"
"Did he?" cried Tom; "excellent creature! well,
I always was his favourite, I knew."

"Not in so great a hurry, friend," said Dan,
For you, unluckily, are quite wrong there;—
It had been left you by the dying man,
Until he found out what a rogue you were."
Peterboro'.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE PAGE.

BY E. L. C.

Smooth runs the water where the brook runs deep ;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

Shakspeare.

SEVERAL years had elapsed since Isabella, the young infanta of Castile, gave her hand to Alphonse, the heir of the Portuguese throne, and left the sheltering arms of her parents, for a residence in the court of her adoption. But, alas for human hopes ! within four months after her marriage, the young prince was killed by a fall from his horse, and a widowed bride, Isabella, with a riven heart, bade adieu to the scenes of her short-lived happiness, and returned again to Spain. But, shunning the publicity of her mother's court, she fixed her residence in a convent, and devoted her life to acts of charity and devotion.

Still, scarcely past the period of childhood, lovely in disposition, and eminently beautiful in person, her hand was sought by many a princely wooer ; but she turned sadly and coldly from all, wedded to the memory of her early love, and averse to forming new ties, that might bind her again to the world. Her parents regretted her determination, for she was their eldest born and their darling, the object of their ambition, not less than of their love ; but they forbore to coerce her inclinations, hoping that time, and her own deep sense of filial duty, would eventually induce her to yield to, what she knew to be, their wishes. During her brief residence at the court of Lisbon, her beauty and her sweetness had made an impression upon Emanuel, the cousin and heir of Alphonso, which time and absence had served rather to deepen, than to efface. Upon the death of King John, in 1495, he succeeded to the crown of Portugal ; and, the dearest wish of his heart still uppermost, he immediately, upon his accession, dispatched envoys to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, requesting the hand of their daughter, the infanta, in marriage.

Isabella received with repugnance the overtures of the young monarch. Not only was the idea of a second marriage indescribably painful to her, but she recoiled from the thought of sharing with another the regal inheritance of the regretted Alphonso. It was her earnest desire to be permitted to assume the veil of a religieuse, and within the peaceful walls of her convent, escape the cruel destiny which she superstitiously believed was in reserve for her, should she again mingle in the busy scenes of life. But her parents would not listen to this wish, and though

they had hitherto suffered her to indulge her love of retirement, and to reject unhesitatingly every proposed alliance, that which now offered combined too many advantages not to be treated by them with consideration.

The contiguity of Portugal to their own kingdom, its increasing power, and, on more than one occasion, the disposition which it had shown to annoy them, made it desirable to cement the friendship and interests of the two countries, by the union now in contemplation. Joining, therefore, their entreaties to those of the royal wooer, both Ferdinand and Isabella used every argument, which might induce their daughter to accept his suit. But for a long time she resisted their persuasions, till she saw how seriously her disobedience to their wishes affected them, when deep filial affection, joined to the persevering solicitations of the enamoured Emanuel, won her to yield a reluctant consent to their united entreaties. It was yielded, however, on a singular condition, on one which, as it proved, fearfully involved her future fate.

History informs us that almost the only faults of Queen Isabella's noble character were a tincture of bigotry and superstition—they were the faults of the age, and pardonable ones amid the galaxy of feminine and heroic virtues possessed by her. The infanta was even more of a devotee than her mother, and, with a mind of less power and energy, yielded fuller belief to the omens and predictions of the ignorant, and attached, if possible, higher importance to the scrupulous observance of every rite and obligation of her church. The Jews, at that period, as is well known, were held in utter abhorrence by all who wore the Christian name, even though they might be deficient in the attributes of charity and brotherly love, which should adorn the Christian character. Hence the expulsion of this unhappy race from Spain, and the persecution which followed them, wherever they bribed a temporary resting place. The princess Isabella, in common with all her nation, was deeply imbued with a feeling of abhorrence towards this proscribed people. She was always observed to cross herself, whenever they were even indirectly alluded to, and in every petition for deliverance from unholy spirits, she fervently implored to be spared all contact or communion with that out-

cast race, who despised the Lord of Life, and trampled, with sacrilegious daring, on the blessed symbol of the cross. It was her firm conviction, that the misfortunes, which of late years had befallen the royal house of Portugal were, indications of God's displeasure, for their lenity in permitting these blasphemers to dwell unmolested on their soil, and when she yielded her acceptance of Emanuel's suit, it was only on the condition that he would immediately issue a sentence of banishment against every Israelite within his realm.

The young monarch was shocked by this instance of bigotry in his destined wife; his liberal and just mind revolted from compliance with so tyrannous and cruel a demand, and he almost resolved to resign the prize he coveted, rather than yield to it. But the long cherished passion of his soul pleaded more strongly than the voice of equity within him, and, in an evil hour, he issued against the harmless Jews a decree of perpetual banishment, and then set forth to wed the fair bride, whose hand he had purchased at the expense of a quiet and self-approving conscience. The Jews, thus torn from their homes and possessions, were, as it may be supposed, dreadfully exasperated, and not a few meditated deep and deadly revenge against the authors of their wrongs; a revenge which was reserved for one only to accomplish.

It was arranged that the royal nuptials should be solemnized privately, and without pomp or parade, at the frontier town of Valencia de Alcantara. A repetition of the magnificent festivities that had graced her union with Alphonso, was repugnant to the feelings of Isabella, and at her earnest desire, Ferdinand and Isabella, attended by a small suite, accompanied her to the appointed place of meeting, where they found the royal bridegroom impatiently awaiting their arrival. The time which had elapsed since the Infanta's residence in Portugal, had ripened and perfected her then childlike beauty, into the exquisite loveliness of matured and conscious womanhood; and when Emanuel found himself again in the presence of the idol whose semblance he had so long worshipped, he was dazzled with the increased lustre of her charms. His heart thrilled with ecstasy, as, availing himself of the permitted privilege, he touched with glowing lips the fair cheek, which kindled into brighter beauty at the salutation.

Nor was Isabella less agreeably surprised by the personal attractions and courtly graces of her betrothed. At the period of her brief acquaintance with him, she had been absorbed by another, and amid the melancholy which had since consumed her, one only image had retained its place in her remembrance. A few hours passed in the society of the accomplished prince, whom she had come forth, impelled only by duty, reluctantly to wed, had banished every feeling of dread and aversion from her heart, and awakened pleasurable emotions, whose genial

influence promised to call again into being, those fair blossoms of love and hope, which the icy chill of death, had once so untimely blighted. Emanuel saw with rapture the favourable impression he had produced on the mind of his bride, and in the joy of the blissful discovery, he forgot that this gentle and radiant creature, had required him, as the price of her hand, to commit an act of wanton cruelty, which stung him with present self-reproach, cast a cloud over his bridal joy, and was destined to bring woe and deep repentance to his after life.

It seemed indeed, as if these inauspicious nuptials were ushered in by gloom—for the morning of their solemnization was dark with storm and rain, and on the day succeeding, an envoy arrived from Salamanca, bringing to Ferdinand and his queen, the agonizing intelligence that their only son, the prince of the Asturias was lying dangerously ill. Unable to endure the anguish of suspense, the angust sovereigns bade a sad and hasty adieu to their newly wedded daughter, and set forth with evil forebodings, which were soon, alas! too fatally realized, to seek the sick couch of their son.

The return of fine weather was the signal for the bridal train to depart from Valencia, and as they quitted the ancient town, a circumstance occurred, which trivial as it seemed at the time, proved all important in the influence it was destined to exert on the fortunes of the ill-fated Isabella.

As the royal cavalcade was just emerging from the precincts of the town into the champaigne country around it, a singular looking figure darted from the crowd that lined the road, and cast himself prostrate before the mule on which the young queen sat. He was an old man, with a beard descending to his girdle, wrapped in a crimson mantle, and wearing a pointed cap with grotesque figures and characters, engraved on its rim.

"Wo! wo, to the royal bride! wo to her for whom a throne waits! wo! wo! wo!" he exclaimed, in a shrill and mocking voice, as he grovelled in the dust beneath the terrified princess. She grew pale and trembled, and as the wild denunciation of this spectral object rung in her ears, her superstitious mind readily received it as her doom. The high fed animal on which she sat, seemed not less alarmed, for he started back with distended nostrils from the obstacle that impeded his progress, and Isabella, paralyzed with terror, would have fallen to the earth, had not a boy sprung suddenly from the crowd, and spurning the old man away, caught the sinking princess in his arms, and held her firmly on her seat.

The incident had passed so rapidly, that the cavaliers of the royal suite had scarcely time to rally round their queen, before the object of alarm had disappeared, and though several spurred after him, he seemed at once to vanish in the crowd among which he had thrown himself. Emanuel, in the meantime, thinking only of his bride, threw himself from

his mule, and taking the place which the boy silently yielded to him, grasped with agitated tenderness her trembling hands, and spoke to her in a tone calculated to dispel her alarm. Isabella struggled for composure, but that terrible denunciation had sunk deep into her heart, and she affected more than, she was capable of feeling. The king, however, seeing the bloom again stealing to her cheek, was on the point of remounting his mule, that their progress might be no longer delayed, when his eye fell upon the gallant boy, who had stepped forward so opportunely to the queen's aid, and, who still stood a few paces from them, earnestly regarding her.

To all appearance he had not seen more than fourteen summers, but there was that in his aspect, which could not fail to awaken interest and attention. His dress, which was in the Spanish fashion, and formed of the richest materials, set off to peculiar advantage his slight and graceful figure, while the small hat, and drooping feather, inclining to one side, revealed a face of such matchless beauty, as artists have sometimes conceived, when they have combined in one, the rare features of different countenances, and portrayed the speaking lineaments upon their canvass. There was a depth of thought, a mysterious meaning on that young brow, not often observable in one of years so tender, and an unearthly light flashing at intervals from those dark and lustrous eyes, that told of inward strength, and deathless energies, such as even manhood in its full maturity, but rarely cherishes.

"Is he not beautiful?" asked Isabella, as she marked the king's eye dwelling long and admiringly upon the youth.

"Beautiful, indeed!" he answered,—"and how shall I repay him for the service he has rendered thee?"

"Speak to him," she said, "let us learn his wishes, that we may bestow on him the reward he most desirest."

Emanuel beckoned the boy towards him,—"I owe thee much," he said, "for the service thou hast rendered one most dear to me,—with what guerdon may I acceptably repay thee?"

"Sire," answered the boy, while a glow of excitement mantled on his olive cheek, "I have but one boon to crave, and that, I fear, thou wilt deem me too unworthy, to bestow."

"Name it," said the king,—"that must be a precious boon indeed, which we would withhold from him, who has done this good deed for our queen. Who serves and honours her, commands us!"

"Then, sire, since thou commandest me to speak boldly, I have but to crave, and that with all humility, that thou wilt install me as one of the pages of thy royal household."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king, eyeing him from head to foot, "thou hast outward commendations for such post, I grant; but we admit none, except the

sons of illustrious houses, to the station thou wouldst fill. Hast thou any claim to be ranked among the high-born and the noble?"

A glow like that of fire passed over the countenance of the boy, and an expression of scorn for an instant curved his youthful lip, but it softened into sadness as he replied:

"Sire, young as I am in years, I stand alone in the wide world,—without kindred, home or friends, and I cherish but the one wish, to spend my life in the service of that illustrious princess, whose name throughout Spain, is coupled with deeds of piety and goodness."

"Ah, do not deny his boon!" exclaimed Isabella, her soft eyes filling with tears, as leaning forward upon her mule, she fixed her pitying gaze upon the boy—"so young, so beautiful, and so forlorn! Trust me, it were an ill omen for the future, should we make the first act of our nuptial life, one of such cruelty as this."

"I would not willingly deny thee aught, my fairest," said the king, fondly regarding her, "but it seems an unadvised thing to receive this stranger to thy service without deeper knowledge of him. We have brief time to parley now, yet give us a hasty outline of thy history, boy, and a true one—since our queen would fain grant thy request, it is right we should weigh thy deserts, to learn if thou art worthy the favour she graciously extends towards thee."

"I can relate all in a few words, sire," returned the boy. "After the sacking of Zahara by the Moors, I was discovered by a wealthy Jew, half suffocated among the ruins of a burning house, rescued, and adopted as his son." Isabella started at this announcement, and a half suppressed smile that played on the lip of the boy, shewed that he understood the cause of her emotion, but affecting not to notice it he proceeded—"He bore me with him to his home in Portugal, and proved a kind protector to my helpless childhood; but when, as I grew older, he strove to instruct me in the precepts of his faith, my mother's milk wrought within me to reject them. I sought the companionship of Christian youths, I frequented a christian temple, and when questioned by him as to my belief, I avowed my faith in the Saviour, whom he would have taught me to spurn. Yet I had become dear to him, for he was childless, and still he cherished me, trusting that time, and his counsel would effect a change in my sentiments. But when your majesty saw fit to issue a sentence of banishment against the Jews of your realm, and he among the rest was compelled to depart from the home that had so long sheltered him, his indignation burst forth, and he swore eternal enmity against all of Christian blood.

"Even I did not escape his wrath; the kindness of his nature was changed to bitterness, and when in his old age he was compelled to go forth and seek

an abode among strangers, he bestowed on me a pittance to preserve me from want, and drove me forever from his presence. Houseless and friendless, I bethought me of a wealthy merchant in Cordova, to whom, on one occasion, I had the good fortune to render a slight service, and I was on my way to crave from him assistance and employment, when the incident occurred which has gained me the honour of your majesty's notice. While I was in the act of driving from the queen's presence the wretched maniac who had cast himself in her path, the wish sprang up in my heart, that it had been my happy destiny to serve one whose looks bear testimony to the truth of what every tongue utters in her praise, and when your majesty commanded me to crave the boon I most desired, I ventured to name this, and humbly trust I may receive the royal pardon for my boldness?"

The boy paused, and the apparent truth and simplicity of his narrative touched and deeply interested his royal listeners. A pang of keen remorse pierced the noble heart of Emanuel, as he beheld in the young and friendless boy before him, one of the numerous victims of his inhuman sentence, and he resolved, at all events, to grant his request, as some atonement for the wrongs which through him he had received. Isabella's conscience, also, found a voice, and now, for the first time, reproached her for the miseries she had been the means of inflicting upon so large a portion of her fellow beings.

"He has suffered through us," she said, addressing the king; "and though it was to do God service that we expelled from the realm his enemies and blasphemers, yet this boy is a true worshipper, and him it befits us to rescue from perdition. If it so please thee, sire, he shall be mine own especial page and attendant, and I will that a mule be forthwith provided for him, that we may proceed on our journey without further detention."

"It shall be as my fair queen chooses," returned the king; "her pleasure is ours, and arrangements shall be made accordingly."

A look of triumph beamed from the luminous eyes of the boy, as he listened to these words in confirmation of his hopes, and crossing his hands upon his breast, he knelt down, and pressed his lips to the hem of the queen's embroidered robe, whose rich folds mingled with the splendid trappings of the stately mule on which she sat.

"But thou hast not yet revealed to us thy name, sir page," she said, as she looked graciously down on the radiant, upturned face of her new attendant.

"Alas! madame," he replied in a melancholy accent, "I know not the name of my family,—I have discarded the Jewish appellation conferred on me by my adopted father, and assumed that of Isidore de Castello."

"Thou hast chosen well," she said, smiling,—
"it is a true Spanish name, and in such, there is

ever music to our ears. Be faithful and obedient, and thou shalt never want a friend while Isabella lives. Mount now," pointing to the mule that had been brought forward for his use, "thou wilt find thy place near our person, where are others of thy age and calling, with whom thou mayest claim companionship."

The youth obeyed with alacrity, vaulting lightly into the saddle, and grasping the rein with a grace, that betokened a well trained and skillful hand, and immediately the royal cortege moved forward, and soon left far behind them the grey walls of Valencia de Alcantara. The remainder of the progress to Lisbon, was marked by no event of note. Emanuel remained well pleased with the lovely bride he had won, and Isabella felt her affections becoming each moment more strongly riveted to the generous and enlightened prince, to whom she had yielded her hand. Many painful emotions were of course awakened on her arrival at the court, by the recollection of the varied scenes of joy and deepest sorrow, which she had there passed through, but the tender devotion of Emanuel, and the many duties which her new and exalted station imposed upon her, were beginning to win her from sad thoughts, when she was indeed called to mourning, by the fatal intelligence of her brother's death, which almost immediately followed her arrival.

Truly, she thought, lowering clouds were destined to veil her horizon, and again, and again, with shuddering superstition, she recalled the prediction of the old man of Valencia. Under such circumstances, the court festivities consequent on the marriage of the sovereign, were suspended, and Isabella was permitted to indulge in the quiet and retirement, which was so congenial to her disposition. During this interval, the page, Isidore, grew into especial favour with his royal mistress. There was a nameless fascination about the boy, that strongly attracted her—a fascination, mysterious as that, which holds the fluttering bird powerless above the fangs of the glittering serpent that watches to devour it. He was gifted beyond his years in many rare accomplishments, excelling especially in music, and his voice, or his instrument, ever were ready at the queen's command, to beguile her weariness, or add new zest to her hours of enjoyment.

His surpassing beauty awakened her most passionate admiration, and his gentle demeanor, and graceful devotion to her wishes, won for him a degree of interest and partiality far beyond that which she bestowed upon others. Wherever she moved, he was seen in her train, and, however attended, the place nearest her person was always assigned to him. Nor, even in her own hours of privacy, was his absence permitted. If it was her pleasure to stroll through the gardens and orange groves surrounding the palace, his presence was commanded, to render such little services as she might require, or if she sat at

the tapestry loom amidst her ladies, the beautiful page occupied a cushion at her feet, and sung, or read, or related for her amusement, some of the many wild legends with which his memory was stored.

But to all the subordinate members of the royal household, the boy was an object of suspicion and dislike. He shunned familiar intercourse with any, and seemed to hold in contempt the sports and pleasures peculiar to his age. With the superstitious feeling common to the period, many of them believed him to be some evil spirit embodied in the beautiful form, the better to effect his malign purposes, and connecting his appearance with that of the old man, whose prophecy had arrested the progress of the royal train at Valencia, they fancied that the queen's destiny was in some way to be influenced by the handsome, but haughty youth whom she so tenderly cherished. One evening, when waiting till a late hour in the ante-room, he had fallen asleep, and in his dreams uttered some words in an unknown language, and with a vehemence that had suddenly awakened him—and at another time, he was surprised by a gentleman of the household, in a retired part of the garden, poring over an ancient looking scroll, engraved in strange characters, and the fierce light that blazed from his eyes, as muttering some invective, he abruptly rose to depart, actually made the intruder recoil with astonishment and affright. These incidents, and many similar ones, were repeated and descanted upon, till the idea became general that there was some unhallowed agency connected with the boy.

Isabella herself, had sometimes fancied that a strange mystery involved her favourite page—more than once she had watched his countenance, when, abstracted and silent, it had assumed an expression that made her blood creep cold in her veins; and on one occasion, while she was fruitlessly endeavouring to penetrate the cause of his emotion, he suddenly raised his eyes and encountered her gaze of scrutiny. Immediately, a vivid glow pervaded his whole face, and he turned away with an air of mingled anger and embarrassment—but quickly recovering himself, he asked with humble deference, if it was the queen's royal pleasure to hear another song.

"Thou art sad, boy," she said, still bending on him a glance, beneath which, his own sank abashed; "can it be, that one so kindly cared for, has aught to render him unhappy?"

"Alas, gracious madame," he replied, "forgive me if I confess, that, notwithstanding the unwearied kindness of my royal benefactors, who generously lavish on me every means of happiness, there are moments when the recollection of my isolated state, and my past misfortunes, overwhelms me with the deepest misery."

"Now shame to thee, young ingrate," said the queen; "thou should'st bless God rather, that he

has rescued thee from the den of that Jewish blasphemer, who reviles and rejects the Saviour of the world—and that he has brought thee among christian people, where thou may'st worship him without restraint or fear."

The boy's cheek grew livid as she spoke, his lip was firmly compressed, and the kindling of his large eye to sudden fierceness, was so terrible, that the gentle Isabella shrank from him with instinctive dread.

"What moves thee thus fearfully, thou foolish boy?" she hastily exclaimed; "I scarce know thee with that changed countenance, nor wouldst thou believe that yonder mirror told thee true, were it to give thee back thy image now."

"Ah, madame," said the page, striving to quell the passion that struggled within him; "pardon me that the recollection of the perils from which my soul has escaped, fills me with agony and terror. Thou, in thy wisdom, hast done wisely to banish from the realm that infidel race, and thy reward, will doubtless be such as the pious deed deserves."

"I sought only to do God service," said the young queen, meekly; "and if my act has been acceptable to Him, I shall have won the only reward I covet. Go now, I have no farther service for thee at present,—yet stay,—haste thee first, and pluck me some of the ripest of those oranges that hang so temptingly before yonder casement. Thou knowest well to choose those that the sun hath longest smiled upon, therefore, thou shalt ever gather them for me."

The page, with a graceful obeisance, retired, and the next moment his slender fingers were busy among the dark leaves of the tree that drooped its laden boughs, before an oriel window of the apartment in which the queen sat. When he had filled his small basket, of wrought silver, with the fruit, he selected one of the fairest oranges, and standing in the deep shade, the glossy leaves forming a thick screen around him, with the point of his poignard, he made an incision in the golden rind, and quick as thought, inserted a few grains of white powder, contained in an agate box, which he drew from his bosom—then slightly pressing the wounded part together, he laid the infected orange on the top of the basket, and re-entering the apartment, presented it, kneeling, to the queen. She selected the one he had designed for her, and unable to conceal his exultation, he arose, and perceiving her engaged with her ladies, repaired again to the garden, and with a rapid step threaded its walks, nor paused till he had found a resting place among its deepest shades. Then the triumph of the moment had passed away, and tears were coursing down his cheeks. But as if ashamed of his weakness he dashed them angrily away.

"Shame to thee, son of an exiled and persecuted race," he said, "what to thee is her sweetness, and her beauty? thou hast mighty wrongs to avenge, and dost thou already falter in thy task? a vow is upon

thee, and it must be fulfilled, although thou perish in the act, with horror and remorse."

And in accordance with this purpose, as day after day passed on, each one saw a few grains of that subtle powder infused into the fruit or the beverage, which the hand of Isidore presented to his trusting mistress. Gradually, her health became affected,—her step grew languid, her spirits drooped, and a consuming fever revelled in her veins. The king was the first to perceive the change, and dreadfully alarmed, summoned not only the court physicians, but all others of eminence in the kingdom, to lend their advice and aid, in removing the queen's malady. But far from detecting any threatening symptoms in her disease, they all concurred in ascribing it to a cause that awakened universal joy, inasmuch as it ere long promised to the crown of Portugal, a legitimate heir. It was in consequence, not thought strange, that for the present, no amendment took place in Isabella's health. Emanuel only, cherished deep anxiety, but aware of her depression, he forbore to aggravate it by communicating his own fears.

A fixed conviction that she should not survive the birth of her child, had taken possession of her mind, and she yielded to a despondency, that the fondest endeavours of affection failed to alleviate—she would seclude herself for days together in her private apartments, and shut up in her oratory, pass hour after hour, in the exercises of devotion. Still her fondness for Isidore remained unabated, and in her most languid moments, it seemed a delight to know that he was hovering near her. And, with what fervency of grateful feeling did he appear to return her affection—watching with eager devotion to divine her slightest wish, and hastening ere it was breathed, to fulfil it! and how he would stand, with his large and lustrous eyes fixed meltingly on hers, filling with tears as he marked her sad abstraction, and seeming as though, but for her presence, his heart would burst, and pour itself out in passionate lamentations for the change that had come over her. The boy, indeed, seemed as strangely altered as his mistress, and though at times an expression of stern resolution compressed his lip, and lent a fierce lustre to his eye, yet such moods were generally succeeded by the silent agony of unavailable remorse, and he would rush forth to weep in solitude, and bewail the destiny, that had made him the instrument of a deed, which his soul had learned to abhor, but which a strange and fatal influence still urged him on to perform.

At this period, when her mind in some degree shared the weakness of her body, the unfortunate Isabella reverted with unwearied pertinacity to the wild prophecy of the old man of Valencia. It had ever deeply impressed her imagination, though in her early days of wedded happiness, when health and its enjoyments were hers, less painfully than now, when she believed its fulfilment on the point of comple-

tion. Continually she questioned Isidore respecting the individual who had uttered it, but the boy disclaimed all knowledge of him, except that gained from common rumour, of his being a forlorn maniac, who wandered about the country at will, uttering predictions which all regarded as idle. The queen would listen to this reply, without being convinced by it, for the subject was one to which she constantly reverted, and it was evident that it had taken fast and mysterious hold of her mind.

Emanuel, whose anxiety increased as he watched the cloud deepening on the brow of his young queen, lost no time in bearing her to Toledo, where it was deemed suitable that the expected heir, not only of Portugal, but of Castile, Arragon, Navarre, &c. should be ushered into existence. Isidore was not permitted to remain behind; his partial mistress still required his attendance, and arrived in that city of her birth, where Ferdinand and Isabella awaited to receive and welcome their daughter, her spirits for a time revived. Pressed again in those fond parental arms, and soothed by those voices, which had fallen so sweetly on her infant ear, life seemed to wear a new aspect; she looked around on each familiar scene with interest, and spoke with pleasurable emotion of her hopes and plans for the future. But with the lapse of a few days, this excitement passed away, every offered enjoyment was rejected, and again the colourless cheek and drooping eye, awakened agonizing fears, in the hearts of those, who watched her with intense and aching love. But to lie listlessly on her couch, and drink in the exquisite melody of Isidore's voice and harp, was all that she desired,—and hourly he gathered for her fresh flowers and fruits, and daily, but now with a faltering hand, presented to her lips, the drugged cup, which was slowly, but alas, too surely, poisoning the sweet fountain of her life.

At length, within those palace walls, and in that very chamber where she herself first saw the light, the ill-fated Isabella gave birth to a beautiful infant, whose frail and delicate appearance, too plainly indicated how brief, notwithstanding the magnificent inheritance to which it was born, was destined to be its tenure of existence. Its first feeble cry awoke in her heart a thrill of rapturous emotion, and an earnest longing for life, which had hitherto been unknown to her. But she felt that this boon was to be denied her, and as she showered a mother's fond tears and kisses on the pale brow of her unconscious infant, her trembling lips softly murmured:

"Sweet flower, I am not permitted to cherish thee,—mother it is thine—be to it what thou hast been to me, and it can never know my loss."

She sank back exhausted as she spoke, and they thought her dying—yet her medical attendants saw no cause why she should not rally, and trusted to the cordials they administered, and the perfect quiet they prescribed, to bring about a favourable change—

A few individuals only, whose services were indispensable, were permitted to remain in the apartment, but Queen Isabella refused to quit the bedside of her daughter, and Emanuel sat holding the motionless hand of his beloved, and gazing with fast expiring hope upon her pallid face. Several hours passed thus in the agony of torturing fear and suspense, when the eyes of the deathlike sleeper slowly unclosed, and looking for an instant on the tearful countenances around her, as though to utter her mute and last farewell, she turned away, and softly murmured the name of Isidore. The boy was summoned, and as he approached, the wild and strange expression of his striking countenance was remarked by all. It seemed as if triumph was there struggling with desecpair, and that each by turns obtained the mastery; but as he gazed upon the dying features of his indulgent mistress, and saw there, the work which his own hand had wrought, the latter emotion prevailed, and the intense and bitter misery depicted in that young face, called forth the sympathy of every one. Isabella looked upon him with a faint, yet tender smile, and making a motion that she consigned him to the protection of her husband, again closed her eyes; a slight convulsion passed over her brow, and while her mother and Emanuel bent over her in terror and anxiety, she gasped and expired.

A wild storm of grief and anguish burst from the page, when he indeed saw that she was gone, and casting himself upon the floor, "Oh God!" he exclaimed, "is my service then ended, my task thus fearfully accomplished?" words which fell unheeded at the time, but were afterwards recalled by many, with a terrible conviction of their true and fatal meaning. In the engrossing sorrow of the next few hours, the absence of the boy was unnoticed; but when composure had succeeded to the first agony of bereavement, he was inquired for in vain. Day succeeded to day, and he appeared not; but when weeks and months rolled on, and still found him absent, the fearful suspicions which many had entertained of him became confirmed, and the strange circumstances attending the young queen's illness and death, no longer remained a mystery.

It was on a lowering autumn day, shortly after the death of Isabella, that an old man sat alone in a low-browed cave, in one of the deepest gorges of the Pyrenees. He wore the habit of a peasant, but in a recess of the rock behind him was thrown the crimson mantle and grotesque cap, which had arrayed the old man of Valencia, on the day when his wild prophecy arrested the progress of the queen. He sat now upon a low flat stone, which the dampness of the cavern had clothed with soft and vivid moss, and as he bent over the ancient scroll, written in Hebrew characters, that lay upon his knees, his beard swept the ground. For a time he

read intently, then, as if some passages of the inspired writer came home to his own experience, he raised his head, and repeatedly smiting his breast:

"Verily, verily, oh, wretched Ephraim! the judgment of the Lord hath overtaken thee!" he said; "for thou findest no ease, neither doth the sole of thy foot have rest; but thy life hangeth in doubt before thee, and thou fearest day and night, and hast no assurance of thy life!" he paused a moment, and laying aside the scroll, with a changed expression of countenance, exclaimed: "But, if by the hands of the boy the adversary and enemy of my people have perished, let me be content to abide in dens of the earth, till the Lord lead me forth to triumph. Hallelujah! for He will not forsake His chosen."

As the old man spoke, he advanced towards the mouth of the cave, and looked cautiously forth before emerging. Its entrance was defended by tangled vines, and masses of broken rocks, which, piled high upon each other, rose far above the subterraneous abode, forming over-head a bold, abrupt precipice, from whence the dizzy eye looked down upon a dark and turbid torrent, that, swollen by the autumn rains, rushed on with wild foam and eddy over its rocky bed. A winding and rugged path led to the summit of the eminence, which, after ascertaining that no one was in view, as sometimes happened even in that solitude, the old man began slowly to ascend. Wearily he gained the pinnacle above, and stood sending his anxious gaze far away through a narrow foot-path, that, like a thread, wound deep into the forest below, when his quick eye caught sight of a moving object, gliding along its sinuous track. Quick as thought, he crouched to the ground, still cautiously raising his head to look forth, till, as the figure approached nearer, hope gradually banished doubt from his countenance, and that again gave place to joyful certainty, when, springing up, he advanced to the brow of the precipice, and stood erect, courting the observation he had before shunned. The object of his interest in the meantime drew near, but with a weary step that betokened little of the elasticity of youth, and when he perceived the fluttering of the old man's garments, from his elevated position, began slowly to climb upwards to the eminence on which he stood. When he had attained it, and the form and features, though the dress was changed, of the young page, Isidore, were fully revealed to the ardent gaze of the old Israelite, he rushed forward, exclaiming, with a cry of passionate joy:

"Azara, my son! my son! hath the Lord indeed returned thee to me?" and casting forth his arms, he would have clasped the youth in their eager embrace. But the boy shrank from it, and remained standing mute, and with downcast eyes before his father. The old man gazed on him with an eye of stern inquiry:

"What meaneth this silence?" he asked; "hath

thy hand feared to essay the deed, which, with vain boasting, thou didst swear to do?"

"Father, the deed is done!" said the boy, in a hoarse whisper; "but the cup of vengeance, sparkle as it may, is bitterness to him who drinks."

"Thou hast had misgivings, boy," said the Jew, with a glance of keen suspicion; "venture not to use deceit, but answer me truly—doth she sleep the sleep of death?"

"Alas! that I must say she doth," returned the youth, in a voice of anguish. "Didst thou ever know me fail in the performance of a vow. I dared not violate one so sacredly given, else had I rather laid down my own life, than have raised my finger against that which I have destroyed."

"How! young renegade! was she not the enemy and persecutor of thy unhappy race, and dost thou not glory in the thought, that thy hand was chosen to avenge the cruel wrongs inflicted on thy people?"

"Father, it is enough that I have avenged them. Amid trials and temptations manifold, I wavered not from my deadly purpose—and had the victim been other than she was, I might now have triumphed in my success. But, ah! poor gentle heart that I have hushed in death! the fond hopes that I have blighted! the tender ties that I have severed! can I ever remember all, and be at peace? God of Abraham! thou canst not smile upon my deed! yet, oh! let not the workings of remorse drive me forth to madness!"

The unhappy boy, overwhelmed by the consciousness of his guilty act, and by the remembrance of the lovely Isabella's prolonged sufferings, and patient sweetness, shown especially towards himself, sank on the earth as he ceased speaking, and groaned aloud in deepest agony of spirit. The old man gazed on him with angry contempt.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, "art thou a son of Israel, yet showest thyself less brave than her who, even within her own tent, smote the temple of her sleeping enemy with a nail, and so wrought out a triumph for her people! Lie there and weep, till thy woman's mood hath passed away, and then I will speak with thee of the destiny which we must shape out for our future." So saying, he turned and descended to the cavern, leaving the boy lying prostrate and motionless on the very verge of the dizzy precipice.

An hour passed slowly away, and the Jew began to grow impatient for the appearance of his son; he rose and stood at the mouth of the cave to listen, but his ear caught no sound, except the sighing of the winds as they swept down the narrow valley, and mingled with the restless roar of the torrent that foamed wildly on its course. He called aloud, repeating again and again the name of Azara; but when no voice greeted him in reply, a terrible fear took possession of his mind, and, issuing from the cavern, he began, as rapidly as his strength would permit, again to climb the rocky pathway to the

summit above. The day was fast declining, but though still light enough to distinguish every object around, the figure of his son met not the anxious father's eye. He no longer occupied the spot on which he had left him; and, in every tone of grief and thrilling tenderness, he called wildly on his name. But all in vain; the silence was unbroken, the dreary solitude uncheered by the voice or presence of the lost one. Presently, as a last and fearful resort, he bent over the beetling brow of the precipice, and there, ah, sight of anguish for the father's eyes! hundreds of feet below him, hung the cap and waving feather that had shaded the bright face of his boy, revealing but too surely the terrible mystery of his fate. Whether he had, unthinkingly, ventured too near the edge of the rock and fallen unawares, or whether, in a wild paroxysm of remorse and grief, he had voluntarily precipitated himself into the dark and deep abyss, it was impossible to say.

But it was enough for the self-upbraiding parent to know that the sole darling of his heart had thus miserably perished; and, as he fell with his face upon the earth, he exclaimed, in the bitter agony of a crushed and humble spirit: "Truly, oh God! vengeance belongeth to Thee alone!" The darkness of night fell unheeded around him, and the chilly winds and cold dews of that mountain region stiffened his aged limbs, as he lay, desolate and self-abased, in the dust; but, when the morning dawned, he arose, and girding his garments about him, and taking his staff in his hand, he sallied forth from the deep solitude where he had so long awaited that moment of triumph, which it pleased Him, who mocks the purposes of man, to change into a sentence of punishment and utter desolation.

Montreal, Nov. 23.

VARIOUS VIEWS OF LIFE.

It fares with us in human life, as in a routed army; one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon another, till the whole field comes to be one heap of miscarriages.—*Seneca*.

It is in human life, as in a game at tables, where a man wishes for the highest cast; but if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it.—*Plutarch*.

Life is like a game at cards; we know the cards will beat any one, but he who plays them carefully will do more with the same cards, than he who throws them out at random. The gifts of nature, education, and fortune, are the cards put into our hands; all we have to do is to manage them well by a steady adherence to the dictates of sound reason.—*Tucker's Light of Nature*.

It is proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.—*Johnson*.

(ORIGINAL.)

HOPE.

As the sweet breath of eve, as the pearly dew,
When deck'd with the sunbeam's varying hue—
As the spring in the desert, as the falling shower,
Refreshing the leaves of the drooping flower;

So Hope to our bosom, more welcome, more blest,
Sheds its balm on our heart, when that heart is op-
prest—

Throws a veil o'er the past, and softens each sorrow
With a thought of the joys that await us tomorrow.

Oh! were it not thus, could we ever depart
From the friends that we love, from the home of our
heart?

Could we gaze on the sunset of day, as retiring,
And think that its beams were for ever expiring?

Ah! no—but for this what were all we possessed?
What were nature herself, tho' so bloomingly drest?
Or the joys of this life, if not from above?

There shone on our path this sweet planet of love.
J. D. M'D.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"EVERY part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two huge stones were placed near the water's edge, Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid down, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude with their blood-stained weapons stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not thus destined to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears and entreaties prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith, and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same everywhere: the war-club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened; and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her fore-

head, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love is not known. No favour was ever expected in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, 'in recompense for whatever I have done, but the boon of living in his memory.'"—*Sketches of Virginia*.

I.

Upon the barren land
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:—
The Chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

II.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Fier arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

III.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

THE BRIDE.

I KNOW no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her fathers, and the home of her childhood—and, with the implicit confidence and the sweet self-abandonment which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honour, and obey, till death us do part"—it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth: "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*Washington Irving*.

WOMAN.

SHE spoiled us with an *apple*, but atoned for the wrong by forming a *pair*.

RONDO—FROM THE BALLET LES PORTRAITS.

BY MOSCHELLES.

ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. H. WARREN, OF THIS CITY.

Andantino quasi Allegretto.
2d time 8va

\$ pia

Fine

2/4

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The music is in B-flat major and 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill on the first measure, followed by a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand provides a simple accompaniment. Performance markings include *pp* (pianissimo), *D.C. §* (Da Capo), and *DOLCE* (dolce). A *pia* (piano) marking appears below the system.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The right hand continues the melodic line with a grace note and a triplet. The left hand accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. Performance markings include *pia* (piano) and *DOLCE* (dolce).

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The right hand has a melodic line with a grace note. The left hand accompaniment consists of slanted eighth notes. Performance markings include *DOLCE* (dolce).

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The right hand has a melodic line with a grace note. The left hand accompaniment consists of slanted eighth notes. Performance markings include *LEGATO* and *DOLCE* (dolce).

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The right hand has a melodic line with a grace note. The left hand accompaniment consists of slanted eighth notes. Performance markings include *D.C. §* (Da Capo).

OUR TABLE.

WE have watched with much solicitude the progress of Mr. Vattemare, who, in the course of his literary pilgrimage, has reached this city. It will be unnecessary to explain that the object of Mr. Vattemare is the noble and philanthropic one of uniting together, for the promotion of each other's happiness, of the whole human family; and this by means of comparatively easy attainment. We pass very lightly over that portion of the scheme which, in older countries, may be of the greatest interest, but which, here, is, comparatively, secondary and subordinate. We allude to the system of commerce, or exchange of curious specimens of art, and rare productions of nature, in the various kingdoms of which the scientific world is composed. In this department of Mr. Vattemare's magnificent project, we cannot pretend for many years to effect much. Our efforts must rather be directed to the more practically beneficial portions of the scheme—those which are designed to create among ourselves a system of mutual interchange of whatever is calculated to advance and improve the moral and intellectual condition of our people.

The plan submitted for the approval of our fellow-citizens, and which, we are pleased to learn, has already received the most liberal support from those best qualified to render it available, is one which, in the ordinary view of human nature, would appear chimerical and vain—being no less than a proposal to the various societies of this city to throw open their halls to the world at large—not indeed to diminish their usefulness to their present members, but to extend that usefulness to the whole community, to suffer the waters of knowledge to flow within the reach of every one who is willing to dip into the glorious stream. With a noble generosity, the Natural History Society have set an example to their fellow-labourers in the cause of knowledge, and have declared that whatever they possess will be given into the general fund for the instruction of the public—an example followed by the Montreal Library and the Mechanics' Institute, with scarcely a dissentient voice among the members of either association.

Preliminary meetings of the various literary societies have been held, at which the proposed amalgamation has been discussed, in a spirit of liberality deserving of the very highest commendation; declaratory resolutions have been adopted, expressive of the high appreciation in which the scheme is held, and the first steps taken towards the merging of the different bodies into one—to which no individuals or classes shall have an exclusive right, but to which the seeker after knowledge, whatever his origin or creed, may resort, and apply to his own use whatever may have been accumulated by the separate associations, in their individual or collective capacity.

THE NEW ERA.

ON the cover of the *Garland* the reader will find the prospectus of a periodical, to be published in Brockville, under the above title, and to be edited by Major Richardson, the celebrated author of *Wacousta*, *Ecarté*, the *Canadian Brothers*, &c. &c. It would be superfluous to speak of the ability of the gallant Major for the task he has undertaken, and, directing attention to the prospectus, we need only express the cordiality with which we welcome so efficient a fellow-labourer in the good cause of Canadian literature.

THE NEW YORK ALBION.

WE are happy to observe that the spirited publisher of this excellent periodical have announced their intention of furnishing a beautiful engraved view of Windsor Castle, to be issued early in the ensuing year. The subject is well chosen, as connected with the print of Buckingham Palace and the Portrait of Her Majesty, published during the last and present years.

THE third volume of the *Garland*, commenced with this number, is, we are pleased to say, almost wholly indebted to original sources for its attractions. That it will be found acceptable to our readers we cannot doubt, for the articles it contains are from pens with which they are well acquainted, and which are deservedly general favourites.

WE have been compelled to leave until a future number several articles—poetry and prose—which we had designed for this number, some of the papers published having extended to greater length than was originally anticipated. Owing to the same cause, several notices of new books have also been deferred.